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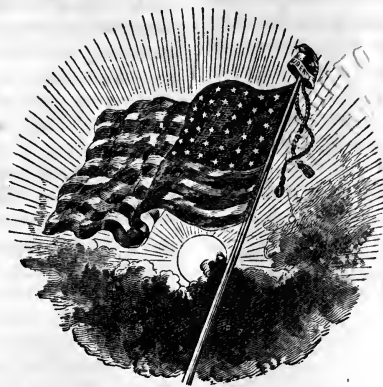
# ATLANTIC MONTHLY.

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HOW WE MET JOHN BROWN.

A LETTER FROM R. H. DANA, JR.

MY DEAR FIELDS: I have so long promised you a carving from a memory of twenty years ago, and you have so often kindly given me, as the mercantile phrase is, an extension, that I feel compelled to make leisure enough for myself to keep my word. I trust you will not be disappointed in your hope that it may interest the readers of the Atlantic.

In the summer of 1849 Mr. Metcalf and I went into the Adirondacks, then but little known to tourists. Our journey up the valley of the Connecticut, across Vermont, and up Lake Champlain, full of beauties as it was, presented nothing that would be new to most readers. At Westport, near the head of Lake Champlain, on the New York side, we found a delightful colony of New England friends—a retired officer of the army, and two Boston gentlemen, one of leisure and one of business—planted in as charming a neighborhood as one need wish to live in,—the lake before them, the Green Mountain range across the lake, and the Adirondacks towering

and stretching along the western horizon.

At this time Westport had sprung into active life by means of an enterprise of Boston capitalists, who had set up iron-works there. All had an appearance of successful business. The houses of the workmen, and the other appurtenances and surroundings, were marked by a style which was but too pleasing to the fancy; yet they were the results of the application of wealth under good taste, and with a large view to the future. Changes of business or of tariffs or other causes have long ago brought all this to an end; and I suppose the little village has relapsed into its original state of torpor and insignificance.

Here we took up a companion for our wild tour, Mr. Aikens, in theory a lawyer, but in practice a traveller, sportsman, and woodsman; and Mr. Jackson lent us a wagon with a pair of mules, and a boy Tommy to commissary and persuade the mules, and we drove out of Westport in the afternoon of a very hot day and made for the

mountains. Our route lay through Pleasant Valley, along the pretty Bouquet River, which flows from the mountains, winding among graceful hills, into the lake. We baited at Elizabethtown, and spent the night at Ford's tavern, in the township of Keene, sleeping on the floor, and finding that we were expected to wash in the river, and were on our way again before sunrise. From Keene westward we began to meet signs of frontier life, — log-cabins, little clearings, bad roads overshadowed by forests, mountain torrents, and the refreshing odor of balsam firs and hemlocks. The next morning we stopped at a log-house to breakfast, and found a guide to take us through the Indian Pass, and sent Tommy and his mules forward to Osgood's tavern; and, with no luggage but such as we could easily carry on our backs, began our walk to Lake Sandford, Tahâwus, and the Adirondack Iron-Works.

The day was extremely hot; and as the distance was less than twenty miles, we went on rather leisurely, stopping and wondering at the noble expanse of mountain scenery. There was no footpath, and we went by blazed lines, over fallen timber, from stream to stream, from hilltop to hilltop, through undergrowth and copse, treading on moss and strewn leaves which masked roots of trees and loose stones and other matter for stumbling; a laborious journey, but full of interest from the objects near at hand, and made sublime by the sense of the presence of those vast-stretching ranges of mountains. In the afternoon we came into the Indian Pass. This is a ravine, or gorge, formed by two close and parallel walls of nearly perpendicular cliffs, of about thirteen hundred feet in height, and almost black in their hue. Before I had seen the Yosemite Valley, these cliffs satisfied my ideal of steep mountain walls. From the highest level of the Pass flow two mountain torrents, in opposite directions, — one the source of the Hudson, and so reaching the Atlantic; and the other the source of the Au Sable, which runs into Lake Champlain

and at last into the Gulf of St. Lawrence, — but no larger when they begin, trickling from the rocks, than streams from the nose of a teapot. The pines growing in the high crevices look no bigger than pins, and in much of this Pass there is only a narrow seam of sky right overhead. Almost a wintry chill pervades the air, and we refreshed ourselves with water dripping from out of ice-caverns, and walked over banks of snow which lie here through the year, preserved by the exclusion of the sun. Neither road nor footpath is practicable here, and the scene is one of wild, silent, awful grandeur.

Coming out of the Pass, a few miles of rough walking on a downward grade brought us again to small clearings, cuttings of wood piled up to be carried off when the snow should make sledding over the stumps of trees practicable; and about sundown we straggled into the little extemporized iron-workers' village of Adirondack.

This was as wild a spot for a manufacturing village as can well be imagined, — in the heart of the mountains, with a difficult communication to the southward, and none at all in any other direction, — a mere clearing in a forest that stretches into Canada. It stood on a rapid stream which flows from Lake Henderson into Lake Sandford, where it was hoped that the water power and the vicinity of good ore would counterbalance the difficulties of transportation. The works, which were called the Adirondack Iron-Works, were begun and carried on with an enterprise and frugality that deserved better luck than, I understand, befell them at last. There were no attempts here at the taste or style the Boston capitalists had displayed at Westport. All things had the *nitor in adversum* look. The agent lived in a house where it was plain that one room served for parlor, kitchen, and nursery. He was a hard-worked, sore-pressed man. A chance to sleep on a floor in a house with ninety-six puddlers, with liberty to wash in the stream, was as fair a result as we had a right to expect in the one house into which



strangers could be received. But then we had the consolation that our landlord was a justice of the peace, and wrote "esquire" after his name, and had actually married a couple, it was hoped in due form, and was popularly supposed to be able to fill out a writ, if the rough habits of the people should ever call for so formal a process.

The three or four days we were here we gave to excursions up and down Lake Sandford, to Newcomb's farm, and Dan Gates's camp, and to the top of Tahâwus. A small company of woodsmen, professional hunters and trappers, took us under their charge, — as good a set of honest, decent, kind-hearted, sensible men as one could expect to meet with, having, I thought, more propriety of talk and manners, more enlargement of mind and general knowledge, than the same number of common sailors taken equally at random would have shown. There was Dan Gates and Tone Snyder — I suppose, an abbreviation of Anthony or Antoine — and John Cheney and Jack Wright, names redolent in memory of rifles and sable-traps, and hemlock camps and deer, and trout and hard walks and good talks. We rowed up Lake Sandford at dawn and back by moonlight, visiting the Newcomb farm and drinking of the spring on the hill by the side of Lake Delia, to which opinion had attached marvellous restorative powers.

The scenery here is as different from that of the White Mountains as if these were in a different hemisphere. Here the mountains wave with woods, and are green with bushes to their summits; torrents break down into the valleys on all sides; lakes of various sizes and shapes glitter in the landscape, bordered by bending woods whose roots strike through the waters. There is none of that dreary, barren grandeur that marks the White Mountains, although Tahâwus, the highest, is about fifty-four hundred feet high, — only some six hundred or seven hundred feet less than Mount Washington. The Indian Pass frowns over one end of

the lake, and Tahâwus and Mount McIntire tower on each side; and at nearly all points on the lake were the most voluble echoes, which the shouts of the boatmen awakened for us. The moon, the mountains, the lake, the dipping oars, and the echoes made Lake Sandford a fascination in the remembrance.

We spent two days and nights in the ascent of Tahâwus and the return, camping out under hemlock boughs, cooking our trout and venison in the open air, and enjoying it all as I verily believe none can so thoroughly as they who escape from city life. Some syco-phantic State surveyor had named this mountain Mount Marcy, after the then leader of the political party in power; but a company of travellers have chiselled the old Indian name into rocks at its summit, and called upon all who follow them to aid in its preservation. The woodsmen have taken it up, and I hope this king of the range may be saved from the incongruous nomenclature that has got possession of too large a part of this region. Sandford and McIntire and Marcy, the names of local politicians, like bits of last year's newspapers on the bob of a kite, tied to these majestic, solemn mountains, "rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun"! In the White Mountains I fear that too long a prescription has settled down over those names which have not unfairly subjected us to the charge of being without imagination or fancy, — going to our almanacs and looking up lists of Presidents and members of Congress and stump-speakers, as our only resource, when put to it to find designations for the grandest objects in nature; while in their speechless agony the mountains must endure the ignominy, and all mankind must suffer the discord between the emotions these scenes call up and the purely mundane and political associations that belong to the names of Jefferson and Adams, Clay and Monroe and Jackson.

I must pause a moment at Calamity Pond, for its story is too deep in my memory to be passed by. Not long before our visit, Mr. Henderson, one of

the proprietors and managers of the iron-works, a popular man in all this region, went up to the pond, which lies on the way to the summit of Tahâwus, to make arrangements for turning a watercourse into the village. Sitting on a rock by the side of the pond, he laid down his pistol; the hammer struck a trifle too hard upon the rock, exploded the cap, and the ball went through his heart. He had just time to send a word of farewell to his wife and children, when it was all over. The sorrow-stricken company hastened to the village with the sad tidings, and then a party of the best woodsmen — for Henderson was beloved by them all — was organized and went to the fatal spot. They made a rude bier and bore the body slowly down, cutting a path through the woods as they went, to a spot near the level, where they camped for the night, and where, the next day, nearly the whole village came out to meet them. The sheet of water has been called Calamity Pond, and the rock, Henderson's Rock. As we passed the site of the camp we saw the rude bier, — a vivid reminder of the sad event; and as we stood by the pond the story was told over with natural pathos, and — "What a place for a man to die in, and without a moment's warning!" said Dan Gates. "What a place to build a camp in!" said another. Dan and Tone admitted it, and said they all seemed to lose their wits. This was before our civil war had made sudden deaths in all forms and in vast numbers so familiar.

The Opalescent, which comes down from Tehâwus, is a captivating mountain stream, with very irregular courses, often broken by cascades and rapids, tumbling into deep basins, running through steep gorges and from under overlying banks, always clear and sparkling and cool. The last mile of the ascent was then — doubtless the axe has been at work upon it since — a toilsome struggle through a dense growth of scrub cedars and spruces, and it is only the summit that is bare.

With this and the summit of Mount Washington, now probably but three or four days apart, the traveller can get the two extreme opposites of North American mountain scenery; the view from Mount Washington being a wild sea of bald bare tops and sides, with but little wood or water, while that from Tahâwus is a limitless expanse of forest, with mountains green to their tops, and all the landscape dotted and lined with the wide mirrors of large lakes, glittering bits of small lakes, silver threads of streams, and ribbons of waterfalls.

As we lay on the boughs, with the fire sparkling before us, a good many stories were told, marvellous, funny, or pathetic, which have long since floated off from their moorings in memory.

But it is time to take leave of our excellent friends, whose companionship I shall never forget, and move on towards the promised point of my journey.

We had sent back the guide, who had brought us through the Indian Pass; for Mr. Aikens was a good woodsman, and had no doubt he could take us back. About the middle of the day we bade good by to Dan and Tone and John, and took our last look at the straggling, struggling village, — in a few years, I believe, abandoned altogether, — and went through the Pass and crossed the first branch of the Au Sable, and ought to have crossed the second before five o'clock; but the sun was far declined, it was getting to be six o'clock and after, and yet no river! Aikens became silent; but it was soon too evident that he had lost the trail. We had been led off by a blazed line that went to sable-traps; and here we were, at nightfall, lost in a forest that stretched to Canada, and, for aught I know to the contrary, to the Polar Circle, with no food, no gun, blanket nor overcoats. Expecting to get through in six hours, we had taken nothing with us. We consulted, and determined to strike through the woods, steering by the sun — for we had no compass — in the direction in which

we thought the river lay. Our course should be north; and we went on, keeping the setting sun a little forward of our left shoulders, — or, as a sailor would say, a little on the port bow, — and struggled over fallen timber and through underbrush, and climbed hills and tried to get a view of White Face, but to no purpose, and the darkness overtook us in low ground, by the side of a small stream. We were very hungry, very much fatigued, and not a little anxious; and the stories they had told us at the village of parties lost in the forest, — one especially, of three men who failed to come in and were searched for and found, after several days, little better than skeletons and almost crazed, — these recurred pretty vividly to our fancies. We drank at the stream, and Aikens, never at a loss, cut a bit of red flannel from his shirt and bent a pin and managed to catch one little trout in the twilight. He insisted on our taking it all. He said he had got us into the trouble by his over-confidence; but we resisted. It was, to be sure, a question of a square inch of trout more or less, for the fish was not more than four inches long by one inch thick; yet it was a point of honor with Mr. Aikens, so we yielded, and got one fair mouthful apiece. The place was low and damp, and there was a light frost, and we passed a miserable night, having no clothing but our shirts and trousers. The black-flies were very active, and our faces and arms and necks were blotched and pitted in the saddest fashion. It was with anxious eyes that we watched the dawn; for if the day was clear, we could travel by the sun until it got high, but if it was thick or foggy, we must stay still; for every one used to the woods knows that one may go round and round and make no progress, if he has no compass or point of sight. The day did break clear; and, as soon as there was light enough, Aikens groped about the skirts of the little opening, and made out signs that a path had once come into it. He thought the brush grew differently at one place from what it

did elsewhere. Very well! We gave ourselves up to him, and began another day's struggle with fallen timber, hillsides, swamps, and undergrowth, on very faint stomachs, but with every show to each other of confidence and strength. In an hour or so plainer signs of a path rewarded Aikens's sagacity. I was glad for him especially; for he was a good deal annoyed at the trouble we were put to; and a better woodsman, for an amateur, or a more intelligent and generous fellow-traveller, we could not have desired. At last came some welcome traces of domesticated animals, and then a trodden path, and about noon we came out upon the road.

We were out, and the danger was over. But where were we? We held a council, and agreed that we must have got far to the left, or westward, of our place of destination, and must turn off to the right. It was of some consequence, for houses on this road were four to seven miles apart. But the right was up hill, and a long steep hill it seemed. Mr. Metcalf plunged down hill, in contempt of his and our united grave conclusions, saying we did not *know*, and had better do what was easiest. And well it was we did, for a near turn in the road brought us in sight of a log-house and half-cleared farm, while, had we gone to the right, we should have found it seven miles to the nearest dwelling.

Three more worn, wearied, hungry, black-fly-bitten travellers seldom came to this humble, hospitable door. The people received us with cheerful sympathy, and, while we lay down on the grass, under the shadow of the house, where a *smutch* kept off the black-flies, prepared something for our comfort. The master of the house had gone down to the settlements, and was expected back before dark. His wife was rather an invalid, and we did not see much of her at first. There were a great many sons and daughters, — I never knew how many: one a bonny, buxom young woman of some twenty summers, with fair skin and red hair, whose name was Ruth,

and whose good-humor, hearty kindness, good sense and helpfulness quite won our hearts. She would not let us eat much at a time, and cut us resolutely off from the quantities of milk and cool water we were disposed to drink, and persuaded us to wait until something could be cooked for us, more safe and wholesome for faint stomachs; and we were just weak enough to be submissive subjects to this backwoods queen. A man came along in a wagon, and stopped to water his horses, and they asked him if he had seen anything of Mr. Brown below, — which it seemed was the name of the family. Yes; he had seen him. He would be along in an hour or so. "He has two negroes along with him," said the man, in a confidential, significant tone, "a man and a woman." Ruth smiled, as if she understood him. Mr. Aikens told us that the country about here belonged to Gerrit Smith; that negro families, mostly fugitive-slaves, were largely settled upon it, trying to learn farming; and that this Mr. Brown was a strong abolitionist and a kind of king among them. This neighborhood was thought to be one of the termini of the Underground Railroad.

The farm was a mere recent clearing. The stumps of trees stood out, blackened by burning, and crops were growing among them, and there was a plenty of felled timber. The dwelling was a small log-house of one story in height, and the outbuildings were slight. The whole had the air of a recent enterprise, on a moderate scale, although there were a good many neat cattle and horses. The position was a grand one for a lover of mountain effects; but how good for farming I could not tell. Old White Face, the only exception to the uniform green and brown and black hues of the Adirondack hills, stood plain in view, rising at the head of Lake Placid, its white or pale-gray side caused, we were told, by a landslide. All about were the distant highest summits of the Adirondacks.

Late in the afternoon a long buck-board wagon came in sight, and on it

were seated a negro man and woman, with bundles; while a tall, gaunt, dark-complexioned man walked before, having his theodolite and other surveyor's instruments with him, while a youth followed by the side of the wagon. The team turned in to the sheds, and the man entered the house. This was "father." The sons came out and put up the cattle, and soon we were asked in to the meal. Mr. Brown came forward and received us with kindness; a grave, serious man he seemed, with a marked countenance and a natural dignity of manner, — that dignity which is unconscious, and comes from a superior habit of mind.

We were all ranged at a long table, some dozen of us more or less; and these two negroes and one other had their places with us. Mr. Brown said a solemn grace. I observed that he called the negroes by their surnames, with the prefixes of Mr. and Mrs. The man was "Mr. Jefferson," and the woman "Mrs. Wait." He introduced us to them in due form, "Mr. Dana, Mr. Jefferson," "Mr. Metcalf, Mrs. Wait." It was plain they had not been so treated or spoken to often before, perhaps never until that day, for they had all the awkwardness of field hands on a plantation; and what to do, on the introduction, was quite beyond their experience. There was an unrestricted supply of Ruth's best bread, butter, and corn-cakes, and we had some meat and tea, and a plenty of the best of milk.

We had some talk with Mr. Brown, who interested us very much. He told us he came here from the western part of Massachusetts. As some persons may distrust recollections, after very striking intervening events, I ask pardon for taking an extract from a journal I was in the habit of keeping at those times: —

"The place belonged to a man named Brown, originally from Berkshire in Massachusetts, a thin, sinewy, hard-favored, clear-headed, honest-minded man, who had spent all his days as a frontier farmer. On conversing with him, we found him well informed on

most subjects, especially in the natural sciences. He had books, and had evidently made a diligent use of them. Having acquired some property, he was able to keep a good farm, and had confessedly the best cattle and best farming utensils for miles round. His wife looked superior to the poor place they lived in, which was a cabin, with only four rooms. She appeared to be out of health. He seemed to have an unlimited family of children, from a cheerful, nice, healthy woman of twenty or so, and a full-sized red-haired son, who seemed to be foreman of the farm, through every grade of boy and girl, to a couple that could hardly speak plain."

How all these, and we three and Mr. Jefferson and Mrs. Wait, were to be lodged here, was a problem; but Aikens said he had seen as much done here before. However, we were not obliged to test the expanding capacities of the house; for a man was going down to Osgood's, by whom we sent a message, and in an hour or two the smiling face of Tommy appeared behind his mules, and we took leave of our kind entertainers.

In these regions it is the custom for farmers to receive travellers; and while they do not take out licences as innholders, or receive strictly pay for what they furnish, they always accept something in the way of remuneration from the traveller. When we attempted to leave something with Ruth, which was intended to express our gratitude and good-will, we found her inflexible. She would receive the bare cost of what we had taken, if we wished it, but nothing for attentions, or house-room, or as a gratuity. We had some five-dollar bills and some bills of one dollar each. She took one of the one-dollar bills and went up into the garret, and returned with some change! It was too piteous. We could not help smiling, and told her we should feel guilty of highway robbery if we took her silver. She consented to keep the one dollar, for three of us, — one meal apiece and some extra cooking in the morning, — as we seemed to think that

was right. It was plain this family acted on a principle in the smallest matters. They knew pretty well the cost price of the food they gave; and if the traveller preferred to pay, they would receive that, but nothing more. There was no shamefacedness about the money transaction either. It was business or nothing; and if we preferred to make it business, it was to be upon a rule.

After a day spent on Lake Placid, and in ascending White Face, we returned to Osgood's, and the next day we took the road in our wagon on our return to Westport. We could not pass the Browns' house without stopping. I find this entry in my journal: —

"*June 29, Friday.* — After breakfast, started for home. . . . We stopped at the Browns' cabin on our way, and took an affectionate leave of the family that had shown us so much kindness. We found them at breakfast, in the patriarchal style. Mr. and Mrs. Brown and their large family of children with the hired men and women, including three negroes, all at the table together. Their meal was neat, substantial, and wholesome."

How mysterious is the touch of Fate which gives a man immortality on earth! It would have been past belief, had we been told that this quiet frontier farmer, already at or beyond middle life, with no noticeable past, would, within ten years, be the central figure of a great tragic scene, gazed upon with wonder, pity, admiration, or execration by half a continent! That this man should be thought to have imperilled the slave empire in America, and added a new danger to the stability of the Union! That his almost undistinguishable name of John Brown should be whispered among four millions of slaves, and sung wherever the English tongue is spoken, and incorporated into an anthem to whose solemn cadences men should march to battle by the tens of thousands! That he should have done something toward changing the face of civilization itself!

In 1859-60 my inveterate habit of



overworking gave me, as you know, a vacation and the advantage of a voyage round the world. Somewhere at the antipodes I picked up, from time to time, in a disjointed way, out of all chronological order, reports of the expedition of one John Brown into Virginia, his execution, and the political excitement attending it; but I learned little of much value. That was the time when slavery ruled all. There was scarce an American consul of political agent in any quarter of the globe, or on any island of the seas, who was not a supporter of the slave power. I saw a large portion of these national representatives in my circumnavigation of the globe, and it was impossible to find at any office over which the American flag waved a newspaper that was not in the interests of slavery. No copy of the New York Tribune or Evening Post was tolerated under an American official roof. Each embassy and consulate, the world over, was a centre of influences for slavery and against freedom. We ought to take this into account when we blame foreign nations for not accepting at once the United States as an antislavery power, bent on the destruction of slavery, as soon as our civil war broke out. For twenty years foreign merchants, shipmasters, or travellers had seen in American officials only trained and devoted supporters of the slave power, and the only evidences of public opinion at home to be found at those official seats, so much resorted to and credited, were all of the same character. I returned home at the height of the Lincoln campaign of 1860, on which followed secession and war; and it was not until after the war, when reading back into its history, that I met with those unsurpassed narratives, by Mr. Wentworth Higginson and Mr. Wendell Phillips, of their visits to the home of John Brown, about the time of his execution, full of solemn touches, and marked by that restraint which good taste and right feeling accept in the presence of a great subject, itself so expressive of awe. Reading on, it

went through me with a thrill, — This is the man under whose roof I received shelter and kindness! These were the mother and daughters and sons who have suffered or shed their blood! This was the family whose artless heroism, whose plain fidelity and fortitude, seem to have cast chivalry and romance into the shade!

It is no uncommon thing to visit spots long hallowed by great events or renowned persons. The course of emotions in such cases is almost stereotyped. But this retroactive effect is something strange and anomalous. It is one thing to go through a pass of fear, watching your steps as you go, conscious of all its grandeur and peril, but quite another sensation when a glare of light, thrown backwards, shows you a fearful passage through which you have just gone with careless steps and unheeding eyes. It seems as if those few days of ours in the Adirondacks, in 1849, had been passed under a spell which held my senses from knowing what we saw. All is now become a region of peculiar sacredness. That plain, bare farm, amid the blackened stumps, the attempts at scientific agriculture under such disadvantages, the simple dwelling, the surveyor's tools, the setting of the little scene amid grand, awful mountain ranges, the negro colony and inmates, the family bred to duty and principle, and held to them by a power recognized as being from above, — all these now come back on my memory with a character nowise changed, indeed, in substance, but, as it were, illuminated. The widow bearing homeward the body from the Virginia scaffold, with the small company of stranger friends, crossed the lake, as we had done, to Westport; and thence, along that mountain road, but in midwinter, to Elizabethtown; and thence, the next day, to the door of that dwelling. The scene is often visited now by sympathy or curiosity, no doubt, and master pens have made it one of the most marked in our recent history.

In this narrative I have endeavored,

my dear friend, to guard against the influence of intervening events, and to give all things I saw in the natural, transient way in which they struck me at the time. That is its only value. It is not owing to subsequent events, that John Brown and his family are so impressed on my mind. The impression was made at the time. The short extract from a journal which set down but little, and nothing that was not of a marked character, will, I trust, satisfy the most incredulous that I am not beating up memory for impressions. I have tried to recollect something more of John Brown's conversation, but in vain, nor can either of my companions help me in that. We cannot recollect that slavery was talked of at all. It seems strange it should not have been, as we were Free-Soilers, and I had been to the Buffalo Convention the year before; but perhaps the presence of the negroes may have restrained us, as we did not see the master of the house alone. I notice that my journal speaks of him as "originally from Berkshire, Massachusetts." In examining his biography I think this must have been from his telling us that he had come from the western part of Massachusetts, when he found that we were Massachusetts men. I see no proof of his having lived in any other part of Massachusetts than Springfield. My journal speaks of the house as a "log-cabin." I observe that Mr. Higginson and some of the biographers describe it as a frame building. Mr. Brown had been but a few months

on the place when we were there, and he may have put up a frame house afterwards; or it is quite as likely that I was not careful to note the difference, and got that impression from its small size and plain surroundings.

Nearly all that the writers in December, 1859, have described lies clear in my memory. There can have been little change there in ten years. Ruth had become the wife of Henry Thompson, whose brother was killed at Harper's Ferry; and the son I speak of as apparently the foreman of the farm was probably Owen, who was with his father at Ossawatimie and Harper's Ferry, and escaped. Frederick, who was killed at Ossawatimie, in 1856, was probably the lad whom we saw coming home with his father, bringing the negroes on the wagon. Among the small boys, playing and working about the house, were Watson and Oliver, who were killed at Harper's Ferry. I do not recollect seeing — perhaps it was not there then — the gravestone of his grandfather of the Revolutionary Army, which John Brown is said to have taken from Connecticut and placed against the side of the house; nor can I recall the great rock, near the door, by the side of which lies his body,

"mouldering in the ground,  
While his soul is marching on."

What judgment soever political loyalty, social ethics, or military strategy may pronounce upon his expedition into Virginia, old John Brown has a grasp on the moral world.

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## FROM GENERATION TO GENERATION.

### PART II.

PAULINE BYNNER was a girl of great good sense. She understood people, and nobody could obtain an advantage over her. She could listen and keep still, and then she had talk, too, at command to occupy the idlest hours of her friends. She liked socie-

ty, but the open hospitality of her father's house displeased her. "It is like living in a public-house," she would say, and she by no means smiled on all the guests who came and went. She could discriminate. Her father would have said of her that one of the

most successful results of her training was that she could see an advantage, and make the most of it. If poor Nanny said once of her daughter, "I do not understand Pauline," she said it a hundred times. And it was true, she did not understand her; she was incapable of understanding the elegant, refined selfishness of her child.

It was easy to persuade Pauline that her boy-lover, though well born and highly educated, was really no match for her. Though with him she gave up all the tenderness, all the generous love of which her nature was capable, she found no difficulty, and it would have been as easy to give up, for any good reason, father or mother. Advantage gained was the one thing to be considered and sought, under all circumstances. Pauline could have looked down and talked down all the beautiful sentiments of a legion of angels, if such had seen fit to oppose her will in anything. Mark Bynner was more proud of Pauline than of his horses; he saw himself in her, polished and brightened to beauty, educated, the equal of the best.

When his expectation was realized, and the Doctor had asked him for Pauline, and the gift had been conferred, Mark said: "I will give you ten thousand dollars with the girl, and I hope you will make it ten hundred thousand before long. You could stand it easy, and Pauline is n't afraid of money." Ghost of Ephraim Butler, you may now take yourself out of his way!

The Doctor had already perceived that all that Mark Bynner's name was good for was at his service, and he answered unexpectedly: "You must settle the portion on Pauline, sir. Then I shall be able to work with both hands, and feel easy about her. It would cramp me to think that possibly I might make a mistake some time, and so give her an anxiety. You understand me?"

"Yes," said Bynner, "but I wish you would let it be the other way. It would be better for Pauline to have to look

to you, than to feel that she was driving a separate team. I have n't but the one, and you must n't make me feel that I have n't a life-interest in my girl."

"I should be fit for the gallows if I could," returned the Doctor, with feeling; "but let it be as I say," he added quietly; and Mark saw that it must be as this gentlest of men would have it.

But this thing the fond father would have clearly understood; so he said, hesitating: "You won't take Pauline away from us, Doctor? The house is big enough for you, I am sure, and half a dozen beside. What would my wife and I do left alone in it? We lost our son. It'll all be squared when Nanny and I get to be cumberers of the ground, and Pauline has to turn round and take care of us. She never had her mother's knack at cooking."

Trenton said, "Father Bynner, I hope I may be able to make you feel less the great loss of that dear boy of yours."

The two men looked at each other through not unmoistened eyes. They saw only the best of each other then.

Mark did not like to tell Miss Nan how all this money matter was to be arranged, yet he did tell her.

"Then it can't be helped," she said, and not a word beside; but that look of anxiety, which made people sometimes say that Mrs. Bynner had n't the least comfort of her life, so intent was she on nursing and serving sickness and misery; that look which Bynner understood too well, and which almost enraged him at times, forthwith appeared.

The marriage settlement was one of those transactions which he would have liked to talk over until other conclusions were reached than those which they now both held. So he began with something like complaint: "You don't talk like yourself, Miss Nan. You seem to expect all the while that something's going to make a dive at you from the dark."

"That's it, Mark. I do," said she.



"I am always expecting. We got more than we reckoned on, for ourselves and our children."

"Folks can scare up as many nightmares for themselves as they please," said he. "If you'd quit saying such things you'd quit thinking 'em, I know. It makes me mad, Miss Nan, now I tell you. The Doctor is right; he can't tell what'll happen to his business, — no man can. He wants to feel easy. Just you make up your mind that this is his lookout and mine, and let us manage."

A kind of argument which Nanny had herself sometimes attempted to use; but the transferring of responsibility was a more difficult feat than she could accomplish. As Mark used it, it did not prove more weighty. The nearer she found herself drawn towards him, the more closely was she identified with him. They were one, yet two; between them was this dreadful variance.

The Doctor could express himself on points not dissimilar from those which gave rise to this variance in a way that met with Bynner's profound approval.

"Nature is my God," he would say, "and I don't know any other. I tell you, sir, tobacco and whiskey are among the necessities of our civilization. Men can't live without them. We shall all be burned up, and there'll be the end. Temperance societies? Go talk to the sloth and armadillo. You may organize as many as you please, all the laws of men won't be able to interfere materially with the laws of nature. The race has got to going, and nothing can stop it. Congress can't legislate for necessity, until men know more than they do know."

Mark was a firm believer in the tobacco-and-whiskey doctrine, he could see that the work laid out for the century was to be done by the aid of stimulants; but Miss Nan was not to be hindered by such talk from breaking her heart over the question whether an offended Being — said not to exist — could be transformed into a friend.

The wedding was over, and the talkers had talked out the wonder and admiration excited by the Bynner munificence. Pauline had seen her bridal paraphernalia well commented on in the "Witness," even the neighborhood feasting was nearly at an end, when, returning home, after an absence of a couple of days, Mark was met by the Doctor, who thus addressed him: "Eph Butler's brother is here, and Lord of heavens! I wish he were back where he came from. He is a beggar and a sot. Pauline is disgusted with me and my friends, but your wife behaves like an angel. She is Saint Elizabeth over again."

"There's room enough here," said Bynner, a little serious, yet amused too, by the Doctor's boyish explosion; "for your friends, anyway."

"Don't say my friends again, or I'll run away. I am mortified to death."

"But they're your own words. Has the lad fallen among thieves?"

"Yes, and worse. It turned out as I feared. They have literally devoured his substance; and how he had wit enough or money enough to find his way here I have n't been able to discover yet; what Eph would say to him, if he saw him in this plight, I don't know. I am just beginning to believe that he is Butler's brother. But he has been put through a severe course of questions. I thought he must be an impostor who had got hold of my letter by some infernal piece of luck. I hoped he was, but he is n't."

There was little for others to say when the Doctor took this visitation in such mood.

"I did n't suppose, when I told him I could give him work, and to come here if he wanted it, that I was encouraging anything like this into my hands. He is n't fit for any place, except a hole under ground," he said, after Mark had seen the newcomer.

"Nanny will work wonders," Mark answered, quietly; "we won't gain anything by being hard on him. There's no end to Nanny's kindness. It looks

like a bad case, but she will have her way. I'm willing."

He was, in fact, more than willing.

"You see how it works," said Nanny to him, when they were alone together.

Mark did not answer. He was in a maze.

"If we can set the poor creetur on his feet again," she said, "it will be easy to make all square."

Last year, when money had not half the value to him, or to any business man it now had, it might have been "easy," and this year "tight," as it was, it might still have been "easy," but for this representative of the Butlers, whom, Mark believed, not Nanny or any other woman would be able to prop up into the likeness of a man. He could see the joy Nanny had in her enterprise. "Old woman," he said, "do you *expect* to set him on his feet again? You've got a devilish hard job before you."

"If you will make Pauline stop fretting about it, I will manage the rest," said she, quite confidently.

"Pauline don't like to see you so put upon," said Mark, kindly.

But Nanny knew it was not on her account that Pauline fretted. It was making the house like a tavern to take in every straggler who happened to come along. Hemlock Creek was a humiliating, an exasperating recollection to her.

"If I cure him, Mark, will you promise me?"

"What?"

"To pay him."

"What! over again?"

"He has nothing to do with the settlement on Pauline."

"He has a great deal to do with it. How many ten thousands do you think I have to spare? I must keep afloat in my business."

"You and I don't want anything, Mark. Not anything for ourselves."

"Yes we do, Miss Nan, we want as much as anybody. A sight of good it would do to put money in the hands of that fellow! Besides, as the Doctor

says, who knows that he is n't an impostor?"

"I know it. I looked at that other face long enough. I am always looking at it. If he had never said he was a brother, I would have said it."

"Well, things work queer."

"It's the Lord that does it."

"Stuff."

"Well, I shall get him to think better of himself, if I can. And if I do, and we have n't any money left, Mark, he has me for the rest of his life. I'll never forsake him. He's my lost son."

"Now you talk like Miss Nan," said Mark. "I won't go against you in that. But I won't go shares with you in it. The Doctor is *my* boy."

That was the one word he had spoken which was like a strong staff to Nanny. He had as good as promised that she should have her way!

Such a kind face as hers was to meet the eyes of a man who, coming to a sense of his fallen condition, daily became more ashamed of himself! There was never a day nor an hour when this youth did not feel that he had at least one friend in the world. He found it easy to explain himself to Mrs. Bynner. How quickly she understood, how thoroughly she appreciated, how constantly she sympathized! If she did not understand his moods, he had but to speak, and a word had an effect equivalent to the results which would have sprung from the profoundest knowledge. The Doctor might have understood him better, and the Doctor was kindly, but no kindness of man dealing with infirmity, weakness, wickedness, could equal that of this woman.

And the Doctor had his own absorbing thoughts, great responsibilities whose weight he felt constantly, complications which he must guard against or disentangle when they surprised him; he could not sit down with a despairing brother and dress his wounds, and calm his fears, and arouse his hope, and plant again securely the tattered banner of life. It was too

much to expect of him or of Pauline, that they could waste time in restoring to the world a being who had not proved himself worthy of restoration. But Nanny ! as if there were no other work expected of her in this world, she sat down in obscurity with the poor fellow and listened, and solaced, and encouraged, and became happy in the work which absorbed her. Zebulon was her son. God had given him to her as certainly as he had given Pauline.

Anybody would have felt at liberty to prophecy that all would go well with Pauline and Dr. Trenton, that bright young pair. The alliance was between strong spirits, and all would have gone well but for the immense miscalculation which the Doctor had made in his great undertaking. It was a leviathan swallowing all the money he could find to invest ; and presently it began to give quite other indications than those of return. And of course with him, associated as he was, business success must be, as it was with Pauline and Pauline's father, the one success which marked a man.

The consolidation of the stage routes and the projection of the railway would have secured the ends the Doctor anticipated, had not other parties, possessed of equal courage and larger capital, entered into the lists and won the prize. After a desperate but brief struggle, in which he attempted with his few thousands to fight against apparently exhaustless resources, Dr. Trenton was obliged to own to himself that he was defeated ; and as failure, according to his mode of looking at it, was irretrievable ruin for which neither tobacco nor whiskey had sufficient consolations, he provided himself with an air-gun, and blew his incompetent brains into the nothingness which they so richly merited.

People said that the wheels of enterprise must stand still in Howesbury when that brain ceased to project and act. But the lamentation of the community, however extravagant, could

never have expressed Mark Bynner's disappointment and grief. What risks he had incurred, what losses sustained, to secure advantage to the man whom he had with unutterable pride of heart called his son. Those risks and losses did not now receive a regretful thought ; he proceeded at once to offer costly sacrifices to the honor of the dead.

The Doctor, he perceived, would be remembered as a man who had attempted a great work and — not succeeded ; attempted a great work and *failed*. But no man should be able to say that he had suffered loss by trusting Dr. Trenton.

For this reason, with an almost insane ardor, Mark Bynner bestirred himself to collect all accounts against his son, pledging himself to make good all the obligations which had been incurred, and in this activity he did not flag until he had nearly beggared himself.

And what a satisfaction through all this in the thought that, whatever might happen to himself, Pauline and her boy were secured from want ; Trenton's boy was sure of education. Never a woman more tender and fond than he became, looking on Trenton's boy. He began to calculate how old he himself would be when the child should have come to manhood. He had seen the sun set and darkness cover the earth ; the sun would never again rise for him, but he looked forward to the dawn ; he wanted to live that he might see that infant a man. That would be seeing Trenton over again ! He wanted to tell the youth what his father was, as nobody except himself could tell him ; for nobody, Mark was persuaded, nobody ever had seen Trenton as he really was, nobody save himself. So the poor dreamer dreamed, and under that hope he found his only place of shelter and rest. " I shall live," he said to himself, " I shall see the child a man." But meanwhile people were saying about him, " How frightfully he changes ! he looks like the ghost of himself ! Nobody has seen him smile since the Doctor killed

himself. We thought he could stand anything. This blow will be the death of him."

He fought against the attacks of sickness on his system. Rheumatism laid him on the rack; fever consumed him; but he must live to see that infant of age. Had Nature so slight an acquaintance with her man as to think he would succumb? He arose from one attack after another to look into Trenton's business, and, as before stated, he continued the investigation until he had nearly beggared himself.

And now he and Nanny were living with Pauline. Yes, and their son Butler also. Up to the time of the Doctor's death the daughter had dwelt in her father's house. Does the reader perceive a difference, or understand how Mark and Miss Nan should have felt it? The brother of her husband's friend was the burden Pauline manifested least patience in bearing. It was not long ere Nanny held the position of his advanced guard, forever on the outlook to parry any blow, ward off any shot, guard against any surprise, intended for him. "Mother had better apply for a situation as an attendant in some asylum or hospital." "Mother seemed bent on encouraging shiftlessness, and on making a tavern of the house." That might be even easier to say now when Pauline was mistress of the mansion than it had been before, but it was less difficult to hear quietly.

Nanny said to her husband, "Does Pauline mean to drive poor Zeb away?"

Bynner did not know; he made no answer. He was surprised at Pauline, vexed at his wife, enraged at fortune; he did not care what became of "poor Zeb," who slunk about so, arrested in his progress towards himself by that terrible shock which seemed to ruin them all,—the Doctor's violent death.

Soon it was only Nanny who had a word or a look for Zeb. He ceased his painful efforts to make himself recognized as an existing presence at the table or around the house. He even ceased to play with little Ephy.

Slowly fastened on him the conviction that he must go away.

It seemed as if Nanny had some apprehension lest he should take this thought into his head. She tried to manage that he should seldom be out of her sight; became a talker, and a gossip, which she had never been, so to amuse and interest him, and to draw him out. She even asked Pauline to let him take care of the garden flowers and the conservatory, saying he was fond of flowers and was dreadfully in need of occupation.

"Why don't he get something to do, then, fit for a man of his years? I don't want my gardener sitting at my table, and associating with my child as an equal," answered Pauline.

"He would do no harm to Ephy," ventured the mother. "The baby is only six months old."

"It makes no difference if he is not six days old," returned Pauline, impatiently. "I like John better. Besides, mother, I may as well say I don't intend this house shall be filled with hangers-on. You and father are different; but you must let me keep house according to my own liking."

That was a remark that did not admit of reply.

One day Nanny asked Zebulon to assist her in separating a clump of oleanders which were to be potted anew. While they were about their cheerful work she said to him, because she perceived that if she did not say it others would, and less kindly, "What would you like to be best, Zeb, if you could have your way about it?"

"Dead," said he.

"O, now, — with your chances!"

Nanny appeared to be so surprised, that Zebulon was almost assured she had not spoken in jest, making sport of him. Something like a ghastly smile appeared on his face, though he answered, "What chance have I? Everybody despises me and I despise myself more than any one can."

"That might be, in the old country, if you became unfortunate," said she; "but *here* in *this* country, where

women and everybody have a chance, don't say you have n't one. It's going against light and knowledge."

"Does anybody think so besides you? Does Mrs. Trenton?"

"Why of course she does! How could she help it? Everybody knows it is so. You are a right smart young man. And does n't it say in the Declaration of Independence, — I could tell you the time when I felt these words come home to me first; I was a girl then, it was one Fourth of July, — that we all have a right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness?"

"That may do for native-born citizens," answered he; "but you know it don't apply to me."

"Yes it does, to adopted citizens just as well, *all* men, and I am sure you are an adopted citizen, just as you are my adopted son. Why, you can even vote, if you please."

He shook his head. Nanny became desperate; was there no word, look, or argument by which she might draw him out of his despondency?"

"But what will you take up?" she asked. "If you can't do anything you please, what will you do because you must?"

"Tell me," he said, with an imploring look. "I am sure I don't know. I was going to be an engineer. Eph expected me to come to this country. He said I could get employment anywhere, that railways were always building."

"Well, so they are," said Nanny, eagerly. "Be what he wanted you to be."

He shook his head again and said to himself, "She means to have me go, and I will."

The thought had no sooner passed through his mind, than Nanny seemed to be aware of it, and she hastened to say: "I want to see you happy, doing something. That is the way with us in this country, you know. We have to be doing something, or else we ain't happy. The poor Doctor used to say it was the climate was the matter of us all. Howesbury is a growing place,

with all these iron-works here, and so on. I'm sure there's something you could do right here; and I'll tell you one thing, Zebulon, you will do ten times better at the work you find for yourself than you would at any other. You look about, now, make other people see it's in you plain as I see it. I would n't let anybody go ahead of me if I were a young man like you! I lost my boy. I expect great things of you, Zebulon. You don't *know* what a comfort you are to me."

The poor fellow stood staring at Nanny, fairly looking at her, face to face, almost for the first time since he knew her; more and more he seemed to be astonished by her words! When she ended with this declaration, everything — voice, manner, countenance — attesting to her sincerity, he could bear it no longer; throwing his arms around her neck he burst into tears, and wept until it seemed as if all the dross of his nature must be swept out before that flood.

It was the last opportunity Nanny had to console and encourage him. Spurred on by her confidence in the possibility of his final success, Zeb sought for occupation; and when he failed to find it, urged on by the vague hope that elsewhere he might realize the hope of this good woman, he walked out of Howesbury without a dollar in his pocket, and was never seen again within its limits.

That was a heavy blow for Nanny Bynner. Ought she not to have known that the recollection of what she had done for him, and said to him, had kept him steadfast to his determination that he would find work to do, until he found it? and till at last he was able to look in the face of any honest, upright citizen as a peer, a rightful participant in all the civil and the social rights of man?

It was a bitter reflection for Nanny, "If Pauline could know that to make her rich we have made him poor! She is easy and respectable at his cost!"

The time had passed when it would be possible to speak even to Mark in

this strain. Mark had ruined himself in endeavoring to meet those obligations which the Doctor had incurred, and he was, moreover, proving that the necessities of the age of which the Doctor used to talk were at least his necessities.

Everybody in Howesbury knew that he was a man of fallen fortunes and a falling man. Everybody in his own house, or rather in his daughter's house, knew it. He was drinking hard, people said, getting besotted, and would never again be good for anything in this world.

But it was not his ruined fortunes that troubled Mark Bynner. It was his daughter. Where was his child? The ends of the earth seemed nearer to him than she.

He noticed, as well as Nanny, that she wore the ring which he had given the Doctor when it suddenly became the reminder of a lost friend. It was all stuff, this talk about retribution, nobody knew that better than he; nevertheless, he would have rewarded the thief who had robbed Pauline of that ring. Perhaps if she could lose it, she and they all might find the invisible net broken which enclosed them in the toils of their adversary.

But Mark was long in coming to such dismal thoughts about his daughter as he now entertained. Why, she had been as the apple of his eye, his darling, his pride; what could she mean by her words so unloving, her acts so unkind? It almost seemed to offend her that he should love to be with little Ephy. He and Nanny had given everything into her hands; was it because they now had nothing, that they were contemptible in her eyes?

Pauline might easily have led her father away from the edge of the precipice on which he stood; even he felt that; had she called to him with love in her voice, he would have turned back, proud to obey her. Yes, he would have been strong enough in his will to control powerful habit for her sake.

But at last, at last, only this convic-

tion was possible to the wretched man, that their daughter's house was no place for him and Nanny, and that they had best be gone. He ventured to interpret the gloom of his wife's face by that of his own heart. She, too, felt a stranger in the house of her child, and the bread of dependence seemed better adapted to destroy life than to sustain it. He must help Miss Nan out of this trouble.

One day, when he was recovering from one of his rheumatic attacks, he beckoned her to his bedside, and said: "We must get away from this, — you and I, old woman."

She responded so instantly as to surprise him, "Yes, Mark."

He paused a moment on this; perhaps a brief opposition on her part would have pleased him better; it would have said better things for Pauline. But he merely asked, "Where?"

"Where shall we go? No matter where," she answered, "but somewhere, quick."

"Hemlock Creek?"

Poor old man! the scene of his early labors, where at least he had been able to earn his bread, was the one place to which his thoughts turned now.

"No, not there," she said, shuddering.

Yet, because all the rest of the world looked strange and threatening to him, as soon as Mark Bynner was on his feet again he set out for Hemlock Creek, feeling, when he had shut the door of his daughter's house, that he could go on easier if first he shook the dust of it from his feet.

He had said to his wife: "I'll send for you. You'll come when you get word. We ain't so old that we can't begin over again." And Nanny knew how to smile still. The cheer of her smile was with her husband through many a mile of his journey. But when he was gone she felt troubled. He was old and broken to undertake a journey alone. What if he should never return? What if she should never hear of him again? *Travellers sometimes perished by the wayside, and those who loved*



*them never knew!* She began to watch day and night.

"Why, mother," Pauline would say, "how absurd! You talk as if father were incapable of taking care of himself. Of course it is all right."

Nanny answered: "Your father is very feeble. I ought to have gone with him."

"What nonsense!" Pauline, it almost seemed, could browbeat King Death himself.

Mark Bynner set out for Hemlock Creek. The old place first, in spite of what Nanny had said. But he blundered in his confusion when he took the stage, and after twenty-five miles over a strange road he discovered that he was going to Hemlock Lake. The driver reconciled him when he at last understood the state of things. "You can't get back to Lee Station, where you started from with me, short of two days, unless you foot it," said he. "There ain't no stage going. You're hard on to the prettiest place on earth; the millennium has come there, they say. I can set you down within half a mile of it; they won't let me come no nearer."

"I'll go there, then," said Mark. "Perhaps there is n't any mistake, after all." For, after all, so it was away from Howesbury, east, west, north, or south, made little difference.

So it was that on the evening of the day he left his daughter's house, Mark Bynner was set down at a point which seemed to him as remote from Howesbury as if he had gone half round the world. "Straight ahead," said the driver, "you can't go amiss; it's like walking in a garding all the way. You'll know when you get there."

So it was like a garden all the way. By and by Mark, from going straight ahead, intent chiefly on arriving, began to take notice. He breathed the sweetest perfumes with which summer air was ever freighted; he heard birds sing; he stepped on more briskly; he thought he should surely come to himself and to his strength again. So long

he had lived in a different world, a world in which tobacco and whiskey were necessities, a world in which despair and pain and misery were sovereignly at home, — O, what sphere was this? It seemed to him a world on which business had never set its relentless grip. And yet what but labor had made the desert here to blossom as the rose? Ah! but the hand of contented labor, not that of the demon Gain, who cares ever less for means and methods than for the end, success.

By and by the walk of half a mile ended; and Mark came to a broad, straight street shaded by great elm-trees, and each great tree was as a bower, and underneath stood a small house, which was a home. The sound of the cricket's voice was on the still air, the scent of myriads of sweet peas, and of acres of mignonette, seemed to surround and embrace him. As he entered the street he saw a town pump, and beneath the tree which overhung it a wooden bench. There he sat down. He felt that it would be good to rest there. If now Nanny were with him, he would ask for nothing more, — nothing more. Poor Bynner! For this ease thou gavest him that night, I thank thee, dear Nature.

Sitting there, he fell asleep. He was more tired than he had supposed, and it was so still. By and by he awakened. A young man had come for a pail of water, and when he turned his lantern round he saw the stranger on the bench asleep; and it was raining.

He did what any other man in Bolt-ing would have done, he laid his hand on the sleeper's shoulder and asked him if he wanted a rheumatism, that he sat out there in the rain sleeping so sound.

Mark opened his eyes and endeavored to make out where he was, and who had spoken to him, and what had been said. Then he tried to get up. "You will have to lend a hand, sir, I'm pretty stiff," said he.

"I think it is likely," was the reply. "Thee does n't mean to spend the night here, then?"

"Well, not exactly," answered Mark. "I'm on a journey, and came in late. The stage set me down."

"Thee had better come with me," said the young man, cutting short the explanation. "We shall be drenched in no time."

In the house of that young man Mark Bynner lay for many a day at death's door. Hither came Nanny to watch over him. Into their sad hearts the young man and the young woman, who had just set up housekeeping for themselves, poured balm.

When the old man—for an old, old man he looked—was able to walk about again, he said to Nanny, "We'll never leave this place. They can find something for us to do." And he talked with Owen Happy; and Owen said, "My wife is good for counsel. Providence has thrown us together. We ought not to be in haste about separating."

So it was that the children of another generation saw Mark Bynner weaving baskets for the city trade, with his poor misshapen fingers; and knew in his wife, Nanny, the head and soul of that great co-operative kitchen, where the food of the Bolting angels was prepared.

Nanny died first, and she was lamented. The child she had borne did not follow her to the grave, but Bolting shed tears for her, and made her place of burial bright and pleasant even as she herself had become when Bolting had put work into her husband's hands, and so helped to heal her wounds.

Mark, lingering five years after, broken in mind as in body, believed she was always with him, and nobody attempted to build up a wall of separation between him and Miss Nan. It was gathered from his talk that he had children alive, and once, but once only, it was suggested to him that to see them might be a pleasure. "Never," he said, thinking only of Pauline. "She went away from me before I went away from her." But the anger which was in

his voice when he began to speak died out of it before he had concluded.

"It plagues him," said Owen Happy to his wife; "don't mention it again. He seems not to want anything. He is n't dead; but he is n't alive, either; but he would be glad to be dead to be with the old lady again. That's my opinion."

The younger people—for they were now no longer young, though they might have been Mark's children by nature as assuredly they were by grace—were surprised one day to hear the old man address them in this wise: "I would like to get a letter written. I would like to see Ephy. Would you mind writing to Ephy and saying to come down here and get my last word? I have laid up a little, but that's yours; but I have a mind to say something to Ephy. Tell him to come alone. Nobody but Ephy. I shall be getting off now before long, and there's this thing to say before I go." Therefore the letter was written, and after a brief wandering reached its destination, and therefore Alick Eph Trenton went out to Bolting.

Arrived there, too late, as we have seen. This, Hannah Happy said to him, was the last word of the old gentleman. She had asked him, and she said, What if his boy did not come in time? There might be some delay in his getting the letter; his boy might be away from home, he might have changed his residence; she could not pain him by suggesting that he might not be alive.

The old man was a long while answering her, she said; he lay thinking, and from time to time she repeated the question; at last he said, smiling on her as she had never seen him smile before, and in a way that made her feel as if perhaps she had never seen his true face before, "You and Miss Nan—you and Miss Nan—you and Miss Nan." She thought then that he might be losing his reason entirely, but by and by he said, "Tell the boy I have been asking that we may all be forgiven. . . . Have nothing to do with



money. It is no advantage. Let it alone. Stand straight. There's something besides tobacco and whiskey to keep up a man." That was all. It was evident that she had recollected every word, and that she had repeated all with something of the old man's emphasis.

"Tell me all about him," said "Ephy."

And though the story was so simple, yet it took her long. Strange things happened while Alexander Ephraim sat and listened. He began to see in vision patient Love and Divine Forgiveness. Not without tears he listened to the story, simple as the simplest of pastorals; how the old pair, his grandparents, had stood beside each other in the years of waning strength and waning reason, until, as all could see, like children they passed through the strait gate into the Kingdom of Heaven.

Others, wiser in the theologies, might have smiled, or perhaps taken offence even, at the narrator's notion, but the story made a wonderfully deep impression on the young stranger who had keyed himself up on these "Necessities of the Age" to a pitch that enabled him to sound the note of despair.

He wept over the beautiful picture of divine unity presented by that poor pair; he wept over the story of the humble labors which they diligently pursued, because they determined, when they found that Bolting would harbor them, that they would owe no man, and would be a burden to none; wept over the gratitude they expressed that work was given to them; wept, thinking how the woman had led the man towards peace.

But when Hannah Happy would have held Alexander to the thought that he was his grandsire's heir, and her husband brought the bag in which Bynner had kept his savings, he put it aside. "I do not want it," he said. "You need not tell me how much there is; there must be somebody in this place who would not be harmed by a little help. Something can be done here

with the money. All I want is a piece of his work, one of those willow flower-stands. And tell me more about them. Tell me more about *her*."

And while Hannah talked on, he sat with head bowed, and his heart softening under the knowledge that he was bone of the bone, flesh of the flesh, of this good woman. The exasperation with which he remembered the desertion of his mother died out of him; he had kindred again, though under ground.

You will never see the flower-stand woven of willow wrought by Mark Bynner's poor misshapen hands,—the gift which Alexander Trenton carried home to Ellen Hepworth,—without, whatever the season, its tufts of immortelle and amaranth, purple and white.

Poor Pauline! she never was so fortunate as to find a thief to rob her of her ring. And her successful, yet utterly comfortless career would make one think, almost, that the superstition which her father as well as mother strove against, yet yielded to, had its foundation in some mysterious truth.

It came to pass one day that the junior partner of the firm of Smithby & Co., that is, our Alexander Trenton, engaged in the following remarkable conversation with the silent partner, Mr. Zebulon Butler.

"It has always seemed to me, sir, that when you stood by me the way you did, you must have had some reason for it, a better reason, I mean, than you would have given to anybody that asked you to account for your confidence in me."

Mr. Butler took his time to answer.

"I saw you were to be trusted, Ephraim; there are some signs that cannot be mistaken."

"And is that all?"

"Tell me where did you go when you made that journey, before you came back to us?"

The junior partner looked a little surprised.

"To Bolting," said he.

"You were sent for, but you were not in time. That could hardly have pained you as much as it did me," said Mr. Butler. "I saw that letter written to you, and I went down to Bolting too; but they were both gone. Both gone," he repeated. "It is on your grandmother's account that I am always thinking of you as though you were my son, Ephraim. You are the only relation I have in this world. She

saved my life. You are like her, and she was an honest woman. Did my confidence in you help you? I was determined you should justify it. I could have held out against a great deal worse odds, thinking of her. You are like her, and she was an honest woman. They say I have a knack at holding on. I could n't have let you go, Ephraim, while I remembered her."

By this time Ephraim could speak.

*Caroline Chesebro'.*

## THE BOY AND THE BROOK.

ARMENIAN POPULAR SONG, FROM THE PROSE VERSION OF ALISHAN.

DOWN from yon distant mountain height  
The brooklet flows through the village street;  
A boy comes forth to wash his hands,  
Washing, yes washing, there he stands,  
In the water cool and sweet.

"Brook, from what mountain dost thou come?  
O my brooklet cool and sweet!"  
"I come from yon mountain high and cold,  
Where lieth the new snow on the old,  
And melts in the summer heat."

"Brook, to what river dost thou go?  
O my brooklet cool and sweet!"  
"I go to the river there below  
Where in bunches the violets grow,  
And sun and shadow meet."

"Brook, to what garden dost thou go?  
O my brooklet cool and sweet!"  
"I go to that garden in the vale  
Where all night long the nightingale  
Her love-song doth repeat."

"Brook, to what fountain dost thou go?  
O my brooklet cool and sweet!"  
"I go to that fountain, at whose brink  
The maid that loves thee comes to drink,  
And, whenever she looks therein,  
I rise to meet her, and kiss her chin,  
And my joy is then complete."

*Henry W. Longfellow.*

## CASTILIAN DAYS.

## V.

## TAUROMACHY.

THE bull-fight is the national festival of Spain. The rigid Britons have had their fling at it for many years. The effeminate *badaud* of Paris has declaimed against its barbarity. Even the aristocracy of Spain has begun to suspect it of vulgarity and to withdraw from the arena the light of its noble countenance. But the Spanish people still hold it to their hearts and refuse to be weaned from it.

"As Panem et Circenses was the cry  
Among the Roman populace of old,  
So Pan y Toros is the cry in Spain."

It is a tradition which has passed into their national existence. They received it from nowhere. They have transmitted it nowhither except to their own colonies. In late years an effort has been made to transplant it, but with small success. There were a few bull-fights four years ago at Havre. There was a sensation of curiosity which soon died away. This year in London the experiment was tried, but was hooted out of existence, to the great displeasure of the Spanish journals, who said the ferocious Islanders would doubtless greatly prefer baiting to death a half-dozen Irish serfs from the estate of Lord Fritters, — a gentle diversion in which we are led to believe the British peers pass their leisure hours.

It is this monopoly of the bull-fight which so endears it to the Spanish heart. It is to them conclusive proof of the vast superiority of both the human and taurine species in Spain. The eminent torero, Pepe Illo, said: "The love of bulls is inherent in man, especially in the Spaniard, among which glorious people there have been bull-fights ever since bulls were, because," adds Pepe, with that modesty which forms so charming a trait of the Iberian character, "the Spanish men are as

much more brave than all other men, as the Spanish bull is more savage and valiant than all other bulls." The sport permeates the national life. I have seen it woven into the tapestry of palaces, and rudely stamped on the handkerchief of the peasant. It is the favorite game of children in the street. Loyal Spain was thrilled with joy recently on reading in its Paris correspondence that when the exiled Prince of Asturias went for a half-holiday to visit his Imperial comrade at the Tuileries, the urchins had a game of "toro" on the terrace, admirably conducted by the little Bourbon and followed up with great spirit by the little Montijo-Bonaparte.

The bull-fight has not always enjoyed the royal favor. Isabella the Catholic would fain have abolished bathing and bull-fighting together. The Spaniards, who willingly gave up their ablutions, stood stoutly by their bulls, and the energetic queen was baffled. Again when the Bourbons came in with Philip V., the courtiers turned up their thin noses at the coarse diversion, and induced the king to abolish it. It would not stay abolished, however, and Philip's successor built the present coliseum in expiation. The spectacle has, nevertheless, lost much of its early splendor in the hammering of time. Formerly the gayest and bravest gentlemen of the court, mounted on the best horses in the kingdom, went into the arena and defied the bull in the names of their lady-loves. Now the bull is baited and slain by hired artists, and the horses they mount are the sorriest hacks that ever went to the knacker.

One of the most brilliant shows of the kind that was ever put upon the scene was the Festival of Bulls given by Philip IV. in honor of Charles I.,

"When the Stuart came from far,  
Led by his love's sweet pain,  
To Mary, the guiding star  
That shone in the heaven of Spain."

And the memory of that dazzling occasion was renewed by Ferdinand VII. in the year of his death, when he called upon his subjects to swear allegiance to his baby Isabel. This festival took place in the Plaza Mayor. The king and court occupied the same balconies which Charles and his royal friend and model had filled two centuries before. The champions were poor nobles, of good blood but scanty substance, who fought for glory and pensions, and had quadrilles of well-trained bull-fighters at their stirrups to prevent the farce from becoming tragedy. The royal life of Isabel of Bourbon was inaugurated by the spilled blood of one hundred bulls save one. The gory prophecy of that day has been well sustained. Not one year has passed since then free from blood shed in her cause.

But these extraordinary attractions are not necessary to make a festival of bulls the most seductive of all pleasures to a Spaniard. On any pleasant Sunday afternoon, from Easter to All Souls, you have only to go into the street to see that there is some great excitement fusing the populace into one living mass of sympathy. All faces are turned one way, all minds are filled with one purpose. From the Puerta del Sol down the wide Alcalá a vast crowd winds, solid as a glacier and bright as a kaleidoscope. From the grandee in his blazoned carriage to the *manola* in her calico gown, there is no class unrepresented. Many a red hand grasps the magic ticket which is to open the realm of enchantment to-day, and which represents short commons for a week before. The pawnbrokers' shops have been very animated for the few preceding days. There is nothing too precious to be parted with for the sake of the bulls. Many of these smart girls have made the ultimate sacrifice for that coveted scrap of paper. They would leave their mother's cross with the children of Israel rather than not

go. It is no cheap entertainment. The worst places in the broiling sun cost twenty cents, four reals; and the boxes are sold usually at fifteen dollars. These prices are necessary to cover the heavy expenses of bulls, horses, and gladiators.

The way to the bull-ring is one of indescribable animation. The cabmen drive furiously this day their broken-kneed nags, who will soon be found on the horns of the bulls, — for this is the natural death of the Madrid cab-horse; the omnibus teams dash gayly along with their shrill chime of bells; there are the rude jests of clowns and the high voices of excited girls; the water-venders droning their tempting cry, "Cool as the snow!" the sellers of fans and the merchants of gingerbread picking up their harvests in the hot and hungry crowd.

The Plaza de Toros stands just outside the monumental gate of the Alcalá. It is a low, squat, prison-like circus of stone, stuccoed and whitewashed, with no pretence of ornament or architectural effect. There is no nonsense whatever about it. It is built for the killing of bulls and for no other purpose. Around it, on a day of battle, you will find encamped great armies of the lower class of Madrileños, who being at financial ebb-tide, cannot pay to go in. But they come all the same, to be in the enchanted neighborhood, to hear the shouts and roars of the favored ones within, and to seize any possible occasion for getting in. Who knows? A caballero may come out and give them his check. An English lady may become disgusted and go home, taking away numerous lords whose places will be vacant. The sky may fall, and they may catch four reals' worth of larks. It is worth taking the chances.

One does not soon forget the first sight of the full coliseum. In the centre is the sanded arena, surrounded by a high barrier. Around this rises the graded succession of stone benches, for the people; then numbered seats for the connoisseurs; and above a row of boxes extending around the circle.

The building holds, when full, some fourteen thousand persons; and there is rarely any vacant space. For myself I can say that what I vainly strove to imagine in the coliseum at Rome, and in the more solemn solitude of the amphitheatres of Capua and Pompeii, came up before me with the vividness of life on entering the bull-ring at Madrid. This, and none other, was the classic arena. This was the crowd that sat expectant, under the blue sky, in the hot glare of the South, while the doomed captives of Dacia or the sectaries of Judea commended their souls to the gods of the Danube, or the Crucified of Galilee. Half the sand lay in the blinding sun. Half the seats were illuminated by the fierce light. The other half was in shadow, and the dark crescent crept slowly all the afternoon across the arena as the sun declined in the west.

It is hard to conceive a more brilliant scene. The women put on their gayest finery for this occasion. In the warm light, every bit of color flashes out, every combination falls naturally into its place. I am afraid the luxuriance of hues in the dress of the fair Iberians would be considered shocking in Broadway, but in the vast frame and broad light of the Plaza the effect was very brilliant. Thousands of parti-colored paper fans are sold at the ring. The favorite colors are the national red and yellow, and the fluttering of these broad, bright disks of color is dazzlingly attractive. There is a gayety of conversation, a quick fire of repartee, shouts of recognition and salutation, which altogether make up a bewildering confusion.

The weary young water-men scream their snow-cold refreshment. The orange-men walk with their gold-freighted baskets along the barrier, and throw their oranges with the most marvellous skill and certainty to people in distant boxes or benches. They never miss their mark. They will throw over the heads of a thousand people a dozen oranges into the outstretched hands of customers, so swiftly that it seems like

one line of gold from the dealer to the buyer.

At length the blast of a trumpet announces the clearing of the ring. The idlers who have been lounging in the arena are swept out by the *alguaciles*, and the hum of conversation gives way to an expectant silence. When the last loafer has reluctantly retired, the great gate is thrown open, and the procession of the *toreros* enters. They advance in a glittering line: first the marshalls of the day, then the picadors on horseback, then the matadors on foot surrounded each by his quadrille of *chulos*. They walk towards the box which holds the city fathers, under whose patronage the show is given, and formally salute the authority. This is all very classic also, recalling the *Ave Cæsar, morituri*, etc., of the gladiators. It lacks, however, the solemnity of the Roman salute, from those splendid fellows who would never all leave the arena alive. A bull-fighter is sometimes killed, it is true, but the percentage of deadly danger is scarcely enough to make a spectator's heart beat, as the bedizened procession comes flashing by in the sun.

The municipal authority throws the bowing alguacil a key, which he catches in his hat, or is hissed if he misses it. With this he unlocks the door through which the bull is to enter, and then scampers off with undignified haste through the opposite entrance. There is a bugle flourish, the door flies open, and the bull rushes out, blind with the staring light, furious with rage, trembling in every limb. This is the most intense moment of the day. The glorious brute is the target of twelve thousand pairs of eyes. There is a silence as of death, while every one waits to see his first movement. He is doomed from the beginning; the curtain has risen on a three-act tragedy, which will surely end with his death, but the incidents which are to fill the interval are all unknown. The minds and eyes of all that vast assembly know nothing for the time but the movements of that brute. He stands

for an instant recovering his senses. He has been shot suddenly out of the darkness into that dazzling light. He sees around him a sight such as he never confronted before, — a wall of living faces lit up by thousands of staring eyes. He does not dwell long upon this, however; in his pride and anger he sees a nearer enemy. The horsemen have taken position near the gate, where they sit motionless as burlesque statues, their long ashen spears, iron-tipped, in rest, their wretched nags standing blindfolded, with trembling knees, and necks like dromedaries, not dreaming of their near fate. The bull rushes, with a snort, at the nearest one. The picador holds firmly, planting his spear-point in the shoulder of the brute. Sometimes the bull flinches at this sharp and sudden punishment, and the picador, by a sudden turn to the left, gets away unhurt. Then there is applause for the torero and hisses for the bull. Some indignant amateurs go so far as to call him cow, and to inform him that he is the son of his mother. But oftener he rushes in, not caring for the spear, and with one toss of his sharp horns tumbles horse and rider in one heap against the barrier and upon the sand. The *capeadores*, the cloak-bearers, come fluttering around and divert the bull from his prostrate victims. The picador is lifted to his feet, — his iron armor not permitting him to rise without help, — and the horse is rapidly scanned to see if his wounds are immediately mortal. If not, the picador mounts again, and provokes the bull to another rush. A horse will usually endure two or three attacks before dying. Sometimes a single blow from in front pierces the heart, and the blood spouts forth in a cata-ract. In this case the picador hastily dismounts, and the bridle and saddle are stripped in an instant from the dying brute. If a bull is energetic and rapid in execution, he will clear the arena in a few moments. He rushes at one horse after another, tears them open with his terrible "spears" ("horns" is a word never used in the ring), and

sends them madly galloping over the arena, trampling out their gushing bowels as they fly. The assistants watch their opportunity, from time to time, to take the wounded horses out of the ring, plug up their gaping rents with tow, and sew them roughly up for another sally. It is incredible to see what these poor creatures will endure, — carrying their riders at a lumbering gallop over the ring, when their thin sides seem empty of entrails. Sometimes the bull comes upon the dead body of a horse he has killed. The smell of blood and the unmoving helplessness of the victim excite him to the highest pitch. He gores and tramples the carcass, and tosses it in the air with evident enjoyment, until diverted by some living tormentor.

You will occasionally see a picador nervous and anxious about his personal safety. They are ignorant and superstitious, and subject to presentiments; they often go into the ring with the impression that their last hour has come. If one takes counsel of his fears, and avoids the shock of combat, the hard-hearted crowd immediately discover it and rain maledictions on his head; I saw a picador once enter the ring as pale as death. He kept carefully out of the way of the bull for a few minutes. The sharp-eyed Spaniards noticed it, and commenced shouting, "Craven! He wants to live forever!" They threw orange-skins at him, and at last, their rage vanquishing their economy, they pelted him with oranges. His pallor gave way to a flush of shame and anger. He attacked the bull so awkwardly that the animal, killing his horse, threw him also with great violence. His hat flew off, his bald head struck the hard soil. He lay there as one dead, and was borne away lifeless. This mollified the indignant people, and they desisted from their abuse.

A cowardly bull is much more dangerous than a courageous one, who lowers his head, shuts his eyes, and goes blindly at everything he sees. The last refuge of a bull in trouble is



to leap the barrier, where he produces a lively moment among the water-carriers and orange-boys and stage-carpenters. I once saw a bull, who had done very little execution in the arena, leap the barrier suddenly and toss an unfortunate carpenter from the gangway sheer into the ring. He picked himself up, laughed, saluted his friends, ran a little distance and fell, and was carried out dying. Fatal accidents are rarely mentioned in the newspapers, and it is considered not quite the thing to talk about them.

When the bull has killed enough horses, the first act of the play terminates. But this is an exceedingly delicate matter for the authorities to decide. The audience will not endure any economy in this respect. If the bull is enterprising and "voluntary," he must have as many horses as he can dispose of. One day in Madrid the bulls operated with such activity that the supply of horses was exhausted before the close of the show, and the contractors rushed out in a panic and bought a half-dozen screws from the nearest cab-stand. If the president orders out the horses before their time, he will hear remarks by no means complimentary from the austere groundlings.

The second act is the play of the *banderilleros*, the flag-men. They are beautifully dressed and superbly built fellows, principally from Andalusia, got up precisely like Figaro in the opera. Theirs is the most delicate and graceful operation of the bull-fight. They take a pair of barbed darts, with little banners fluttering at their ends, and provoke the bull to rush at them. At the instant he reaches them, when it seems nothing can save them, they step aside and plant the *banderillas* in the neck of the bull. If the bull has been cowardly and sluggish, and the spectators have called for "fire," darts are used filled with detonating powder at the base, which explode in the flesh of the bull. He dances and skips like a kid or a colt in his agony, which is very diverting to the Spanish

mind. A prettier conceit is that of confining small birds in paper cages, which come apart when the *banderilla* is planted, and set the little fluttering captives free.

Decking the bull with these torturing ornaments is the last stage in the apprenticeship of the *chulo*, before he rises to the dignity of *matador*, or killer. The *matadores* themselves on special occasions think it no derogation from their dignity to act as *banderilleros*. But they usually accompany the act with some exaggeration of difficulty, that reaps for them a harvest of applause. *Frascuero* sits in a chair and plants the irritating bannerets. *Lagar-tijo* lays his handkerchief on the ground and stands upon it while he coifs the bull. A performance which never fails to bring down the house is for the *torero* to await the rush of the bull, and when the bellowing monster comes at him with winking eyes and lowered head, to put his slippered foot between the horns, and vault lightly over his back.

These *chulos* exhibit the most wonderful skill and address in evading the assault of the bull. They can almost always trick him by waving their cloaks a little out of the line of their flight. Sometimes, however, the bull runs straight at the man, disregarding the flag, and if the distance is great to the barrier the danger is imminent; for swift as these men are, the bulls are swifter. Once I saw the bull strike the *torero* at the instant he vaulted over the barrier. He fell sprawling some distance the other side, safe, but terribly bruised and stunned. As soon as he could collect himself he sprang into the arena again, looking very seedy; and the crowd roared, "Saved by miracle." I could but think of *Basilio*, who, when the many cried, "A miracle," answered, "Industria! Industria!" But these bull-fighters are all very pious, and glad to curry favor with the saints by attributing every success to their intervention. The famous *matador*, *Paco Montes*, fervently believed in an amulet he carried, and in

the invocation of Our Lord of the True Cross. He called upon this special name in every tight place, and while other people talked of his luck, he stoutly affirmed it was his faith that saved him; often he said he saw the veritable picture of the Passion coming down between him and the bull, in answer to his prayers. At every bull-ring there is a little chapel in the refreshment-room where these devout ruffians can toss off a prayer or two in the intervals of work. A priest is always at hand with a consecrated wafer, to visa the torero's passport who has to start suddenly for Paradise. It is not exactly regular, but the ring has built many churches and endowed many chapels, and must not be too rigidly regarded. In many places the chief boxes are reserved for the clergy, and prayers are hurried through an hour earlier on the day of combat.

The final act is the death of the bull. It must come at last. His exploits in the early part of his career afford to the amateur some indication of the manner in which he will meet his end. If he is a generous, courageous brute, with more heart than brains, he will die gallantly and be easily killed. But if he has shown reflection, forethought, and that saving quality of the oppressed, suspicion, the matador has a serious work before him. The bull is always regarded from this objective standpoint. The more power of reason the brute has, the worse opinion the Spaniard has of him. A stupid creature who rushes blindly on the sword of the matador is an animal after his own heart. But if there be one into whose brute brain some glimmer of the awful truth has come, — and this sometimes happens, — if he feels the solemn question at issue between him and his enemy, if he eyes the man and not the flag, if he refuses to be fooled by the waving lure, but keeps all his strength and all his faculties for his own defence, the soul of the Spaniard rises up in hate and loathing. He calls on the matador to kill him any way. If he will not rush at the flag, the crowd

shouts for the demi-lune; and the noble brute is houghed from behind, and your soul grows sick with shame of human nature at the hellish glee with which they watch him hobbling on his severed legs.

This seldom happens. The final act is usually an admirable study of coolness and skill against brute force. When the *banderillas* are all planted, and the bugles sound for the third time, the matador, the *espada*, the sword, steps forward with a modest consciousness of distinguished merit, and makes a brief speech to the *corregidor*, offering in honor of the good city of Madrid to kill the bull. He turns on his heel, throws his hat by a dexterous back-handed movement over the barrier, and advances, sword and cape in hand, to where his noble enemy awaits him. The bull appears to recognize a more serious foe than any he has encountered. He stops short and eyes the new-comer curiously. It is always an impressive picture: the tortured, maddened animal, whose thin flanks are palpitating with his hot breath, his coat one shining mass of blood from the darts and the spear-thrusts, his massive neck still decked as in mockery with the fluttering flags, his fine head and muzzle seeming sharpened by the hour's terrible experience, his formidable horns crimsoned with onset; in front of this fiery bulk of force and courage, the slight, sinewy frame of the killer, whose only reliance is on his coolness and his intellect. I never saw a matador come carelessly to his work. He is usually pale and alert. He studies the bull for a moment with all his eyes. He waves the blood-red *engaño*, or lure, before his face. If the bull rushes at it with his eyes shut, the work is easy. He has only to select his own stroke and make it. But if the bull is jealous and sly, it requires the most careful management to kill him. The disposition of the bull is developed by a few rapid passes of the red flag. This must not be continued too long: the tension of the nerves of the auditory will not bear



trifling. I remember one day the crowd was aroused to fury by a bugler from the adjoining barracks playing retreat at the moment of decision. All at once the matador seizes the favorable instant. He poises his sword as the bull rushes upon him. The point enters just between the left shoulder and the spine; the long blade glides in up to the hilt. The bull reels and staggers and dies.

Sometimes the matador severs the vertebræ. The effect is like magic. He lays the point of his sword between the bull's horns, as lightly as a lady who touches her cavalier with her fan, and he falls dead as a stone.

If the blow is a clean, well-delivered one, the enthusiasm of the people is unbounded. Their approval comes up in a thunderous shout of, "Well done!" *Valiente! Viva!* A brown shower of cigars rains on the sand. The victor gathers them up: they fill his hands, his pockets, his hat. He gives them to his friends, and the aromatic shower continues. Hundreds of hats are flung into the ring. He picks them up and shies them back to their shouting owners. Sometimes a dollar is mingled with the flying compliments; but the enthusiasm of the Spaniard rarely carries him so far as that. For ten minutes after a good *estocada* the matador is the most popular man in Spain.

But the trumpets sound again, the door of the Toril flies open, another bull comes rushing out, and the present interest quenches the past. The play begins again, with its sameness of purpose and its infinite variety of incident.

It is not quite accurate to say, as is often said, that the bull-fighter runs no risk. El Tato, the first sword of Spain, lost his leg in 1869, and his life was saved by the coolness and courage of Lagartijo, who succeeded him in the championship, and who was terribly wounded in the foot that summer. Arjona killed a bull in the same year, which tossed and ruptured him after receiving his death-blow. Pepe Illo died in harness, on the sand.

Every year picadors, chulos, and such small deer are killed, without gossip. I must copy the inscription on the sword which Tato presented to Lagartijo, as a specimen of tauromachian literature:—

"If, as philosophers say, gratitude is the tribute of noble souls, accept, dear Lagartijo, this present; preserve it as a sacred relic, for it symbolizes the memory of my glories, and is at the same time the mute witness of my misfortune. With it I killed my last bull named *Peregrino*, bred by D. Vicente Martinez, fourth of the fight of the 7th June, 1869, in which act I received the wound which has caused the amputation of my right leg. The will of man can do nothing against the designs of Providence. Nothing but resignation is left to thy affectionate friend, Antonio Sanchez [Tato]."

It is in consideration of the mingled skill and danger of the trade, that such enormous fees are paid the principal performers. The leading swordsmen receive about three hundred dollars for each performance, and they are eagerly disputed by the direction of all the arenas of Spain. In spite of these large wages, they are rarely rich. They are as wasteful and improvident as gamblers. Tato, when he lost his leg, lost his means of subsistence, and his comrades organized one or two benefits to keep him from want. Cuchares died in the Havana, and left no provision for his family.

There is a curious *naïveté* in the play-bill of a bull-fight, the only conscientious public document I have seen in Spain. You know how we of Northern blood exaggerate the attractions of all sorts of shows, trusting to the magnanimity of the audience. "He war n't nothing like so little as that," confesses Mr. Magsman, "but where's your dwarf what is?" There are few who have the moral courage to demand their money back because they counted but thirty-nine thieves when the bills promised forty. But the management of the Madrid bull-ring knows its public too well to promise more than it is sure

of performing. It announces six bulls, and positively no more. It says there will be no use of bloodhounds. It promises two picadors, with three others in reserve, and warns the public that if all five become inutilized in the combat, no more will be issued. With so fair a preliminary statement, what crowd, however inflammable, could mob the management?

Some industrious and ascetic statistician has visited Spain and interested himself in the bull-ring. Here are some of the results of his researches. In 1864 the number of places in all the taurine establishments of Spain was 509,283, of which 246,813 belonged to the cities, and 262,470 to the country.

In the year 1864 there were 427 bull-fights, of which 294 took place in the cities and 133 in the country towns. The receipts of ninety-eight bull-rings in 1864 reached the enormous sum of two hundred and seventeen and a half millions of reals (nearly \$11,000,000). The 427 bull-fights which took place in Spain during the year 1864 caused the death of 2,989 of these fine animals, and about 7,473 horses, — something more than half the number of the cavalry of Spain. These wasted victims could have ploughed three hundred thousand hectares of land, which would have produced a million and a half hectolitres of grain, worth eighty millions reals; all this without counting the cost of the slaughtered cattle, worth say seven or eight millions, at a moderate calculation.

Thus far the Arithmetic Man; to whom responds the tauromachian *aficionado*: That the bulk of this income goes to purposes of charity; that were there no bull-fights, bulls of good race would cease to be bred; that nobody ever saw a horse in a bull-ring that could plough a furrow of a hundred yards without giving up the ghost; that the nerve, dexterity, and knowledge of brute nature gained in the arena is a good thing to have in the country; that, in short, it is our way of amusing ourselves, and if you don't like it you can go home and cultivate prize-fighters, or kill two-year-old colts

on the race-course, or murder jockeys in hurdle-races, or break your own necks in steeple-chases, or in search of wilder excitement thicken your blood with beer, or burn your souls out with whiskey.

And this is all we get by our well-meant effort to convince Spaniards of the brutality of bull-fights. Must Chicago be virtuous before I can object to Madrid ale, and say that its cakes are unduly gingered?

Yet even those who most stoutly defend the bull-fight, feel that its glory has departed and that it has entered into the era of full decadence. I was talking one evening with a Castilian gentleman, one of those who cling with most persistence to the national traditions, and he confessed that the noble art was wounded to death. "I do not refer, as many do, to the change from the old times, when gentlemen fought on their own horses in the ring. That was nonsense, and could not survive the time of Cervantes. Life is too short to learn bull-fighting. A grandee of Spain, if he knows anything else, would make a sorry torero. The good times of the art are more modern. I saw the short day of the glory of the ring when I was a boy. There was a race of gladiators then, such as the world will never see again, — mighty fighters before the king. Pepe Illo and Costillares, Romero and Paco Montes, — the world does not contain the stuff to make their counterparts. They were serious, earnest men. They would have let their right arms wither before they would have courted the applause of the mob, by killing a bull outside of the severe traditions. Compare them with the men of to-day, with your Rafael Molina, who allows himself to be gored, playing with a heifer; with your frivolous boys like Frascuelo. I have seen the ring convulsed with laughter as that buffoon strutted across the arena, flirting his *muleta* as a *manola* does her skirts, the bewildered bull not knowing what to make of it. It was enough to make Illo turn in his bloody grave.

"Why, my young friend, I remember when bulls were a dignified and serious matter; when we kept account of their progress from their pasture to the capital. We had accounts of their condition by couriers and carrier-pigeons. On the day when they appeared, it was a high festival in the court. All the sombreros in Spain were there, the ladies in national dress with white mantillas. The young queen always in her *palco* (may God guard her). The fighters of that day were high-priests of art; there was something of veneration in the regard that was paid them. Duchesses threw them bouquets with *billets-doux*. Gossip and newspapers have destroyed the romance of common life.

"The only pleasure I take in the

Plaza de Toros now is at night. The custodians know me and let me moon about in the dark. When all that is ignoble and mean has faded away with the daylight, it seems to me the ghosts of the old time come back upon the sands. I can fancy the patter of light hoofs, the glancing of spectral horns. I can imagine the agile tread of Romero, the deadly thrust of Montes, the whisper of long-vanished applause, and the clapping of ghostly hands. I am growing too old for such skylarking, and I sometimes come away with a cold in my head. But you will never see a bull-fight you can enjoy as I do these visionary festivals, where memory is the corregidor, and where the only spectators are the stars and I."

John Hay.

## THEIR WEDDING JOURNEY.

### I.

#### THE OUTSET.

THEY first met in Boston, but the match was made in Europe, where they afterwards saw each other; whither, indeed, he followed her; and there the match was also broken off. Why it was broken off, and why it was renewed after a lapse of years, is part of quite a long love-story, which I do not think myself qualified to rehearse, distrusting my fitness for a sustained or involved narration; though I am persuaded that a skilful romancer could turn the courtship of Basil and Isabel March to excellent account. Fortunately for me, however, in attempting to tell the reader of the wedding-journey of a newly married couple, no longer very young, to be sure, but still fresh in the light of their love, I shall have nothing to do but to talk of some ordinary traits of American life as these appeared to them, to speak a little of well-known and easily accessible places,

to present now a bit of landscape and now a sketch of character.

They had agreed to make their wedding-journey in the simplest and quietest way, and as it did not take place at once after their marriage, but some weeks later, it had all the desired charm of privacy from the outset.

"How much better," said Isabel, "to go now, when nobody cares whether you go or stay, than to have started off upon a wretched wedding-breakfast, all tears and trousseau, and had people wanting to see you aboard the cars. Now there will not be a suspicion of honeymoon-shine about us; we shall go just like anybody else, — with a difference, dear, with a difference!" and she took Basil's cheeks between her hands. In order to do this, she had to run round the table; for they were at dinner, and Isabel's aunt, with whom they had begun married life, sat substantial between them. It was rather a girlish thing for Isabel, and she added, with a

conscious blush, "We are past our first youth, you know; and we shall not strike the public as bridal, shall we? My one horror in life is an evident bride."

Basil looked at her fondly, as if he did not think her at all too old to be taken for a bride; and for my part I do not object to a woman's being of Isabel's age, if she is of a good heart and temper. Life must have been very unkind to her if at that age she have not won more than she has lost. It seemed to Basil that his wife was quite as fair as when they met first, eight years before; but he could not help recurring with an inextinguishable regret to the long interval of their broken engagement, which but for that fatality they might have spent, he imagined, in just such rapture as this together. The regret always haunted him, more or less; it was part of his love; the loss accounted irreparable really enriched the final gain.

"I don't know," he said presently, with as much gravity as a man can whose cheeks are clasped between a lady's hands, "you don't begin very well for a bride who wishes to keep her secret. If you behave in this way, they will put us into the 'bridal chambers' at all the hotels. And the cars, — they're beginning to have them on the palace-cars."

Just then a shadow fell into the room.

"Was n't that thunder, Isabel?" asked her aunt, who had been contentedly surveying the tender spectacle before her. "O dear! you'll never be able to go by the boat to-night, if it storms. It's actually raining now!"

In fact, it was the beginning of that terrible storm of last June. All in a moment, out of the hot sunshine of the day it burst upon us before we quite knew that it threatened, even before we had fairly noticed the clouds, and it went on from passion to passion with an inexhaustible violence. In the square upon which our friends looked out of their dining-room windows the trees whitened in the gusts, and dark-

ened in the driving floods of the rainfall, and in some paroxysms of the tempest bent themselves in desperate submission, and then with a great shudder rent away whole branches and flung them far off upon the ground. Hail mingled with the rain, and now the few umbrellas that had braved the storm vanished, and the hurtling ice crackled upon the pavement, where the lightning played like flames burning from the earth, while the thunder roared overhead without ceasing. There was something splendidly theatrical about it all; and when a street-car, laden to the last inch of its capacity, came by, with horses that pranced and leaped under the stinging blows of the hail-stones, our friends felt as if it were an effective and very naturalistic bit of pantomime invented for their admiration. Yet as to themselves they were very sensible of a potent reality in the affair, and at intervals during the storm they debated about going at all that day, and decided to go and not to go, according to the changing complexion of the elements. Basil had said that as this was their first journey together in America, he wished to give it at the beginning as pungent a national character as possible, and that as he could imagine nothing more peculiarly American than a voyage to New York by a Fall River boat, they ought to take that route thither. So much upholstery, so much music, such variety of company, he understood, could not be got in any other way, and it might be that they would even catch a glimpse of the inventor of the combination, who represented the very excess and extremity of a certain kind of Americanism. Isabel had eagerly consented; but these æsthetic motives were paralyzed for her by the thought of passing Point Judith in a storm, and she descended from her high intents first to the Inside Boats, without the magnificence and the orchestra, and then to the idea of going by land in a sleeping-car. Having comfortably accomplished this feat, she treated Basil's consent as a matter of course, not because she did not regard him, but because as a woman

she could not conceive of the steps to her conclusion as unknown to him, and always treated her own decisions as the product of their common reasoning. But her husband held out for the boat, and insisted that if the storm fell before seven o'clock, they could reach it at Newport by the last express; and it was this obstinacy that, in proof of Isabel's wisdom, obliged them to wait two hours in the station before going by the land route. The storm abated at five o'clock, and though the rain continued, it seemed well by a quarter of seven to set out for the Old Colony Depot, in sight of which a sudden and vivid flash of lightning caused Isabel to seize her husband's arm, and to implore him, "O *don't* go by the boat!" On this, Basil had the incredible weakness to yield; and bade the driver take them to the Worcester Depot. It was the first swerving from the ideal in their wedding journey, but it was by no means the last; though it must be confessed that it was early to begin.

They both felt more tranquil when they were irretrievably committed by the purchase of their tickets, and when they sat down in the waiting-room of the station, with all the time between seven and nine o'clock before them. Basil would have eked out the business of checking the trunks into an affair of some length, but the baggage-master did his duty with pitiless celerity; and so Basil, in the mere excess of his disoccupation, bought an accident-insurance ticket. This employed him half a minute, and then he gave up the unequal contest, and went and took his place beside Isabel, who sat prettily wrapped in her shawl, perfectly content.

"Is n't it charming," she said gayly, "having to wait so long? It puts me in mind of some of those other journeys we took together. — But I can't think of those times with any patience, when we might really have had each other, and did n't! — Do you remember how long we had to wait at Chambéry? and the numbers of military gentlemen

that waited too, with their little waists, and their kisses when they met? and that poor married military gentleman, with the plain wife and the two children, and a tarnished uniform? He seemed to be somehow in misfortune, and his mustache hung down in such a spiritless way, while all the other military mustaches about curled and bristled with so much boldness. I think *salles d'attente* everywhere are delightful; and there is such a community of interest in them all, that when I come here only to go out to Brookline, I feel myself a traveller once more, — a blessed stranger in a strange land. O dear, Basil, those were happy times after all, when we might have had each other and did n't. And now we're the more precious for having been so long lost."

She drew closer and closer to him, and looked at him in a way that threatened betrayal of her bridal character.

"Isabel, you will be having your head on my shoulder, next," said he.

"Never!" she answered fiercely, recovering her distance with a start. "But, dearest, if you *do* see me going to — act absurdly, you know, do stop me."

"I'm very sorry, but I've got myself to stop. Besides, I did n't undertake to preserve the incognito of this bridal party."

If any accident of the sort dreaded had really happened, it would not have mattered so much, for as yet they were the sole occupants of the waiting-room. To be sure, the ticket-seller was there, and the lady who checked packages left in her charge; but these must have seen so many endearments pass between passengers, that a fleeting caress or two would scarcely have drawn their notice to our pair. Yet Isabel did not so much even as put her hand into her husband's; and as Basil afterwards said, it was very good practice.

Our temporary state, whatever it is, is often mirrored in all that come near us, and our friends were fated to meet frequent parodies of their happiness from first to last on this journey. The

travesty began with the very first people who entered the waiting-room after themselves, and who were a very young couple starting like themselves upon a pleasure tour, which also was evidently one of the first tours of any kind that they had made. It was of modest extent, and comprised going to New York and back; but they talked of it with a fluttered and joyful expectation as if it were a voyage to Europe. Presently there appeared a burlesque of their happiness (but with a touch of tragedy) in that kind of young man who is called by the females of his class a fellow, and two young women of that kind known to him as girls. He took a place between these, and presently began a robust flirtation with one of them. He possessed himself, after a brief struggle, of her parasol, and twirled it about, as he uttered, with a sort of tender rudeness, inconceivable vapidities, such as you would expect from none but a man of the highest fashion. The girl thus courted became selfishly unconscious of everything but her own joy, and made no attempt to bring the other girl within its warmth, but left her to languish forgotten on the other side. The latter sometimes leaned forward, and tried to divert a little of the flirtation to herself, but the flirts snubbed her with short answers, and presently she gave up and sat still in the sad patience of uncourted women. In this attitude she became a burden to Isabel, who was glad when the three took themselves away, and were succeeded by a very stylish couple — from New York, she knew as well as if they had given her their address on West 999 Street. The lady was not pretty, and she was not, Isabel thought, dressed in the perfect taste of Boston; but she owned frankly to herself that the New-Yorkeress was stylish, undeniably effective. The gentleman bought a ticket for New York, and remained at the window of the office talking quite easily with the seller.

"You could n't do that, my poor Basil," said Isabel, "you'd be afraid."

"O dear, yes; I'm only too glad to

get off without browbeating; though I must say that this officer looks kindly and affable enough. Really," he added, as an acquaintance of the ticket-seller came in and nodded to him and said "Hot, to-day!" "this is very strange. I always felt as if these men had no private life, no friendships like the rest of us. On duty they seem so like sovereigns, set apart from mankind, and above us all, that it's quite incredible they should have the common personal relations."

At intervals of their talk and silence there came vivid flashes of lightning and quite heavy shocks of thunder, all consoling to our friends, who took them as so many compliments to their prudence in not going by the boat, and who had secret doubts of their wisdom whenever these acknowledgments were withheld. Isabel went so far as to say that she hoped nothing would happen to the boat, but I think she would cheerfully have learnt that the vessel had been obliged to put back to Newport, on account of the storm, or even that it had been driven ashore at a perfectly safe place.

People constantly came and went in the waiting-room, which was sometimes quite full, and again empty of all but themselves. In the course of their observations they formed many cordial friendships and bitter enmities upon the ground of personal appearance, or particulars of dress, with people whom they saw for half a minute upon an average; and they took such a keen interest in every one, that it would be hard to say whether they were more concerned in an old gentleman with vigorously upright iron-gray hair, who sat fronting them, and reading all the evening papers, or a young man who hurled himself through the door, bought a ticket with terrific precipitation, burst out again, and then ran down a departing train before it got out of the station: they loved the old gentleman for a certain stubborn benevolence of expression, and if they had been friends of the young man and his family for generations, and felt bound if any harm



befell him to go and break the news gently to his parents, their nerves could not have been more intimately wrought upon by his hazardous behavior. Still, as they had their tickets for New York, and he was going out on a merely local train, — to Brookline, I believe, — they could not, even in their anxiety, repress a feeling of contempt for his unambitious destination.

They were already as completely cut off from local associations and sympathies as if they were a thousand miles and many months away from Boston. They enjoyed the lonely flaring of the gas-jets as a gust of wind drew through the station; they shared the gloom and isolation of a man who took a seat in the darkest corner of the room, and sat there with folded arms, the genius of absence. In the patronizing spirit of travellers in a foreign country they noted and approved the vases of cut-flowers in the booth of the lady who checked packages, and the pots of ivy in her windows. "These poor Bostonians," they said, "have some love of the beautiful in their rugged natures."

But after all was said and thought, it was only eight o'clock, and they still had an hour to wait.

Basil grew restless, and Isabel said, with a subtle interpretation of his uneasiness, "I don't want anything to eat, Basil, but I think I know the weaknesses of men; and you had better go and pass the next half-hour over a plate of something indigestible."

This was said *con stizza*, the least little suggestion of it; but Basil rose with shameful alacrity. "Darling, if it's your wish —"

"It's my fate, Basil," said Isabel.

"— I'll go," he exclaimed, "because it is n't bridal, and will help us to pass for old married people."

"No, no, Basil, be honest; fibbing is n't your *forte*: I wonder you went into the insurance business; you ought to have been a lawyer. Go, because you like eating, and are hungry, perhaps, or think you may be so before

we get to New York. I shall amuse myself well enough here."

I suppose it is always a little shocking and grievous to a wife when she recognizes a rival in butchers'-meat and the vegetables of the season. With her slender relishes for pastry and confectionery, and her dainty habits of lunching, she cannot reconcile with the ideal her husband's capacity for breakfasting, dining, supping, and hot meals at all hours of the day and night — as they write it on the sign-boards of barbaric eating-houses. But Isabel would have had only herself to blame if she had not perceived this trait of Basil's before marriage. She recurred now, as his figure disappeared down the station, to memorable instances of his appetite in their European travels during their first engagement. "Yes, he ate terribly at Susa, when I was too full of the notion of getting into Italy to care for *bouillon* and cold roast chicken. At Rome, I thought I must break with him on account of the wild-boar; and at Heidelberg, the sausage and the ham! — how could he, in my presence? But I took him with all his faults, — and was glad to get him," she added, ending her meditation with a little burst of candor; and she did not even think of Basil's appetite when he reappeared.

With the thronging of all sorts of people, in parties and singly, into the waiting-room, they became once again mere observers of their kind, more or less critical in temper, until the crowd grew so that individual traits were merged in the character of multitude. Even then, they could catch glimpses of faces so sweet or fine that they made themselves felt like moments of repose in the tumult, and here and there was something so grotesque in dress or manner that it showed distinct from the rest. The ticket-seller's stamp clicked incessantly as he sold tickets to all points South and West: to New York, Philadelphia, Charleston, to New Orleans, Chicago, Omaha, to St. Paul, Duluth, St. Louis; and it would not have been hard to find in that anxious bustle,

that unsmiling eagerness, an image of the whole busy affair of life. It was not a particularly sane spectacle, that impatience to be off to some place that lay not only in the distance, but also in the future — to which no line of road carries you with absolute certainty across an interval of time full of all imaginable chances and influences. It is easy enough to buy a ticket to Cincinnati, but it is somewhat harder to arrive there. Say that all goes well, is it exactly *you* who arrive?

In the midst of this disquiet there entered at last an old woman, so very infirm that she had to be upheld on either hand by her husband and the hackman who had brought them, while a young girl went before with shawls and pillows which she arranged upon the seat. There the invalid lay down, and turned towards the crowd a white, suffering face, which was yet so heavenly meek and peaceful that it comforted whoever looked at it. In spirit our happy friends bowed themselves before it and owned that there was something better than happiness in it.

"What is it like, Isabel?"

"O, I don't know, darling," she said; but she thought, "Perhaps it is like some blessed sorrow that takes us out of this prison of a world, and sets us free of our every-day hates and desires, our aims, our fears, ourselves. Maybe a long and mortal sickness might come to wear such a face in one of us two, and the other could see it, and not regret the poor mask of youth and pretty looks that had fallen away."

She rose and went over to the sick woman, on whose face beamed a tender smile, as Isabel spoke to her. A chord thrilled in two lives hitherto unknown to each other; but what was said Basil would not ask when the invalid had taken Isabel's hand between her own, as for adieu, and she came back to his side with swimming eyes. Perhaps his wife could have given no good reason for her emotion, if he had asked it. But it made her very sweet and dear to him; and I suppose that when a tolerably unselfish man is once secure of a woman's

love, he is ordinarily more affected by her shows of compassion and tenderness for other objects than by her feeling towards himself. He likes well enough to think, "She loves me," but still better, "How kind and good she is!"

They lost sight of the invalid in the hurry of getting places on the cars, and they never saw her again. The man at the wicket-gate leading to the train had thrown it up, and the people were pressing furiously through as if their lives hung upon the chance of instant passage. Basil had secured his ticket for the sleeping-car, and so he and Isabel stood aside and watched the tumult. When the rush was over they passed through, and as they walked up and down the platform beside the train, "I was thinking," said Isabel, "after I spoke to that poor old lady, of what Clara Williams says: that she wonders the happiest women in the world can look each other in the face without bursting into tears, their happiness is so unreasonable, and so built upon and hedged about with misery. She declares that there's nothing so sad to her as a bride, unless it's a young mother, or a little girl growing up in the innocent gayety of her heart. She wonders they can live through it."

"Clara is very much of a reformer, and would make an end of all of us men, I suppose,—except her father, who supports her in the leisure that enables her to do her deep thinking. She little knows how we poor fellows have to suffer, and how often we break down in business hours, and sob upon one another's necks. Did that old lady talk to you in the same strain?"

"O no! she spoke very calmly of her sickness, and said she had lived a blessed life. Perhaps it was that made me shed those few small tears. She seemed a very religious person."

"Yes," said Basil, "it is almost a pity that religion is going out. But then, you are to have the franchise."

"All aboard!"

This warning cry saved him from whatever heresy he might have been



about to utter ; and presently the train carried them out into the gas-sprinkled darkness, with an ever-growing speed that soon left the city lamps far behind. It is a phenomenon whose commonness alone prevents it from being most impressive, that departure of the night-express. The two hundred miles it is to travel stretch before it, traced by those slender clews, to lose which is ruin, and about which hang so many dangers. The drawbridges that gape upon the way, the trains that stand smoking and steaming on the track, the rail that has borne the wear so long that it must soon snap under it, the deep-cut where the overhanging mass of rock trembles to its fall, the obstruction that a pitiless malice may have placed in your path,—you think of these after the journey is done, but they seldom haunt your fancy while it lasts. The knowledge of your helplessness in any circumstances is so perfect that it begets a sense of irresponsibility, almost of security ; and as you drowse upon the pallet of the sleeping-car, and feel yourself hurled forward through the obscurity, you are almost thankful that you can do nothing, for it is upon this condition only that you can endure it ; and some such condition as this, I suppose, accounts for many heroic facts in the world. To the fantastic mood which possesses you equally, sleeping or waking, the stoppages of the train have a weird character ; and Worcester, Springfield, New Haven, and Stamford are rather points in dreamland than well-known towns of New England. As the train stops you drowse if you have been waking, and wake if you have been in a doze ; but in any case you are aware of the locomotive hissing and coughing beyond the station, of flaring gas-jets, of clattering feet of passengers getting on and off ; then of some one, conductor or station-master, walking the whole length of the train ; and then you are aware of an insane satisfaction in a renewed flight through the darkness. You think hazily of the folk in their beds in the town left be-

hind, who stir uneasily at the sound of your train's departing whistle ; and so all is a blank vigil or a blank slumber.

By daylight Basil and Isabel found themselves at opposite ends of the car, struggling severally with the problem of the morning's toilet. When the combat was ended, they were surprised at the decency of their appearance, and Isabel said, "I think I'm presentable to an early Broadway public, and I've a fancy for not going to a hotel. Lucy will be expecting us out there before noon ; and we can pass the time pleasantly enough for a few hours just wandering about." She was a woman who loved any cheap defiance of custom, and she had an agreeable sense of adventure in what she proposed. Besides, she felt that nothing could be more in the unconventional spirit in which they meant to make their whole journey than a stroll about New York at half past six in the morning.

"Delightful !" answered Basil, who was always charmed with these small originalities. "You look well enough for an evening party ; and besides, you won't meet one of your own critical class on Broadway at this hour. We will breakfast at one of those gilded metropolitan restaurants, and then go round to Leonard's, who will be able to give us just three unhurried seconds. After that we'll push on out to his place."

At that early hour there were not many people astir on the wide avenue down which our friends strolled when they left the station ; but in the aspect of those they saw there was something that told of a greater heat than they had yet known in Boston, and they were sensible of having reached a more southern latitude. The air, though freshened by the over-night's storm, still wanted the briskness and sparkle and pungency of the Boston air, which is as delicious in summer as it is terrible in winter ; and the faces that showed themselves were sodden from the yesterday's heat and perspiration. A corner-grocer, seated in a sort of fierce

despondency upon a keg near his shop door, had lightly equipped himself for the struggle of the day in the battered armor of the day before, and in a pair of roomy pantaloons, and a baggy shirt of neutral tint,—perhaps he had made a vow not to change it whilst the siege of the hot weather lasted,—now confronted the advancing sunlight, before which the long shadows of the buildings were slowly retiring. A marketing mother of a family paused at a provision-store, and looking weakly in at the white-aproned butcher among his meats and flies, passed without an effort to purchase. Hurried and wearied shop-girls tripped by in the draperies that betrayed their sad necessity to be both fine and shabby; from a boarding-house door issued briskly one of those cool young New-Yorkers whom no circumstances can oppress: breezy-coated, white-linened, clean, with a good cigar in the mouth, a light cane caught upon the elbow of one of the arms holding up the paper from which the morning's news is snatched, whilst the person sways lightly with the walk; in the street-cars that slowly tinkled up and down were rows of people with baskets between their legs and papers before their faces; and all showed by some peculiarity of air and dress the excess of heat which they had already borne, and to which they seemed to look forward, and gave by the scantiness of their number a vivid impression of the uncounted thousands within doors prolonging, before the day's terror began, the oblivion of sleep.

As they turned into one of the numerical streets to cross to Broadway, and found themselves in a yet deeper seclusion, Basil began to utter in a musical tone:—

"A city 'gainst the world's gray Prime,  
Lost in some desert, far from Time,  
Where noiseless Ages gliding through,  
Have only sifted sands and dew,—  
Yet still a marble hand of man  
Lying on all the haunted plan;  
The passions of the human heart  
Beating the marble breast of Art,—  
Were not more lone to one who first  
Upon its giant silence burst,  
Than this strange quiet, where the tide  
Of life, upheaved on either side,

Hangs trembling, ready soon to beat  
With human waves the Morning Street."

"How lovely!" said Isabel, swiftly catching at her skirt, and deftly escaping contact with one of a long row of ash-barrels posted sentinel-like on the edge of the pavement. "Whose is it, Basil?"

"Ah! a poet's," answered her husband, "a man of whom we shall one day any of us be glad to say that we liked him before he was famous. What a nebulous sweetness the first lines have, and what a clear, cool light of daybreak in the last!"

"You could have been as good a poet as that, Basil," said the ever-personal and concretely-speaking Isabel, who could not look at a mountain without thinking what Basil might have done in that way, if he had tried.

"O no, I could n't, dear. It's very difficult being any poet at all, though it's easy to be like one. But I've done with it; I broke with the Muse the day you accepted me. She came into my office, looking *so* shabby,—not unlike one of those poor shop-girls; and as I was very well dressed from having just been to see you, why, you know, I felt the difference. 'Well, my dear?' said I, not quite liking the look of reproach she was giving me. 'You are going to leave me,' she answered sadly. 'Well, yes; I suppose I must. You see the insurance business is very absorbing; and besides, it has a bad appearance, you're coming about so in office hours, and in those clothes.' 'O,' she moaned out, 'you used to welcome me at all times, out in the country, and thought me prettily dressed.' 'Yes, yes; but this is Boston; and Boston makes a great difference in one's ideas; and I'm going to be married, too. Come, I don't want to seem ungrateful; we *have* had many pleasant times together, I own it; and I've no objections to your being present at Christmas and Thanksgivings and birthdays, but really I must draw the line there.' She gave me a look that made my heart ache, and went straight to my desk and took out of a pigeon-

hole a lot of papers, — odes upon your cruelty, Isabel; songs to you; sonnets, — the sonnet, a mighty poor one, I'd made the day before, — and threw them all into the grate. Then she turned to me again, signed adieu with mute lips, and passed out. I could hear the bottom wire of the poor thing's hoop-skirt clicking against each step of the stairway, as she went slowly and heavily down to the street."

"O don't, — *don't*, Basil," said his wife, "it seems like something wrong. I think you ought to have been ashamed."

"Ashamed! I was heart-broken. But it had to come to that. As I got hopeful about you, the Muse became a sad bore; and more than once I found myself smiling at her when her back was turned. The Muse does n't like being laughed at any more than another woman would, and she would have left me shortly. No, I could n't be a poet like our Morning-Street friend. But see! the human wave is beginning to sprinkle the pavement with cooks and second-girls."

They were frowzy serving-maids and silent; each swept down her own door-steps and the pavement in front of her own house, and then knocked her broom on the curbstone and vanished into the house, on which the hand of change had already fallen. It was no longer a street solely devoted to the domestic gods, but had been invaded at more than one point by the bustling deities of business: in such streets the irregular, inspired doctors and doctresses come first with inordinate door-plates; then a milliner filling the parlor window with new bonnets; here even a publisher had hung his sign beside a door, through which the feet of young ladies used to trip, and feet of little children to patter. Here and there stood groups of dwellings unmolested as yet outwardly; but even these had a certain careworn and guilty air, as if they knew themselves to be cheapish boarding-houses or furnished lodgings for gentlemen, and were trying to hide it. To these belonged

the frowzy serving-women; to these the rows of ash-barrels, in which the decrepit children and mothers of the streets were clawing for bits of coal.

By the time Basil and Isabel reached Broadway there were already some omnibuses beginning their long day's travel up and down the handsome, tiresome length of that avenue; but for the most part it was empty. There was, of course, a hurry of foot-passengers upon the sidewalks, but these were sparse and uncharacteristic, for New York proper was still fast asleep. The waiter at the restaurant into which our friends stepped was so well aware of this, and so perfectly assured they were not of the city, that he could not forbear a little patronage of them, which they did not resent. He brought Basil what he had ordered in barbaric abundance, and charged for it with barbaric splendor. It is all but impossible not to wish to stand well with your waiter: I have myself been often treated with conspicuous rudeness by the tribe, yet I have never been able to withhold the *douceur* that marked me for a gentleman in their eyes, and entitled me to their dishonorable esteem. Basil was not superior to this folly, and left the waiter with a conviction that, if he was not a New-Yorker, he was a high-bred man of the world at any rate.

Vexed by a sense of his own pitifulness, this man of the world continued his pilgrimage down Broadway, which even in that desert state was full of a certain interest. Troops of laborers straggled along the pavements, each with his dinner-pail in hand; and in many places the eternal building up and pulling down was already going on; carts were struggling up the slopes of vast cellars, with loads of distracting rubbish; here stood the half-demolished walls of a house, with a sad variety of wall-paper showing in the different rooms; there clinked the trowel upon the brick, yonder the hammer on the stone; overhead swung and threatened the marble block that the derrick was lifting to its place. As yet these

forces of demolition and construction had the business of the street almost to themselves.

"Why, how shabby the street is!" said Isabel, at last. "When I landed, after being abroad, I remember that Broadway impressed me with its splendor."

"Ah! but you were merely coming from Europe then; and now you arrive from Boston, and are contrasting this poor Broadway with Washington Street. Don't be hard upon it, Isabel; every street can't be a Boston street, you know," said Basil. He was, as Isabel — herself a Bostonian of great intensity both by birth and conviction — believed, the only man able to have thoroughly baffled the malignity of the stars in causing him to be born out of Boston; yet he sometimes trifled with his hardly achieved triumph, and even showed an indifference to it, with an insincerity of which there can be no doubt whatever.

"O stuff!" retorted his wife, "as if I had any of that silly local pride! Though *you* know well enough that Boston *is* the best place in the world. But Basil! I suppose Broadway strikes us as so fine, on coming ashore from Europe, because we hardly expect anything of America then."

"Well, I don't know. Perhaps the street has some positive grandeur of its own, though it needs a multitude of people in it to bring out its best effects. I'll allow its disheartening shabbiness and meanness in many ways; but to stand in front of Grace Church, on a clear day, — a day of late September, say, — and look down the swarming length of Broadway, on the movement and the numbers, while the Niagara roar swelled and swelled from those human rapids, was always like strong new wine to me. I don't think the world affords such another sight; and for one moment, at such times, I'd have been willing to be an Irish councilman, that I might have some right to the pride I felt in the capital of the Irish Republic. What a fine thing it must be for each victim of six centu-

ries of oppression to reflect that he owns at least a dozen Americans, and that, with his fellows, he rules a hundred helpless millionnaires!"

Like all daughters of a free country, Isabel knew nothing about politics, and she felt that she was getting into deep water; she answered buoyantly, but she was glad to make her weariness the occasion of hailing a stage, and changing the conversation. The farther down town they went the busier the street grew; and about the Astor House, where they alighted, there was already a bustle that nothing but a fire could have created at the same hour in Boston. A little farther on the steeple of Trinity rose high into the scorching sunlight, while below, in the shadow that was darker than it was cool, slumbered the old graves among their flowers.

"How still they lie!" mused the happy wife, peering through the iron fence in passing.

"Yes, their wedding-journeys are ended, poor things!" said Basil; and through both their minds flashed the wonder if they should ever come to something like that; but it appeared so impossible that they both smiled at the absurdity.

"It's too early yet for Leonard," continued Basil; "what a pity the churchyard is locked up! We could spend the time so delightfully in it. But, never mind; let us go down to the Battery, — it's not a very pleasant place, but it's near, and it's historical, and it's open, — where these drowsy friends of ours used to take the air when they were in the fashion, and had some occasion for the element in its freshness. You can imagine — it's cheap — how they used to see, Mr. Burr and Mr. Hamilton down there."

All places that fashion has once loved and abandoned are very melancholy; but of all such places, I think the Battery is the most forlorn. Are there some sickly locust-trees there that cast a tremulous and decrepit shade upon the mangy grass-plots? I believe so, but I do not make cer-

tain; I am sure only of the mangy grass-plots, or rather the spaces between the paths, thinly overgrown with some kind of refuse and opprobrious weed, a stunted and pauper vegetation proper solely to the New York Battery. At that hour of the summer morning when our friends, with the aimlessness of strangers who are waiting to do something else, saw the ancient promenade, a few scant and hungry-eyed little boys and girls were wandering over this weedy growth, not playing, but moving listlessly to and fro, fantastic in the wild inaptness of their costumes. One of these little creatures wore, with an odd involuntary jauntiness, the cast-off best dress of some happier child, a gay little garment cut low in the neck and short in the sleeves, which gave her the grotesque effect of having been at a party the night before. Presently came two jaded women, a mother and a grandmother, that appeared, when they had crawled out of their beds, to have put on only so much clothing as the law compelled. They abandoned themselves upon the green stuff, whatever it was, and, with their lean hands clasped outside their knees, sat and stared, silent and hopeless, at the face of the east, at the heart of the terrible furnace, into which in those days the world seemed cast to be burnt up, while the child which the younger woman had brought with her feebly wailed unheeded at her side. On one side of these women were the shameless houses out of which they might have crept, and which somehow suggested riotous maritime dissipation; on the other side were those houses in which had once dwelt rich and famous folk, but which were now dropping down the boarding-house scale through various unhomelike occupations to final dishonor and despair. Down nearer the water, and not far from the castle that was once a playhouse and is now the depot of emigration, stood certain express-wagons, and about these lounged a few hard-looking men. Beyond laughed and danced the fresh blue water of

the bay, dotted with sails and smoke-stacks.

"Well," said Basil, "I think if I could choose, I should like to be a friendless German boy, setting foot for the first time on this happy continent. Fancy his rapture on beholding this lovely spot, and these charming American faces! What a smiling aspect life in the New World must wear to his young eyes, and how his heart must leap within him!"

"Yes, Basil; it's all very pleasing, and thank you for bringing me. But if you don't think of any other New York delights to show me, do let us go and sit in Leonard's office till he comes, and then get out into the country as soon as possible."

Basil defended himself against the imputation that he had been trying to show New York to his wife, or that he had any thought but of wiling away the long morning hours, until it should be time to go to Leonard. He protested that a knowledge of Europe made New York the most uninteresting town in America, and that it was the last place in the world where he should think of amusing himself or any one else; and then they both upbraided the city's bigness and dulness with an enjoyment that none but Bostonians can know. They particularly derided the notion of New York's being loved by any one. It was immense, it was grand in some ways, parts of it were exceedingly handsome; but it was too vast, too coarse, too restless. They could imagine its being liked by a successful young man of business, or by a rich young girl, ignorant of life and with not too nice a taste in her pleasures; but that it should be dear to any poet or scholar, or any woman of wisdom and refinement, that they could not imagine. They could not think of any one's loving New York as Dante loved Florence, or as Madame de Staël loved Paris, or as Johnson loved black, homely, home-like London. And as they twittered their little dispraises, the giant Mother of Commerce was growing more and more conscious of her-

self, waking from her night's sleep and becoming aware of her fleets and trains, and the myriad hands and wheels that throughout the whole sea and land move for her, and do her will even while she sleeps. All about the wedding-journeymen swelled the deep tide of life back from its night-long ebb. Broadway had filled her length with people; not yet the most characteristic New York crowd, but the not less interesting multitude of strangers arrived by the early boats and trains, and that easily distinguishable class of lately New-Yorkized people from other places, about whom in the metropolis still hung the provincial traditions of early rising; and over all, from moment to moment, the eager, audacious, well-dressed, proper life of the mighty city was beginning to prevail, though this was not so notable where Basil and Isabel had paused at a certain window. It was the office of one of the English steamers, and he was saying, "It was by this line I sailed, you know—" and she was interrupting him with, "When who could have dreamed that you would ever be telling me of it here?" So the old marvel was wondered over anew, till it filled the world in which there was room for nothing but the strangeness

that they should have loved each other so long and not made it known, that they should ever have uttered it, and that, being uttered, it should be so much more and better than ever could have been dreamed. The broken engagement was a fable of disaster that only made their present fortune more prosperous. The city ceased about them, and they walked on up the street, the first man and first woman in the garden of the new-made earth. As they were both very conscious people, they recognized in themselves some sense of this, and presently drolled it away, in the opulence of a time when every moment brought some beautiful dream, and the soul could be prodigal of its bliss. If the real Adam and Eve were not able to do likewise in their day, they were not so fortunate as we are apt to think. To be children and to know it, — this is joy's crown of joy, this is the supreme art, the last wisdom of life.

"I think if I had the naming of the animals over again, this morning, I should n't call snakes *snakes*; should you, Eve?" laughed Basil in intricate acknowledgment of his happiness.

"O no, Adam; we'd look out all the most graceful euphemisms in the newspapers, and we would n't hurt the feelings of a spider."

*W. D. Howells.*

## THE VISION OF THE FAITHFUL.

UPON the faithful in the common things  
 Enjoined of duty, rarest blessings wait.  
 A pious nun (an ancient volume brings  
 The legend and the lesson), while she sate  
 Reading some scriptures of the Sacred Word,  
 And marvelling much at Christ's exceeding grace,  
 Since, in her room, a Vision of the Lord  
 With sudden splendor filling all the place;  
 Whereat, she knelt, enraptured! — when a bell  
 Signalled her hour to feed the convent's poor;  
 Which humble duty done, she sought her cell,  
 And lo! the Vision, brighter than before,  
 Who, smiling, spake, "Even so is Heaven obtained;  
 I — hadst thou lingered here — had not remained!"

*John G. Saxe.*

## CAN A BIRD REASON?

"SOME animals can be taught to do a great many things, but none can reason or contrive like man. They are guided in all they do by what is called instinct. Birds build their nests by instinct. They do not build them now any better than they did a thousand years ago," etc., etc.

The above very dogmatical and very positive assertion may be found *verbatim et literatim* in a certain once popular school-book. The same in substance, if not in form, has been taught as indisputable truth to generation after generation, so far back that the memory of man runneth not to the contrary. Yet that it is true, that animals are not unfrequently guided in the most manifest manner by reason, and that birds do — at least some of them — build their nests a great deal better now than they did much less than one thousand years ago, we are prepared to maintain as demonstrable and indubitable. We do not, however, propose to inflict upon the readers of the Atlantic any long or tedious metaphysical arguments upon the trite topic of "reason *versus* instinct." We do, however, propose to show, by a very brief essay of facts, that we have here, in North America, an entire family of birds, all of whose members, with hardly an exception, have undergone or are now undergoing complete change of habit since this country was settled by the white man. They have, all of them, been taught to avail themselves of the society, protection, and aid of man, and they all now build their nests in a manner very different from, and in many respects greatly superior to, that in which they were enabled to build before the dwellings of civilization appeared on this continent.

I refer of course to the swallow family, in which are included, besides the true swallows, the martins and the

"bank-swallows," or "sand-martins," as they are sometimes called. Of these there are seven in all, inhabiting different parts of North America.

The most common and best known to us of New England is the so-called "barn-swallow." Of the general habit of this graceful and beautiful bird our space will not permit us to give our readers any details further than relate to its entire change of habits caused by the settlement of the country. There is ample evidence that less than two hundred years ago this species, now so abundant, and found in every farmer's barn throughout this extended land, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and from Florida to the settlements of the Hudson Bay Company or the distant Yukon and Anderson Rivers, was comparatively rare and infrequent, and only found in localities where overhanging cliffs, huge piles of boulders, or cavernous rocks enabled it to build in places of shelter and comparative safety. Even now, among the caverns of the Pacific Coast Range, and in the wilder limestone countries, where various openings occur among the rocky cliffs, there the original unchanged swallow may still be found plastering his simple mud nest against the cavern's roof or under some projecting ledge. But everywhere else these birds have been taught and educated into a new life by contact with civilized man, and this has lasted so long that we have wellnigh lost sight of the fact that our own Swallows' Cave at Nahant was once peopled by these fairy forms. Now, everywhere in warm and comfortable barns, under the shelter of hospitable roofs, these swallows build their curiously elaborated homes. And what an improvement they all are upon the structure of the wild untaught swallow! Not the least remarkable peculiarity is a projecting solid platform built out on the edge of



the nest, upon which the affectionate husband attends, and watches over his partner in her maternal duties. Is this all instinct? Is it not rather a high order of self-educating reason, in plain and cogent contradiction of the old dogma we have quoted?

Even more remarkable and far more recent are the changes which contact with man have taught the Rocky Mountain swallow. For a long while this swallow dwelt in distant solitudes, afar from the dwellings of the white man. There on the sides of high and rocky cliffs he constructed a very curious and a very elaborate nest. It was in shape like the retort of the chemist, the bulb of which was affixed to the rock, and the entrance to it was through its long tube-like neck that hung down below. It was a peculiarly social swallow, and wherever found existed in large colonies of often many thousands of pairs. It was met with by Major Long's party in 1820, and about the same time was found by the ill-starred Sir John Franklin in his first Arctic journey. Five years after they made their first appearance at Fort Chippewayan, in 1825, and there we have the first recorded instance in which these birds built their nests under the eaves of dwelling-houses within the Arctic circle. Trading-posts had been in existence in those regions a century and a half, yet now for the first time this swallow placed itself under the protection of man within the widely extended lands north of the Great Lakes. What could have thus suddenly called into action that confidence in the human race with which the Framer of the universe has endowed this species and all the swallow tribe? Was it not education, experience, and reason?

Once taught the greater convenience and safety of the sheltering eaves of houses for its breeding, the example became contagious; and now all over our continent, from Pennsylvania to the Arctic seas, and from Newfoundland to Oregon, these swallows abound about the dwellings of man. We know

of no authentic record of their breeding thus upon houses within the limits of New England before the year 1837, though De Witt Clinton found one pair thus breeding at White Hall, on an outbuilding near a tavern, in 1817. The next year there were seven pairs, the third year twenty-eight, and the fourth year forty. In 1822, when Governor Clinton published his paper, there were seventy pairs thus nesting.

The writer first met with these birds in 1839, in Jaffrey, N. H., where a large colony had settled only the year before, under the eaves of an old church in the centre of the village. Three years before these same birds are said to have made their first appearance at Burlington, Vt., in large numbers. In 1842 a large colony settled in Attleborough, Massachusetts, and a few pairs also appeared in various parts of this State. One pair built on the front of the Boston Athenæum, and continued so to do for several years. We have said that originally their nest, when built in exposed places, was like the retort of the chemist, the entrance from below through a long tubular opening. This was a necessity for protection against the weather, and also against their enemies, so long as they nested in exposed places. But since these birds have placed themselves under the protection of man, they have found that there is no longer any need of all this superfluous architecture, and the shape of their nests has been gradually simplified and improved. In 1851, on one of the islands in the Bay of Fundy, the writer met with a large colony whose nests, on the side of a barn, were placed between two projecting boards put up for them by the friendly proprietor. The very first year they occupied these convenient quarters every one of these sensible swallows built nests open at the top, discarding the old patriarchal domes and narrow entrances of their forefathers. How much of instinct was there in this instantaneous change of habit? Not a particle, say we. It was pure, unadulterated reason, and nothing else.

The well-known purple martin before and for a long while after the settlement of this country, wherever found, built in hollow trees and in ledges of rocks. In wild localities, and in newly settled portions of this country, this martin does so still. But wherever the country has been long settled, and man has sought to attract its society around his dwelling by providing it any form of shelter, there we find the purple martin occupying martin-houses, building in porches, under piazzas, and even in the rudest forms of shelter offered by the Southern black man, — in the hollow gourds and calabashes put up for them by the humble dwellers in log-cabins. In his transition from his wild, uncivilized life, and in accepting the hospitalities of man and conforming his life to his improved situation, the purple martin seemed to assume new duties, and to take upon himself the guardianship of the barnyard in which he had been invited to dwell. The great value of these services to the dove-cotes and poultry-yards were soon recognized. Not a hawk, nor an owl, nor an eagle, nor any bird of prey dared to approach that barnyard which enjoyed the protection of the purple martin. No bird is now more welcome, and no one better deserves that hospitable welcome. But was it instinct that taught this bird entirely to change his habits and his wild nature, and to cultivate the society of man, and protect his poultry, any more than it was instinct that prompted man to meet the martin half-way, to bid him welcome, and to put up for him convenient houses? The one was as purely reason as the other.

The white-bellied swallow, better known here in Boston and vicinity as the martin, — which, of course, it is not, in ninety-nine hundredths of America probably, — still prefers the normal habits of its race, and breeds in hollow trees. At Easport and among the islands of Grand Manan, in 1850, all efforts to tempt them to build in martin-houses had been a failure. They were old-fashioned and slow to change.

Yet here in Massachusetts, and all along our coast even to the Penobscot, these birds have gradually learned to usurp the boxes intended for the purple martins, and now in Boston they have nearly if not entirely driven their relatives away. They come on earlier in the season, — the earliest of all the swallows, — and are in full possession before the later martins appear and are "too late." Those that thus build near the dwellings of man seem to have utterly changed their nature, and from being among our wildest are, here at least, among our most tame and confiding birds.

Its nearest kith and kin, the violet-green swallow of the Pacific coast, is almost an exception to our rule, so generally do all of its race adhere to their original wildness and to their primitive habits. This is a species that very rarely breeds in hollow trees, and does not affect a wooded country, but prefers wild and rocky tracts, and selects for its homes crevices in rocks. Only very recently have the emigrations from the East reached the regions these birds inhabit, yet the period has been long enough to demonstrate that, after all, this, the wildest of its family, will in time imitate its relatives, seek the shelter of man, and conform its habits to a new life. Already in the settlements of mining communities in Nevada, Montana, and Idaho instances are not wanting in which this swallow has sought out holes and crevices in the walls of hastily constructed buildings, in which it constructs its nest. As settlements increase and old buildings multiply, it is more than probable that the swallows of the Pacific will in time be educated into a full and complete confidence in the protection of man, and that a change in their habits will become more general and noticeable.

Of the sand-martins we have two kinds. The common sand-bank swallow, which is cosmopolitan, found over all the world except Australia, has undergone no apparent changes in its modes of nesting, using holes excavated

by itself in the sides of sandy bluffs. The only change noticed is that these swallows are no longer confined to the banks of rivers or bluffs washed by the sea. The numerous excavations made everywhere by man have increased their numbers and have brought them more closely into communion with civilized life. The other species, the rough-winged swallow, is exclusively North American. It is a bird of a very peculiar conformation, one side of each feather of the wings being provided, instead of the customary soft plumage, with hard horny points. The natural habits of this species prompt it also to breed like the sand-martin in holes excavated by itself in sand-banks. But this habit it has already learned to abandon, and to seek for itself more accessible, better protected, and more desirable places of shelter made for it by man, or if not made for this purpose, seized upon by it and adapted to its needs.

Thus it will be seen that, of the seven kinds of the swallow family inhabiting North America, all but one are known to have undergone a more or less complete and radical change of life, seeking the protection and companionship of man,—all do this without exception,—and making great and important changes in their nesting, both as to location and architectural structure.

We venture to submit these few but striking facts to the consideration of the reader, and we fully believe he will agree with us that they overthrow the antiquated dogma that birds do not

and cannot contrive or reason, or that all they do is but the prompting of a blind and unalterable instinct. The facts we have adduced, and the changes of life they indicate, evince a progress which can only be explained by the innate presence of something higher and more intelligent than a blind, unreasoning faculty. Nor are these evidences of reason confined to the swallow family. We see its manifestations in the change of life and habits of even the proverbially not over-intelligent gull, which at Grand Manan, taught by generations of persecutions, and robbed of its eggs with ruthless greed by man, no longer nests on the treacherous shore, but with its clumsy webbed feet builds itself a nest in high and inaccessible forest-trees. We see it, too, in that intense caution, mis-called cunning, with which that poor persecuted benefactor of the farmer, the crow, is compelled to guard his hunted life. This caution has been taught him by the severe lessons of experience and by his own powers of reason. It is foreign to the crow's nature. In Nova Scotia, where our absurd prejudice against the crow has no existence, we may still find this same species as familiar and as fearless as our common robin here in Massachusetts. And at the West, in Iowa for instance, where the farmers appreciate their value and welcome them as friends, there also we find the natural, untaught, confiding crow. We might go on and multiply similar instances, but here we are content to rest our case.

*T. M. Brewer.*

## KATE BEAUMONT.

## CHAPTER XXI.

MAJOR LAWSON cherished hopes that he should be able to palaver General Johnson into some peaceful accommodation of the difficulty between Tom Beaumont and Frank McAlister.

But the General had an instinctive feeling, which he had greatly strengthened by venerable sanguinary experience, to the effect that accommodations not preceded by gunpowder are a disgrace to high-toned humanity, and not to be agreed to by any right-minded second. In duelling matters he was on his familiar hunting-grounds, and easily an overmatch for a novice in the intricate, tremendous chase. Moreover, one babbler is, as a rule, quite able to take care of another; and even the Major was not a longer winded creature than the old stump orator. Thus the latter had his own sweet will, courteously balked all attempts at effecting a reconciliation, and serenely brought the two parties face to face.

An "oldfield,"—that is, a deserted clearing, a plot of land once alive to humanity and now dead, a few acres gone utterly barren except for weeds, bushes, and dwarf pines,—an oldfield some four or five miles from the village was the place of meeting. Anxious for decorum even in homicide, and perhaps more especially in homicide, the General had made the arrangements with able secrecy, so as totally to baffle the curiosity of the loungers of Hartland. The only persons present were the principals, the seconds, Dr. Mattieson, a Dr. McAuley, two negro coachmen, and two negro servants; these four last, by the way, being as cheerfully interested in the occasion as if they were full-blooded white men of the highest toned origin and habits. The rising sun was just beginning to steal through the stunted trees and

burnish to splendor the drops of dew upon the starveling grass. The ground was so staked out as that the life-giving light should not dazzle the eyes of either of the men upon whom it now shone for perhaps the last time.

Major Lawson, looking very ghastly and piteous, as if he were about to plead for his own further existence, walked hastily up to that red-eyed destiny, Johnson, and muttered a few words in such an agitated tone that they were incomprehensible.

"I beg your pardon?" inquired the tranquil General. "I am obliged to reply that I did not understand you,—my hearing, Major," explained the polite old fellow, whose senses were as acute as those of a young squirrel.

"Hem!" uttered the Major, vehemently clearing his throat, for he was both ashamed of his agitation and eager to speak. "I was taking the liberty, my very dear General, to suggest that it is not too late to—in fact to prevent bloodshed. To prevent bloodshed," he repeated, trying to soften Johnson with a smile and an inflection.

The General, in spite of his habitual urbanity, looked frankly annoyed, not to say disgusted.

"Major, have you anything to propose on the part of your principal?" he asked dryly.

"In case of regrets—of a sufficient apology," stammered Lawson, not knowing how to proceed, and fearing lest he had already said more than the code justified.

"Bless me, no," smiled the relieved General, who had absolutely feared a withdrawal of the challenge, although the scandal did not really seem possible. "My dear Major, I am happy to say—I mean I am sincerely and singularly grieved to state—that I have no authority to offer an apology. As for submitting the idea to my principal,

I should not dare do it at this late moment. In my opinion it would be trespassing upon his liberty of action. But, bless me, Major! why, you are suffering, you are pale. Don't trouble yourself to explain. I understand it all. You are weighed upon by your sense of responsibility. Cheer up, sir," exhorted the friendly General, nobly taking Lawson's hand. "You have done your whole duty as a gentleman and a Christian. Your philanthropic and humane conduct claims and obtains my sincere admiration. Let me assure you that you may make your remaining preparations with a conscience as clear as heaven's own azure." After gazing for a moment with blear-eyed ecstasy into the blue ethereal above, he added briskly: "Well, let us hasten. These suspenses are trying. Moreover, we must avoid interruptions; they are always causes of scandal. Receive my thanks, Major, for your humane suggestion, and my regrets that I cannot avail myself of it."

With a profound bow the Major tottered away, muttering to himself, "Bloodthirsty old beast!"

Altogether the most excited, anxious, and alarmed man on the ground was John Lawson. He was face to face with a monstrous event, with the grandest ceremony of the knightly society in which he had been bred, with an instant question of life and death. He felt as if he were being presented at court, and also as if he were about to commit murder. Great responsibilities and duties weighed upon him; he must fight his man well, and he must load a pistol. These things, too, these tremendous courtesies and this momentous business, he must undertake for the first time; and, to complete his embarrassment, he must undertake them in the presence of a man who knew everything, while he knew nothing. Every step that he took, however carefully premeditated, might be an outrageous blunder in the eyes of that critical, cool, abominable old Johnson.

But Lawson's greatest trouble was lest somebody should be shot. If that

happened, how could he ever sleep again, or be happy while awake? Especially if Frank McAlister should fall never more to rise, how would matters stand with social, soft-hearted John Lawson? Would his pet, Kate Beaumont, or even his old friend Kershaw, ever forgive him? The Major would have given his worldly estate to have the loading of both weapons, so that he might charge them with nothing but the softest, downiest wadding. He wished that he had the courage to submit to his principal that it would be well to fire over the head of the other principal. Meanwhile he was loading his pistol with great difficulty, for his eyes were dim with lack of sleep the night before, and his hands were so shaky that he dropped several caps before he got one on the nipple.

"Rough business being roused out so early in the morning, is n't it, Major?" said Tom Beaumont in such a cheerful, cheering voice, that Lawson turned to stare at the youngster.

Tom appeared as a Beaumont should on such an occasion; he lounged easily about, and he had a pretty good color in his cheeks. He had come to the field in a proud spirit, determined to do himself and his family honor. He had been so fearful that he should look pale at the scratch, that he had washed his face repeatedly in cold water before leaving home, and finally had given it a rubbing with spirits of hartshorn.

But although Tom was resolved to behave manfully in this his first duel, he somehow did not find himself bloodthirsty nor even very pugnacious. The near prospect of death had softened his spirit and made him almost forgive his antagonist. He had come to remember with gentleness and with something like gratitude the family obligation to this Frank McAlister. By moments he considered the propriety of firing at least one shot in the air, and very nearly decided that he ought so to do. This gentle change in his feelings he only revealed to others by a single phrase, which was so ill understood

that it was afterwards credited to him as a jest.

"By heavens," he muttered, glancing with a half-smile at his tall antagonist, "if I wanted to shoot over his head, I could n't."

Frank McAlister never once looked at Tom. The lofty, grand monument of a fellow stood perfectly quiet, with his arms folded, his head bent, and his eyes on the ground. He was engaged in an obstinate struggle to fix his mind entirely, steadily, and to the last on Kate Beaumont. He had passed the night mainly in carrying on this struggle. He had not slept, except in brief dozings. On awaking from each his first thought had been the duel; no, it had not been so much a thought as a vague foreboding, — an uncertain, sombre consciousness of peril. In the very next breath came a recollection of Kate and a renewal of the effort to settle his soul upon her alone. She had not answered his letters; she had doubtless condemned him because of his father and his family; she had condemned him, without a hearing, to be separated from her forever; he knew, or thought he knew, all that. Never mind; he would love her still, make her the whole of what life remained to him, think steadily of her and of nothing but her. Thus had he passed the night, striving to reach her through enemies and circumstances; and now, in the near presence of death, he was continuing the same pathetic, agonized battle. His constant pleading was, "Let me die, conscious of her alone."

Of a sudden the sun, stealing under the branches of a young pine, smote upon his eyes and summoned him to face another thought. In spite of his wrestling to cling to the beloved object which was to him nearly all of earth, he remembered and realized the awful solemnity of that transit which he was near to making. He felt that he must appeal for strength and comfort to a higher power than any human being. Wrong as he was, he dared to pray, or rather he dared not refrain from praying. An irresistible pressure was upon him,

and all in the direction of prayer. It did not command him to repent, but merely to ask forgiveness and help. It was the hurried instinct of a swimmer overwhelmed by billows and dragged deathward. Without a lifting of the eyes or even a moving of the lips, there passed through his mind something like the following words: —

"O Father in heaven, I am here by my own folly and wickedness. But I am broken-hearted, and long to die. Give me strength to bear the deserved stroke; strength to bear wounds, suffering, and death. Pardon me for rushing upon my fate. Thou knowest what a burden has fallen upon me. Forgive me for sinking under it. Help here, and mercy in eternity."

You can judge of the keenness of a sorrow which had thus far unseated a strong reason; you can guess at the depth of a despair which had thus swallowed up a Christian education. We have no excuses to offer for what he himself confessed to be folly and wickedness. We only say that he should be considered as temporarily insane with broken hopes and blighted affection.

His prayer uttered, he felt strengthened. It was a moment incredible to such as have not passed through similar trials. He calmly advanced to meet death by the help of a woman whom he had lost and a Creator whom he disobeyed. Impossible as it was, these two sustained him. There was on his face an expression which was almost a smile as he took the loaded pistol from his alert, uncomprehending, heartless second. Supported, yes, and cheered by his illusions, he walked to his post of fate and waited. His eyes were fixed dreamily on the ground; he still would not look at his adversary.

There was a short silence. Lawson, trembling visibly all over, turned away his face and then shaded it with one hand, longing to cover it altogether. The steady old Johnson, in a firm, clear, shrill voice, called: "Gentlemen! Are you ready? One, two, three. Fire!"

Two reports answered. Each of the

combatants kept his position. The tragedy had crashed by harmlessly.

At the sound of the pistols Major Lawson wheeled as quickly as if he had been hit, and made a step or two toward Frank McAlister. Then, remembering himself and seeing his favorite standing, he hurried to his own principal.

"What the deuce did he fire in the air for?" at once demanded Tom.

"Did he?" inquired the amazed Major. "Why, of course he did," he immediately added, recovering his presence of mind. "The ball passed thirty feet over your head."

"I didn't hit him?" were Tom's next words, in a tone of inquiry.

Lawson wheeled about in alarm, and then said with a sigh of undisguisable relief, "It appears not."

"There's no pluck in firing at a man who won't fire back," Tom quickly added.

Lawson silently grasped the youth's hand and pressed it warmly.

"It seems a little like mere murder," continued Tom. "What do you say?"

"Noble young man!" murmured the Major. "Noble, gallant, chivalrous young man!" he continued, with real and profound feeling. "Mr. Beaumont, you honor your race. Shall I say—shall I have the great pleasure of saying—that you demand no further satisfaction? You may properly direct me to say it. My dear, noble, distinguished young friend, you may feel entirely justified in directing it."

"Ye—s," drawled Tom, after a moment of reflection which was torture to Lawson. "Only I won't shake hands. I'll have another fire first. He may go this time, but I won't shake hands."

"Noble young man!" sang the Major (though with less fervor than before), as he turned to meet General Johnson.

That veteran swashbuckler did not look gratified, nor hardly amiable. He had noted with dissatisfaction that his man had fired in the air, and he was in chivalrous anxiety lest the duel might

be closed by that mistaken act of magnanimity, unparalleled in the history of his own personal combats.

"I have the honor to inquire whether your principal demands any further satisfaction?" he said with a succinctness and grimness quite foreign to his Ciceronian habits.

"We demand nothing more, sir," replied Lawson, bowing and smiling, exasperatingly sweet. "The magnanimous and chivalrous conduct of your principal induces us to terminate the combat."

The General was somewhat mollified. A compliment to his principal was precious to him; it was a flattery which he had a right to share.

"Allow me to express to you my admiration for the gallantry and the knightly bearing of your principal," he responded in his stateliest way. Then, in a more familiar tone, "Noble young fellows, both of them, Lawson. Noble boys, by gad."

"Certainly," coincided the Major, warmly. "Johnson, we are honored in serving them. Honored, General, honored."

"Yes, sir," affirmed the General, with an emphasis rarely equalled at least in this world.

"My principal only ventures to claim one reservation," added Lawson, apologizing for the claim with bow and smile. "He declines a formal reconciliation,—the usual shaking of hands, General,—nothing but that."

"Ah, indeed," replied Johnson, smiling also, for he saw a chance to continue the duel. "Excuse me, my very dear Major, but that is a matter which requires consideration."

"The political antagonism of the families, you remember," ventured to suggest the newly alarmed Lawson. "Reasons of state, if I may venture to use the expression. No personal feeling, I assure you. Dear me, no."

"I shall take great pleasure in laying the matter before my principal and requesting his decision," returned the diplomatic Johnson.



Frank McAlister, expecting nothing less than another exchange of shots, had resumed his struggle to think of no other thing on earth than Kate Beaumont, and was standing with arms folded, brows fixed, eyes drooped, unconscious of all around him.

"Shake hands?" he said dreamily, when he at last caught the meaning of the General's elaborate statement of the fresh difficulty. "Of course I don't require it. I shall never touch a hand of that family again."

"Allow me to observe that you have already shown immense forbearance," suggested the discomfited Johnson.

"That is my part," quietly answered Frank. "I came here for that."

"My God, these are new notions," thought the gentleman of an old school, as he marched back to make his pacific communication. "In my day men fought till something happened. What the deuce is to come of all these Quakerly whimwhams?" he concluded, with a notion that good society might not last his time out.

But the astonishment, and we might say the grief, of the hoary hero were fruitless; for once a duel between a Beaumont and a McAlister ended without bloodshed; in a few minutes more the oldfield was left deserted and without a stain.

Tom Beaumont dashed homeward on horseback, and on the way met his father, also mounted. Although the grim old knight had been able to send his son to meet death, he could not help suffering keen anxiety as to his fate. He did not know that he had the gout that morning, nor could he drink brandy enough to raise his spirits. After passing two hours in patrolling his garden, lighting and throwing away a succession of cigars, and roaring to Cato every few minutes for juleps, he called for his fastest horse, thrust his swollen feet into the stirrups and galloped off to meet the carriages. The father and son encountered each other unexpectedly at the angle of a wood.

"Ah, Tom!" exclaimed Peyton

Beaumont, grasping the young fellow's hand. "All right, my boy?" Then, impelled by a strange mixture of emotions, "God bless you, my boy!"

Next followed some straightforward, business-like inquiries as to the circumstances of the meeting.

"You did well, Tom," was his brief comment. "On the whole, taking into view the previous circumstances of the case, you did well to let him off."

In a subsequent conversation with Lawson he expressed himself much more fully on this point of the "letting off" of Frank McAlister.

"By heavens, Tom is a trump!" he said proudly. "I knew no son of mine would do anything in bad taste. Tom did right in sparing the fellow. And, Lawson, I am more pleased with the fact than you can imagine. Lawson, by heavens, it's a strange thing, but I liked that fellow. I absolutely felt an affection for him; and, what's more, I can't quite get over it; I can't, by heavens. It's a most astonishing circumstance, considering that brutal insult. Why, just think of it; just think of it, Lawson. Tied my son! Tied him like a thief, like a nigger. Consider the outrage, Lawson; how *could* he do it? I would n't have thought he could tie one of my sons, or tie any gentleman. I would n't have believed it of him. I had a high opinion of that fellow. I almost loved him. He had the making of a gentleman in him. If he had been born in any other family, he would have become as fine a fellow as you could wish to see. Well, badly as he has behaved to Tom, I'm glad he was n't hurt. I can never forgive him, never. But I did n't want him killed. No, Lawson, no."

"He may do well yet," suggested the cunning Major. "You know, I suppose, my dear Beaumont, that he fired in the air."

"Yes. Tom told me. Of course Tom told me everything. It speaks well for the fellow, shows that he has good instincts," admitted Beaumont, magnanimously. "Ashamed of his

brutal insult, you see," he explained. "Willing to take the legitimate consequences of it. On the whole — by heavens, Lawson, I wish we had never met, or never quarrelled."

From Peyton Beaumont we return to Frank McAlister. He would have been glad to ride away alone from the duelling-ground, but he had not expected to leave it an able-bodied man or even a living one, and had therefore neglected to bring a horse. The result was that he made his journey back to Hartland in the same carriage with his second. It was a singular *tête-à-tête*, an interview of gabble with revery. The old fellow tattled in his unconsciously ferocious way about the duel, and about other duels, a long series of chivalrous horrors, as ghastly and bloody as so many ghosts of Banquo. The young fellow heard not, answered not, and thought only of Kate Beaumont. It was not rational meditation; he did not, for instance, query as to what might be the feelings of the girl concerning this meeting between himself and her brother; he was in no state to marshal facts or to draw conclusions. His condition was consciousness, rather than intelligence; and his consciousness revolved only about the idea that he loved.

How he had met her; how she had looked on this occasion and that and the other; what had been the tone of her voice, the expression of her eyes, the meaning of her gestures; — these things and many more like them thronged through his spirit. Nor were they mere remembrances; they were tableaux and audiences; she was in his presence. She advanced, and passed before his face, and went sweetly out of sight, only to come again. Except for an under voice of deepest despair which whispered, "Lost, lost!" the revery was indescribably delicious.

"I *have* been happy," he said in his soul. "I thank her for the purest happiness that I ever knew. No one, no event, no lapse of time, can rob me of the fact that I once knew her and was daily near her. I am still bound, and

always shall be bound, to owe her greater gratitude than I can utter. She created me anew; she has made me nobler than I was; she lifted me up like a queen out of mere egotism. Until I met her I did not know that I had the power in me to love. She has made me worthy to be on the earth. Thanks to her, I have no shame for myself; I am perfectly wretched, but I possess my own respect. It is proper and beautiful to exist only for another. She has ennobled me."

At this point he vaguely understood the General to say: "Yes, sir. A man ought to shoot his own brother, sir, if that brother gives him the lie. He ought to shoot him, as sure as you are born, sir. By gad, that's my solemn opinion, as a gentleman, sir."

The next moment the young man was lost again in his revery. "I have lived, for I have loved," he repeated from Schiller. "To her beautiful soul be all the praise for my redemption from selfishness. Thanks be to Heaven also that she has been worshipped in a manner worthy of her. It may be that no other woman was ever honored by such an adoration. Thank Heaven that I have been deemed fit to confer upon her this great distinction of entire love. Merely in laying the whole of my heart at her feet, I have honored both her and me. Perhaps no other man was ever permitted so to worship such a worshipful being. My reward is sufficient, and it is more than I deserve. I have lived to high purpose, and I am content to die."

Here again he caught a few words from the interminably prattling General: "The truth is, that old Hugh Beaumont, the father of Peyton, you know, shot your great-uncle, Duncan, quite unnecessarily. In my opinion you would have been justified in remembering that fact to-day, and acting accordingly. Not to mention," etc., etc.

Notwithstanding this savage reminiscence, Frank remained in his love-lorn abstraction. His mood was more potent than mere revery; it rose to an

exaltation which was almost mania ; he was as irrational as those are who love with their whole being. His passion was a possession, the object of which had usurped the place of himself, so that he was not only ruled but absorbed by her. The power which she exercised over his spirit was absolutely a matter of pride with him. He wished to be known as her adorer, her infatuated idolater, her helpless slave. It needed all the natural gravity and dignity of his character to prevent him from babbling of her constantly to his friends. In riding or walking he had wild impulses to stop people, even though they were perfect strangers, and say, "I am nobler than you think me, for I love Kate Beaumont."

Let us not jeer at him ; let us study him reverently. If any man is clean of the world, it is the lover ; if any man is pure in heart, it is the lover. There is no nobler state of mind, with regard at least to merely human matters, than that of a man who loves with his whole being. The wife's affection is equal ; so is the mother's. There is no diminution of honor in the fact that this sublime and beautiful emotion is in a measure its own reward. It is also its own pain : think of the sorrow of rejection ! think of the agony of bereavement !

Nearing home, Frank met one of his father's negroes on a horse which he had been taking to the smith's. Muttering an indistinct farewell to Johnson, he sprang out of the carriage, mounted the animal, and set off at full speed toward Kershaw's, not even remembering to send word of his safety to his brother Bruce. He was wild with impatience to look once more upon the house which sheltered Kate, even though he might not enter it. Fortune granted him more than he hoped, for he met the girl in the Kershaw barouche. She had that morning heard of the duel, and she was hurrying home to prevent it.

In his exaltation, his little less than madness, Frank dashed up to the carriage and stopped it.

## CHAPTER XXII.

So haggard and pale had Frank become since Kate last saw him, that, although she had recognized him the instant his tall form appeared in the distance, yet when he drew up by her side she almost mistook him for a stranger.

"Mr.," she stammered, — "Mr. McAlister." Then guessing all at once that the duel had taken place, that he was wounded and that Tom was killed, she screamed, "What is the matter ? Why do you speak to me ?"

He had *not* spoken as yet ; and he could hardly speak now. It was the first time that he had ever heard such a voice from her, or seen such an expression of agony, terror, and aversion on her face. In amaze, and hardly knowing what he said, he replied, "Your brother is well."

"It is n't true," she gasped, scared by his hoarseness and pallor, and shrinking from him. "O, is it ?" she demanded, hope leaping up in her heart. Then, seeing the answer in his face, she reached towards him, her rich cheeks flushing, her hazel eyes sparkling, and her small mouth quivering with joy. "O, thank you, Mr. McAlister," she whispered. "Then you have not fought."

"I wanted him to kill me," was Frank's confession. "I wanted him to, and he would not."

"O, how could you ?" she answered, falling back from him with a look of reproach which seemed like anger. "Cruel — wicked man !"

The coachman, a grave and fatherly old negro belonging to Kershaw, judged that he had heard the last words that could ever pass between these two, and softly drove on. Had he not done so, there would surely have been explanations and pleadings on the part of Frank, and Kate might at once have pardoned, or even more than pardoned. But the uncomprehending slave, acting the part of a deaf and blind fate, divided them before they could think to forbid it.

Frank remained behind, speechless and paralyzed. The first word of harsh reproach which we receive from one whom we dearly love is an avalanche. For a time it puts out of mind all other calamities and all other things whatsoever. To Frank there seemed to be nothing in the world, nothing past or present or future, but those words, "Cruel — wicked." His eyes were on the retreating carriage, and he did not move until it was out of sight. Then he started, rushing away at full speed, and directing his course toward a wood near the Beaumont place, his sole purpose being to reach a stile over which he had once helped Kate to pass. Finding it, he dismounted and stood for a long time contemplating the worm-eaten rail, repeatedly kissing the spot on which he remembered that her foot had rested. After an hour in this place, an hour made heavenly as well as wretched by passing pageants of her form and face, he found himself faint with hunger and fever and rode slowly homeward.

We must return to Kate. She had scarcely been driven past the sight of the man whom she had called cruel and wicked, ere she longed to call him to her side. "Why does he drive on?" she thought, glancing helplessly at the slave, who would have stopped had she bidden him. Next she turned in a useless paroxysm of haste, and looked back at Frank through the rear window of the carriage, querying whether he would follow her. "What did I say to him?" she asked, sure that she had uttered something bitter, but not yet able to remember what. In great trembling of body and spirit, and finding life a woful perplexity and burden, she was taken home.

The first of the family to meet her was Tom. She drew him to her, kissed him on both cheeks, and then held him back at arm's length, looking him sadly in the eyes and saying, "Ah, Tom! How could you?"

The next instant, remembering those words, "I wanted your brother to kill me, and he would not," she threw her-

self into the boy's arms and covered his face with kisses and tears of gratitude. This staid, simple, pure girl, her eyes humid, her cheeks flushed to burning, and every feature alight with unusual emotion, was at the moment eloquent and beautiful beyond humanity. There never was a finer glow and glory on anything earthly than was then on her exquisite young face. Just in this breath her father came to the door, and stood dazzled by his own child. Steeped in brandy and hot with his chronic pugnacity, he forgot at the sight of Kate everything but Kate.

"Ah, my daughter!" he said, taking her into his short heavy arms and pressing her against his solid chest. "How I have neglected you for the last few days! What have I been about?"

"Father, was it fair —?" she began, and stopped to recover control of her voice.

"No, it was n't fair," answered old Peyton, understanding in a moment and repenting as quickly. "No, by heavens, it was n't fair. Tom, we ought to have told her. She's a Beaumont, and she's my own dear daughter, and she had a right to know everything we did. Kate, we have behaved, by heavens, miserably."

"Well, it is over, and safely," sighed Kate, laying her head on her father's shoulder. "I thank God for it," she added in a whisper.

"So do I, Kate," replied Beaumont, touched almost to crying. "I do, by heavens. I'm a poor, savage, old beast; but I am thankful, by heavens. I'm glad Tom is out of it safe, and I'm glad the other is out of it safe."

"Father, I must go to bed," said the girl, presently. "I am very, very tired."

"Not sick?" demanded Beaumont, staring at her in great alarm.

He assisted her up stairs to her room; he would not let anybody else do it; he forgot that his feet were masses of gout. When he came down, he said to Tom, "Ride for a doctor; ride like the devil. Don't bring any of those d—d

surgeons who were in the duel. Bring somebody else."

During that day and the next he haunted the passages which led to his daughter's room. Indifferent to pain, merely cursing it, he regularly hobbled up stairs to carry her food with his own hands, affirming that no one else knew how to wait on her properly, and denouncing the incapacity and stupidity of "niggers." When she was awake and able to see him, he sat for hours by her bed, holding her hand, looking at her, and talking softly.

"My God, how I have neglected you!" he groaned; "I don't see how I could have done it. I ought to have known that you would run yourself down. I ought to have stopped it."

Such was Peyton Beaumont: he passed his life in sinning and repenting, and he did each with equal fervor. As to the cause of Kate's shattered condition, he had grave suspicions that it was not merely watching over Kershaw, and not merely the shock of the news of the duel. At times he regretted bitterly the renewal of the feud, and blamed Judge McAlister very severely for having brought about the untoward result, being, of course, unable to see that he himself was at all responsible therefore. "Unreasonable, incomprehensible, hard-hearted, selfish old beast!" he grumbled in perfect honesty, meaning McAlister, and not Beaumont. Well, there was no help for it; the only thing to be done was not to speak of that family in Kate's presence; above all, she must not once hear the name of Frank. This wise decision he communicated distinctly to Nellie, and vaguely but with great energy of manner to Mrs. Chester. As for his boys, he trusted to their sense and delicacy as gentlemen, and he trusted not in vain.

The result was, that, when Kate came down in a day or two to table, anxious to learn all about the quarrel and to hear the name of McAlister incessantly, she got never a word on

those subjects. It was very uncomfortable; it was like being shut in prison. Open utterance of hate against the McAlisters would have been more tolerable to her than this boding silence with its attendant suspense. Kate had self-command and dignity of soul; she would not allow her face to show anxiety or sorrow; there was nothing uncheerful in it, save a pathetic lassitude. But at times it seemed to her as if her heart must absolutely break bounds and demand, "Will none of you speak of him? Is it not enough that I shall never see him more? Must I not even hear his name?"

She could not relieve herself by struggling against the feud. She had fought it once when fighting it seemed to be a matter of simple humanity and of affection for her own race. But now, her soul more or less laden with Frank McAlister, she could not demand peace without having the air to herself of suing for a lover. Indeed, she dared not introduce the subject of the family warfare, lest her face should reveal the secret of her heart and even suggest more than was thus far true. For she maintained to herself that as yet she was not quite in love with this man. To love him, especially to confess it to others, when he had not asked for her affection, would be shameful; and the girl was calmly resolved to endure any suffering rather than descend below her own respect or that of her family. So for several days there was silence in the Beaumont prandial and other public conclaves concerning Frank McAlister and all his breed.

"I think Kate is getting on very well," remarked Peyton Beaumont to his married daughter. It was not an assertion, but a query; he did not feel at all certain that Kate was getting on well; he wanted a woman's opinion about a woman.

"If saying nothing, and growing paler every day, is getting on well, you are right," answered Nellie, in her straightforward, business-like, manly way.

"You don't mean," stammered the

father, — “you don’t mean that she cares for —”

“Don’t mention his name,” interjected Nellie. “That man, I absolutely hate him. I did want him shot. He is intolerable. Do you know, father, I sympathized with that man and showed him that I did? To think that after that, no matter what the provocation, he should tie my brother! grossly insult my brother! It was not an outrage upon Tom only. It was an outrage upon me and upon Kate.”

“The scoundrel!” growled Beaumont, his eyes flaming at once and his bushy eyebrows working like a forest in a hurricane. “Nellie, why did n’t you tell us this before? Tom would have shot him, sure.”

“Ah, — well. On the whole I did not. I had liked him so well, that I could not quite say the word to have him — hurt. I had really liked him; that was it. And perhaps it is as well; yes, perhaps it is better. He behaved well in the duel, father?”

“Yes,” assented Beaumont, a tiger who had been tamed by his children, and easily followed their leading. “He stood up to the scratch like a man.”

“And he did n’t fire at Tom.”

“That ’s true. He showed penitence. He behaved well.”

“Let him go,” added Nellie, after a moment of revery. “But Kate must not be allowed to meet him again.”

“Of course, she won’t meet him again,” declared Beaumont, lifting his eyebrows in amazement. “How the deuce should she meet him again?”

“Shall I take her away with me for a few weeks?” asked Mrs. Armitage.

“No,” returned the father, promptly. “Why, good heavens, she has just got home. I can’t spare her yet. But you are not going now,” he added. “What do you want to go for?”

“My husband has written me to come,” answered Nellie, with that strange look, half imploring and half defiant, which so often came over her face.

Beaumont walked up and down the room, muttering something which

sounded like, “Hang your husband!”

“Besides, Aunt Marian quarrels with me every day,” pursued Mrs. Armitage, forcing a smile.

“O, never mind Aunt Marian! She quarrels with everybody and always did and always will. She can’t help it. She grew up that way. And really she is n’t so much to blame for it. She was a spoilt baby. My father could n’t govern his only daughter, and my mother would n’t have let him if he had wanted to. The consequence was that Marian always behaved like the very deuce, just as she does now. Yelled, scratched, fought for sugar, bounced away from table, called her mother names, sulked by the twenty-four hours, grew up that way and stayed so. Come, Aunt Marian is too old to cure; she is a fixed fact. No use quarrelling with her. Let her alone and never mind her.”

“I don’t mind her much,” said Nellie, coolly. “I rather think she gets the worst of it.”

“I rather think so,” the father could not help laughing, pleased that his daughter should overmatch his sister.

“It’s a shame, is n’t it, that people should n’t govern their children?” continued Nellie with a smile.

“A shame? It’s downright wickedness,” declared Beaumont, who had not a suspicion that he had failed to rule his offspring properly.

Nellie laughed outright.

“Still, I must go,” she resumed. “I have been here nearly a month: it is so pleasant to be here! But it is time that I got back and set to work. There are the autumn suits for our niggers to be cut out and made up.”

“Oh!” answered Beaumont, seeing something to the purpose in this statement.

“And I want Kate to help me.”

“Pshaw! You don’t want her.”

“She ought to learn that sort of thing.”

Beaumont uttered a growl of discontent: he could not spare his favorite.

“I shall leave it to Kate,” declared



Nellie as she closed the interview, somewhat queening it over her father.

In the same spirit of benevolent imperiousness she went off directly to lay the question of the visit before her sister. She had not heretofore meditated her plan; she had thought of it while talking with her father, and immediately resolved upon it; and she was now as much prepared to urge it as if she had had it in view for weeks. She meant to suggest it to Kate; and, if it was opposed, to argue for it; and, if necessary, quarrel for it. It was one of those cases of instantaneous consideration and decision for which women, and indeed all emotional people, including Beaumonts, are noted.

Kate, however, was not altogether womanish or Beaumontish; there was something manly, there was something of the Kershaw nature in her; she was thoughtful, judicial, deliberative, and a little slow. In her aquiline face, delicate and feminine and beautiful as it was, there was a waiting, holdfast power, like that in the face of Washington.

"Don't you mean to go?" demanded Mrs. Armitage, excitedly and almost angrily, after advocating her plan for ten minutes.

"Yes," replied Kate. "Thank you, Nellie. I shall be very glad to go."

"Then why did n't you say so?"

"I was thinking," said Kate, dreamily.

About the corners of her small, pulpy, rosy mouth there was a slight droop which Mrs. Armitage comprehended at once and translated into a long confession of trouble. She rustled forward, put one of her large arms around the girl's waist and kissed her in an eagerly petting way, as a mother kisses her baby. Not a word of explanation passed between the two; and when Nellie spoke again it was only to say, "Now go and get ready."

"Have you asked papa about it?" demanded Kate.

"I told him I should leave it to you," replied Nellie, in her prompt, decided way. "I will let him know that you are going."

"He and grandpa Kershaw must both be consulted," said Kate, with tranquil firmness.

The next day, all relatives consenting, willingly or unwillingly, Mrs. Armitage carried her sister from the scene where she had found weariness and sorrow. Ten hours of travel in creaky, rolling, staggering cars, over a rickety railroad of a hundred and thirty miles in length, brought them into the mountainous western corner of the State, and left them at sundown in the straggling borough of Brownville.

"We shall perhaps find Randolph here," said Nellie as they neared the lonely, rusty station-house. "He wrote me that he should come every evening until I appeared." Then she added with a somewhat humbled air, "But I don't much expect him."

It was a wife's imbittered confession of the fact that her husband has learned to pay her little attention.

The Armitage equipage, a shabby barouche attached by a roughly patched harness to two noble horses, was at the station; but the only human being about it was a ragged negro coachman; there was no Randolph.

"He would have come if he had expected you," was Nellie's too frank comment. "Husbands are fond of novelty. Wait till you get one."

"I am sure you are unjust to him," said Kate. "Of course he has his business."

"O yes, of course," replied Nellie, hiding the wound which she had been indiscreet enough to expose. "We women demand incessantly, and demand more than can be given. I only thought it worth while to warn you not to expect too much."

"What is that?" asked Kate, anxious to change the subject of the conversation, and pointing to an axe and a coil of rope which lay on the driver's foot-board.

"Dem ar is to mend the kerridge with, case it breaks down, miss," grinned the coachman.

"You don't know our Saxonburg fashions," laughed Nellie. "Family



coaches will get shaky if they are kept long enough; and we up-country people almost always keep them long enough."

"I don't object to old things," said Kate; "excepting old family feuds," she added, unable to help thinking at every moment of the troubles at home.

In an hour the high-spirited bays halted champing at the door of Randolph Armitage's house. It was a strange-looking residence, which had obviously not been created all at once, but in successive parts, as the means of the owner increased, and without regard to aught but interior convenience. Two stories in height here and one story there, with one front facing the south and another the southwest, it appeared less like a single building than like an accidental collection of buildings. If three or four small dwellings should be swept away by a flood, and beached together without further disposition than that of the random waters, the inchoate result would resemble this singular mansion. It was, in fact, the nest where the Armitages had grown up through three generations from backwoods rudeness to their present grandeur, if grandeur it might be called. There was evidence in the building that prosperity did not yet haunt it overflowing. The white paint which had once decked the miscellaneous clapboards had become ragged and rusty. In a back wing, constituting the kitchen and servants' quarters, several window-panes were broken. The wooden front steps were somewhat shaky, and the enclosing fence fantastically dilapidated.

The adorning light of a summer day in the hour after sundown fell upon Randolph Armitage as he came out to greet his wife and children. Kate had not met him since she was a girl of fourteen; but she perfectly well recollected the glamour of his personal beauty,—a beauty which was so great that it fascinated children. In the exquisite mild radiance of the hour he seemed faultlessly beautiful still. He wore an old loose coat of gray home-

spun, but the shapeliness of his form could not be hidden. His long black hair, matted and careless as it was, offered superb waves and masses. There yet was the Apollonian profile of old, the advanced full forehead, the straight nose nearly on a line with it, the delicately chiselled mouth, the small but firm chin, the straight and smooth cheeks, the many-tinted brown eyes, and the clear olive complexion. He still seemed to Kate the handsomest man that she had ever seen; handsomer even than that splendid and good giant, Frank McAlister.

"So you have come at last!" were the ungracious first words of this Apollo.

Kate knew nothing of the domestic troubles of her sister. On hearing this reproving growl, she suspected only that Nellie had wrongly delayed her return home; and before even she got out of the carriage, she tried to take the blame upon herself. She called out, "I dare say it is my fault, Randolph."

"What!" he exclaimed, his face changing from sullenness to gayety. "Is it Kate?" he asked, helping her down the step and gazing at her with admiration. "What a beauty you have grown!" and he kissed her cheek caressingly. "Why, my dear little sister, you are a thousand times welcome. So my wife waited to bring you? She is always doing better than I suspect."

He kissed his wife now, and she calmly returned it. Kate of course could not see that the embrace was on her account. How should she, whose heart yearned to love and be loved, guess easily that husband and wife could meet without pleasure?

"And here are my youngsters," said Armitage, turning away from Nellie with singular suddenness. "Willie, did you have a nice long visit? And you, Freddy? Did you both play with grandpapa?"

He lifted them successively, hugged them with a graceful air of fervor, and set them down promptly.

"And now, Kate," he added, offering her his arm gayly, "let me escort you into my house for the first time. It is a great honor to me and a great pleasure."

All the evening his manner to his guest was most caressing and flattering. Moreover, he dressed in her honor, laying aside his slovenly homespun and coming to the table attired in a way to show his fine figure to advantage. Yet as the hours wore on, and as Kate's spirits turned to depression under a sense of homesickness and fatigue, she seemed to perceive something disagreeable, or at least something suspicious, under this brilliant surface. She was like one who, after gazing with delight on a tide of clear sparkling water, should half think that he discovers a corpse in the translucent abysses. The light of the lamps showed her that Randolph's face was not all that it had been in other days; the fervid color had faded a little, and there were bags under the still brilliant eyes, and a jaded air as of dissipation. Was it true, too, that there was a shadow of reserve between husband and wife, as if neither was sure of possessing the other's sympathy? What did it mean, moreover, that they occupied separate rooms?

In spite of the girl's efforts to believe that all went well in this family which was so near and dear to her, she retired that night with a vague impression that she was in a household haunted by mysteries, if not by misery.

### CHAPTER XXIII.

WHAT blessed restoration there is in the sleep and in the health of youth! Palaces of hope and happiness which had tumbled to ruin at eventide are rebuilt ere morning by these beneficent magicians.

When Kate came to breakfast, after the refreshing slumber which even troubled hearts know at nineteen, she had forgotten the bodings of the night before, or remembered them only to

scout them. All went aright to her eyes in the Armitage dwelling that day and the day following and for many days after. Good, sincere, amiable, unsuspecting of evil, anxious to think well of others, she was the easy and contented dupe of a skilful though wayward enchanter.

On certain holy festivals good Mahometans turn their jackets inside out, and go all in green, the color of the prophet. In like manner Randolph Armitage had a garment of deportment which he could turn according to the circumstances of time or company, the one side being of the color of the Devil and his angels, while the other might please the eyes of saints or pure women. The silver lining of this sable cloud it was now his pleasure to wear outward. Kate was young and beautiful, and it was one of his amusements to charm young and beautiful women; moreover, the girl might be expected to bear witness of him among the Beaumonts, should he misbehave during her visit; and if he feared anybody on earth, it was his puissant relatives by marriage. So for weeks he controlled the seven capital devils who inhabited his soul, suffering none of them to issue forth and disport himself in her presence. He was a fond father, a gentle husband, an amiable brother-in-law, and a merciful master to his slaves. He astonished his wife, and almost won her heart. He fascinated Kate.

It was not a difficult matter for him to be thus delightful. He possessed that mighty glamour of excelling beauty which sheds attractiveness over even indifferent, even misbecoming behavior. So sweet and so fair to look upon was his smile, that mere young girls, mere rude boys, mere untutored crackers, were glad at winning one from him, and never forgot the pleasant sight all their lives after. Hundreds of people who knew him not had stared wonderingly in his face as he met them, turned to look at him after he had passed, and eagerly inquired his name. All through Saxonburg district, and in the rough surrounding region, he was known as

Handsome Armitage. A mountaineer from East Tennessee had once stopped him in the street, and said: "Stranger, excuse me; but you be certainly the puttiest man I've seen sence I come to Sou' Carline. Mought I ask what you call yourself?"

But, in addition to his beauty, Randolph had the charm of a flexible character, apt to take the bent of his society. It was his nature to be hail fellow well met with Satan or with the archangel Ithuriel, according as he found himself in the company of either. He had intelligence to perceive at once, and to the full, both the purity of Kate Beaumont and the innate grossness of the vilest low-down harridan in the district. He was as much in place, so far as his behavior went, with the one as with the other. The result was, that, as Nellie divulged nothing concerning her husband, Kate believed him to be good, and knew him to be charming. She walked with him, rode with him, tried her hand at fishing under his guidance, learned games of cards of him, read him the letters which she received from home, talked with him about the feud, and made him little less than a confidant. Of course he agreed with her in all things; caring little about the feud, it was easy for him to condemn it; despising politics, it was easy for him to bemoan the election difficulty. He had the coinciding amiability of indifference and hypocrisy. Thus it was that this stainless and unsuspicious girl found in this thoroughly corrupt man a friend whom she valued and almost revered.

"You don't half appreciate your husband," she reproached her sister.

"Yes, I do," replied Nellie, making an effort of repression which was truly sublime, and withholding her ready tongue from all confession or complaint.

"You should be very sweet to him, if only on my account," added Kate, with a smile of perfect incomprehension and innocence. "How kind he is to me!"

"I *am* obliged to him, on your ac-

count," said the martyr-like wife. "I have told him so."

"I don't believe it," laughed Kate. "I want you to tell him so in my presence."

Just then Randolph entered the room. It was one of his handsomest moments; his cheeks were flushed, his eyes bright, his air elated; moreover, he had dressed himself carefully and becomingly. His wife settled her eyes upon him with such an expression as if she were dazzled against her will.

"Randolph," she said, her voice wavering a little, perhaps with recollection of the tenderness of other days, "Kate wants me to thank you again for your kindness to her. I do so with all my heart."

In this speech, so set and ceremonious as between husband and wife, there was of course a hidden meaning. It was as much as to say, I thank you for restraining yourself, especially in the presence of my sister.

Armitage smiled, that smile that said so much; he just moved his lips, those lips that were so eloquent without speaking; then lightly and gracefully he advanced to Nellie, lifted her hand, and kissed it. For a moment the wife was much moved; she drew his hand to her and pressed it against her heart. Kate rose, in her eyes a glistening of tears, in her heart one of the high-blooded impulses of her father's race, and stepping quickly up to her brother-in-law, kissed his cheek.

"Thank you, my dear, good child," he said, turning upon her with a flush of sincere gratification. "You almost tempt me, you two, to stay at home this evening. But," he added, without the least difficulty, and in the same breath, "I have an engagement. Don't sit up for me."

After he had gone Kate said to Nellie, "I *must* tell you. You have delighted me. When I came here, — when I first came, — I thought that you two were — indifferent. I beg your pardon, both of you."

"Ah, Kate!" replied Nellie, "you are capable of falling in love. If you

were not, you would not care for these things so. You can love, and I am sorry for it."

Hours passed after this scene, and Armitage did not return. As the evening wore on towards midnight, Nellie's brow grew darker and darker with an expression which was not so much anxiety as something sterner. She looked at last like one who is receiving blows, not in a spirit of angry retaliation, but with sullen defiance. Her air was so gloomy and hard that it disturbed her sister.

"Had you not better send out for him?" asked Kate. "Do you know where he has gone?"

"He sometimes stays out in this way," said Nellie, calmly. "We won't sit up longer for him."

"But had n't we better?" urged the younger woman.

"No, no," replied Nellie, almost imperiously. "I would rather you would not. I wish you to go to bed."

Leaving the two to find such sleep as is the lot of anxious women, let us follow Randolph Armitage and see how he was passing the night. On the morning of that day this "high-strung" gentleman had risen to find himself under the spell of a mighty impulse; an impulse which had come to him he knew not how, which he could not account for, nor analyze, nor control; an impulse common with men of dissolute lives, and forming the mainspring of their characteristic actions. He must break bounds, he must run away, he must go wild, he must have a spree. He was no more capable of philosophizing upon the possession than a horse is able to state why he snorts, flings out his heels, and dashes headlong over his pastures. His brain, his stomach, his arterial structure, or some other physical organ, had gone mad, either with boisterous health or with inflammation, and demanded the relief of violent activity; whether noble or vicious was indifferent, only that his habits of life almost necessarily directed the outburst towards immorality. In the horsy language of his favorite

companions, lewd fellows of the baser sort, and mostly of low-down birth, "he had got his head up for a spree."

While in this state of mind he met Lunt Saxon, widely and unfavorably known as Redhead Saxon, a "low-flung" descendant of the rude family which had first settled the district of Saxonburg and served as the mean origin of its name. It was with this coarse, gaunt, long-legged, hideous desperado and sycophant in homespun that he had made the engagement which took him from his home during the evening. He had gone straight from the exquisite scene with his wife and Kate Beaumont to a cracker ball.

Three miles from his house, in a region of sand and pines and scrub-oaks, there was a clearing which had once supported a settler's family, and which, as the soil became exhausted, had degenerated into an oldfield, overgrown with bushes and long weeds. In the centre of the oldfield was a log-cabin, the clay fallen from its chinks, the boards on its roof warped and awry, its windows without glass and closed by rude shutters, the chimney a ruinous, unshapely mass of stones and mud, the outer air free to enter at numberless crannies. This cabin was the residence of two "lone women," who held it rent free of its charitable owner, a wealthy physician of the village. The eldest was Nancy Gile, thirty years old, but looking thirty-five, yellow-haired, white-faced, freckled, red-eyed, dirty, ragged, shiftless, idle, a beggar, and otherwise of questionable life. The youngest was Sally Huggs, a small, square-built, rosy-cheeked, black-eyed girl of not more than seventeen, who had run away from her mother to secure larger liberty of flirtation. Nancy Gile had two illegitimate children, and Sally Huggs was herself an illegitimate child. The reader can guess at the kind of morality that adorned the household existence.

There are no outcasts. People who are not in "our society," and not in the circle below that, and not in any circle that we deem society, have still

a surrounding of more or less sympathetic humanity and even perhaps a following of admirers. Nancy Gile and Sally Huggs, poor and ignorant and degraded as they were, had an environment of friends whom they wished to hold fast and of enemies whom they desired to propitiate. Consequently, when they one day came into unexpected, almost miraculous possession of five dollars more than was necessary to buy bacon and hominy for the morrow, they resolved to raise their standing and enlarge their popularity by "giving a treat." A pound of tallow-candles for illumination and three gallons of white raw whiskey for refreshment summed up their purchases. As for supper, they trusted, as any other host of the oldfields would have done, that each guest would provide his or her own, and eat it before coming. For music there was Sam Tony, a youth of piny woods extraction, as lean and yellow as his own fiddle, and a gratuitous scraper on such occasions. The invitations had been spread by word of mouth at the previous "sale-day" in the village, and had gathered in every young Saxonburg loafer or cracker who was not in open hostility with the household. Even those tramps, the Bibbs, who had no abiding habitation, but slept sometimes in brush cabins and sometimes in the sheltering corners of warm fences, had sent one representative in the shape of a ragged, dirty girl of eighteen, trim and slender and graceful in figure, but yellow and ghastly with exposure and lack of proper nourishment. When Handsome Armitage and hideous Redhead Saxon rode into the benighted tangle of the oldfield, Nancy Gile's cabin was humming like a huge beehive with the noise of dancing and laughing low-downers, and flaming from every door and window and chink with tallow-dip splendor.

"It looks like a storming old blow-out," said Armitage, as he tied his horse's bridle to the drooping branch of a tree. "Quash," he added, addressing a negro whom he had brought

along, also mounted, "stay by these beasts. Come on, Redhead."

He was already heated with liquor. His manner and voice had become strangely degraded since that pretty scene at his home. In place of his make-believe yet gracious gentility and tenderness there was a wild, reckless, animal-like excitement. Perhaps it was more than animal; it may be doubted whether any beast is ever a rowdy; we have heard that even a drunken ape has decorum.

The one room of the cabin, eighteen feet or so by twenty-five, was crammed. In the centre eight couples were jostling and elbowing through a sort of country dance. Squeezing close up to them, and squeezing against the log walls, and filling the two doorways, and covering the shaky stairs which led to the loft, was a mass of young men and girls, applauding, yelling, chattering, laughing, or staring with vacant eyes and mouth. Even the wide-open doors and windows and chinks and the gaping chimney could not carry off all the mephitic steam generated by this mob of unclean people. As a perfume, an uproar, and a spectacle, the crowd was vigorously, one might almost say nauseously, interesting.

To a New-Englander or a Pennsylvania Quaker fresh from the pacific, temperate, educated faces of his birth-land, it would not have seemed possible that these visages were American. The general cast of countenance was a lean and hardened wildness, like that of Albanian mountaineers or Calabrian brigands. There were no stolid, square, bulldog faces; everywhere you saw cleverness, or liveliness, or at least cunning, but it was cleverness of a wolfish or foxy nature. The forms, too, were agile, most of them tall, slender, and bony, the outlines showing sharply through the calico gowns or homespun suits. Four or five plump and rosy girls, looking all the plumper because of sunburn, were exceptions to the general rule of muscle and sinew. All the men, through early use of tobacco and constant exposure to hardship, were figures of ex-

cessive lankness. The stunted, graceless costumes increased the general ungainliness. Some of the girls were in calico, limp with dirt; others in narrow-chested, ill-fitted, scant-skirted gowns of the coarsest white cotton, such as was commonly issued to field-hands; others in the cast-off finery of charity, worn just as it was received, without remaking. Nearly all the men had straight, tight trousers, insufficient vests, and short-bodied, long-tailed frock-coats of gray or butternut home-spun.

Scarcely one of these crowding faces had been illuminated or softened by the touch of civilization. If they were less stolid than the countenances of so many Indians, they were not much less savage. Not that the savagery was perfectly frank and open: there was an air of slyness about it and even of sycophancy; it was the ferocity of a bloodhound, waiting to be set on. While these people knew how to commit deeds of blood, they could set about them best at the command of a "high-tone gentleman." But even to their masters they must have looked a little untrustworthy. It was evident that human life, no matter of what dignity and descent, would be held by them in light esteem. After all, valuing their own lives little, they were not despicable. In spite of law-abiding prejudices, it is impossible not to accord some respect to a hearty willingness to give and take hard knocks. The best intentioned members of society cannot look down with unmixed contempt upon a man who fights like the Devil, although they may find him inconvenient and proper for suppression. Born to be proud of my countrymen, reposing a loving confidence in their pugnacity and their knack at firearms, I would adventure the population of this hive in any part of the Abruzzi, sure that they would make their frontiers respected and perhaps lay Fra Diavolo under contribution. In fact, I should rejoice to colonize them in those regions, trusting that the drama of the Kilkeny cats might be re-enacted.

Into this genial mob bounced Handsome Armitage with a sense of satisfied sympathy.

"Hurrah, Nancy!" he shouted, seizing the mistress of the house and whirling her round in an extemporized waltz, much to the confusion of the country-dancers. "Bully for you, old girl! This is a glorious blow-out."

"Square, I'm right glad to see ye," returned Nancy Gile, her white face reddening with pride and pleasure. "I said you mought come. Sally said you would n't."

"Where is she?" asked Armitage.

"Thar she is, Square, dancin' along with Sam Hicks."

"Sally, come here," called the high-toned gentleman. "Come here, and let's have a look at your cheeks."

"Can't," laughed Sally, hot and gay with exercise and attentions, for she was the belle of the ball. "Got to dance this through. Then I'll come."

"Who the deuce is Sam Hicks?" demanded Armitage.

"He's a Dark Corner man," explained Nancy. "He met up with her last sale day, an' took an awful shine to her. Talks like he was goin' to marry her. Mebbe he will."

"Mebbe he won't," laughed Armitage. "Well, give us some whiskey. I have n't had a drink for half an hour. Redhead, try it."

"After you, Square," returned the respectful Redhead, filling a glass for his superior. "It's the same old spring I reckon. Pickens whiskey, fresh from the mill, clar as water, an' strong as pizen. Reckon that'll warm you, Square, to the toes of yer boots."

Armitage took the little tumbler, half full of pure spirit, put its sticky brim to his handsome mouth, and sipped at the contents.

"Nasty," he said. "But never mind; it does its work. Redhead, this is what kills us, and we love it. We are good Christians; we love our worst enemy." Then, a recollection of his college reading coming upon him, he raised the glass on high and



invoked it in the words of the gladiators, "Ave Cæsar! morituri te salutant."

"That's tall talk, Square," grinned the admiring Redhead.

"Taller than you could understand if I should tell you what it means, you cursed ignoramus," returned Armitage, as he tossed off the poison.

At this moment the country dance ended, and the dancers made a rush toward the whiskey. Sam Hicks sought to keep possession of his rosy-cheeked little partner by passing one butternut-clothed arm around her waist while he poured out for her a half-tumbler of the Pickens district nectar.

"Ladies first," said Armitage, pushing him back with a jocose contemptuous roughness.

"I w gwine to help a lady," replied Hicks, sulkily. "Sally here wants a drink."

"I'll give her one myself," persisted the high-flung gentleman. "Do you mean to keep her all the evening? Stand out of the way!"

"Let go, my boy," counselled Redhead Saxon, sliding behind the mountaineer and whispering over her shoulder. "Mought get a welt acrost yer snoot. Let go to catch a better holt."

Sam cast a pleading look at his girl, then an angry though cowed one at his imposing rival, and gave back grumbling. Armitage mixed a drink for Sally, insisted upon her swallowing the whole of it, took her roughly under his arm and marched her away.

"You little wretch, why did n't you come to me at first?" he scolded, half in jest and half in alcoholic earnest. "What do you stick to that booby for? Why don't you stick to me?"

Sally looked up in his face with an expression which might be described as vulgar shyness or low-bred modesty. She was dazzled and awed by the handsome, fine gentleman who had taken possession of her; and at the same time she hankered after plain homespun Sam Hicks, who wanted to marry her.

"I don't know jest what you're up

to," she blurted out spunkily and yet timorously.

"And what the deuce is *he* up to? Going to marry you, is he?"

Sally made no reply, but she colored a coarse blush, and threw a glance at the faithful pursuing Hicks.

"You can't go to him," said Armitage. "You must dance the next set with me."

And dance he did, playing pranks which raised shouts of laughter in the rough crowd, throwing fondling grimaces at his partner and threatening ones at his rival. The dance ended, he let Sally go back to Hicks, only to claim her again as soon as he had taken another glass of whiskey. A couple of hours passed much in this way. Armitage seemed possessed to get drunk, to pay a rude courtship to Sally Huggs, and to torment Sam Hicks. That he could enjoy the coarse farce seems incredible; and yet the stupid, low-lived fact is that he did enjoy it. It was a monotonous, uninteresting, disagreeable, degrading exhibition; and we only describe it because it dramatizes in brief the character of the man when in his cups. Intoxication had turned him into an insolent, quarrelsome savage; and when we add that it always affected him thus, we can understand the habitual expression of his wife's face; we know how she came to have that strange air of half pleading, half standing at bay.

Let us hurry. About midnight Armitage, wild as a madman with drink, tore Sally Huggs away from her lover for perhaps the tenth time, and gave the latter a blow which laid him prostrate.

"Quit that, Sam!" shouted Redhead Saxon, rushing upon Hicks and stopping his hand as it sought the inside of his homespun coat. "Now get out of here, Sam, before mischief is done," continued the faithful henchman of Armitage. "Don't go to fightin' with high-tone gentlemen. They're too hefty for you, my boy."

Sam Hicks was not an ordinary low-downer, educated in the depressing



vicinity of great estates, and subservient to the planting chivalry. He was a mountaineer, as independent and fierce and lithe as a wild-cat, and disposed to fight any man who trespassed upon his rights or person. He tried to get at Armitage, and struggled violently with Saxon and three or four others who held him, his long yellow hair thrown back from his thin and sunburnt visage, a fine though coarse figure of virile indignation. But at last, overcome by numbers, he became sullenly quiet, and suffered himself to be led out of the cabin. Tranquillity was the more easily restored because Armitage was too drunk to care for the raving of the mountaineer, or even to notice that Sally Huggs soon slipped out of the revelry in pursuit of her betrothed.

Half an hour after this "unpleasantness," Saxon succeeded in persuading his intoxicated patron to mount and set out for home. The path led the length of the oldfield, then through a wood of young pines and stunted cedars, then across other oldfields and some natural barrens, and then down a lane lined by forests, at the end of which it touched the highroad. For a time the party moved slowly, there being only starlight, the ground uneven and tangled with vines, and Armitage reeling in his saddle. As they entered the lane Saxon fell back alongside of the negro, and muttered, "Quash, when we strike the road, we'll try a gallop. You keep on one side of him, an' I'll keep on the other."

At this moment there was a pistol-shot from the dense underwood of the forest which overhung the lane.

"Sam Hicks, by thunder!" growled Saxon, feeling for his revolver. "Bill ahead, Square!"

Instead of pushing onward as directed, Armitage turned his horse toward the spot where the flash had showed, and put him straight at the fence

which separated the narrow path from the wood. But the animal floundered in a swampy drain, and, unable to rise to the obstacle, pitched against it.

"Hold on, Square," called Saxon, dismounting and taking post behind his horse as behind a breastwork. "Don't go in thar. He'll pop you, sure."

But the warning was useless; the crazy man, shouting with rage, dismounted and began to climb the fence; in a moment, drunk as he was, he had reached the top of it. Just then there was another report, coming from the black recesses of the wood; and in the same breath Armitage toppled over the fence and fell to the ground; there was a single groan, followed by silence.

"O Mars Ranney! Mars Ranney!" presently whispered the negro, shaking with grief as well as terror.

"Guess your boss is gone up," muttered Redhead Saxon, after a moment of listening.

"O, I'se feared so, I'se feared so," whimpered Quash. "O Mars Saxon, what'll we do?"

"Dunno, though," continued Redhead. "That last ball whistled by like it had n't hit nothin'. So did the first one perhaps, though I did n't notice."

After further hearkening he resumed: "We must git him out of thar. Quash, I'll hold the hosses. You sneak in an' feel for him."

The negro trembled and hesitated, fearing another shot from the hidden assassin; for life is dear to slaves.

"Start in, you black cuss," commanded Redhead, turning his revolver on Quash.

"I'se gwine," quavered the demoralized chattel. "Wait till I catch my bref. I'se gwine."

Crawling on his hands and knees through the mud and water of the drain, Quash slowly approached the fence, displaced a rail, and slid through the aperture.

*J. W. DeForest.*

## MOUNTAINEERING IN THE SIERRA NEVADA.

## III.

## THE ASCENT OF MOUNT TYNDALL.

MORNING dawned brightly upon our bivouac among a cluster of dark firs in the mountain corridor, opened by an ancient glacier of King's River into the heart of the Sierras. It dawned a trifle sooner than we could have wished, but Professor Brewer and Hoffman had breakfasted before sunrise, and were off with barometer and theodolite upon their shoulders, purposing to ascend our amphitheatre to its head and climb a great pyramidal peak which swelled up against the eastern sky, closing the view in that direction.

We who remained in camp spent the day in overhauling campaign materials and preparing for a grand assault upon the summits. For a couple of hours we could descry our friends through the field-glasses, their minute black forms moving slowly on among piles of giant *débris*; now and then lost, again coming into view, and at last disappearing altogether.

It was twilight, and almost eight o'clock, when they came back to camp, Brewer leading the way, Hoffman following; and as they sat down by our fire without uttering a word, we read upon their faces terrible fatigue.

So we hastened to give them supper of coffee and soup, bread and venison; which resulted, after a time, in our getting in return the story of the day.

For eight whole hours they had worked up over granite and snow, mounting ridge after ridge, till the summit was made about two o'clock.

These snowy crests bounding our view at the eastward we had all along taken to be the summits of the Sierra, and Brewer had supposed himself to be climbing a dominant peak, from which he might look eastward over Owen's Valley and out upon leagues of desert. Instead of this a vast wall

of mountains, lifted still higher than his peak, rose beyond a tremendous cañon which lay like a trough between the two parallel ranks of peaks. Hoffman showed us on his sketch-book the profile of this new range, and I instantly recognized the peaks which I had seen from Mariposa, whose great white pile had led me to believe them the highest points of California.

For a couple of months my friends had made me the target of plenty of pleasant banter about my "highest land," which they lost faith in as we climbed from Thomas's Mill, — I too becoming a trifle anxious about it; but now that the truth had burst upon Brewer and Hoffman they could not find words to describe the terribleness and grandeur of the deep cañon, nor for picturing those huge crags towering in line at the east. Their peak, as indicated by the barometer, was in the region of thirteen thousand four hundred feet, and a level across to the farther range showed its crests to be at least fifteen hundred feet higher. They had spent hours upon the summit scanning the eastern horizon, and ranging downward into the labyrinth of gulfs below, and had come at last with reluctance to the belief that to cross this gorge and ascend the eastern wall of peaks was utterly impossible.

Brewer and Hoffman were old climbers, and their verdict of impossible oppressed me as I lay awake thinking of it; but early next morning I had made up my mind, and, taking Cotter aside, I asked him in an easy manner whether he would like to penetrate the Terra Incognita with me at the risk of our necks, provided Brewer should consent. In a frank, courageous tone he answered, after his usual mode, "Why not?" Stout of limb, stronger yet of

heart, of iron endurance, and a quiet, unexcited temperament, and, better yet, deeply devoted to me, I felt that Cotter was the one comrade I would choose to face death with, for I believed there was in his manhood no room for fear or shirking.

It was a trying moment for Brewer when we found him and volunteered to attempt a campaign for the top of California, because he felt a certain fatherly responsibility, a natural desire that we should not deposit our triturated remains in some undiscoverable hole among the feldspathic granites; but, like a true disciple of science, this was at last overbalanced by his intense desire to know more of the unexplored region. He freely confessed that he believed the plan madness, and Hoffman, too, told us we might as well attempt to get on a cloud as to try the peak.

As Brewer gradually yielded his consent, I knew by his conversation that there was a possibility of success; so we spent the rest of the day in making preparations.

Our walking-shoes were in excellent condition, the hobnails firm and new. We laid out a barometer, a compass, a pocket-level, a set of wet and dry thermometers, note-books, with bread, cooked beans, and venison enough to last a week, and rolled them all in blankets, making two knapsack-shaped packs (strapped firmly together with loops for the arms), which, by Brewer's estimate, weighed forty pounds apiece.

Gardner declared he would accompany us to the summit of the first range to look over into the gulf we were to cross, and at last Brewer and Hoffman also concluded to go up with us.

Quite too early for our profit we all betook ourselves to bed, vainly hoping to get a long refreshing sleep from which we should rise ready for our tramp.

Never did a man welcome those first gray streaks in the east more gladly than I, unless it may be Cotter, who has in later years confessed that he did not go to sleep that night. Long

before sunrise we had done our breakfast and were under way, Hoffman kindly bearing my pack, and Brewer carrying Cotter's.

Our way led due east up the amphitheatre and toward Mount Brewer, as we had named the great pyramidal peak.

Awhile after leaving camp, slant sunlight streamed in among gilded pinnacles along the slope of Mount Brewer, touching here and there, in broad dashes of yellow, the gray walls, which rose sweeping up on either hand like the sides of a ship.

Our way along the valley's middle ascended over a number of huge steps, rounded and abrupt, at whose bases were pools of transparent snow-water edged with rude piles of erratic glacier blocks, scattered companies of alpine firs, of red bark and having cypress-like darkness of foliage, fields of snow under sheltering cliffs, and bits of softest velvet meadow clouded with minute blue and white flowers.

As we climbed, the gorge grew narrower and sharp, both sides wilder; and the spurs which projected from them, nearly overhanging the middle of the valley, towered above us with sculpture more and more severe. We frequently crossed deep fields of snow, and at last reached the level of the highest pines, where long slopes of *débris* swept down from either cliff, meeting in the middle. Over and among these immense blocks, often twenty and thirty feet high, we were obliged to climb, hearing far below us the subterranean gurgle of streams.

Interlocking spurs nearly closed the gorge behind us; our last view was through a granite gateway formed of two nearly vertical precipices, sharp-edged, jutting buttress-like, and plunging down into a field of angular boulders which fill the valley bottom.

The eye ranged out from this open gateway overlooking the great King's Cañon with its moraine-terraced walls, the domes of granite upon Big Meadows, and the undulating stretch of forest which descends to the plain.

The gorge turning southward, we rounded a sort of mountain promontory, which, closing the view behind us, shut us up in the bottom of a perfect basin. In front lay a placid lake reflecting the intense black-blue of the sky. Granite, stained with purple and red, sank into it upon one side, and a broad, spotless field of snow came down to its margin upon the other.

From a pile of large granite blocks, forty or fifty feet up above the lake margin, we could look down fully a hundred feet through the transparent water to where boulders and pebbles were strewn upon the stone bottom. We had now reached the base of Mount Brewer and were skirting its southern spurs in a wide open corridor surrounded in all directions by lofty granite crags from two to four thousand feet high; above the limits of vegetation, rocks, lakes of deep heavenly blue, and white trackless snows were grouped closely about us. Two sounds—a sharp little cry of martens, and occasional heavy crashes of falling rock—saluted us.

Climbing became exceedingly difficult, light air—for we had already reached twelve thousand five hundred feet—beginning to tell upon our lungs to such an extent that my friend, who had taken turns with me in carrying my pack, was unable to do so any longer, and I adjusted it to my own shoulders for the rest of the day.

After four hours of slow, laborious work we made the base of the *débris* slope which rose about a thousand feet to a saddle-pass in the western mountain wall,—that range upon which Mount Brewer is so prominent a point. We were nearly an hour in toiling up this slope over an uncertain footing which gave way at almost every step. At last, when almost at the top, we paused to take breath, and then all walked out upon the crest, laid off our packs, and sat down together upon the summit of the ridge and for a few moments not a word was spoken.

The Sierras are here two parallel

summit ranges. We were upon the crest of the western ridge, and looked down into a gulf five thousand feet deep, sinking from our feet nearly or quite two thousand feet in abrupt cliffs whose base plunged into a broad field of snow lying steep and smooth for a great distance, but broken near its foot by craggy steps often a thousand feet high.

Vague blue haze obscured the lost depths, hiding details, and giving a bottomless distance, out of which, like the breath of wind, floated up a faint tremor, vibrating upon the senses, yet never clearly heard.

Rising on the other side, cliff above cliff, precipice piled upon precipice, rock over rock, up against the sky, towered the most gigantic mountain-wall in America, culminating in a noble pile of Gothic-finished granite and enamel-like snow. How grand and inviting looked its white form, its untrodden, unknown crest, so high and pure in the clear strong blue! I looked at it as one contemplating the purpose of his life; and for just one moment I would have rather liked to dodge that purpose, or to have waited, or have found some excellent reason why I might not go; but all this quickly vanished, leaving a cheerful resolve to go ahead.

From the two opposing mountain-walls singular, thin, knife-blade ridges of stone jutted out, dividing the sides of the gulf into a series of amphitheatres, each one a labyrinth of ice and rock. Piercing thick beds of snow, sprang up knobs and straight isolated spires of rock, mere obelisks curiously carved by frost, their rigid, slender forms casting a blue, sharp shadow upon the snow. Embosomed in depressions of ice, or resting on broken ledges, were azure lakes, deeper in tone than the sky, which at this altitude, even at midday, has a violet duskiness.

To the south, not more than eight miles, a wall of peaks stood across the gulf, dividing the King's, which flowed north at our feet, from the Kern River,

that flowed down the trough in the opposite direction.

I did not wonder that Brewer and Hoffman pronounced our undertaking impossible; but when I looked at Cotter there was such complete bravery in his eye that I asked him if he was ready to start. His old answer, "Why not?" left the initiative with me; so I told Professor Brewer that we would bid him good by. Our friends helped us on with our packs and we shook hands in silence. Before he released my hand Professor Brewer asked me for my plan, and I had to own that I had but one, which was to reach the highest peak in the range.

After looking in every direction I was obliged to confess that I saw as yet no practicable way. We bade them a good by, receiving their "God bless you" in return, and started southward along the range to look for some cliff possible to descend. Brewer, Gardner, and Hoffman turned north to push upward to the summit of Mount Brewer, and complete their observations. We saw them whenever we halted, until at last, on the very summit, their microscopic forms were for the last time discernible. With very great difficulty we climbed a peak which surmounted our wall just to the south of the pass, and, looking over the eastern brink, found that the precipice was still sheer and unbroken. In one place, where the snow lay against it to the very top, we went to its edge and contemplated the slide. About three thousand feet of unbroken white, at a fearfully steep angle, lay below us. We threw a stone over and watched it bound until it was lost in the distance; after fearful leaps we could only detect it by the flashings of snow where it struck, and as these were, in some instances, three hundred feet apart, we decided not to launch our own valuable bodies, and the still more precious barometer, after it.

There seemed but one possible way to reach our goal; that was to make our way along the summit of the cross

ridge which projected between the two ranges. This divide sprang out from our Mount Brewer wall, about four miles to the south of us. To reach it we must climb up and down over the indented edge of the Mount Brewer wall. In attempting to do this we had a rather lively time scaling a sharp granite needle, where we found our course completely stopped by precipices four and five hundred feet in height. Ahead of us the summit continued to be broken into fantastic pinnacles, leaving us no hope of making our way along it; so we sought the most broken part of the eastern descent, and began to climb down. The heavy knapsacks, beside wearing our shoulders gradually into a black-and-blue state, overbalanced us terribly, and kept us in constant danger of pitching headlong. At last, taking them off, Cotter climbed down until he had found a resting-place upon a cleft of rock; then I lowered them to him with our lasso, afterwards descending cautiously to his side, and taking my turn in pioneering downward, received the freight of knapsacks by lasso as before. In this manner we consumed more than half the afternoon in descending a thousand feet of broken, precipitous slope; and it was almost sunset when we found ourselves upon the fields of level snow which lay white and thick over the whole interior slope of the amphitheatre. The gorge below us seemed utterly impassable. At our backs the Mount Brewer wall either rose in sheer cliffs or in broken, rugged stairway, such as had offered us our descent. From this cruel dilemma the cross divide furnished the only hope, and the sole chance of scaling that was at its junction with the Mount Brewer wall. Toward this point we directed our course, marching wearily over stretches of dense frozen snow, and regions of *débris*, and reaching about sunset the last alcove of the amphitheatre, just at the foot of the Mount Brewer wall. It was evidently impossible for us to climb it that evening, and we looked about the desolate recesses for a sheltered camping-spot. A high

granite wall surrounded us upon three sides, recurring to the southward in long elliptical curves; no part of the summit being less than two thousand feet above us, and the higher crags not unfrequently reaching three thousand feet. A single field of snow swept around the base of the rock, and covered the whole amphitheatre, except where a few spikes and rounded masses of granite rose through it, and where two frozen lakes, with their blue ice-disks, broke the monotonous surface. Through the white snow-gate of our amphitheatre, as through a frame, we looked eastward upon the summit group; not a tree, not a vestige of vegetation in sight,—sky, snow, and granite the only elements in this wild picture.

After searching for a shelter we at last found a granite crevice near the margin of one of the frozen lakes,—a sort of shelf just large enough for Cotter and me,—where we hastened to make our bed, having first filled the canteen from a small stream that trickled over the ice, knowing that in a few moments the rapid chill would freeze it. We ate our supper of cold venison and bread, and whittled from the sides of the wooden barometer-case shavings enough to warm water for a cup of miserably tepid tea, and then, packing our provisions and instruments away at the head of the shelf, rolled ourselves in our blankets and lay down to enjoy the view.

After such fatiguing exercises the mind has an almost abnormal clearness: whether this is wholly from within, or due to the intensely vitalizing mountain air, I am not sure; probably both contribute to the state of exaltation in which all alpine climbers find themselves. The solid granite gave me a luxurious repose, and I lay on the edge of our little rock niche and watched the strange yet brilliant scene.

All the snow of our recess lay in the shadow of the high granite wall to the west, but the Kern divide which curved around us from the southeast was in

full light; its broken sky-line, battlemented and adorned with innumerable rough-hewn spires and pinnacles, was a mass of glowing orange intensely defined against the deep violet sky. At the open end of our horseshoe amphitheatre, to the east, the floor of snow rounded in a smooth brink, overhanging precipices, which sank two thousand feet into the King's Cañon. Across the gulf rose the whole procession of summit peaks, their lower halves rooted in a deep sombre shadow cast by the western wall, the heights bathed in a warm purple haze, in which the irregular marbling of snow burned with a pure crimson light. A few fleecy clouds, dyed fiery-orange, drifted slowly eastward across the narrow zone of sky which stretched from summit to summit like a roof. At times the sound of waterfalls, faint and mingled with echoes, floated up through the still air. The snow near by lay in cold ghastly shade, warmed here and there in strange flushes by light reflected downward from drifting clouds. The sombre waste about us; the deep violet vault overhead; those far summits, glowing with reflected rose; the deep impenetrable gloom which filled the gorge, and slowly and with vapor-like stealth climbed the mountain-wall extinguishing the red light,—combined to produce an effect which may not be described; nor can I more than hint at the contrast between the brilliancy of the scene under full light, and the cold, deathlike repose which followed when the wan cliffs and pallid snow were all overshadowed with ghostly gray.

A sudden chill enveloped us. Stars in a moment crowded through the dark heaven, flashing with a frosty splendor. The snow congealed, the brooks ceased to flow, and, under the powerful sudden leverage of frost, immense blocks were dislodged all along the mountain summits and came thundering down the slopes, booming upon the ice, dashing wildly upon the rocks. Under the lee of our shelf we felt quite safe, but neither Cotter nor I could help being startled,



and jumping just a little, as these missiles, weighing often many tons, struck the ledge over our heads and whizzed down the gorge, their stroke resounding fainter and fainter, until at last only a confused echo reached us.

The thermometer at nine o'clock marked twenty degrees above zero. We set the "minimum" and rolled ourselves together for the night. The longer I lay the less I liked that shelf of granite; it grew hard in time and cold also, my bones seeming to approach actual contact with the chilled rock; moreover, I found that even so vigorous a circulation as mine was not sufficient to warm up the ledge to anything like a comfortable temperature. A single thickness of blanket is a better mattress than none, but the larger crystals of orthoclase, protruding plentifully, punched my back and caused me to revolve on a horizontal axis with precision and frequency. How I loved Cotter! how I hugged him and got warm, while our backs gradually petrified, till we whirled over and thawed them out together! The slant of that bed was diagonal and excessive; down it we slid till the ice chilled us awake, and we crawled back and chocked ourselves up with bits of granite inserted under my ribs and shoulders. In this pleasant position we dozed again, and there stole over me a most comfortable ease. The granite softened perceptibly. I was delightfully warm, and sank into an industrious slumber which lasted with great soundness till four, when we rose and ate our breakfast of frozen venison.

The thermometer stood at two above zero; everything was frozen tight except the canteen, which we had prudently kept between us all night. Stars still blazed brightly, and the moon, hidden from us by western cliffs, shone in pale reflection upon the rocky heights to the east, which rose, dimly white, up from the impenetrable shadows of the cañon. Silence,—cold, ghastly dimness, in which loomed huge forms,—and the biting frostiness of the air, wrought upon our feelings as we should

dered our packs and started with slow pace to climb toward the divide.

Soon, to our dismay, we found the straps had so chafed our shoulders that the weight gave us great pain, and obliged us to pad them with our handkerchiefs and extra socks, which remedy did not wholly relieve us from the constant wearing pain of the heavy load.

Directing our steps southward toward a niche in the wall which bounded us only half a mile distant, we travelled over a continuous snow-field frozen so densely as scarcely to yield at all to our tread, at the same time compressing enough to make that crisp frosty sound which we all used to enjoy, even before we knew from the books that it had something to do with the severe name of regelation.

As we advanced, the snow sloped more and more steeply up toward the crags, till by and by it became quite dangerous, causing us to cut steps with Cotter's large bowie-knife,—a slow, tedious operation, requiring patience of a pretty permanent kind. In this way we spent a quiet social hour or so. The sun had not yet reached us, being shut out by the high amphitheatre wall; but its cheerful light reflected downward from a number of higher crags, filling the recess with the brightness of day, and putting out of existence those shadows which so sombrely darkened the earlier hours. To look back when we stopped to rest was to realize our danger,—that smooth swift slope of ice carrying the eye down a thousand feet to the margin of a frozen mirror of ice; ribs and needles of rock piercing up through the snow, so closely grouped that, had we fallen, a miracle only might save us from being dashed against them. This led to rather deeper steps, and greater care that our burdens should be held more nearly over the centre of gravity, and it was a pleasant relief when we got to the top of the snow and sat down on a block of granite to breathe and look in search of a way up the thousand-foot cliff of broken surface among the lines of frac-



ture and the galleries winding along the face.

It would have disheartened us to gaze up the hard, sheer front of precipices, and search among splintered projections, crevices and shelves, and snow-patches for an inviting route, had we not been animated by a faith that the mountains could not baffle us.

Choosing what looked like the least impossible way, we started ; but, finding it unsafe to work with packs on, resumed the yesterday's plan, — Cotter taking the lead, climbing about fifty feet ahead, and hoisting up the knapsacks and barometer as I tied them to the end of the lasso. Constantly closing up in hopeless difficulty before us the way opened again and again to our gymnastics, till we stood together upon a mere shelf, not more than two feet wide, which led diagonally up the smooth cliff. Edging along in careful steps, our backs flattened upon the granite, we moved slowly to a broad platform, where we stopped for breath.

There was no foothold above us. Looking down over the course we had come, it seemed, and I really believe it was, an impossible descent ; for one can climb upward with safety where he cannot climb downward. To turn back was to give up in defeat ; and we sat at least half an hour, suggesting all possible routes to the summit, accepting none, and feeling woful. About thirty feet directly over our heads was another shelf, which, if we could reach, seemed to offer at least a temporary way upward. On its edge were two or three spikes of granite ; whether firmly connected with the cliff or merely blocks of *débris* we could not tell from below. I said to Cotter I thought of but one possible plan : it was to lasso one of these blocks, and to climb, sailor-fashion, hand over hand, up the rope. In the lasso I had perfect confidence, for I had seen more than one Spanish bull throw his whole weight against it without parting a strand. The shelf was so narrow that throwing the coil of rope was a very difficult undertaking. I tried three times, and Cotter spent

five minutes vainly whirling the loop up at the granite spikes. At last I made a lucky throw, and it tightened upon one of the smaller protuberances. I drew the noose close, and very gradually threw my hundred and fifty pounds upon the rope ; then Cotter joined me, and for a moment we both hung our united weight upon it. Whether the rock moved slightly or whether the lasso stretched a little, we were unable to decide ; but the trial must be made, and I began to climb slowly. The smooth precipice-face against which my body swung offered no foothold, and the whole climb had therefore to be done by the arms, an effort requiring all one's determination. When about half-way up I was obliged to rest, and, curling my feet in the rope, managed to relieve my arms for a moment. In this position I could not resist the fascinating temptation of a survey downward.

Straight down, nearly a thousand feet below, at the foot of the rocks, began the snow, whose steep, roof-like slope, exaggerated into an almost vertical angle, curved down in a long white field, broken far away by rocks and round polished lakes of ice.

Cotter looked up cheerfully and asked how I was making it ; to which I answered that I had plenty of wind left. At that moment, when hanging between heaven and earth, it was a deep satisfaction to look down at the wild gulf of desolation beneath, and up to unknown dangers ahead, and feel my nerves cool and unshaken.

A few pulls hand over hand brought me to the edge of the shelf, when, throwing an arm around the granite spike, I swung my body upon the shelf and lay down to rest, shouting to Cotter that I was all right, and that the prospects upward were capital. After a few moments' breathing I looked over the brink and directed my comrade to tie the barometer to the lower end of the lasso, which he did, and that precious instrument was hoisted to my station, and the lasso sent down twice for knapsacks, after which Cotter came

up the rope in his very muscular way, without once stopping to rest. We took our loads in our hands, swinging the barometer over my shoulder, and climbed up a shelf which led in a zigzag direction upward, and to the south, bringing us out at last upon the thin blade of a ridge which connected a short distance above with the summit. It was formed of huge blocks, shattered, and ready, at a touch, to fall bounding and careening in a way that lent us new caution.

So narrow and sharp was the upper slope, that we dared not walk, but got astride, and worked slowly along with our hands, pushing the knapsacks in advance, now and then holding our breath when loose masses rocked under our weight.

Once upon the summit, a grand view burst upon us. Hastening to step upon the crest of the divide, which was never more than ten feet wide, frequently sharpened to a mere blade, we looked down the other side, and were astonished to find we had ascended the gentler slope, and that the rocks fell from our feet in almost vertical precipices for a thousand feet or more. A glance along the summit toward the highest group showed us that any advance in that direction was impossible, for the thin ridge was gashed down in notches three or four hundred feet deep, forming a procession of pillars, obelisks, and blocks piled upon each other, and looking terribly insecure.

We then deposited our knapsacks in a safe place, and, finding that it was already noon, determined to rest a little while and take a lunch, at over thirteen thousand feet above the sea.

West of us stretched the Mount Brewer wall with its succession of smooth precipices and amphitheatre ridges. To the north the great gorge of the King's River yawned down five thousand feet. To the south the valley of the Kern, opening in the opposite direction, was broader, less deep, but more filled with broken masses of granite. Clustered about the foot of the divide were a dozen alpine lakes ;

the higher ones blue sheets of ice, the lowest completely melted. Still lower in the depths of the two cañons we could see thin groups of forest-trees ; but they were so dim and so distant as never to relieve the prevalent masses of rock and snow. Our divide cast its shadow for a mile down King's Cañon in dark blue profile upon the broad sheets of sunny snow, from whose brightness the hard splintered cliffs caught reflections and wore an aspect of joy. Thousands of rills poured from the melting snow, filling the air with a musical tinkle as of many accordant bells. The Kern Valley opened below us with its smooth oval outline, the work of extinct glaciers, whose form and extent were evident from worn cliff-surface and rounded wall ; snow-fields, relics of the former *névé*, hung in white tapestries around its ancient birthplace ; and, as far as we could see, the broad, corrugated valley, for a breadth of fully ten miles, shone with burnishings, wherever its granite surface was not covered with lakelets or thickets of alpine vegetation.

Through a deep cut in the Mount Brewer wall we gained our first view to the westward, and saw in the distance the wall of the South King's Cañon, and the granite point which Cotter and I had climbed a fortnight before. But for the haze we might have seen the plain ; for above its farther limit were several points of the Coast Ranges, isolated like islands in the sea.

The view was so grand, the mountain colors so brilliant, the immense snow-fields and the blue alpine lakes so charming, that we almost forgot we were ever to move, and it was only after a swift hour of this delight that we began to consider our future course.

The King's Cañon, which headed against our wall, seemed untraversable, — no human being could climb along the divide ; we had then but one hope of reaching the peak, and our greatest difficulty lay at the start. If we could climb down to the Kern side of the

divide, and succeed in reaching the base of the precipices which fell from our feet, it really looked as if we might travel without difficulty among the *roches moutonnées* to the other side of the Kern Valley, and make our attempt upon the southward flank of the great peak. One look at the sublime white giant decided us. We looked down over the precipice, and at first could see no method of descent. Then we went back and looked at the road we had come up, to see if that were possibly not so bad; but the broken surface of the rocks was evidently much better climbing-ground than anything ahead of us. Cotter, with danger, edged his way along the wall to the east, and I to the west, to see if there might not be some favorable point; but we both returned with the belief that the precipice in front of us was as passable as any of it. Down it we must go.

After lying on our faces, looking over the brink, ten or twenty minutes, I suggested that by lowering ourselves on the rope we might climb from crevice to crevice; but we saw no shelf large enough for ourselves and the knapsacks too. However, we were not going to give it up without a trial; and I made the rope fast round my breast, and, looping the noose over a firm point of rock, let myself slide gradually down to a notch forty feet below. There was only room beside me for Cotter, so I made him send down the knapsacks first. I then tied these together by the straps with my silk handkerchiefs, and hung them off as far to the left as I could reach without losing my balance, looping the handkerchiefs over a point of rock. Cotter then slid down the rope, and, with considerable difficulty, we whipped the noose off its resting-place above, and cut off our connection with the upper world.

"We're in for it now, King," remarked my comrade, as he looked aloft, and then down; but our blood was up, and danger added only an exhilarating thrill to the nerves.

The shelf was hardly more than two feet wide, and the granite so smooth

that we could find no place to fasten the lasso for the next descent; so I determined to try the climb with only as little aid as possible. Tying the lasso round my breast again, I gave the other end into Cotter's hands, and he, bracing his back against the cliff, found for himself as firm a foothold as he could, and promised to give me all the help in his power. I made up my mind to bear no weight unless it was absolutely necessary; and for the first ten feet I found cracks and protuberances enough to support me, making every square inch of surface do friction duty, and hugging myself against the rocks as tightly as I could. When within about eight feet of the next shelf, I twisted myself round upon the face, hanging by two rough blocks of protruding feldspar, and looked vainly for some further hand-hold; but the rock, beside being perfectly smooth, projected slightly, and my legs dangled in the air. I saw that the next cleft was over three feet broad, and I thought, possibly, I might, by a quick slide, reach it in safety without endangering Cotter. I shouted to him to be very careful, and let go in case I fell, loosened my hold upon the rope, and slid quickly down. My shoulder struck against the rock and threw me out of balance; for an instant I reeled over upon the verge, in danger of falling, but, in the excitement, I thrust out my hand and seized a small alpine gooseberry-bush, the first piece of vegetation we had seen. Its roots were so firmly fixed in the crevice that it held my weight and saved me.

I could no longer see Cotter, but I talked to him, and heard the two knapsacks come bumping along till they slid over the eaves above me, and swung down to my station, when I seized the lasso's end and braced myself as well as possible, intending, if he slipped, to haul in slack and help him as best I might. As he came slowly down from crack to crack, I heard his hobnailed shoes grating on the granite; presently they appeared dangling from the eaves above my head. I had gathered in the rope until

it was taut, and then hurriedly told him to drop. He hesitated a moment and let go. Before he struck the rock I had him by the shoulder, and whirled him down upon his side, thus preventing his rolling overboard, — which friendly action he took quite coolly.

The third descent was not a difficult one, nor the fourth; but when we had climbed down about two hundred and fifty feet the rocks were so glacially polished and water-worn, that it seemed impossible to get any farther. To our right was a crack penetrating the rock perhaps a foot deep, widening at the surface to three or four inches, which proved to be the only possible ladder. As the chances seemed rather desperate, we concluded to tie ourselves together, in order to share a common fate; and with a slack of thirty feet between us, and our knapsacks upon our backs, we climbed into the crevice, and began descending with our faces to the cliff. This had to be done with unusual caution, for the foothold was about as good as none, and our fingers slipped annoyingly on the smooth stone; besides, the knapsacks and instruments kept a steady backward pull, tending to overbalance us. But we took pains to descend one at a time, and rest wherever the niches gave our feet a safe support. In this way we got down about eighty feet of smooth, nearly vertical wall, reaching the top of a rude granite stairway, which led to the snow; and here we sat down to rest, and found to our astonishment that we had been three hours in coming from the summit.

After breathing a half-minute we continued down, jumping from rock to rock, and having by practice become very expert in balancing ourselves, sprang on, never resting long enough to lose the *aplomb*, and in this manner made a quick descent over rugged *débris* to the crest of a snow-field, which, for seven or eight hundred feet more, swept down in a smooth, even slope, of very high angle, to the borders of a frozen lake.

Without untying the lasso which

bound us together, we sprang upon the snow with a shout, and glissaded down splendidly, turning now and then a somersault, and shooting out like cannon-balls almost to the middle of the frozen lake; I upon my back, and Cotter feet first, in a swimming position. The ice cracked in all directions. It was only a thin, transparent film, through which we could see deep into the lake. Untying ourselves, we hurried ashore in different directions, lest our combined weight should be too great a strain upon any point.

With curiosity and wonder we scanned every shelf and niche of the last descent. It seemed quite impossible we could have come down there, and now it actually was beyond human power to get back again. But what cared we? "Sufficient unto the day —" We were bound for that still distant, though gradually nearing, summit; and we had come from a cold shadowed cliff into deliciously warm sunshine, and were jolly, shouting, singing songs, and calling out the companionship of a hundred echoes. Six miles away, with no grave danger, no great difficulty, between us, lay the base of our grand mountain. Upon its skirts we saw a little grove of pines, an ideal bivouac, and toward this we bent our course.

After the continued climbing of the day, walking was a delicious rest, and forward we pressed with considerable speed, our hobnails giving us firm footing on the glittering glacial surface. Every fluting of the great valley was in itself a considerable cañon, into which we descended, climbing down the scored rocks, and swinging from block to block until we reached the level of the pines. Here, sheltered among *roches moutonnées*, began to appear little fields of alpine grass, pale yet sunny, soft under our feet, fragrantly jewelled with flowers of fairy delicacy, holding up amid thickly clustered blades chalices of turquoise and amethyst, white stars, and fiery little globes of red. Lakelets, small but innumerable, were held in the glacial

basins, the striæ and grooves of that old dragon's track ornamenting their smooth bottoms.

One of these lakes, a sheet of pure beryl hue, gave us much pleasure from its lovely transparency, and we lay down in the necklace of grass about it and smelled the flowers, while tired muscles relaxed upon warm beds of verdure, and the pain in our burdened shoulders went away, leaving us delightfully comfortable. After the stern grandeur of granite and ice, and with the peaks and walls still in view, it was relief to find ourselves again in the region of life. I never felt for trees and flowers such a sense of intimate relationship and sympathy. When we had no longer excuse for resting, I invented the palpable subterfuge of measuring the altitude of the spot, since the few clumps of low, wide-boughed pines near by were the highest living trees. So we lay longer with less and less will to rise, and when resolution called us to our feet the getting up was sorely like Rip Van Winkle's in the third act.

The deep glacial cañon-flutings, across which our march then lay, proved to be great consumers of time; indeed, it was sunset when we reached the eastern ascent, and began to toil up through scattered pines, and over trains of morainal rocks, toward the great peak. Stars were already flashing brilliantly in the sky, and the low glowing arch in the west had almost vanished when we reached the upper trees, and threw down our knapsacks to camp. The forest grew on a sort of plateau-shelf with a precipitous front to the west, — a level surface which stretched eastward and back to the foot of our mountain, whose lower spurs reached within a mile of camp. Within the shelter lay a huge fallen log, like all these alpine woods, one mass of resin, which flared up when we applied a match, illuminating the whole grove. By contrast with the darkness outside, we seemed to be in a vast, many-pillared hall. The stream close by afforded water for our blessed teapot;

venison frizzled with mild, appetizing sound upon the ends of pine sticks; matchless beans allowed themselves to become seductively crisp upon our tin plates. That supper seemed to me then the quintessence of gastronomy, and I am sure Cotter and I must have said some very good *après-dîner* things, though I long ago forgot them all. Within the ring of warmth, on elastic beds of pine-needles, we curled up, and fell swiftly into a sound sleep.

I woke up once in the night to look at my watch, and observed that the sky was overcast with a thin film of cirrus cloud, to which the reflected moonlight lent the appearance of a glimmering tent stretched from mountain to mountain over cañons filled with impenetrable darkness, with only the vaguely lighted peaks and white snow-fields distinctly seen. I closed my eyes and slept soundly until Cotter woke me at half past three, when we arose, breakfasted by the light of our fire, which still blazed brilliantly, and, leaving our knapsacks, started for the mountain with nothing but instruments, canteens, and luncheon.

In the indistinct moonlight climbing was very difficult at first, for we had to thread our way along a plain which was literally covered with glacier boulders, and innumerable brooks which when we crossed were frozen solid. However, our march brought us to the base of the great mountain, which, rising high against the east, shut out the coming daylight, and kept us in profound shadow. From base to summit rose a series of broken crags, lifting themselves from a general slope of *débris*. Toward the left the angle seemed to be rather gentler, and the surface less ragged; and we hoped, by a long *détour* round the base, to make an easy climb up this gentler face. So we toiled on for an hour over the *débris*, reaching at last the bottom of the north slope. Here our work began in good earnest. The rocks were of enormous size, and in every stage of unstable equilibrium, frequently rolling over as we jumped upon them, making it necessary for us to take a

second leap and land where we best could. To our relief we soon surmounted the largest blocks, reaching a smaller size, which served us as a sort of stairway.

The advancing daylight revealed to us a very long, comparatively even snow-slope, whose surface was pierced by many knobs and granite heads, giving it the aspect of an ice-roofing fastened on with bolts of stone. It stretched in far perspective to the summit, where already the rose of sunrise reflected gloriously, kindling a fresh enthusiasm within us.

Immense boulders were partly imbedded in the ice just above us, whose constant melting left them trembling on the edge of a fall. It communicated no very pleasant sensation to see above you these immense missiles hanging by a mere band, and knowing that, as soon as the sun rose, you would be exposed to a constant cannonade.

The east side of the peak, which we could now partially see, was too precipitous to think of climbing. The slope toward our camp was too much broken into pinnacles and crags to offer us any hope, or to divert us from the single way, dead ahead, up slopes of ice, and among fragments of granite. The sun rose upon us while we were climbing the lower part of this snow, and in less than half an hour began to liberate huge blocks, which thundered down past us, gathering and growing into small avalanches below.

We did not dare climb one above another, according to our ordinary mode, but kept about an equal level, a hundred feet apart, lest, dislodging the blocks, one should hurl them down upon the other.

We climbed alternately up smooth faces of granite, clinging simply by the cracks and protruding crystals of feldspar, and then hewed steps up fearfully steep slopes of ice, zigzagging to the right and left to avoid the flying boulders. When midway up this slope we reached a place where the granite rose in perfectly smooth bluffs, on either side of a gorge, — a narrow cut,

or walled way, leading up to the flat summit of the cliff. This we scaled by cutting ice-steps, only to find ourselves fronted again by a still higher wall. Ice sloped from its front at too steep an angle for us to follow, but had melted in contact with it, leaving a space of three feet wide between the ice and the rock. We entered this crevice and climbed along its bottom, with a wall of rock rising a hundred feet above us on one side, and a thirty-foot face of ice on the other, through which light of an intense blue penetrated.

Reaching the upper end, we had to cut our footsteps upon the ice again, and, having braced our backs against the granite, climb up to the surface. We were now in a dangerous position; to fall into the crevasse upon one side was to be wedged to death between rock and ice; to make a slip was to be shot down five hundred feet, and then hurled over the brink of a precipice. In the friendly seat which this wedge gave me I stopped to take wet and dry observations with the thermometer, — this being an absolute preventive of a scare, — and to enjoy the view.

The wall of our mountain sank abruptly to the left, opening for the first time an outlook to the eastward. Deep — it seemed almost vertically — beneath us we could see the blue water of Owen's Lake, ten thousand feet down. The summit peaks to the north were piled in Titanic confusion, their ridges overhanging the eastern slope with terrible abruptness. Clustered upon the shelves and plateaus below were several frozen lakes, and in all directions swept magnificent fields of snow. The summit was now not over five hundred feet distant, and we started on again with the exhilarating hope of success. But if Nature had intended to secure the summit from all assailants, she could not have planned her defences better; for the smooth granite wall which rose above the snow-slope continued, apparently, quite round the peak, and we looked in great anxiety to see if there was not



one place where it might be climbed. It was all blank, except in one place; quite near us the snow bridged across the crevasse, and rose in a long point to the summit of the wall,—a great icicle-column frozen in a niche of the bluff,—its base about ten feet wide, narrowing to two feet at the top. We climbed to the base of this spire of ice, and, with the utmost care, began to cut our stairway. The material was an exceedingly compacted snow, passing into clear ice as it neared the rock. We climbed the first half of it with comparative ease; after that it was almost vertical, and so thin that we did not dare to cut the footsteps deep enough to make them absolutely safe. There was a constant dread lest our ladder should break off, and we be thrown either down the snow-slope or into the bottom of the crevasse. At last, in order to prevent myself from falling over backwards, I was obliged to thrust my hand into the crack between the ice and the wall, and the

spire became so narrow that I could do this on both sides; so that I made the climb as upon a tree, cutting mere toe-holes, and embracing the whole column of ice in my arms. At last I reached the top, and, with the greatest caution, wormed my body over the brink, and, rolling out upon the smooth surface of the granite, looked over and watched Cotter make his climb. He came steadily up, with no sense of nervousness, until he got to the narrow part of the ice, and here he stopped and looked up with a forlorn face to me; but as he climbed up over the edge the broad smile came back to his face, and he asked me if it had occurred to me that we had, by and by, to go down again.

We had now an easy slope to the summit, and hurried up over rocks and ice, reaching the crest at exactly twelve o'clock. I rang my hammer upon the topmost rock; we grasped hands, and I reverently named the grand peak MOUNT TYNDALL.

*Clarence King.*

## HOW I GOT MY OVERCOAT.

(CIRCUMSTANTIALLY TRUE.)

THE war was not quite over, but my regiment was old enough to have grown too small for a colonel, and I sat, the dismallest of all men, a "mustered-out" officer, sated with such good things as a suddenly arrested income had allowed me, over an after-dinner table in a little room at the Athenæum Club. My coffee was gone to its dregs; the closing day was shutting down gloomily in such a weary rain as only a New York back yard ever knows; and I was wondering what was to become of a man whom four years of cavalry service had estranged from every good and useful thing in life. The only career that then seemed worth running was run

out for me; and, worst of all, my pay had been finally stopped.

The world was before me for a choice, but I had no choice. The only thing I could do was to command mounted troops, and commanders of mounted troops were not in demand. Ages ago I had known how to do other things, but the knowledge had gone from me, and was not to be recalled so long as I had enough money left with which to be unhappy in idle foreboding. I had not laid down my life in the war, but during its wonderful four years I had laid down, so completely, the ways of life of a sober and industrious citizen, and had soaked my whole nature so full of the subtle ether of idleness



and vagabondism, that it seemed as easy and as natural to become the Aladdin I might have dreamed myself to be as the delver I had really been. With a heavy heart, then, and a full stomach, I sat in a half-disconsolate, half-reminiscent, not wholly unhappy mood, relapsing with post-prandial ease into that befogged intellectual condition in which even the drizzle against the window-panes can confuse itself with the patter on a tent roof; and the charm of the old wanderings came over me again, filling my table with the old comrades, even elevating my cigar to a brier-wood, and recalling such fellowship as only tent-life ever knows.

Such dreaming is always interrupted, else it would never end; mine was disturbed by a small card on a small salver, held meekly across the table by the meekest of waiters.

The card bore the name Adolf zu Dohna-Schlodien, and a count's coronet,—a count's coronet and "zu" (a touch above "von")! I remembered to have seen a letter from my adjutant to the Prussian consul in Philadelphia, asking him to obtain information about a handsome young musical "Graf zu" something, who was creating a sensation in St. Louis society, and the "zu" seemed to indicate this as the party in question; he had spoken of him as having defective front teeth, which seemed to be pointing to the "color and distinguishing marks," known in Herd Book pedigrees, and human passports,—a means of identification I resolved to make use of; for my experience with the German nobility in America had been rather wide than remunerative.

The "Herr zu" had waited in the hall and was standing under the full light of the lamp. He was very tall, very slight, and very young, apparently not more than twenty, modestly dressed, and quiet in his manner. He was not strikingly handsome, though very well looking. His hands were the most perfect I ever saw, and the ungloved one showed careful attention.

There was no defect noticeable in his front teeth. He bowed slightly and handed me a letter. It was from Voisin, my former adjutant, but it was not exactly a letter of introduction. At least, it was less cordial than Voisin's letters of introduction were wont to be. Yet it was kind. Without commending the Count as a bosom friend, he still said he was much interested in him, had reason to believe in him, was sorry for him, had given him material aid, and was very desirous that he should pull through some pecuniary troubles, which he could do only by enlisting in the Regular Army, and receiving his bounty. From this he would give me money to release his baggage, which was valuable, from some inconveniences that were then attending it in St. Louis. Would I get him enlisted? He said he would enlist, and would prefer to be known under the name Adolph Danforth. The gentleman himself took early occasion to express this preference.

I debated a little what to do. He was not introduced as a friend, only as a person in need of help; yet Voisin believed in him, and he had asked a service that he would not have asked for an unworthy man. I engaged him in conversation and got him to smile. It was a very frank smile, but it displayed a singular defect far up on the front teeth. This decided me. He was the same Graf zu whose position had been asked of the Prussian Consul, and I knew he had learned that the Graf zu Dohna-Schlodien, an officer in the Gardecorps Kürassier, was of the highest nobility and of a family of great wealth. There was evidently no technical reason why the poor fellow should not be received cordially and well treated. So we went back to the smoking-room, and with fresh coffee and cigars opened an acquaintance which resulted not altogether uneventfully.

He was not obtrusive. His story was not forced upon me; but as I already had its thread, I was able to draw it from him in a natural way, and he

told it very frankly, though halting a little at its more important turnings, as if wondering how its development would strike me. There was just enough of hesitancy over a harrowing tale to throw on myself the responsibility of learning it.

He had been brought up by the tenderest of mothers at the castle of Schlodien (I think in Silesia), had early joined the Cuirassiers of the Body Guard, had fought a fatal duel in which he had been the aggressor, and had been condemned to the Fortress of Spandau. Only his mother's great influence (exercised without the knowledge of his stern and much older father, who was then on his distant estates) had secured for him an opportunity to escape. He had come directly to America, and had remained near Boston until he received intimation (again the result of his mother's influence with Baron Gerolt, the Prussian Minister at Washington) that his return under the Extradition Treaty was being urged at the solicitation of the family of his fallen antagonist. He had then taken refuge in a remote town in South Missouri, where he amused himself by shooting. His mother had written to him but once, and had not been able to send him money. He had at last returned to St. Louis, where he had contracted some small debts which Voisin and another kind friend had assumed. To reimburse them and to gain more perfect seclusion, he had resolved to enlist in the Regular Army. It was a sad conclusion of his career, but as an honorable man (and a pursued one) he had no choice but to accept it.

It was the old story, — *noblesse oblige*. There was but one way out of a sad affair, and — like a very Graf zu — this stripling, who had been born and bred to a better fate, faced the penalty of his misfortune without flinching. I tried infinite suggestions, but nothing else offered the immediate money which alone could relieve him of debt and restore him his wardrobe and the portraits of his mother and sister, which with a few well-worn letters were all

he had to cheer him in his exile. We sat till far into the night and until my kindest sympathies were fully aroused by the utter and almost childlike simplicity and frankness with which the poor boy told of his sorrows. I had been taught by a very ample experience to look with much caution on German counts and barons, — an experience that, if it was worth what it had cost, I could not prize too highly; but here was an entirely new type, a combination of the gentlest breeding with an unsophistication that argued more of a mother's care than of garrison influences, and an utter absence of the devil-may-care manner that army life in Germany had hitherto seemed to give. With the improvidence of one who had never known the lack of money, he had lodged himself at the Everett House; and as I left him at its door, I resolved to lose no time in getting him enlisted and stopping an expense that would only add to his troubles. The next day I saw the official who had charge of the making up of the city's quota, and easily arranged for the examination of my candidate. Dohna begged me to secure his admission to a command whose officers would be able to appreciate his difficult position, and a weary time I had of it. At last it was all arranged; he had passed, with much shock to his sensibilities, the surgeon's examination, and had been enrolled in a company of Regular Infantry, whose captain (then serving on the general staff of the department) had acquired a sympathy for him not less than my own. His bounty (over seven hundred dollars) he put into my hands, and he went with me to Adams's express office, where we sent more than half the sum to St. Louis, the full amount of his indebtedness. One specified trunk was to be sent to the Everett House, and the rest of his luggage — which Voisin had described as valuable — to me. I received by an early mail the receipt of the St. Louis express office for it and found it most convenient to let it lie for the present, addressed to me personally, at the

office here. It would be useless to Dohna in the army, and I was to take care of it here.

The captain of the company in which he was enlisted secured him a furlough for ten days, and, to show his gratitude, he invited us both to dine with him at the Everett. We sat down at seven, and we sat long. The best that either cellar or kitchen afforded was spread before us in wasteful profusion, and our host, temperate in his sipping, but eating with the appetite of youth, seemed only to regret the limit of our capacity. As we walked across the square, filled and with the kindest emotions, we planned means for so occupying the remaining days of the furlough as to allow but little opportunity for money-spending. His company was at Fort Trumbull, and after he joined he would be safe.

The next day being Saturday, I took him to my father's house in the country, where his unfortunate story was already known, and where as much real interest was felt in him as the good people of Connecticut ever accord to a duellist. He had a friend living farther out on the New Haven road, and he took an early train to see her (this was a new feature), returning to me in the evening. I met him at the depot. He wore the superb uniform overcoat of the Gardecorps Kürassier, long, flowing, and rich, with a broad, scarlet-lined fur collar. It was caught across the throat with a scarlet snood, and hung loosely from his shoulders. It made his six feet two really becoming. At home he was easy but very quiet, saying little but saying it very well, and he won as much confidence as the stain on his moral character would allow. Like most of his class, he knew and cared absolutely nothing for what interests the New England mind, and he would early have palled on our taste but for his music. His performance was skilful; he played difficult music, and he played it very well, but without vanity or apparent consciousness. When not occupied in this way, and when not addressed, he neither spoke nor read,

apparently he did not even think, but relapsed into a sad and somewhat vacant reticence. But for our knowledge of his misfortunes, he would have been uninteresting. On Sunday he gave me a new confidence. His friend up the road was an Everett House acquaintance, made when he first came from Boston. She was an angel! She knew his sad story, and she had given him her Puritan heart. In the trying days to come I was to be the link that should bind them in their correspondence. She must not know of his degraded position, and all letters were to pass under cover to me. Even *noblesse* did not hide the tears that this prospect of long separation wrung from him, and he poured out his grief with most touching unrestraint. This was the one sorrow of his life that even his trained equanimity could not conquer. It made me still more respect his simple, honest nature and his unfeigned grief. I was doubly sorry that this last trial of separated love should be added to his cup of bitterness. In our long Sunday talk he told me of his home, and showed me the singularly beautiful photographs of his mother and sister, and — quite incidentally — one of himself in the full uniform of his regiment, bearing on its back the imprint of a Berlin photographer. He evinced a natural curiosity about the mode of our garrison life, and I prepared him as gently as I could for a decided change from his former customs. It was, of course, depressing to him, but he bore the prospect like a man, and gave it no importance as compared with his more essential downfall. He had seen enough of our troops to be especially uneasy at the prospect of an ill-fitting uniform. In the matter of linen he was well provided, but he was really unhappy over the thought of adapting his long and easy figure to a contractor's idea of proportion. So it was arranged that he should go to my tailor and be suitably clad, according to regulation of course, but also according to measure. He proposed, too, to leave his overcoat for some repairs and to

be cared for while he should have no use for it. I gave the tailor assurances of prompt payment.

One fine morning Dohna came to my room in his new rig and bade me a brave good by. He was off for Fort Trumbull. I felt an almost parental sorrow over his going, and had much misgiving as to his ability to face his ill-bred soldier comrades. There came soon after a letter to say that he was well treated personally, only the rations were so horrible; pork and salt beef and beans and molasses. He could not eat such things, and he was growing faint for want of food. I had seen such dainty appetites cured too often to have any fear on this score, and only replied in general terms of encouragement, and asked for frequent letters. These came. There were no incidents of his life that were not described almost with wonder, for a noble officer of the Gardcorps of the king of Prussia knows really nothing of the ways of life of the men he is supposed to command. Often there were thick letters for the *fiancée*, and answers to these (also thick) had often to be forwarded. I felt the enthusiastic glow natural to one who carries alone the tender secrets of younger lovers, and was not altogether unhappy under the subjective romance of my mediation.

Sometimes there were touching tales of trouble. Once he had been detailed to the "police" squad, and had to clean spittoons and do other menial work. This was a touch of reality that fairly opened his eyes to his abasement, and he wrote much more sadly than ever before, making me sad, too, to think how powerless I was to help him in any way. A few days later he sent a wail of real agony. While he had been out on drill, some scoundrel had broken into his satchel and had stolen all his papers,—his letters from his mother, her photograph, and those of his sister and his sweetheart, and all the bundle of affectionate epistles over which he had pored again and again in his desolation. The loss was absolutely heart-

breaking and irreparable, and he had passed hours sitting on the rocks at the shore, pouring bitter tears into the Thames. This was a blow to me, too. I knew that Dohna was of a simple mind, and utterly without resources within himself; but he was also of a simple heart, and one could only grieve over this last blow as over the sorrows of a helpless little child. However, I wrote all I could to encourage him, and was gratified, though a little surprised, to see how soon he became cheerful again, and how earnestly he seemed to have set about the work of becoming a really good soldier. After a time the captain of his company—still in New York and maintaining a lively interest in the poor fellow's case—procured an order for him to go to Annapolis to be examined for promotion. He was already a sergeant, and a pretty good one. He stopped in New York a few days on his way through for some re-fitting,—again at my tailor's. On his way back he stopped again to tell of his failure. I was delicate about questioning him too closely, but I learned enough to suppose that different ideas as to practical education are entertained by a board of army examiners and by a fond young mother in the remote castle of Schlodien, but I encouraged him to believe that a little more study would enable him to pass the second examination that had been promised him, and he rejoined his company.

In the general mustering-out Voisin had been set free and had joined me in New York, and had, naturally, participated in all my interest in the quondam Count. He gradually, as an adjutant should, assumed the correspondence, which was voluminous, and by the time we were informed that Dohna was detailed for recruiting duty in the city, neither he nor I was glad to know it. Something more than a feeling of regretful sympathy is necessary to the enjoyment of frequent companionship, and we both felt that the fact of having credit with a tailor was a dangerous element in the possible future combinations. However, Dohna's arrival at

our room followed close upon the announcement of the order. He was still simple in his way and of modest deportment, but he seemed to have accepted his new life almost too entirely, and he had come to look not very much out of place among his comrades. Their quarters were in a basement in Chambers Street, back of the City Hall, where we occasionally dropped in to see him. After a while he was always out when we called, and once when I stopped to give him a foreign letter, sent to my care, I was told that he had not been there for a week, but one of the men volunteered to find him. He came that night to the club for his letter, in civilian's dress, and appeared much as he did when I first saw him, except that he had two beautiful false teeth in the place of the defective ones. I gave him his letter, a long one from Berlin, from his father. He showed Voisin the postscript, in which it was stated that a box containing a breech-loading shot-gun, a dozen shirts, and a draft for five hundred thalers would be forwarded by the Hamburg line to my care. On the strength of this he hoped it would not inconvenience us to advance him a couple of hundred dollars. It was thus far inconvenient that we were obliged to decline, which gave him no offence, and he invited us to dine with him the following day at the Everett House.

At this point, in view of the extreme youth and inexperience of our friend, we took occasion to read him a short homily on the value of economy, and to urge him immediately to leave the Everett, return to his barracks in Chambers Street, and as he valued his future peace of mind to avoid running in debt; mildly hinting that, if found in the public streets without his uniform, he would be very likely to get himself into trouble. He begged that we would not expose him, and promised to return that very night. Then for some time we lost sight of him; his captain said that, so far as he knew, he was attentive to his duty with the recruiting squad, and he certainly kept out of

our way. The box from Germany did not arrive. No more letters came, and we had no occasion to seek him out. It was evident that he was no longer unhappy, and so our interest in him, though still warm, remained inactive.

One night I was awakened, quite late, by Voisin, sitting on the side of my bed, big-eyed and excited, and with a wonderful story to tell. He had been, at the request of the counsel of the Prussian Consul, to the detectives' rooms at police head-quarters. Here he had been questioned as to his knowledge of one Adolph Danforth, *alias* Graf zu Dohna-Schlodien, *alias* Fritz Stabenow, and had subsequently had an interview with that interesting youth in the lock-up. The glory had all departed. He had been there forty-eight hours, was unwashed, uncombed, stolid, comfortable, and quite at home. There was no remnant left of the simple and modest demeanor of the well-bred aristocrat. It was hard to see a trace of likeness to the Kürassier officer with whose photograph we were familiar. The obligations of *noblesse* seemed to be entirely removed, and there was nothing left but plain, ignoble Fritz Stabenow. An examination of his pockets developed a singular folly. He had kept every scrap of paper on which a word had ever been written to him. Tailors' bills, love-letters, duns, photographs of half a dozen different girls, all were huddled together. He had a package of the Count Dohna cards and the plate from which they had been printed,—made in Boston; a letter of credit from a banking-house in Berlin to its New York correspondent had the copperplate card of the firm on the paper, but the paper was ruled as a German banker's paper never is, and the plate from which the card had been printed, (also made in Boston,) was in the envelope with it. A letter from plain father Stabenow enclosed photographs of still plainer mother and sister Stabenow, which were a sad contrast to the glory of the Countess Dohna's picture. The father's letter was full of kindly re-

proof and affectionate regret. "Ach! Fritz, ich hätte das von Dir nicht gedacht," — I never thought that of you; but it was forgiving too, and promised the remittance, clothing, and gun I have spoken of before. The papers, for the loss of which such tears had been shed at Fort Trumbull, were all there in their well-worn companionship with a soiled paper-collar, and that badge of dawning civilization, a tooth-brush.

Here were also two photographs, one of the statue of Frederick the Great in Berlin on the card of a St. Louis photographer, and another of himself in Prussian uniform, on the card of a Berlin photographer. The pictures had been "lifted" and changed to the different cards. A more careful neglect of track-covering was never known. The evidence of all his deceptions had been studiously preserved.

Voisin had given him a dollar to buy some necessary articles, and had left him to his fate.

The disillusion was complete, and I saw that I had been swindled by a false count even more completely than I ever had been by real barons, — which is much to say.

Voisin had gathered from the Consul's lawyer that this Stabenow, a valet of the veritable Count Dohna, had been one of a party who had robbed him and committed other serious crimes; and he had fled to this country, with his master's uniform, a valuable wardrobe, and costly jewels. He had here undertaken to personify the Count, and had had on the whole not an unhappy time, especially since he came to New York in recruiting service. He had finally been arrested on the complaint of a

lady, one of the many whom he had attempted to blackmail, by threatening exposure through letters they had written him in the kindest spirit. Fortunately this one had had the good sense to refer the matter to her husband, who brought the interesting career to a close. He had obtained several thousand dollars in this way from different persons, and had contracted considerable debts in all directions. The Everett House was an especial sufferer.

I felt that my claim was secured by the luggage at the express office, and I called for it the next day. The gentlemanly clerk of the establishment blandly showed me my name, neatly written in a strange Teutonic hand, to a receipt for the property. Just then I had information that a box addressed to my care was lying at the Hoboken office of the German steamers. Indiscreetly mentioning this fact to the Prussian Consul's lawyer, I was informed that it would be necessary to take the box in evidence, and I prudently refrained from making further efforts for its recovery.

It was with a chastened spirit that I paid a considerable bill at my tailor's and ordered the overcoat sent to my address; and it was with only mitigated satisfaction that I heard of the sending in irons to his company in California of deserter Stabenow.

If the Herr Lieutenant Graf zu Dohna-Schlodien of the Gardecorps Kürassier is still living, I beg to inform him that his overcoat — the only memento of a grave *Schwinderei* — is now a comfortable wrap to a Rhode Island farmer, who hopes that its rightful owner is as snugly clad in his winter rides about Versailles.

George E. Waring, Jr.



## SAPPHO.

THE voyager in the Ægean Sea, who has grown weary of the prevailing barrenness of the Grecian Isles, finds at length, when in sight of Lesbos, something that fulfils his dreams of beauty. The village of Mitylene, which now gives its name to the island, is built upon a rocky promontory, with a harbor on either hand. Behind it there are softly wooded hills, swelling to meet the abrupt bases of the loftier mountains. These hills are clothed in one dense forest of silvery olive and darker pomegranate, and as you ascend their paths, the myrtle, covered with delicate white blossoms, and exhaling a sweet perfume, forms a continuous arch above your head. The upper mountain-heights rise above vegetation, but their ravines are dyed crimson with fringing oleanders. From the summits of their passes you look eastward upon the pale distances of Asia Minor, or down upon the calm Ægean, intensely blue, amid which the island rests as if inlaid in *lapis lazuli*.

This decaying Turkish village of Mitylene marks the site of what was, twenty-five centuries ago, one of the great centres of Greek civilization. The city then covered the whole breadth of the peninsula, and the grand canal, that separated it from the mainland, was crossed by bridges of white marble. The great theatre of Mitylene was such a masterpiece of architecture, that the Roman Pompey wished to copy it in the metropolis of the world. The city was classed by Horace with Rhodes, Ephesus, and Corinth. Yet each of those places we now remember for itself, while we think of Lesbos only as the home of Sappho.

It was in the city of Mitylene that she lived and taught and sang. But to find her birthplace you must traverse nearly the length of the island, till you come to Ereso or Eresus, a yet smaller village, and Greek instead of Turkish.

To reach it you must penetrate aromatic pine forests, where the deer lurk, and must ascend mountain paths like rocky ladders, where the mule alone can climb. But as you approach the village, you find pastoral beauty all around you; though the Æolian lyric music is heard no more, yet the hillsides echo with sheep-bells and with the shepherds' cries. Among the villagers you find manners more simple and hospitable than elsewhere in the Greek islands; there are more traces of the ancient beauty of the race; and the women on festal days wear white veils edged with a crimson border, and falling to the waist, so that they look, as they follow one another to church, like processional figures on an antique urn. These women are permitted to share the meals of their husbands, contrary to the usual practice of rural Greece; and as a compensation, they make for their husbands such excellent bread, that it has preserved its reputation for two thousand years. The old Greek poet Archestratus, who wrote a work on the art of cookery, said that if the gods were to eat bread, they would send Hermes to Eresus to buy it; and the only modern traveller, so far as I know, who has visited the village, reports the same excellent receipt to be still in vogue.\*

It was among these well-trained women that the most eminent poetess of the world was born. Let us now turn and look upon her in her later abode of Mitylene; either in some garden of orange and myrtle, such as once skirted the city, or in that marble house which she called the dwelling of the Muses.† Let us call around her, in fancy, the maidens who have come from different parts of Greece to learn of her. Anactoria is here from

\* Travels and Discoveries in the Levant, by C. T. Newton, I. 99. London, 1865.

† Μουσικῶν οἰκίαν.



Miletus, Eunice from Salamis, Gongyla from Colophon, and others from Pamphylia and the isle of Telos. Erinna and Damophyla study together the complex Sapphic metres; Atthis learns how to strike the harp with the plectron, Sappho's invention; Mnasicca embroiders a sacred robe for the temple. The teacher meanwhile corrects the measures of one, the notes of another, the stitches of a third, then summons all from their work to rehearse together some sacred chorus or temple ritual; then stops to read a verse of her own, or — must I say it? — to denounce a rival preceptress. For if the too fascinating Andromeda has beguiled away some favorite pupil to one of those rival feminine academies that not only exist in Lesbos, but have spread as far as illiterate Sparta, then Sappho may at least wish to remark that Andromeda does not know how to dress herself. "And what woman ever charmed thy mind," she says to the vacillating pupil, "who wore a vulgar and tasteless dress, or did not know how to draw her garments close about her ankles?"

Out of a long list of Greek poetesses there were seven women who were, as a poem in the Greek Anthology says, "divinely tongued" or "spoke like gods."\* Of these Sappho was the admitted chief. Among the Greeks "the poet" meant Homer, and "the poetess" equally designated her. "There flourished in those days," said Strabo, writing a little before our era, "Sappho, a wondrous creature; for we know not any woman to have appeared, within recorded time, who was in the least to be compared with her in respect to poesy."

The dates of her birth and death are alike uncertain, but she lived somewhere between the years 628 and 572 B. C.; thus flourishing three or four centuries after Homer, and less than two centuries before Pericles. Her father's name is variously given, and we can only hope, in charity, that it was not Scamandronimus. We have no

better authority than that of Ovid for saying that he died when his daughter was six years old. Her mother's name was Cleis, and Sappho had a daughter of the same name. The husband of the poetess was probably named Cercolas, and there is a faint suspicion that he was a man of property. It is supposed that she became early a widow, and won most of her poetic fame while in that condition. She had at least two brothers: one being Larichus, whom she praises for his graceful demeanor as cup-bearer in the public banquets, — an office which belonged only to beautiful youths of noble birth; the other was Charaxus, whom Sappho had occasion to reproach, according to Herodotus,\* for buying and marrying a slave of disreputable antecedents.

Of the actual events of Sappho's life almost nothing is known, except that she once had to flee for safety from Lesbos to Sicily, perhaps to escape the political persecutions that prevailed in the island. It is not necessary to assume that she had reached an advanced age when she spoke of herself as "one of the elders,"† inasmuch as people are quite as likely to use that term of mild self-reproach while young enough for somebody to contradict them. It is hard to ascertain whether she possessed beauty even in her prime. Tradition represents her as having been "little and dark," but tradition describes Cleopatra in the same way; and we should clearly lose much from history by ignoring all the execution done by small brunettes. The Greek Anthology describes her as "the pride of the lovely haired Lesbians"; Plato calls her "the beautiful Sappho" or "the fair Sappho,"‡ — as you please to render the phrase more or less ardently, — and Plutarch and Athenæus use similar epithets. But when Professor Felton finds evidence of her charms in her

\* II. 135.

† γεραιότερα.

‡ Σαπφούς τῆς καλῆς. Phœdr. 24. Homer celebrates the beauty of the Lesbian women in his day. Iliad, IX. 129, 271.

\* Θεογλώσσους. Brunck, II. 114.

portraits on the Lesbian coins, as engraved by Wolf, I must think that he is too easily pleased with the outside of the lady's head, however it may have been with the inside.

The most interesting intellectual fact in Sappho's life was doubtless her relation to her great townsman Alcæus. These two will always be united in fame as the joint founders of the lyric poetry of Greece, and therefore of the world. Anacreon was a child, or perhaps unborn, when they died; and Pindar was a pupil of women who seem to have been Sappho's imitators, Myrtis and Corinna. The Latin poets Horace and Catullus, five or six centuries after, drew avowedly from these Æolian models, to whom nearly all their metres have been traced back. Horace wrote of Alcæus: "The Lesbian poet sang of war amid the din of arms, or when he had bound the storm-tossed ship to the moist shore, he sang of Bacchus, and the Muses, of Venus and the boy who clings forever by her side, and of Lycus, beautiful with his black hair and black eyes."\* But the name of the Greek singer is still better preserved to Anglo-Saxons through an imitation of a single fragment by Sir William Jones,—the noble poem beginning "What constitutes a state?" It is worth while to remember that we owe these fine lines to the lover of Sappho. And indeed the poems of Alcæus, so far as they remain, show much of the grace and elegance of Horace, joined with a far more heroic tone. His life was spent amid political convulsions, in which he was prominent, and, in spite of his fine verses, it is suspected, from the evidence remaining, that he was a good deal of a fop and not much of a soldier; and it is perhaps as well that the lady did not smile upon him, even in verse.

Their loves rest, after all, rather on tradition than on direct evidence; for there remain to us only two verses which Alcæus addressed to Sappho. The one is a compliment, the other an apology. The compliment is found

in one graceful line, which is perhaps her best description:—

"Violet-crowned, pure, sweetly smiling Sappho."

The freshness of those violets, the charm of that smile, the assurance of that purity, all rest upon this one line, and rest securely. If every lover, having thus said in three epithets the whole story about his mistress, would be content to retire into oblivion, and add no more, what a comfort it would be! Alcæus unhappily went one phrase further, and therefore goes down to future ages, not only as an ardent lover, but as an unsuccessful one. For Aristotle, in his "*Rhetoric*,"\* records that this poet once addressed Sappho as follows:—

"I wish to speak, but shame restrains my tongue."

Now this apology may have had the simplest possible occasion. Alcæus may have undertaken to amend a verse of Sappho's and have spoiled it; or he may have breakfasted in the garden, with her and her maidens, and may have spilled some honey from Hymettus on a crimson-bordered veil from Eresus. But it is recorded by Aristotle that the violet-crowned thus answered: "If thy wishes were fair and noble, and thy tongue designed not to utter what is base, shame would not cloud thine eyes, but thou wouldst freely speak thy just desires." Never was reproof more exquisitely uttered than is this in the Greek; and if we take it for serious, as we probably should, there is all the dignity of womanhood in the reply, so that Sappho comes well out of the dialogue, however it may be with her wooer. But if, as is also possible, the occasion was but trivial, it is rather refreshing to find these gifted lovers, in the very morning of civilization, simply rehearsing just the dialogue that goes on between every village school-girl and her awkward swain, when he falters and "fears to speak," and says finally the wrong thing, and she blushing answers, "I should think you would be ashamed."

But whether the admiration of Al-

\* *Carm.*, I. 32, 5.

\* I. 9.

cæus was more or less ardent, it certainly was not peculiar to him. There were hardly any limits to the enthusiasm habitually expressed in ancient times for the poetry of Sappho. In respect to the abundance of laurels, she stands unapproached among women, even to the present day. Ælian preserves the tradition that the recitation of one of her poems so affected the great lawgiver Solon, that he expressed the wish that he might not die till he had learned it by heart. Plato called her the tenth Muse. Others described her as uniting in herself the qualities of Muse and Aphrodite; and others again as the joint foster-child of Aphrodite, Cupid, and the Graces. Grammarians lectured on her poems and wrote essays on her metres; and her image appeared on at least six different coins of her native land. And it has generally been admitted by modern critics that "the loss of her poems is the greatest over which we have to mourn in the whole range of Greek literature, at least of the imaginative species."

Now why is it that, in case of a woman thus famous, some cloud of reproach has always mingled with the incense? In part, perhaps, because she was a woman, and thus subject to harsher criticism in coarse periods of the world's career. More, no doubt, because she stood in a transition period of history, and, in a contest between two social systems, represented an unsuccessful effort to combine the merits of both. In the Homeric period the position of the Greek woman was simple and free. In the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* she is always treated with respect; unlike the great poems of modern Europe, they do not contain an indelicate line. But with the advancing culture of the Ionian colonies, represented by Athens, there inevitably arose the question, what to do with the women. Should they be admitted to share this culture, or be excluded? Athens, under the influence of Asiatic models, decided to exclude them. Sparta and the Dorian colonies, on the other hand,

preferred to exclude the culture. It was only the Æolian colonies, such as Lesbos, that undertook to admit the culture and the women also. Nowhere else in Greece did women occupy what we should call a modern position. The attempt was premature, and the reputation of Lesbos was crushed in the process.

Among the Ionians of Asia, according to Herodotus, the wife did not share the table of her husband; she dared not call him by his name, but addressed him with the title of "Lord"; and this was hardly an exaggeration of the social habits of Athens itself. But among the Dorians of Sparta, and probably among the Æolians as well, the husband called his wife "mistress," not in subserviency, but after the English peasant fashion; Spartan mothers preserved a power over their adult sons such as was nowhere else seen; the dignity of maidenhood was celebrated in public songs, called "Parthenia," which were peculiar to Sparta; and the women took so free a part in the conversation, that Socrates, in a half-sarcastic passage in the "Protagoras," compares their quickness of wit to that of the men.\* The Spartan women, in short, were free, though ignorant, and this freedom the Athenians thought bad enough. But when the Æolians of Lesbos carried the equality a step further, and to freedom added culture, the Athenians found it intolerable. Such an innovation was equivalent to setting up the Protestant theory of woman's position as against the Roman Catholic, or the English against the French.

It is perhaps fortunate for historic justice that we have within our reach an illustration so obvious, showing the way in which a whole race of women may be misconstrued. If a Frenchman visits America and sees a young girl walking or riding with a young man,

\* The best authority in regard to the Spartan women is K. O. Müller's "Dorier," Book IV. c. iv., also Book V. c. viii. § 5 (Eng. tr. Vol. II. pp. 290-300; also p. 311). For his view of the women of Lesbos, see his "Literature of Greece" (Eng. tr.), c. xiii.

he is apt to assume that she is of doubtful character. Should he hear a married woman talk about "emancipation," he will infer either that her marriage is not legal, or that her husband has good reason to wish it were not. Precisely thus did an Athenian view a Lesbian woman; and if she collected round her a class of young pupils for instruction, so much the worse. He could no more imagine any difference between Sappho and Aspasia, than could a Frenchman between Margaret Fuller and George Sand. To claim any high moral standard, in either case, would merely strengthen the indictment by the additional count of hypocrisy. Better Aspasia than a learned woman who had the effrontery to set up for the domestic virtues. The stories that thus gradually came to be told about Sappho in later years — scandal at longer and longer range — were simply inevitable, from the point of view of Athens. If Aristophanes spared neither Socrates nor Euripides, why should his successors spare Sappho?

Therefore the reckless comic authors of that luxurious city, those Pre-Bohemians of literature, made the most of their game. Ameipsias, Amphis, Antiphanes, Diphilus, Ephippus, Timocles, all wrote farces bearing the name of a woman who had died in excellent repute, so far as appears, two centuries before. With what utter recklessness they did their work is shown by their naming as her lovers Archilochus, who died before she was born, and Hipponax, who was born after she died. Then came, in later literature, the Roman Ovid, who had learned from licentious princesses to regard womanly virtue as only a pretty fable. He took up the tale of Sappho, conjured up a certain Phaon, with whom she might be enamored, and left her memory covered with stains such as even the Leucadian leap could not purge. Finally, since Sappho was a heathen, a theologian was found at last to make an end of her; the Church put an apostolic sanction upon these corrupt reveries of the Roman profligate, and Ta-

tian, the Christian Father, fixed her name in ecclesiastical tradition as that of "an impure and lovesick woman who sings her own shame."\*

The process has, alas! plenty of parallels in history. Worse, for instance, than the malice of the Greek comedians or of Ovid — since they possibly believed their own stories — was the attempt made by Voltaire to pollute, through twenty-one books of an epic poem, the stainless fame of his own virgin countrywoman, Joan of Arc. In that work he revels in a series of impurities so loathsome that the worst of them are omitted from the common editions, and only lurk in appendices, here and there, as if even the shameless printing-presses of Paris were ashamed of them. Suppose, now, that the art of printing had remained undiscovered, that all contemporary memorials of this maiden had vanished, and posterity had possessed no record of her except Voltaire's "Pucelle." In place of that heroic image there would have remained to us only a monster of profligacy, unless some possible Welcker had appeared, long centuries after, to right the wrong.

The remarkable essay of Welcker, from which all modern estimates of Sappho date, was first published in 1816, under the title, "Sappho vindicated from a prevailing Prejudice." It was a remarkable instance of the power of a single exhaustive investigation to change the verdict of scholars. Bishop Thirlwall, for instance, says of it: "The tenderness of Sappho, whose character has been rescued, by one of the happiest efforts of modern criticism, from the unmerited reproach under which it had labored for so many centuries, appears to have been no less pure than glowing." And Felton, who is usually not more inclined than be-

\* Tatian, *Adv. Græcos*, c. 33. Ovid, *Heroid.*, XV. 61-70.

† "Sappho von einem herrschenden Vorurtheil befreit," Welcker, *Kleine Schriften*, II. 80. See also his "Sappho," a review of Neue's edition of her works, first published in 1828 (*K. S.*, I. 110), and "Sappho und Phaon," published in 1863, a review of Mure and Theodor Kock (*K. S.*, V. 228).

comes a man and a professor to put a high estimate on literary women, declares of her that "she has shared the fortunes of others of her sex, endowed like her with God's richest gifts of intellect and heart, who have been the victims of remorseless calumny for asserting the prerogatives of genius, and daring to compete with men in the struggle for fame and glory." Indeed, I know of no writer since Welcker who has seriously attempted to impugn his conclusions, except Colonel Mure, an Edinburgh advocate, whose onslaught upon Sappho is so vehement that Felton compares it to that of John Knox on Mary Stuart, and finds in it proof of a constitutional hostility between Scotch Presbyterians and handsome women.

But Mure's scholarship is not high, when tried by the German standard, whatever it may be according to the English or American. His book is also somewhat vitiated in this respect by being obviously written under a theory, namely, that love, as a theme for poetry, is a rather low and debasing thing; that the subordinate part it plays in Homer is one reason why Homer is great; and that the decline of literature began with lyric poetry. "A ready subjection," he says, "to the fascinations of the inferior order of their species can hardly be a solid basis of renown for kings or heroes." Such a critic could hardly be expected to look with favor upon one who not only chose an inferior order of themes, but had the temerity to belong to an inferior order herself.

Apart from this, I am unable to see that this writer brings forward anything to disturb the verdict of abler scholars. He does not indeed claim to produce any direct evidence of his proposition that Sappho was a corrupt woman, and her school at Lesbos a nursery of sins; but he seeks to show this indirectly, through a minute criticism of her writings. Into this he carries, I regret to say, an essential coarseness of mind, like that of Voltaire, which delights to torture the most innocent phrases till

they yield a double meaning. He reads these graceful fragments as the sailors in some fore-castle might read Juliet's soliloquies, or as a criminal lawyer reads in court the letters of some warm-hearted woman; the shame lying not in the words, but in the tongue. The manner in which he gloats over the scattered lines of a wedding song, for instance, weaving together the phrases and supplying the innuendoes, is enough to rule him out of the class of pure-minded men. But besides this quality of coarseness, he shows a serious want of candor. For though he admits that Sappho first introduced into literature (in her *epithalamia*) a dramatic movement, yet he never gives her the benefit of this dramatic attitude except where it suits his own argument. It is as if one were to cite Browning into court and undertake to convict him, on his own confession, of sharing every mental condition he describes.

What, then, was this Lesbian school that assembled around Sappho? Mure pronounces it to have been a school of vice. The German professors see in it a school of science. Professor Felton thinks that it may have resembled the Courts of Love in the Middle Ages. But a more reasonable parallel, nearer home, must occur to the minds of those of us who remember Margaret Fuller and her classes. If Sappho, in addition to all that the American gave her pupils, undertook the duty of instruction in the most difficult music, the most complex metres, and the profoundest religious rites, then she had on her hands quite too much work to be exclusively a troubadour or a *savante* or a sinner. And if such ardent attachments as Margaret Fuller inspired among her own sex were habitually expressed by Sappho's maiden lovers, in the language of Lesbos instead of Boston, we can easily conceive of sentimental ardors which Attic comedians would find ludicrous and Scotch advocates nothing less than a scandal.

Fortunately we can come within six

centuries of the real Lesbian society in the reports of Maximus Tyrius, whom Felton strangely calls "a tedious writer of the time of the Antonines," but who seems to me often to rival Epictetus and Plutarch in eloquence and nobleness of tone. In his eighth dissertation he draws a parallel between the instruction given by Socrates to men and that afforded by Sappho to women. "Each," he says, "appears to me to deal with the same kind of love, the one as subsisting among males, the other among females." "What Alcibiades and Charmides and Phædrus are with Socrates, that Gyrinna and Atthis and Anactoria are with the Lesbian. And what those rivals Prodicus, Gorgias, Thrasy-machus, and Protagoras are to Socrates, that Gorgo and Andromeda are to Sappho. At one time she re-proves, at another she confutes these, and addresses them in the same ironical language with Socrates." Then he draws parallels between the writings of the two. "Diotima says to Socrates that love flourishes in abundance, but dies in want. Sappho conveys the same meaning when she calls love 'sweetly bitter' and 'a painful gift.' Socrates calls love 'a sophist,' Sappho 'a ringlet of words.' Socrates says that he is agitated with Bacchic fury through the love of Phædrus; but she that 'love shakes her mind as the wind when it falls on mountain-oaks.' Socrates reproves Xantippe when she laments that he must die, and Sappho writes to her daughter, 'Grief is not lawful in the residence of the Muse, nor does it become us.'"

Thus far Maximus Tyrius. But that a high intellectual standard prevailed in this academy of Sappho's may be inferred from a fragment of her verse, in which she utters her disappointment over an uncultivated woman, whom she had, perhaps, tried in vain to influence. This imaginary epitaph warns this pupil that she is in danger of being forgotten through forgetfulness of those Pierian roses which are the Muses' symbol. This version retains the brevity of the original lines, and though

rhymed, is literal, except that it changes the second person to the third: —

Dying she reposes;  
Oblivion grasps her now;  
Since never Pierian roses  
Were wreathed round her empty brow;  
She goeth unwept and lonely  
To Hades' dusky homes,  
And bodiless shadows only  
Bid her welcome as she comes.

To show how differently Sappho lamented her favorites, I give Elton's version of another epitaph on a maiden, whom we may fancy lying robbed for the grave, while her companions sever their tresses around her, that something of themselves may be entombed with her.

"This dust was Timas'; ere her bridal hour  
She lies in Proserpina's gloomy bower;  
Her virgin playmates from each lovely head  
Cut with sharp steel their locks, the strewnments for the dead."

These are only fragments; but of the single complete poem that remains to us from Sappho, I shall venture on a translation, which can only claim to be tolerably literal, and to keep, in some degree, to the Sapphic metre. Yet I am cheered by the remark of an old grammarian, Demetrius Phalereus, that "Sappho's whole poetry is so perfectly musical and harmonious, that even the harshest voice or most awkward recital can hardly render it displeasing to the ear." Let us hope that the Muses may extend some such grace, even to a translation.

#### HYMN TO APHRODITE.

Beautiful-throned, immortal Aphrodite!  
Daughter of Zeus, beguiler, I implore thee,  
Weigh me not down with weariness and anguish,  
O, thou most holy!

Come to me now! if ever thou in kindness  
Hearkenedst my words, — and often hast thou hearkened,  
Heeding, and coming from the mansions golden  
Of thy great Father,

Yoking thy chariot, borne by thy most lovely  
Consecrated birds, with dusky-tinted pinions,  
Waving swift wings from utmost heights of heaven  
Through the mid-ether:

Swiftly they vanished; leaving thee, O goddess,  
Smiling, with face immortal in its beauty,  
Asking what I suffered, and why in utter longing  
I had dared call thee;

Asking, what I sought, thus hopeless in desiring,  
'Wildered in brain, and spreading nets of passion



Alas, for whom? and saidst thou, "Who has harmed thee?  
O my poor Sappho!

"Though now he flies, ere long he shall pursue thee;  
Fearing thy gifts, he too in turn shall bring them;  
Loveless to-day, to-morrow he shall woo thee;  
Though thou shouldst spurn him."

Thus seek me now, O holy Aphrodite!  
Save me from anguish, give me all I ask for,  
Gifts at thy hand; and thine shall be the glory,  
Sacred protector!

It is safe to say that there is not a lyrical poem in Greek literature, nor in any other, which has by its artistic structure, inspired more enthusiasm than this. Is it autobiographical? The German critics, true to their national instincts, hint that she may have written some of her verses in her character of pedagogue, as exercises in different forms of verse. It is as if Shakespeare had written his sonnet, "Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?" only to show young Southampton where the rhymes came in. Still more difficult is it to determine the same question — autobiographical or dramatic? — in case of the fragment next in length to this poem. It has been well engrafted into English literature through the translation of Ambrose Phillips, as follows: —

"TO A BELOVED WOMAN.

"Blest as the immortal gods is he,  
The youth who fondly sits by thee,  
And hears and sees thee, all the while,  
Softly speak and sweetly smile.

"'T was that deprived my soul of rest,  
And raised such tumult in my breast;  
For while I gazed, in transport tost,  
My breath was gone, my voice was lost.

"My bosom glowed; the subtle flame  
Ran quick through all my vital frame;  
On my dim eyes a darkness hung;  
My ears with hollow murmurs rung.

"With dewy damps my limbs were chilled;  
My blood with gentle horrors thrilled;  
My feeble pulse forgot to play;  
I fainted, sunk, and died away."

The translation would give the impression that this is a complete poem; but it is not. A fragment of the next verse brings some revival from this desperate condition, but what exit is finally provided does not appear. The existing lines are preserved by Longinus in the eighth chapter of his famous book,

"On the Sublime"; and his commentary is almost as impassioned as the poem. "Is it not wonderful how she calls at once on soul, body, ears, tongue, eyes, color; — as on so many separate deaths, — and how in self-contradiction and simultaneously she freezes, she glows; she raves, she returns to reason, she is terrified, she is at the brink of death? It is not a single passion that she exhibits, but a whole congress of passions." The poem thus described, while its grammatical formations show it to have been addressed by a woman to a woman, is quite as likely to have been dramatic as autobiographical in its motive. It became so famous, at any rate, as a diagnosis of passion, that a Greek physician is said to have "copied it bodily into his book, and to have regulated his prescriptions accordingly."

All that remains to us of Sappho, besides, is a chaos of short fragments, which have been assiduously collected and edited by Wolf, Blomfield, Neue, and others. Among the spirited translations by our own poet Percival, there are several of these fragments; one of which I quote for its exceeding grace, though it consists only of two lines: —

"Sweet mother, I can weave the web no more;  
So much I love the youth, so much I lingering love."

But this last adjective, so effective to the ear, is, after all, an interpolation. It should be: —

So much I love the youth, by Aphrodite's charm.

Percival also translates one striking fragment whose few short lines seem to toll like a bell, mourning the dreariness of a forgotten tryst, on which the moon and stars look down. I should render it thus: —

The moon is down;  
And I've watched the dying  
Of the Pleiades;  
'T is the middle night,  
The hour glides by,  
And alone I m sighing.

Percival puts it in blank verse, more smoothly: —

"The moon is set; the Pleiades are gone;  
'T is the midnoon of night; the hour is by  
And yet I watch alone."



There are some little fragments of verse addressed by Sappho to the evening star, which are supposed to have suggested the celebrated lines of Byron; she says, —

O Hesperus, thou bringest all things,  
Thou bringest wine, thou bringest [home] the goat,  
To the mother thou bringest the child.

Again she says, with a touch of higher imagination, —

Hesperus, bringing home all that the light-giving  
morning has scattered.

Grammarians have quoted this line to illustrate the derivation of the word *Hesperus*; \* and the passage may be meant to denote, not merely the assembling of the household at night, but the more spiritual reuniting of the thoughts and dreams that draw round us with the shadows and vanish with the dawn.

Achilles Tatius, in the fifth century, gave in prose the substance of one of Sappho's poems, not otherwise preserved. It may be called "The Song of the Rose."

"If Zeus had wished to appoint a sovereign over the flowers, he would have made the rose their king. It is the ornament of the earth, the glory of plants, the eye of the flowers, the blush of the meadows, a flash of beauty. It breathes of love, welcomes Aphrodite, adorns itself with fragrant leaves, and is decked with tremulous petals, that laugh in the zephyr."

Indeed, that love of external nature, which is so often mistakenly said to have been wanting among the Greeks, is strongly marked in Sappho. She observes "the vernal swallow and the melodious nightingale, Spring's herald." "The moon," she elsewhere says, "was at the full, and they [the stars] stood round her, as round an altar." And again, "The stars around the lovely moon withdraw their splendor when, in her fulness, she most illumines earth."

Of herself Sappho speaks but little in the fragments left to us. In one place she asserts that she is "not of malignant nature, but has a placid

mind," and again that her desire is for "a mode of life that shall be elegant and at the same time honest," the first wish doing credit to her taste, and the other to her conscience. In several places she confesses to a love of luxury, yet she is described by a later Greek author, Aristides, as having rebuked certain vain and showy women for their ostentation, while pointing out that the pursuits of intellect afford a surer joy. It is hardly needful to add that not a line remains of her writings which can be charged with indecency; and had any such existed, they would hardly have passed unnoticed or been forgotten.

It is odd that the most direct report left to us of Sappho's familiar conversation should have enrolled her among those enemies of the human race who give out conundrums. Or rather it is in this case a riddle of the old Greek fashion, such as the Sphinx set the example of propounding to men, before devouring them in any other manner. I will render it in plain prose.

#### SAPPHO'S RIDDLE.

There is a feminine creature who bears in her bosom a voiceless brood; yet they send forth a clear voice, over sea and land, to whatsoever mortals they will; the absent hear it; so do the deaf.

This is the riddle, as recorded by Antiphanes, and preserved by Athenæus. It appears that somebody tried to guess it. The feminine creature, he thought, was the state. The brood must be the orators, to be sure, whose voices reached beyond the seas, as far as Asia and Thrace, and brought back thence something to their own advantage; while the community sat dumb and deaf amid their railings. This seemed plausible, but somebody else objected to the solution; for who ever knew an orator to be silent, he said, until he was put down by force? All of which sounds quite American and modern. But he gave it up at last, and appealed to Sappho, who thus replied: —

\* Ἑσπέρα ἀπὸ τοῦ ἑω ποιεῖν περὶ τὰ ζῶα, κ. τ. λ.

## SAPPHO'S SOLUTION.

*A letter* is a thing essentially feminine in its character. It bears a brood in its bosom named the alphabet. They are voiceless, yet speak to whom they will; and if any man shall stand next to him who reads, will he not hear?

It is not an exciting species of wit. Yet this kind of riddle was in immense demand in Greek society, and "if you make believe very hard, it's quite nice." But it seems rather a pity that this memorial of Sappho should be preserved, while her solemn hymns and her Epithalamia, or marriage-songs, which were, as has been said, almost the first Greek effort toward dramatic poetry, are lost to us forever.

And thus we might go on through the literature of Greece, peering after little grains of Sappho among the rubbish of voluminous authors. But perhaps these specimens are enough. It remains to say that the name of Phaon, who is represented by Ovid as having been her lover, is not once mentioned in these fragments, and the general tendency of modern criticism is to deny his existence. Some suppose him to have been a merely mythical being, based upon the supposed loves of Aphrodite and Adonis, who was called by the Greeks Phæthon or Phaon. It was said that this Phaon was a ferryman at Mitylene, who was growing old and ugly till he rowed Aphrodite in his boat, and then refused payment; on which she gave him for recompense youth, beauty, and Sappho. This was certainly, "Take, O boatman, thrice thy fee," as in Uhland's ballad; but the Greek passengers have long since grown as shadowy as the German, and we shall never know whether this oarsman really ferried himself into the favor of goddess or of dame. It is of little consequence; Sappho doubtless had lovers, and one of them may as well have been named Phaon as anything else.

But to lose her fabled leap from the Leucadian promontory would doubtless

be a greater sacrifice; it formed so much more effective a termination for her life than any novelist could have contrived. It is certain that the leap itself, as a Greek practice, was no fable; sometimes it was a form of suicide, sometimes a religious incantation, and sometimes again an expiation of crime. But it was also used often as a figure of speech by comfortable poets who would have been sorry to find in it anything more. Anacreon, for instance, says in an ode, "Again casting myself from the Leucadian rock, I plunge into the gray sea, drunk with love"; though it is clear that he was not a man to drown his cares in anything larger than a punch-bowl. It is certainly hard to suppose that the most lovelorn lady, residing on an island whose every shore was a precipice, and where her lover was at hand to feel the anguish of her fate, would take ship and sail for weary days over five hundred miles of water to seek a more sensational rock. Theodor Kock, the latest German writer on Sappho, thinks it is as if a lover should travel from the Rhine to Niagara to drown himself. "Are not Abanar and Pharpar rivers of Damascus?" More solid, negative proof is found in the fact that Ptolemy Hephestion, the author who has collected the most numerous notices of the Leucadian leap, entirely omits the conspicuous name of Sappho from his record. Even Colonel Mure, who is as anxious to prove this deed against her as if it were a violation of all the ten commandments, is staggered for a moment by this omission; but soon recovering himself, with an ingenuity that does him credit as attorney for the prosecution, he points out that the reason Ptolemy omitted Sappho's name was undoubtedly because it was so well known already; a use of negative evidence to which there can be no objection, except that under it any one of us might be convicted of having died last year, on the plea that his death was a fact too notorious to be mentioned in the newspapers.

But whether by the way of the Leu-

cadian cliff or otherwise, Sappho is gone, with her music and her pupils and most of the words she wrote, and the very city where she dwelt, and all but the island she loved. It is something to be able to record that, twenty-five centuries ago, in that remote nook among the Grecian Isles, a woman's genius could play such a part in moulding the great literature that has moulded the world. Colonel Mure thinks that a hundred such women might have demoralized all Greece. But it grew demoralized at any rate; and even the island where Sappho taught took its share in the degradation. But if the

view taken by modern criticism be correct, a hundred such women might have done much to save it. Modern nations must take up again the problem where Athens failed and Lesbos only pointed the way to the solution; to create a civilization where the highest culture shall be extended to woman also. It is not enough that we should dream, with Plato, of a republic where man is free and woman but a serf. The aspirations of modern life culminate, like the greatest of modern poems, in the elevation of womanhood. *Die ewige Weibliche zieht uns hinan.*

Thomas Wentworth Higginson.

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### TRANSFIGURED.

PURE from her pain, the earth refined away,  
Serenely young, renewed in maiden bloom,  
Her fair hands folded on her heart she lay  
In gentle death, and sanctified the room.

She ceased as doth a benediction cease,  
And her last breath pronounced the low amen  
To a long life that, having breathed but peace,  
When peace was perfect needs was breathless then.

The bright translucent shrine from which she fled,  
The delicate sculpture's reasserted grace,  
The pure white sheen that played about the head,  
And lit the glow of sainthood in the face,—

These traits of clear revival after death,  
This flicker of refusal to decay,  
We took for sign of soul surviving breath  
And seal of resurrection on the clay.

W. C. Wilkinson.

## ARMGART.

## SCENE I.

*A salon lit with lamps and ornamented with green plants. An open piano, with many scattered sheets of music. Bronze busts of Beethoven and Gluck on pillars opposite each other. A small table spread with supper. To FRÄULEIN WALPURGA, who advances with a slight lameness of gait from an adjoining room, enters GRAF DORNBERG at the opposite door in a travelling-dress.*

GRAF. Good evening, Fräulein!

WALP. What, so soon returned?  
I feared your mission kept you still at Prague.

GRAF. But now arrived! You see my travelling-dress.

I hurried from the panting, roaring steam  
Like any courier of embassy  
Who hides the fiends of war within his bag.

WALP. You know that Armgart sings to-night?

GRAF. Has sung!  
'T is close on half past nine. The *Orpheus*  
Lasts not so long. Her spirits — were they high?

Was Leo confident?

WALP. He only feared  
Some tameness at beginning. Let the house  
Once ring, he said, with plaudits, she is safe.

GRAF. And Armgart?

WALP. She was stiller than her wont.  
But once, at some such trivial word of mine,  
As, that the highest prize might yet be won  
By her who took the second — she was roused.

"For me," she said, "I triumph or I fail.  
I never strove for any second prize."

GRAF. Poor human-hearted singing-bird!  
She bears

Cæsar's ambition in her delicate breast,  
And naught to still it with but quivering song!

WALP. I had not for the world been there to-night:

Unreasonable dread oft chills me more  
Than any reasonable hope can warm.

GRAF. You have a rare affection for your cousin;

As tender as a sister's.

WALP. Nay, I fear  
My love is little more than what I felt  
For happy stories when I was a child.  
She fills my life that would be empty else,  
And lifts my naught to value by her side.

GRAF. She is reason good enough, or seems to be,

Why all were born whose being ministers  
To her completeness. Is it most her voice  
Subdues us? or her instinct exquisite,  
Informing each old strain with some new grace  
Which takes our sense like any natural good?  
Or most her spiritual energy  
That sweeps us in the current of her song?

WALP. I know not. Losing either, we should lose

That whole we call our Armgart. For herself,  
She often wonders what her life had been  
Without that voice for channel to her soul.  
She says, it must have leaped through all her limbs, —

Made her a Mænad — made her snatch a brand

And fire some forest, that her rage might mount

In crashing roaring flames through half a land,  
Leaving her still and patient for a while.

"Poor wretch!" she says, of any murderess —

"The world was cruel, and she could not sing:

I carry my revenges in my throat;  
I love in singing, and am loved again."

GRAF. Mere mood! I cannot yet believe it more.

Too much ambition has unwomaned her;  
But only for a while. Her nature hides  
One half its treasures by its very wealth,  
Taxing the hours to show it.

WALP. Hark! she comes.

## SCENE II.

*Enter LEO with a wreath in his hand, holding the door open for ARMGART, who wears a furred mantle and hood. She is followed by her maid, carrying an armful of bouquets.*

LEO. Place for the queen of song!

GRAF. (*advancing towards ARMGART, who throws off her hood and mantle, and shows a star of brilliants in her hair*). A triumph, then.

You will not be a niggard of your joy  
And chide the eagerness that came to share it.

ARMG. O kind! you hastened your return for me.

I would you had been there to hear me sing!  
Walpurga, kiss me: never tremble more

Lest Armgart's wing should fail her. She  
has found

This night the region where her rapture  
breathes —

Pouring her passion on the air made live  
With human heart-throbs. Tell them, Leo,  
tell them

How I outsang your hope and made you cry  
Because Gluck could not hear me. That  
was folly !

He sang, not listened : every linked note  
Was his immortal pulse that stirred in mine,  
And all my gladness is but part of him.  
Give me the wreath (*she crowns the bust of*  
GLUCK).

LEO. (*sardonically*). Ay, ay, but mark  
you this :

It was not part of him — that trill you made  
In spite of me and reason !

ARMG. You were wrong —  
Dear Leo, you were wrong — the house was  
held

As if a storm were listening with delight  
And hushed its thunder.

LEO. Will you ask the house  
To teach you singing ? Quit your *Orpheus*  
then,

And sing in farces grown to operas,  
Where all the pruriency of the full-fed mob  
Is tickled with melodic impudence :  
Jerk forth burlesque bravuras, square your  
arms

Akimbo with a tavern wench's grace,  
And set the splendid compass of your voice  
To lyric jigs. Go to ! I thought you meant  
To be an artist, — lift your audience  
To see your vision, not trick forth a show  
To please the grossest taste of grossest num-  
bers.

ARMG. (*taking up LEO's hand, and kiss-  
ing it*). Pardon, good Leo, I am  
penitent.

I will do penance : sing a hundred trills  
Into a deep-dug grave, then burying them  
As one did Midas' secret, rid myself  
Of naughty exultation. O I trilled  
At nature's prompting, like the nightin-  
gales.

Go scold them, dearest Leo.

LEO. I stop my ears.  
Nature in Gluck inspiring *Orpheus*,  
Has done with nightingales. Are bird-  
beaks lips ?

GRAF. Truce to rebukes ! Tell us —  
who were not there —

The double drama : how the expectant house  
Took the first notes.

WALP. (*turning from her occupation of*

*decking the room with the flowers*).

Yes, tell us all, dear Armgart.

Did you feel tremors ? Leo, how did she  
look ?

Was there a cheer to greet her ?

LEO. Not a sound.  
She walked like *Orpheus* in his solitude,  
And seemed to see naught but what no man  
saw.

'T was famous. Not the *Schroeder-Devrient*  
Had done it better. But your blessed public  
Had never any judgment in cold blood —  
Thinks all perhaps were better otherwise,  
Till rapture brings a reason.

ARMG. (*scornfully*). I knew that !  
The women whispered, "Not a pretty face !"  
The men, "Well, well, a goodly length of  
limb :

She bears the chiton." — It were all the  
same

Were I the Virgin Mother and my stage  
The opening heavens at the judgment day, —  
Gossips would peep, jog elbows, rate the  
price

Of such a woman in the social mart.  
What were the drama of the world to them,  
Unless they felt the hell-prong ?

LEO. Peace, now, peace !  
I hate my phrases to be smothered o'er  
With sauce of paraphrase, my sober tune  
Made bass to rambling trebles, showering  
down

In endless demisemiquavers.

ARMG. (*taking a bonbon from the table,  
uplifting it before putting it into her  
mouth, and turning away*). Mum !

GRAF. Yes, tell us all the glory, leave the  
blame.

WALP. You first, dear Leo, — what you  
saw and heard :

Then Armgart, — she must tell us what she  
felt.

LEO. Well ! The first notes came clearly,  
firmly forth,

And I was easy, for behind those rills  
I knew there was a fountain. I could see  
The house was breathing gently, heads were  
still ;

Parrot opinion was struck meekly mute,  
And human hearts were swelling. Armgart  
stood

As if she had been new-created there  
And found her voice which found a melody.  
The minx ! Gluck had not written, nor I  
taught :

*Orpheus* was Armgart, Armgart *Orpheus*.  
Well, well, all through the *scena* I could feel  
The silence tremble now, now poise itself

With added weight of feeling, till at last  
Delight o'er-toppled it. The final note  
Had happy drowning in the unloosed roar  
That surged and ebbed and ever surged again,  
Till expectation kept it pent awhile  
Ere Orpheus returned. Pfui! he was  
changed!

My demigod was pale, had downcast eyes  
That quivered like a bride's who fain would  
send

Backward the rising tear.

ARMG. (*advancing, but then turning away  
as if to check her speech*). I was a bride,  
As nuns are at their spousals.

LEO. Ay, my lady,  
That moment will not come again: applause  
May come and plenty; but the first, first  
draught! [*Snaps his fingers.*]

Music has sounds for it, — I know no words.  
I felt it once myself when they performed  
My overture to Sintram. Well, 't is strange,  
We know not pain from pleasure in such joy.

ARMG. (*turning quickly*). O, pleasure  
has cramped dwelling in our souls,  
And when full being comes must call on pain  
To lend it liberal space.

WALP. I hope the house  
Kept a reserve of plaudits: I am jealous  
Lest they had dulled themselves for coming  
good  
That should have seemed the better and the  
best.

LEO. No, 't was a revel where they had  
but quaffed

Their opening cup. I thank the artist's star,  
His audience keeps not sober: once afire,  
They flame towards climax, though his merit  
hold

But fairly even.

ARMG. (*her hand on LEO's arm*). Now,  
now, confess the truth:

I sang still better to the very end, —  
All save the trill; I give that up to you,  
To bite and growl at. Why, you said your-  
self,  
Each time I sang, it seemed new doors were  
oped

That you might hear heaven clearer.

LEO. (*shaking his finger*). I was raving.

ARMG. I am not glad with that mean  
vanity  
Which knows no good beyond its appetite  
Full feasting upon praise! I am only glad  
Being praised for what I know is worth the  
praise;

Glad of the proof that I myself have part  
In what I worship! at the last applause, —  
Seeming a roar of tropic winds that tossed

The handkerchiefs and many-colored flowers,  
Falling like shattered rainbows all around, —  
Think you I felt myself a *prima donna*?

No, but a happy spiritual star  
Such as old Dante saw, wrought in a rose  
Of light in Paradise, whose only self  
Was consciousness of glory wide-diffused,  
Music, life, power, — I moving in the midst  
With a sublime necessity of good.

LEO. (*with a shrug*). I thought it was a  
*prima donna* came

Within the side-scenes; ay, and she was  
proud

To find the bouquet from the royal box  
Enclosed a jewel-case, and proud to wear  
A star of brilliants, quite an earthly star,  
Valued by thalers. Come, my lady, own  
Ambition has five senses, and a self  
That gives it good warm lodging when it sinks  
Plump down from ecstasy.

ARMG. Own it? why not?  
Am I a sage whose words must fall like seed  
Silently buried toward a far-off spring?  
I sing to living men, and my effect  
Is like the summer's sun, that ripens corn  
Or now or never. If the world brings me

gifts,  
Gold, incense, myrrh, — 't will be the need-  
ful sign

That I have stirred it as the high year stirs  
Before I sink to winter.

GRAF. Ecstasies  
Are short — most happily! We should  
but lose

Were Armgart borne too commonly and long  
Out of the self that charms us. Could I  
choose,

She were less apt to soar beyond the reach  
Of woman's foibles, innocent vanities,  
Fondness for trifles like that pretty star  
Twinkling beside her cloud of ebon hair.

ARMG. (*taking out the gem and looking at  
it*). This little star! I would it  
were the seed

Of a whole Milky Way, if such bright shim-  
mer

Were the sole speech men told their rapture  
with

At Armgart's music. Shall I turn aside  
From splendors which flash out the glow I  
make,

And live to make, in all the chosen breasts  
Of half a Continent? No, may it come,  
That splendor! May the day be near when  
men

Think much to let my horses draw me home,  
And new lands welcome me upon their  
beach,

Loving me for my fame. That is the truth  
Of what I wish, nay, yearn for. Shall I lie?  
Pretend to seek obscurity, — to sing  
In hope of disregard? A vile pretence!  
And blasphemy besides. For what is fame  
But the benignant strength of One, trans-  
formed

To joy of Many? Tributes, plaudits come  
As necessary breathing of such joy,  
And may they come to me!

GRAF. The auguries  
Point clearly that way. Is it no offence  
To wish the eagle's wing may find repose,  
As feebler wings do, in a quiet nest?  
Or has the taste of fame already turned  
The Woman to a Muse . . . .

LEO. (*going to the table*). Who needs no  
supper?

I am her priest, ready to eat her share  
Of good Walpurga's offerings.

WALP. Armgart, come.  
Graf, will you sit?

GRAF. Thanks, I play truant here,  
And must retrieve my self-indulgent delay.  
But will the Muse receive a votary  
At any hour to-morrow?

ARMG. Any hour  
After rehearsal, after twelve at noon.

### SCENE III.

*The same salon, morning. ARMGART seated, in  
her bonnet and walking-dress. The GRAF stand-  
ing near her, against the piano.*

GRAF. Armgart, to many minds the first  
success

Is reason for desisting. I have known  
A man so various, he tried all arts,  
But when in each by turns he had achieved  
Just so much mastery as made men say,  
"He could be king here if he would," he  
threw

The lauded skill aside. He hates, said one,  
The level of achieved pre-eminence,  
He must be conquering still; but others  
said —

ARMG. The truth, I hope: he had a  
meagre soul,  
Holding no depth where love could root  
itself.

"Could if he would?" True greatness  
ever wills, —

It breathes in wholeness like an unborn child,  
And all its strength is knit with constancy.

GRAF. He used to say himself he was too  
sane

To give his life away for excellence.

Which yet must stand, an ivory statuette  
Wrought to perfection through long lonely  
years,

Huddled in the mart of mediocrities.  
He said, the very finest doing wins  
The admiring only; but to leave undone,  
Promise and not fulfil, like buried youth,  
Wins all the envious, makes them sign your  
name

As that fair Absent, blameless Possible,  
Which could alone impassion them; and  
thus,

Serene negation has free gift of all,  
Panting achievement struggles, is denied,  
Or wins to lose again. What say you,  
Armgart?

Truth has rough flavors if we bite it through;  
I think this sarcasm came from out its core  
Of bitter irony.

ARMG. It is the truth  
Mean souls select to feed upon. What then?  
Their meanness is a truth, which I will spurn.  
The praise I seek lives not in envious breath  
Using my name to blight another's deed.  
I sing for love of song and that renown  
Which is the spreading act, the world-wide  
share,

Of good that I was born with. Had I  
failed, —

Well, that had been a truth most pitiable.  
I cannot bear to think what life would be  
With high hope shrunk to endurance, stunted  
aims,

Like broken lances ground to eating-knives,  
A self sunk down to look with level eyes  
At low achievement, doomed from day to  
day

To distaste of its consciousness. But I —

GRAF. Have won, not lost, in your deci-  
sive throw.

And I too glory in this issue; yet,  
The public verdict has no potency  
To sway my judgment of what Armgart is:  
My pure delight in her would be but sullied,  
If it o'erflowed with mixture of men's praise.  
And had she failed, I should have said,  
"The pearl

Remains a pearl for me, reflects the light  
With the same fitness that first charmed my  
gaze, —

Is worth as fine a setting now as then."

ARMG. (*rising*). O, you are good! But  
why will you rehearse

The talk of cynics, who with insect eyes  
Explore the secrets of the rubbish heap?  
I hate your epigrams and pointed saws  
Whose narrow truth is but broad falsity.  
Confess, your friend was shallow.



GRAF.

I confess

Life is not rounded in an epigram,  
And saying aught, we leave a world unsaid.  
I quoted, merely to shape forth my thought  
That high success has terrors when achieved,—  
Like preternatural spouses whose dire love  
Hangs perilous on slight observances :

Whence it were possible that Armgart  
crowned

Might turn and listen to a pleading voice,  
Though Armgart striving in the race was deaf.  
You said you dared not think what life had  
been

Without the stamp of eminence ; have you  
thought

How you will bear the poise of eminence  
With dread of sliding ? Paint the future out  
As an unchecked and glorious career,  
'T will grow more strenuous by the very love  
You bear to excellence, the very fate  
Of human powers, which tread at every step  
On notable verges.

ARMG. I accept the peril.

I choose to walk high with sublimer dread  
Rather than crawl in safety. And, besides,  
I am an artist as you are a noble :  
I ought to bear the burden of my rank.

GRAF. Such parallels, dear Armgart, are  
but snares

To catch the mind with seeming argument—  
Small baits of likeness 'mid disparity.  
Men rise the higher as their task is high,  
The task being well achieved. A woman's  
rank

Lies in the fullness of her womanhood :  
Therein alone she is royal.

ARMG. Yes, I know

The oft-taught Gospel : "Woman, thy desire  
Shall be that all superlatives on earth  
Belong to men, save the one highest kind, —  
To be a mother. Thou shalt not desire  
To do aught best save pure subservience :  
Nature has willed it so !" O blessed Na-  
ture !

Let her be arbitress ; she gave me voice  
Such as she only gives a woman child,  
Best of its kind, gave me ambition too,  
That sense transcendent which can taste the  
joy

Of swaying multitudes, of being adored  
For such achievement, needed excellence,  
As man's best art must wait for, or be dumb.  
Men did not say, when I had sung last night,  
" 'Twas good, nay, wonderful, considering  
She 's a woman,"—and then turn to add,  
" Tenor or baritone had sung her songs  
Better, of course : she's but a woman  
spoiled."

I beg your pardon, Graf, you said it.

GRAF.

No!

How should I say it, Armgart ? I who own  
The magic of your nature-given art  
As sweetest effluence of your womanhood  
Which, being to my choice the best, must  
find

The best of utterance. But this I say :

Your fervid youth beguiles you ; you mis-  
take

A strain of lyric passion for a life  
Which in the spending is a chronicle  
With ugly pages. Trust me, Armgart, trust  
me :

Ambition exquisite as yours which soars  
Toward something quintessential you call  
fame,

Is not robust enough for this gross world  
Whose fame is dense with false and foolish  
breath.

Ardor, atwined with nice refining thought,  
Prepares a double pain. Pain had been  
saved,

Nay, purer glory reached, had you been  
throne

As woman only, holding all your art  
As attribute to that dear sovereignty, —  
Concentrating your power in home delights  
Which penetrate and purify the world.

ARMG. What, leave the opera with my  
part ill-sung

While I was warbling in a drawing-room ?  
Sing in the chimney-corner to inspire  
My husband reading news ? Let the world  
hear

My music only in his morning speech  
Less stammering than most honorable men's ?  
No ! tell me that my song is poor, my art  
The piteous feat of weakness aping strength,—  
That were fit proem to your argument.  
Till then, I am an artist by my birth, —  
By the same warrant that I am a woman :  
Nay, in the added rarer gift I see  
Supreme vocation : if a conflict comes  
Perish, — no, not the woman, but the joys  
Which men make narrow by their narrow-  
ness.

O I am happy ! The great masters write  
For women's voices, and great Music wants  
me !

I need not crush myself within a mould  
Of theory called Nature : I have room  
To breathe and grow unstunted.

GRAF.

Armgart, hear me.

I meant not that our talk should hurry on  
To such collision. Foresight of the ills  
Thick shadowing your path, drew on my  
speech

Beyond intention. True, I came to ask  
A great renunciation, but not this  
Towards which my words at first perversely  
strayed,

As if in memory of their earlier suit,  
Forgetful . . . . .  
Armgart, do you remember too? the suit  
Had but postponement, was not quite dis-  
dained, —

Was told to wait and learn — what it has  
learned —

A more submissive speech.

ARMG. (*with some agitation*). Then it for-  
got

Its lesson cruelly. As I remember,  
'T was not to speak save to the artist crowned,  
Nor speak to her of casting off her crown.

GRAF. Nor will it, Armgart. I come  
not to seek

Other renunciation than the wife's,  
Which turns away from other possible love  
Future and worthier, to take his love  
Who asks the name of husband. He who  
sought

Armgart obscure, and heard her answer,  
"Wait," —

May come without suspicion now to seek  
Armgart applauded.

ARMG. (*turning towards him*). Yes,  
without suspicion

Of aught save what consists with faithful-  
ness

In all expressed intent. Forgive me, Graf, —  
I am ungrateful to no soul that loves me, —  
To you most grateful. Yet the best intent  
Grasps but a living present which may grow  
Like any unfledged bird. You are a noble,  
And have a high career; but now you said  
'T was higher far than aught a woman seeks  
Beyond mere womanhood. You claim to be  
More than a husband, but could not rejoice  
That I were more than wife. What follows,  
then?

You choosing me with such persistency  
As is but stretched-out rashness, soon must  
find

Our marriage asks concessions, asks resolve  
To share renunciation or demand it.

Either we both renounce a mutual ease,  
As in a nation's need both man and wife  
Do public services, or one of us  
Must yield that something else for which  
each lives

Besides the other. Men are reasoners:  
That premise of superior claims perforce  
Urges conclusion, — "Armgart, it is you."

GRAF. But if I say I have considered this  
With strict prevision, counted all the cost

Which that great good of loving you de-  
mands —

Questioned my stores of patience, half re-  
solved

To live resigned without a bliss whose threat  
Touched you as well as me, — then finally,  
With impetus of undivided will  
Returned to say, "You shall be free as now;  
Only, accept the refuge, shelter, guard,  
My love will give your freedom," — then  
your words

Are hard accusal.

ARMG. Well, I accuse myself.  
My love would be accomplice of your will.

GRAF. Again, — my will?

ARMG. O, your unspoken will.  
Your silent tolerance would torture me,  
And on that rack I should deny the good  
I yet believed in.

GRAF. Then I am the man  
Whom you would love?

ARMG. Whom I refuse to love!  
No, I will live alone and pour my pain  
With passion into music, where it turns  
To what is best within my better self.  
I will not take for husband one who deems  
The thing my soul acknowledges as good, —  
The thing I hold worth striving, suffering for,  
To be a thing dispensed with easily,  
Or else the idol of a mind infirm.

GRAF. Armgart, you are ungenerous; you  
strain

My thought beyond its mark. Our difference  
Lies not so deep as love, — as union  
Through a mysterious fitness that transcends  
Formal agreement.

ARMG. It lies deep enough  
To chafe the union. If many a man  
Refrains, degraded, from the utmost right,  
Because the pleadings of his wife's small fears  
Are little serpents biting at his heel, —  
How shall a woman keep her steadfastness  
Beneath a frost within her husband's eyes  
Where coldness scorches? Graf, it is your  
sorrow

That you love Armgart. Nay, it is her sor-  
row

That she may not love you.

GRAF. Woman, it seems  
Has enviable power to love or not  
According to her will.

ARMG. She has the will —  
I have — who am one woman — not to take  
Disloyal pledges that divide her will.  
The man who marries me must wed my art, —  
Honor and cherish it, not tolerate.

GRAF. The man is yet to come whose  
theory

Will weigh as naught with you against his love.

ARMG. Whose theory will plead beside his love.

GRAF. Himself a singer, then? who knows no life

Out of the opera-books, where tenor parts Are found to suit him?

ARMG. You are bitter, Graf. Forgive me; seek the woman you deserve, All grace, all goodness, who has not yet found A meaning in her life, or any end Beyond fulfilling yours. The type abounds.

GRAF. And happily, for the world.

ARMG. Yes, happily. Let it excuse me that my kind is rare: Commonness is its own security.

GRAF. Armgart, I would with all my soul I knew

The man so rare that he could make your life

As woman sweet to you, as artist safe.

ARMG. O, I can live unmated, but not live Without the bliss of singing to the world, And feeling all my world respond to me.

GRAF. May it be lasting. Then, we two must part?

ARMG. I thank you from my heart for all. Farewell!

#### SCENE IV. — A Year later.

*The same salon. WALPURGA is standing looking towards the window with an air of uneasiness.*  
DOCTOR GRAHN.

DOCT. Where is my patient, Fräulein?

WALP. Fled! escaped! Gone to rehearsal. Is it dangerous?

DOCT. No, no; her throat is cured. I only came

To hear her try her voice. Had she yet sung?

WALP. No; she had meant to wait for you. She said,

"The Doctor has a right to my first song." Her gratitude was full of little plans, But all were swept away like gathered flowers By sudden storm. She saw this opera bill, — It was a wasp to sting her: she turned pale, Snatched up her hat and mufflers, said in haste,

"I go to Leo — to rehearsal — none Shall sing Fidelio to-night but me!" Then rushed down stairs.

DOCT. *(looking at his watch).* And this, not long ago?

WALP. Barely an hour.

DOCT. I will again Returning from Charlottenburg at one.

WALP. Doctor, I feel a strange presentiment.

Are you quite easy?

DOCT. She can take no harm. 'Twas time for her to sing: her throat is well.

It was a fierce attack, and dangerous;

I had to use strong remedies, but — well!

At one, dear Fräulein, we shall meet again.

#### SCENE V. — Two Hours later.

*WALPURGA starts up, looking towards the door. ARMGART enters, followed by LEO. She throws herself on a chair which stands with its back towards the door, speechless, not seeming to see anything. WALPURGA casts a questioning, terrified look at LEO. He shrugs his shoulders, and lifts up his hands behind ARMGART, who sits like a helpless image, while WALPURGA takes off her hat and mantle.*

WALP. Armgart, dear Armgart *(kneeling and taking her hands)*, only speak to me,

Your poor Walpurga. O, your hands are cold.

Clasp mine, and warm them! I will kiss them warm.

*ARMGART looks at her an instant, then draws away her hands, and, turning aside, buries her face against the back of the chair, WALPURGA rising and standing near. DOCTOR GRAHN enters.*

DOCT. News! stirring news to-day! wonders come thick.

ARMG. *(starting at the first sound of his voice, and speaking vehemently).* Yes, thick, thick, thick! and you have murdered it!

Murdered my voice, — poisoned the soul in me,

And kept me living.

You never told me that your cruel cures Were clogging films, — a mouldy, dead'ning blight, —

A lava-mud to crust and bury me, Yet hold me living in a deep, deep tomb, Crying unheard forever! O your cures Are devils' triumphs; you can rob, maim, slay,

And keep a hell on the other side your cure Where you can see your victim quivering Between the teeth of torture, — see a soul Made keen by loss, — all anguish with a good Once known and gone *(turns and sinks back on her chair)*!

O misery, misery!

You might have killed me, might have let me sleep

After my happy day and wake, — not here!

In some new unremembered world, — not  
here,  
Where all is faded, flat — a feast broke off —  
Banners all meaningless — exulting words,  
Dull, dull — a drum that lingers in the air  
Beating to melody which no man hears.

DOCT. (*after a moment's silence*). A sudden  
check has shaken you, poor child !  
All things seem livid, tottering to your sense,  
From inward tumult. Stricken by a threat  
You see your terrors only. Tell me, Leo :  
'T is not such utter loss. (LEO, *with a shrug*,  
*goes quietly out*).

The freshest bloom  
Merely, has left the fruit ; the fruit itself. . . .

ARMG. Is ruined, withered, is a thing to  
hide

Away from scorn or pity. O, you stand  
And look compassionate now, but when  
Death came

With mercy in his hands, you hindered him.  
I did not choose to live and have your pity.  
You never told me, never gave me choice  
To die a singer, lightning-struck, unmaimed,  
Or live what you would make me with your  
cures, —

A self accursed with consciousness of change,  
A mind that lives in naught but members  
lopped,

A power turned to pain, — as meaningless  
As letters fallen asunder that once made  
A hymn of rapture. O, I had meaning once,  
Like day and sweetest air ! What am I now ?  
The millionth woman in superfluous herds.  
Why should I be, do, think ? 'T is thistle  
seed,

That grows and grows to feed the rubbish-  
heap.

Leave me alone !

DOCT. Well, I will come again ;  
Send for me when you will, though but to  
rate me.

That is medicinal, — a letting blood.

ARMG. O, there is one physician, only  
one,

Who cures and never spoils. Him I shall  
send for.

He comes readily.

DOCT. (*to WALPURGA*). One word, dear  
Fräulein.

SCENE VI. — ARMGART, WALPURGA.

ARMG. Walpurga, have you walked this  
morning ?

WALP. No.

ARMG. Go, then, and walk ; I wish to be  
alone.

WALP. I will not leave you.

ARMG. Will not, at my wish ?

WALP. Will not, because you wish it.

Say no more,

But take this draught.

ARMG. The Doctor gave it you ?

It is an anodyne. Put it away.

He cured me of my voice, and now he wants

To cure me of my vision and resolve, —

Drug me to sleep that I may wake again

Without a purpose, abject as the rest

To bear the yoke of life. He shall not  
cheat me

Of that fresh strength which anguish gives  
the soul,

The inspiration of revolt, ere rage

Slackens to faltering. Now I see the truth.

WALP. (*setting down the glass*). Then you  
must see a future in your reach,

With happiness enough to make a dower  
For two of modest claims.

ARMG. O, you intone

That chant of consolation wherewith ease

Makes itself easier in the sight of pain.

WALP. No ; I would not console you,  
but rebuke.

ARMG. That is more bearable. Forgive  
me, dear.

Say what you will. But now I want to  
write.

(*She rises and moves towards a table*.)

WALP. I say then, you are simply fe-  
vered, mad ;

You cry aloud at horrors that would vanish  
If you would change the light, throw into  
shade

The loss you aggrandize, and let day fall  
On good remaining, nay, on good refused  
Which may be gain now. Did you not reject  
A woman's lot more brilliant, as some held,  
Than any singer's ? It may still be yours.  
Graf Dornberg loved you well.

ARMG. Not me, not me.

He loved one well who was like me in all  
Save in a voice which made that All unlike  
As diamond is to charcoal. O, a man's love !  
Think you he loves a woman's inner self  
Aching with loss of loveliness ? — as mothers  
Cleave to the palpitating pain that dwells  
Within their misformed offspring ?

WALP. But the Graf  
Chose you as simple Armgart, — had pre-  
ferred

That you should never seek for any fame  
But such as matrons have who rear great  
sons.

And therefore you rejected him ; but now —

ARMG. Ay, now, — now he would see me  
as I am (*she takes up a hand-mirror*),  
Russet and songless as a missel-thrush.  
An ordinary girl, — a plain, brown girl,  
Who, if some meaning flash from out her  
words,

Shocks as a disproportioned thing, — a Will,  
That like an arm stretch and broken off  
Has naught to hurl, — the torso of a soul.  
I sang him into love of me : my song  
Was consecration, lifted me apart  
From the crowd chiselled like me, sister  
forms,

But empty of divineness. Nay, my charm  
Was half that I could win fame, yet renounce !  
A wife with glory possible absorbed  
Into her husband's actual.

WALP. For shame !

Armgar, you slander him. What would  
you say

If now he came to you and asked again,  
That you would be his wife ?

ARMG. No, and thrice no !  
It would be pitying constancy, not love,  
That brought him to me now. I will not be  
A pensioner in marriage. Sacraments  
Are not to feed the paupers of the world.  
If he were generous, — I am generous too.

WALP. Proud, Armgar, but not generous.  
Say no more.

ARMG. He will not know until —

WALP. He knows already.

ARMG. (*quickly*). Is he come back ?

WALP. Yes, and will soon be here.  
The Doctor had twice seen him and would go  
From hence again to see him.

ARMG. Well, he knows.  
It is all one.

WALP. What if he were outside ?  
I hear a footstep in the anteroom.

ARMG. (*raising herself and assuming  
calmness.*) Why let him come, of  
course. I shall behave

Like what I am, a common personage  
Who looks for nothing but civility.  
I shall not play the fallen heroine,  
Assume a tragic part and throw out cues  
For a beseeching lover.

WALP. Some one raps.

(*Goes to the door.*) A letter — from  
the Graf.

ARMG. Then open it.  
(*WALPURGA still offers it.*) Nay, my head  
swims. Read it. I cannot see.

WALPURGA *opens it, reads, and pauses.*

Read it. Have done ! No matter what it is.

WALP. (*reads in a low, hesitating voice.*)  
"I am deeply moved — my heart is rent,

to hear of your illness and its cruel result,  
just now communicated to me by Dr. Grahn.  
But surely it is possible that this result may  
not be permanent. For youth such as yours,  
Time may hold in store something more  
than resignation : who shall say that it does  
not hold renewal ? I have not dared to ask  
admission to you in the hours of a recent  
shock, but I cannot depart on a long mis-  
sion without tendering my sympathy and my  
farewell. I start this evening for the Cau-  
casus, and thence I proceed to India, where  
I am intrusted by the Government with  
business which may be of long duration."

WALPURGA *sits down dejectedly.*

ARMG. (*after a slight shudder, bitterly*).

The Graf has much discretion. I am  
glad.

He spares us both a pain, not seeing me.  
What I like least is that consoling hope, —  
That empty cup, so neatly ciphered "Time,"  
Handed me as a cordial for despair.

(*Slowly and dreamily.*) Time, — what a word  
to fling as charity !

Bland neutral word for slow, dull-beating  
pain, —

Days, months, and years ! — if I would wait  
for them !

*She takes up her hat and puts it on, then wraps her  
mantle round her. WALPURGA leaves the room.*

Why, this is but beginning. (*WALP. re-  
enters.*) Kiss me, dear.

I am going now — alone — out — for a walk.  
Say you will never wound me any more :  
With such cajolery as nurses use  
To patients amorous of a crippled life.  
Flatter the blind : I see.

WALP. Well, I was wrong.

In haste to soothe, I snatched at flickers  
merely.

Believe me, I will flatter you no more.

ARMG. Bear witness, I am calm. I read  
my lot

As soberly as if it were a tale  
Writ by a creeping feuilletonist and called  
"The Woman's Lot : a Tale of everyday" :  
A middling woman's, to impress the world  
With high superfluoussness ; her thoughts : a  
crop

Of chickweed errors or of potherb facts,  
Smiled at like some child's drawing on a slate.  
"Gentee !" "O yes, gives lessons ; not  
so good

As any man's would be, but cheaper far."  
"Pretty ?" "No ; yet she makes a figure fit  
For good society. Poor thing, she sews  
Both late and early, turns and alters all  
To suit the changing mode. Some widower

Might do well, marrying her ; but in these days ! . . .

Well, she can somewhat eke her narrow gains  
By writing, just to furnish her with gloves  
And droschkies in the rain. They print her things

Often for charity." — O, a dog's life!

A harnessed dog's, that draws a little cart.  
Voted a nuisance ! I am going now.

WALP. Not now, the door is locked.

ARMG. Give me the key !

WALP. Locked on the outside. Gretchen has the key :

She is gone on errands.

ARMG. What, you dare to keep me  
Your prisoner ?

WALP. And have I not been yours ?  
Your wish has been a bolt to keep me in.  
Perhaps that middling woman whom you paint

With far-off scorn . . .

ARMG. I paint what I must be !  
What is my soul to me without the voice  
That gave it freedom ? — gave it one grand touch

And made it nobly human ? — Prisoned now,  
Prisoned in all the pretty mimicries  
Called woman's knowledge, that will fit the world

As doll-clothes fit a man. I can do naught  
Better than what a million women do, —  
Must drudge among the crowd and feel my life

Beating upon the world without response,  
Beating with passion through an insect's horn

That moves a millet-seed laboriously.

If I *would* do it !

WALP. (*coldly*). And why should you not ?

ARMG. (*turning quickly*). Because Heaven made me royal, — wrought me out  
With subtle finish towards pre-eminence,  
Made every channel of my soul converge  
To one high function, and then flung me down,

That breaking I might turn to subtlest pain.  
An inborn passion gives a rebel's right :  
I would rebel and die in twenty worlds  
Sooner than bear the yoke of thwarted life,  
Each keenest sense turned into keen distaste,  
Hunger not satisfied but kept alive  
Breathing in languor half a century.  
All the world now is but a rack of threads  
To twist and dwarf me into pettiness  
And basely feigned content, the placid mask  
Of women's misery.

WALP. (*indignantly*). Ay, such a mask  
As the few born like you to easy joy,

Cradled in privilege, take for natural  
On all the lowly faces that must look  
Upward to you ! What revelation now  
Shows you the mask or gives presentiment  
Of sadness hidden ? You who every day  
These five years saw me limp to wait on you,  
And thought the order perfect which gave me,  
The girl without pretension to be aught,  
A splendid cousin for my happiness :  
To watch the night through when her brain  
was fired

With too much gladness, — listen, always listen

To what *she* felt, who having power had right  
To feel exorbitantly, and submerge  
The souls around her with the poured-out flood

Of what must be ere she were satisfied !  
That was feigned patience, was it ? Why not love ;

Love nurtured even with that strength of self  
Which found no room save in another's life ?  
O such as I know joy by negatives,  
And all their deepest passion is a pang  
Till they accept their pauper's heritage,  
And meekly live from out the general store  
Of joy they were born stripped of. I accept, —

Nay, now would sooner choose it than the wealth

Of natures you call royal, who can live  
In mere mock knowledge of their fellows' woe,

Thinking their smiles may heal it.

ARMG. (*tremulously*). Nay, Walpurga,  
I did not make a palace of my joy  
To shut the world's truth from me. All my good

Was that I touched the world and made a part

In the world's dower of beauty, strength, and bliss ;

It was the glimpse of consciousness divine  
Which pours out day and sees the day is good.

Now I am fallen dark ; I sit in gloom,  
Remembering bitterly. Yet you speak truth ;  
I wearied you, it seems ; took all your help  
As cushioned nobles use a weary serf,  
Not looking at his face.

WALP. O, I but stand  
As a small symbol for a mighty sum, —  
The sum of claims unpaid for myriad lives ;  
I think you never set your loss beside  
That mighty deficit. Is your work gone, —  
The prouder queenly work that paid itself  
And yet was overpaid with men's applause ?  
Are you no longer chartered, privileged,

But sunk to simple woman's penury,  
To ruthless Nature's chary average —  
Where is the rebel's right for you alone?  
Noble rebellion lifts a common load;  
But what is he who flings his own load off  
And leaves his fellows toiling? Rebel's  
right?

Say rather, the deserter's. O, you smiled  
From your clear height on all the million lots  
Which yet you brand as abject.

ARMG. I was blind  
With too much happiness: true vision comes  
Only, it seems, with sorrow. Were there  
one

This moment near me, suffering what I feel,  
And needing me for comfort in her pang, —  
Then it were worth the while to live; not else.

WALP. One — near you — why, they  
throng! you hardly stir  
But your act touches them. We touch afar.  
For did not swarthy slaves of yesterday  
Leap in their bondage at the Hebrews' flight,  
Which touched them through the thrice mil-  
lennial dark?

But you can find the sufferer you need  
With touch less subtle.

ARMG. Who has need of me?

WALP. Love finds the need it fills. But  
you are hard.

ARMG. Is it not you, Walpurga, who are  
hard?

You humored all my wishes till to-day;  
When fate has blighted me.

WALP. You would not hear  
The "chant of consolation": words of hope  
Only embittered you. Then hear the truth, —  
A lame girl's truth, whom no one ever praised  
For being cheerful. "It is well," they said:  
"Were she cross-grained she would not be  
endured."

A word of truth from her had startled you;  
But you, — you claimed the universe; naught  
less

Than all existence working in sure tracks  
Towards your supremacy. The wheels  
might scathe

A myriad destinies, — nay, must perforce;  
But yours they must keep clear of; just for  
you

The seething atoms through the firmament  
Must bear a human heart, — which you had  
not!

For what is it to you, that women, men,  
Plod, faint, are weary, and spouse despair  
Of aught but fellowship? Save that you  
spurn

To be among them? Now, then, you are  
lame, —

Maimed, as you said, and levelled with the  
crowd:

Call it new birth, — birth from that mon-  
strous Self

Which, smiling down upon a race oppressed,  
Says, "All is good, for I am throned at  
ease."

Dear Armgar, — nay, you tremble, — I am  
cruel.

ARMG. O no! hark! Some one knocks.  
Come in!

*Enter LEO.*

LEO. See, Gretchen let me in. I could  
not rest

Longer away from you.

ARMG. Sit down, dear Leo.

Walpurga, I would speak with him alone.

*(WALPURGA goes out.)*

LEO. *(hesitatingly)*. You mean to walk?

ARMG. No, I shall stay within.

*She takes off her hat and mantle, and sits down  
immediately. After a pause, speaking in a sub-  
dued tone, to LEO.*

How old are you?

LEO. Threescore and five.

ARMG. That's old.

I never thought till now how you have lived.  
They hardly ever play your music?

LEO. *(raising his eyebrows and throwing  
out his lip)*. No!

Schubert too wrote for silence: half his work  
Lay like frozen Rhine till summers came  
That warmed the grass above him. Even  
so!

His music lives now with a mighty youth.

ARMG. Do you think yours will live when  
you are dead?

LEO. Pfu! The time was, I drank that  
home-brewed wine.

And found it heady, while my blood was  
young:

Now it scarce warms me. Tipple it as I may,  
I am sober still, and say: "My old friend

Leo,

Much grain is wasted in the world and rots;  
Why not thy handful?"

ARMG. Strange! since I have known you  
Till now I never wondered how you lived.  
When I sang well, — that was your jubilee.  
But you were old already.

LEO. Yes, child, yes:  
Youth thinks itself the goal of each old life;  
Age has but travelled from a far-off time  
Just to be ready for youth's service. Well!  
It was my chief delight to perfect you.

ARMG. Good Leo! You have lived on  
little joys.

But your delight in me is crushed forever.



Your pains, where are they now? They  
shaped intent

Which action frustrates; shaped an inward  
sense

Which is but keen despair, the agony  
Of highest vision in the lowest pit.

LEO. Nay, nay, I have a thought: keep  
to the stage,

To drama without song; for you can act,—  
Who knows how well, when all the soul is  
poured

Into that sluice alone?

ARMG. I know, and you:  
The second or third best in tragedies,  
That cease to touch the fibre of the time.

No; song is gone, but nature's other gift,  
Self-judgment, is not gone. Song was my  
speech,

And with its impulse only, action came:  
Song was the battle's onset, when cool  
purpose

Glows into rage, becomes a warring god  
And moves the limbs with miracle. But  
now —

O, I should stand hemmed in with thoughts  
and rules —

Say, "This way passion acts," yet never feel  
The might of passion. How should I de-  
claim?

As monsters write with feet instead of hands.  
I will not feed on doing great tasks ill,  
Dull the world's sense with mediocrity,  
And live by trash that smothers excellence.  
One gift I had that ranked me with the  
best —

The secret of my frame — and that is gone.  
For all life now I am a broken thing.

But silence there! Leo, advise me now.  
I would take humble work and do it well,—

Teach music, singing, what I can,— not here,  
But in some smaller town where I may bring  
The method you have taught me, pass your  
gift

To others who can use it for delight.  
You think I can do that?

(*She pauses with a sob in her voice.*)

LEO. Yes, yes, dear child!  
And it were well, perhaps, to change the  
place,

Begin afresh as I did when I left  
Vienna with a heart half broken.

ARMG. (*roused by surprise*). You?

LEO. Well, it is long ago. But I had  
lost —

No matter! We must bury our dead joys  
And live above them with a living world.  
But whither, think you, you would like  
to go?

ARMG. To Freiburg.

LEO. In the Breisgau? And why there?  
It is too small.

ARMG. Walpurga was born there,  
And loves the place. She quitted it for me  
These five years past. Now I will take her  
there.

Dear Leo, I will bury my dead joy.

LEO. Mothers do so, bereaved; then learn  
to love

Another's living child.

ARMG. O, it is hard  
To take the little corpse, and lay it low,  
And say, "None misses it but me."— She  
sings —

I mean Paulina sings *Fidelio*,  
And they will welcome her to-night.

LEO. Well, well,  
'T is better that our griefs should not spread  
far.

*George Eliot.*

## OUR WHISPERING GALLERY.

## VII.

**S**HALL we go on with the reading of Dickens's letters to his friend Felton? How can we better employ this odorous summer morning, when everything cheerful and healthy seems abroad? When I think of this man, and all the lasting good and abounding pleasure he has brought into the world, I wonder at the Superstition that dares to arraign him. A sound philosopher once said: "He that thinks any innocent pastime foolish has either to grow wiser, or is past the ability to do so"; and I have always counted it an impudent fiction that playfulness is inconsistent with greatness. Many men and women have died of Dignity, but the disease which sent them to the tomb was not contracted from Charles Dickens. Not long ago, I met in the street a bleak old character, full of dogmatism, egotism, and rheumatism, who complained that Dickens had "too much exuberant sociality" in his books for *him*, and he wondered how any one could get through *Pickwick*. My solemn friend evidently preferred the dropping-down-deadness of manner which he had been accustomed to find in Hervey's "Meditations," and other kindred authors, where it always seems to be urged that life would be endurable but for its pleasures. A person once commended to my acquaintance an individual whom he described as "a fine, pompous, gentlemanly man," and I thought it prudent, under the circumstances, affectionately to decline the proffered introduction.

But let us proceed with those outbursts of bright-heartedness vouchsafed to us in Dickens's letters. To me these epistles are good as fresh "Uncommercial," or unpublished "Sketches by Boz," and I am sure the perusal of them will not harm any serious-minded person.

DEVONSHIRE TERRACE, YORK GATE,  
REGENT'S PARK, LONDON, 1st September, 1842.

MY DEAR FELTON: Of course that letter in the papers was as foul a forgery as ever felon swung for. . . . I have not contradicted it publicly, nor shall I. When I tilt at such wringings out of the dirtiest mortality, I shall be another man,—indeed, almost the creature they would make me.

I gave your message to Forster, who sends a despatch-box full of kind remembrances in return. He is in a great state of delight with the first volume of my American book (which I have just finished), and swears loudly by it. It is *True*, and Honorable I know, and I shall hope to send it you, complete, by the first steamer in November.

Your description of the porter and the carpet-bags prepares me for a first-rate facetious novel, brimful of the richest humor, on which I have no doubt you are engaged. What is it called? Sometimes I imagine the title-page thus:—

OYSTERS  
IN  
EVERY STYLE  
OR  
OPENINGS  
OF  
LIFE  
BY  
YOUNG DANDO.

As to the man putting the luggage on his head, as a sort of sign, I adopt it from this hour.

I date this from London, where I have come, as a good, profligate, graceless bachelor, for a day or two; leaving my wife and babbies at the seaside. . . . Heavens! if you were but here at this minute! A piece of salmon and a steak are cooking in the kitchen; it's

a very wet day, and I have had a fire lighted; the wine sparkles on a side-table; the room looks the more snug from being the only undismantled one in the house; plates are warming for Forster and MacIse, whose knock I am momentarily expecting; that groom I told you of, who never comes into the house, except when we are all out of town, is walking about in his shirt-sleeves without the smallest consciousness of impropriety; a great mound of proofs are waiting to be read aloud, after dinner. With what a shout I would clap you down into the easiest chair, my genial Felton, if you could but appear, and order you a pair of slippers instantly!

Since I have written this, the aforesaid groom — a very small man (as the fashion is) with fiery red hair (as the fashion is *not*) — has looked very hard at me and fluttered about me at the same time, like a giant butterfly. After a pause, he says, in a Sam Wellerish kind of way: "I vent to the club this mornin', sir. There vorn't no letters, sir." "Very good, Topping." "How's missis, sir?" "Pretty well, Topping." "Glad to hear it, sir. *My* missis ain't very well, sir." "No!" "No, sir, she's a goin', sir, to have a hincrase very soon, and it makes her rather nervous, sir; and ven a young voman gets at all down at sich a time, sir, she goes down very deep, sir." To this sentiment, I reply affirmatively, and then he adds, as he stirs the fire (as if he were thinking out loud), "Wot a mystery it is! Wot a go is natur'!" With which scrap of philosophy he gradually gets nearer to the door, and so fades out of the room.

This same man asked me one day, soon after I came home, what Sir John Wilson was. This is a friend of mine, who took our house and servants, and everything as it stood, during our absence in America. I told him an officer. "A wot, sir?" "An officer." And then, for fear he should think I meant a police officer, I added, "An officer in the army." "I beg your pardon, sir," he said, touching his hat,

"but the club as I always drove him to wos the United Servants."

The real name of this club is the United Service, but I have no doubt he thought it was a high-life-below-stairs kind of resort, and that this gentleman was a retired butler or superannuated footman.

There's the knock, and the Great Western sails, or steams rather, to-morrow. Write soon again, dear Felton, and ever believe me, . . .

Your affectionate friend,

CHARLES DICKENS.

P. S. All good angels prosper Dr. Howe. He, at least, will not like me the less, I hope, for what I shall say of Laura.

You have not forgotten, Jack, that memorable account of Laura Bridgeman in the "American Notes." Refresh your recollection of it by reading those pages again, when you have leisure, for it is a record worthy of Dickens in every particular.

LONDON, 1 DEVONSHIRE TERRACE, YORK GATE,  
REGENT'S PARK, 31st December, 1842.

MY DEAR FELTON: Many and many happy New Years to you and yours! As many happy children as may be quite convenient (no more)! and as many happy meetings between them and our children, and between you and us, as the kind fates in their utmost kindness shall favorably decree!

The American book (to begin with that) has been a most complete and thoroughgoing success. Four large editions have now been sold *and paid for*, and it has won golden opinions from all sorts of men, except our friend in F——, who is a miserable creature; a disappointed man in great poverty, to whom I have ever been most kind and considerate (I need scarcely say that); and another friend in B——, no less a person than an illustrious gentleman named —, who wrote a story called —. They have done no harm, and have fallen short of their mark, which, of course, was to annoy

me. Now I am perfectly free from any diseased curiosity in such respects, and whenever I hear of a notice of this kind, I never read it; whereby I always conceive (don't you?) that I get the victory. With regard to your slave-owners, they may cry, till they are as black in the face as their own slaves, that Dickens lies. Dickens does not write for their satisfaction, and Dickens will not explain for their comfort. Dickens has the name and date of every newspaper in which every one of those advertisements appeared, as they know perfectly well; but Dickens does not choose to give them, and will not at any time between this and the day of judgment. . . .

I have been hard at work on my new book, of which the first number has just appeared. The Paul Joneses who pursue happiness and profit at other men's cost will no doubt enable you to read it, almost as soon as you receive this. I hope you will like it. And I particularly commend, my dear Felton, one Mr. Pecksniff and his daughters to your tender regards. I have a kind of liking for them myself.

Blessed star of morning, such a trip as we had into Cornwall, just after Longfellow went away! The "we" means Forster, Maclise, Stanfield (the renowned marine painter), and the Inimitable Boz. We went down into Devonshire by the railroad, and there we hired an open carriage from an inn-keeper, patriotic in all Pickwick matters, and went on with post-horses. Sometimes we travelled all night, sometimes all day, sometimes both. I kept the joint-stock purse, ordered all the dinners, paid all the turnpikes, conducted facetious conversations with the post-boys, and regulated the pace at which we travelled. Stanfield (an old sailor) consulted an enormous map on all disputed points of wayfaring; and referred, moreover, to a pocket-compass and other scientific instruments. The luggage was in Forster's department; and Maclise, having nothing particular to do, sang songs. Heavens! If you could have seen the necks

of bottles — distracting in their immense varieties of shape — peering out of the carriage pockets! If you could have witnessed the deep devotion of the post-boys, the wild attachment of the hostlers, the maniac glee of the waiters. If you could have followed us into the earthy old churches we visited, and into the strange caverns on the gloomy sea-shore, and down into the depths of mines, and up to the tops of giddy heights where the unspeakably green water was roaring, I don't know how many hundred feet below! If you could have seen but one gleam of the bright fires by which we sat in the big rooms of ancient inns at night, until long after the small hours had come and gone, or smelt but one steam of the HOT punch (not white, dear Felton, like that amazing compound I sent you a taste of, but a rich, genial, glowing brown) which came in every evening in a huge broad china bowl! I never laughed in my life as I did on this journey. It would have done you good to hear me. I was choking and gasping and bursting the buckle off the back of my stock, all the way. And Stanfield (who is very much of your figure and temperament, but fifteen years older) got into such apoplectic entanglements that we were often obliged to beat him on the back with portmanteaus before we could recover him. Seriously, I do believe there never was such a trip. And they made such sketches, those two men, in the most romantic of our halting-places, that you would have sworn we had the Spirit of Beauty with us, as well as the Spirit of Fun. But stop till you come to England, — I say no more.

The actuary of the national debt could n't calculate the number of children who are coming here on Twelfth Night, in honor of Charley's birthday, for which occasion I have provided a magic-lantern and divers other tremendous engines of that nature. But the best of it is that Forster and I have purchased between us the entire stock in trade of a conjurer, the practice and display whereof is intrusted to me.

And O my dear eyes, Felton, if you could see me conjuring the company's watches into impossible tea-caddies, and causing pieces of money to fly, and burning pocket-handkerchiefs without hurting 'em, and practising in my own room, without anybody to admire, you would never forget it as long as you live. In those tricks which require a confederate I am assisted (by reason of his imperturbable good-humor) by Stanfield, who always does his part exactly the wrong way, to the unspeakable delight of all beholders. We come out on a small scale, to-night, at Forster's, where we see the old year out and the new one in. Particulars of which shall be forwarded in my next.

I have quite made up my mind that F—— really believes he *does* know you personally, and has all his life. He talks to me about you with such gravity that I am afraid to grin, and feel it necessary to look quite serious. Sometimes he *tells* me things about you, — does n't ask me, you know, — so that I am occasionally perplexed beyond all telling, and begin to think it was he, and not I, who went to America. It's the queerest thing in the world.

The book I was to have given Long-fellow for you is not worth sending by itself, being only a Barnaby. But I will look up some manuscript for you (I think I have that of the American Notes complete), and will try to make the parcel better worth its long conveyance. With regard to Maclise's pictures, you certainly are quite right in your impression of them; but he is "such a discursive devil" (as he says about himself), and flies off at such odd tangents, that I feel it difficult to convey to you any general notion of his purpose. I will try to do so when I write again. I want very much to know about — and that charming girl. . . . Give me full particulars. Will you remember me cordially to Sumner, and say I thank him for his welcome letter? The like to Hillard, with many regards to himself and his wife, with whom I had one night a little conver-

sation which I shall not readily forget. The like to Washington Allston, and all friends who care for me and have outlived my book. . . . Always, my dear Felton,

With true regard and affection, yours,  
CHARLES DICKENS.

Here is a letter that seems to me something tremendous in its fun and pathos: —

1 DEVONSHIRE TERRACE, YORK GATE,  
REGENT'S PARK, LONDON, 2d March, 1843.

MY DEAR FELTON: I don't know where to begin, but plunge headlong with a terrible splash into this letter, on the chance of turning up somewhere.

Hurrah! Up like a cork again, with the "North American Review" in my hand. Like you, my dear Felton, and I can say no more in praise of it, though I go on to the end of the sheet. You cannot think how much notice it has attracted here. Brougham called the other day, with the number (thinking I might not have seen it), and I being out at the time, he left a note, speaking of it, and of the writer, in terms that warmed my heart. Lord Ashburton (one of whose people wrote a notice in the "Edinburgh," which they have since publicly contradicted) also wrote to me about it in just the same strain. And many others have done the like.

I am in great health and spirits and powdering away at Chuzzlewit, with all manner of facetiousness rising up before me as I go on. As to news, I have really none, saving that — (who never took any exercise in his life) has been laid up with rheumatism for weeks past, but is now, I hope, getting better. My little captain, as I call him, — he who took me out, I mean, and with whom I had that adventure of the cork soles, — has been in London too, and seeing all the lions under my escort. Good heavens! I wish you could have seen certain other mahogany-faced men (also captains) who used to call here for him in the morning, and bear him off to docks and rivers and all sorts

of queer places, whence he always returned late at night, with rum-and-water tear-drops in his eyes, and a complication of punchy smells in his mouth! He was better than a comedy to us, having marvellous ways of tying his pocket-handkerchief round his neck at dinner-time in a kind of jolly embarrassment, and then forgetting what he had done with it; also of singing songs to wrong tunes, and calling land objects by sea names, and never knowing what o'clock it was, but taking midnight for seven in the evening; with many other sailor oddities, all full of honesty, manliness, and good temper. We took him to Drury Lane Theatre to see Much Ado about Nothing. But I never could find out what he meant by turning round, after he had watched the first two scenes with great attention, and inquiring "whether it was a Polish piece." . . .

On the 4th of April I am going to preside at a public dinner for the benefit of the printers; and if you were a guest at that table, would n't I smite you on the shoulder, harder than ever I rapped the well-beloved back of Washington Irving at the City Hotel in New York!

You were asking me — I love to say asking, as if we could talk together — about Maclise. He is such a discursive fellow, and so eccentric in his might, that on a mental review of his pictures I can hardly tell you of them as leading to any one strong purpose. But the annual Exhibition of the Royal Academy comes off in May, and then I will endeavor to give you some notion of him. He is a tremendous creature, and might do anything. But, like all tremendous creatures, he takes his own way, and flies off at unexpected breaches in the conventional wall.

You know H——'s Book, I daresay. Ah! I saw a scene of mingled comicality and seriousness at his funeral some weeks ago, which has choked me at dinner-time ever since. C—— and I went as mourners; and as H—— lived, poor fellow, five miles out of town, I drove C—— down. It was such a day

as I hope, for the credit of nature, is seldom seen in any parts but these, — muddy, foggy, wet, dark, cold, and unutterably wretched in every possible respect. Now, C—— has enormous whiskers, which straggle all down his throat in such weather, and stick out in front of him, like a partially unravelled bird's-nest; so that he looks queer enough at the best, but when he is very wet, and in a state between jollity (he is always very jolly with me) and the deepest gravity (going to a funeral, you know), it is utterly impossible to resist him; especially as he makes the strangest remarks the mind of man can conceive, without any intention of being funny, but rather meaning to be philosophical. I really cried with an irresistible sense of his comicality all the way; but when he was dressed out in a black cloak and a very long black hat-band by an undertaker (who, as he whispered me with tears in his eyes — for he had known H—— many years — was "a character, and he would like to sketch him)," I thought I should have been obliged to go away. However, we went into a little parlor where the funeral party was, and God knows it was miserable enough, for the widow and children were crying bitterly in one corner, and the other mourners — mere people of ceremony, who cared no more for the dead man than the hearse did — were talking quite coolly and carelessly together in another; and the contrast was as painful and distressing as anything I ever saw. There was an independent clergyman present, with his bands on and a Bible under his arm, who, as soon as we were seated, addressed C—— thus, in a loud, emphatic voice: "Mr. C——, have you seen a paragraph respecting our departed friend, which has gone the round of the morning papers?" "Yes, sir," says C——, "I have," looking very hard at me the while, for he had told me with some pride coming down that it was his composition. "Oh!" said the clergyman. "Then you will agree with me, Mr. C——, that it is not only an insult to me, who am the servant of the Al-



mighty, but an insult to the Almighty, whose servant I am." "How's that, sir?" says C—. "It is stated, Mr. C—, in that paragraph," says the minister, "that when Mr. H— failed in business as a bookseller, he was persuaded by *me* to try the pulpit, which is false, incorrect, unchristian, in a manner blasphemous, and in all respects contemptible. Let us pray." With which, my dear Felton, and in the same breath, I give you my word, he knelt down, as we all did, and began a very miserable jumble of an extemporary prayer. I was really penetrated with sorrow for the family, but when C— (upon his knees, and sobbing for the loss of an old friend) whispered me, "that if that was n't a clergyman, and it was n't a funeral, he'd have punched his head," I felt as if nothing but convulsions could possibly relieve me. . . .

Faithfully always, my dear Felton,  
C. D.

Was there ever such a genial, jovial creature as this master of humor! When we read his friendly epistles, we cannot help wishing he had written letters only, as when we read his novels we grudge the time he employed on anything else.

BROADSTAIRS, KENT, 1st September, 1843.

MY DEAR FELTON: If I thought it in the nature of things that you and I could ever agree on paper, touching a certain Chuzzlewitian question whereupon F— tells me you have remarks to make, I should immediately walk in to the same tooth and nail. But as I don't, I won't. Contenting myself with this prediction, that one of these years and days, you will write or say to me, "My dear Dickens, you were right, though rough, and did a world of good, though you got most thoroughly hated for it." To which I shall reply, "My dear Felton, I looked a long way off and not immediately under my nose." . . . At which sentiment you will laugh, and I shall laugh; and then (for I foresee this will all happen in my land) we shall

call for another pot of porter and two or three dozen of oysters.

Now don't you in your own heart and soul quarrel with me for this long silence? Not half so much as I quarrel with myself, I know; but if you could read half the letters I write to you in imagination, you would swear by me for the best of correspondents. The truth is, that when I have done my morning's work, down goes my pen, and from that minute I feel it a positive impossibility to take it up again, until imaginary butchers and bakers wave me to my desk. I walk about brimful of letters, facetious descriptions, touching morsels, and pathetic friendships, but can't for the soul of me uncork myself. The post-office is my rock ahead. My average number of letters, that *must* be written every day, is, at the least, a dozen. And you could no more know what I was writing to you spiritually, from the perusal of the bodily thirteenth, than you could tell from my hat what was going on in my head, or could read my heart on the surface of my flannel waistcoat.

This is a little fishing-place; intensely quiet; built on a cliff whereon—in the centre of a tiny semicircular bay—our house stands; the sea rolling and dashing under the windows. Seven miles out are the Goodwin Sands, (you've heard of the Goodwin Sands?) whence floating lights perpetually wink after dark, as if they were carrying on intrigues with the servants. Also there is a big lighthouse called the North Foreland on a hill behind the village, a severe parsonic light, which reproves the young and giddy floaters, and stares grimly out upon the sea. Under the cliff are rare good sands, where all the children assemble every morning and throw up impossible fortifications, which the sea throws down again at high water. Old gentlemen and ancient ladies flirt after their own manner in two reading-rooms and on a great many scattered seats in the open air. Other old gentlemen look all day through telescopes and never see anything. In a bay-window in a one



pair sits from nine o'clock to one a gentleman with rather long hair and no neckcloth, who writes and grins as if he thought he were very funny indeed. His name is Boz. At one he disappears, and presently emerges from a bathing-machine, and may be seen — a kind of salmon-colored porpoise — splashing about in the ocean. After that he may be seen in another bay-window on the ground-floor, eating a strong lunch; after that, walking a dozen miles or so, or lying on his back in the sand, reading a book. Nobody bothers him unless they know he is disposed to be talked to; and I am told he is very comfortable indeed. He's as brown as a berry, and they *do* say is a small fortune to the innkeeper who sells beer and cold punch. But this is mere rumor. Sometimes he goes up to London (eighty miles, or so, away), and then I'm told there is a sound in Lincoln Inn Fields at night, as of men laughing, together with a clinking of knives and forks and wine-glasses.

I never shall have been so near you since we parted aboard the *George Washington* as next Tuesday. Forster, Maclise, and I, and perhaps Stanfield, are then going aboard the *Cunard* steamer at Liverpool, to bid Macready good by, and bring his wife away. It will be a very hard parting. You will see and know him of course. We gave him a splendid dinner last Saturday at Richmond, whereat I presided with my accustomed grace. He is one of the noblest fellows in the world, and I would give a great deal that you and I should sit beside each other to see him play *Virginius*, *Lear*, or *Werner*, which I take to be, every way, the greatest piece of exquisite perfection that his lofty art is capable of attaining. His *Macbeth*, especially the last act, is a tremendous reality; but so indeed is almost everything he does. You recollect, perhaps, that he was the guardian of our children while we were away. I love him dearly. . . .

You asked me, long ago, about Maclise. He is such a wayward fel-

low in his subjects, that it would be next to impossible to write such an article as you were thinking of about him. I wish you could form an idea of his genius. One of these days a book will come out, "*Moore's Irish Melodies*," entirely illustrated by him, on every page. *When* it comes, I'll send it to you. You will have some notion of him then. He is in great favor with the queen, and paints secret pictures for her to put upon her husband's table on the morning of his birthday, and the like. But if he has a care, he will leave his mark on more enduring things than palace walls.

And so L—— is married. I remember *her* well, and could draw her portrait, in words, to the life. A very beautiful and gentle creature, and a proper love for a poet. My cordial remembrances and congratulations. Do they live in the house where we breakfasted? . . . .

I very often dream I am in America again; but, strange to say, I never dream of you. I am always endeavoring to get home in disguise, and have a dreary sense of the distance. *Appropos* of dreams, is it not a strange thing if writers of fiction never dream of their own creations; recollecting, I suppose, even in their dreams, that they have no real existence? I never dreamed of any of my own characters, and I feel it so impossible that I would wager Scott never did of his, real as they are. I had a good piece of absurdity in my head a night or two ago. I dreamed that somebody was dead. I don't know who, but it's not to the purpose. It was a private gentleman, and a particular friend; and I was greatly overcome when the news was broken to me (very delicately) by a gentleman in a cocked hat, top boots, and a sheet. Nothing else. "Good God!" I said, "is he dead?" "He is as dead, sir," rejoined the gentleman, "as a doornail. But we must all die, Mr. Dickens; sooner or later, my dear sir." "Ah!" I said. "Yes, to be sure. Very true. But what did he die of?" The gentleman burst into a flood of tears,

and said, in a voice broken by emotion : "He christened his youngest child, sir, with a toasting-fork." I never in my life was so affected as at his having fallen a victim to this complaint. It carried a conviction to my mind that he never could have recovered. I knew that it was the most interesting and fatal malady in the world ; and I wrung the gentleman's hand in a convulsion of respectful admiration, for I felt that this explanation did equal honor to his head and heart !

What do you think of Mrs. Gamp ? And how do you like the undertaker ? I have a fancy that they are in your way. O heaven ! such green woods as I was rambling among down in Yorkshire, when I was getting that done last July ! For days and weeks we never saw the sky but through green boughs ; and all day long I cantered over such soft moss and turf, that the horse's feet scarcely made a sound upon it. We have some friends in that part of the country (close to Castle Howard, where Lord Morpeth's father dwells in state, *in* his park indeed), who are the jolliest of the jolly, keeping a big old country house, with an ale-cellar something larger than a reasonable church, and everything like Goldsmith's bear-dances, "in a concatenation accordingly." Just the place for you, Felton ! We performed some madnesses there in the way of forfeits, picnics, rustic games, inspections of ancient monasteries at midnight, when the moon was shining, that would have gone to your heart, and, as Mr. Weller says, "come out on the other side." . . .

Write soon, my dear Felton ; and if I write to you less often than I would, believe that my affectionate heart is with you always. Loves and regards to all friends, from yours ever and ever,

CHARLES DICKENS.

These letters grow better and better as we get on. Ah me ! and to think we shall have no more from that delightful pen !

DEVONSHIRE TERRACE, LONDON,  
January 2, 1844.

MY VERY DEAR FELTON : You are a prophet, and had best retire from business straightway. Yesterday morning, New Year's day, when I walked into my little workroom after breakfast, and was looking out of window at the snow in the garden, — not seeing it particularly well in consequence of some staggering suggestions of last night, whereby I was beset, — the postman came to the door with a knock, for which I denounced him from my heart. Seeing your hand upon the cover of a letter which he brought, I immediately blessed him, presented him with a glass of whiskey, inquired after his family (they are all well), and opened the despatch with a moist and oystery twinkle in my eye. And on the very day from which the new year dates, I read your New Year congratulations as punctually as if you lived in the next house. Why don't you ?

Now, if instantly on the receipt of this you will send a free and independent citizen down to the Cunard wharf at Boston, you will find that Captain Hewett of the Britannia steamship (my ship) has a small parcel for Professor Felton of Cambridge ; and in that parcel you will find a Christmas Carol in prose ; being a short story of Christmas by Charles Dickens. Over which Christmas Carol Charles Dickens wept and laughed and wept again, and excited himself in a most extraordinary manner in the composition ; and thinking whereof he walked about the black streets of London, fifteen and twenty miles, many a night when all the sober folks had gone to bed. . . . Its success is most prodigious. And by every post all manner of strangers write all manner of letters to him about their homes and hearths, and how this same Carol is read aloud there, and kept on a little shelf by itself. Indeed, it is the greatest success, as I am told, that this ruffian and rascal has ever achieved.

Forster is out again ; and if he don't go in again, after the manner in which we have been keeping Christmas, he

must be very strong indeed. Such dinings, such dancings, such conjurings, such blind-man's-buffings, such theatre-goings, such kissings-out of old years and kissings-in of new ones, never took place in these parts before. To keep the Chuzzlewit going, and do this little book, the Carol, in the odd times between two parts of it, was, as you may suppose, pretty tight work. But when it was done I broke out like a madman. And if you could have seen me at a children's party at Macready's the other night, going down a country dance with Mrs. M., you would have thought I was a country gentleman of independent property, residing on a tip-top farm, with the wind blowing straight in my face every day. . . .

Your friend, Mr. P——, dined with us one day (I don't know whether I told you this before), and pleased us very much. Mr. C—— has dined here once, and spent an evening here. I have not seen him lately, though he has called twice or thrice; for K—— being unwell and I busy, we have not been visible at our accustomed seasons. I wonder whether H—— has fallen in your way. Poor H——! He was a good fellow, and has the most grateful heart I ever met with. Our journeyings seem to be a dream now. Talking of dreams, strange thoughts of Italy and France, and may be Germany, are springing up within me as the Chuzzlewit clears off. It's a secret I have hardly breathed to any one, but I "think" of leaving England for a year, next midsummer, bag and baggage, little ones and all,—then coming out with *such* a story, Felton, all at once, no parts, sledge-hammer blow.

I send you a Manchester paper, as you desire. The report is not exactly done, but very well done, notwithstanding. It was a very splendid sight, I assure you, and an awful-looking audience. I am going to preside at a similar meeting at Liverpool on the 26th of next month, and on my way home I may be obliged to preside at another

at Birmingham. I will send you papers, if the reports be at all like the real thing.

I wrote to Prescott about his book, with which I was perfectly charmed. I think his descriptions masterly, his style brilliant, his purpose manly and gallant always. The introductory account of Aztec civilization impressed me exactly as it impressed you. From beginning to end, the whole history is enchanting and full of genius. I only wonder that, having such an opportunity of illustrating the doctrine of visible judgments, he never remarks, when Cortes and his men tumble the idols down the temple steps and call upon the people to take notice that their gods are powerless to help themselves, that possibly if some intelligent native had tumbled down the image of the Virgin or patron saint after them nothing very remarkable might have ensued in consequence.

Of course you like Macready. Your name's Felton. I wish you could see him play Lear. It is stupendously terrible. But I suppose he would be slow to act it with the Boston company.

Hearty remembrances to Sumner, Longfellow, Prescott, and all whom you know I love to remember. Countless happy years to you and yours, my dear Felton, and some instalment of them, however slight, in England, in the loving company of

THE PROSCRIBED ONE.

O, breathe not his name.

And now don't you feel, my dear boy, over these letters, as if you had been spending the morning with "Boz" himself, and that your uncle had had nothing whatever to do with your delectation? I knew you would like to hear such letters as only Dickens could write; and some day we will read together other epistles from the same sparkling pen, addressed to a certain relative of yours, who keeps them in his safest box, and holds them among his most treasured possessions.

## THE POET OF SIERRA FLAT.

AS the enterprising editor of the "Sierra Flat Record" stood at his case setting type for his next week's paper, he could not help hearing the woodpeckers who were busy on the roof above his head. It occurred to him that possibly the birds had not yet learned to recognize in the rude structure any improvement on nature, and this idea pleased him so much that he incorporated it in the editorial article which he was then doubly composing. For the editor was also printer of the "Record"; and although that remarkable journal was reputed to exert a power felt through all Calaveras and a greater part of Tuolumne County, strict economy was one of the conditions of its beneficent existence.

Thus preoccupied, he was startled by the sudden irruption of a small roll of manuscript, which was thrown through the open door and fell at his feet. He walked quickly to the threshold and looked down the tangled trail which led to the high road. But there was nothing to suggest the presence of his mysterious contributor. A hare limped slowly away, a green-and-gold lizard paused upon a pine stump, the woodpeckers ceased their work. So complete had been his sylvan seclusion, that he found it difficult to connect any human agency with the act; rather the hare seemed to have an inexpressibly guilty look; the woodpeckers to maintain a significant silence, and the lizard to be conscience-stricken into stone.

An examination of the manuscript, however, corrected this injustice to defenceless nature. It was evidently of human origin, — being verse, and of exceeding bad quality. The editor laid it aside. As he did so he thought he saw a face at the window. Sallying out in some indignation, he penetrated the surrounding thicket in every direction, but his search was as fruitless as

before. The poet, if it were he, was gone.

A few days after this the editorial seclusion was invaded by voices of alternate expostulation and entreaty. Stepping to the door, the editor was amazed at beholding Mr. Morgan McCorkle, a well-known citizen of Angelo, and a subscriber to the "Record," in the act of urging, partly by force and partly by argument, an awkward young man toward the building. When he had finally effected his object, and, as it were, safely landed his prize in a chair, Mr. McCorkle took off his hat, carefully wiped the narrow isthmus of forehead which divided his black brows from his stubby hair, and, with an explanatory wave of his hand toward his reluctant companion, said, "A borned poet, and the cussedest fool you ever seed!"

Accepting the editor's smile as a recognition of the introduction, Mr. McCorkle panted and went on: "Did n't want to come! 'Mister Editor don't want to see me, Morg,' sez he. 'Milt,' sez I, 'he do; a borned poet like you and a gifted genius like he oughter come together sociable! And I fetched him. Ah, will yer?' The born poet had, after exhibiting signs of great distress, started to run. But Mr. McCorkle was down upon him instantly, seizing him by his long linen coat and settled him back in his chair. "Tain't no use stampeding. Yer ye are and yer ye stays. For yer a borned poet, — ef ye are as shy as a jackass rabbit. Look at 'im now!"

He certainly was not an attractive picture. There was hardly a notable feature in his weak face, except his eyes, which were moist and shy and not unlike the animal to which Mr. McCorkle had compared him. It was the face that the editor had seen at the window.

"Knowed him for fower year, — since

he war a boy," continued Mr. McCorkle in a loud whisper. "Allers the same, bless you! Can jerk a rhyme as easy as turnin' jack. Never had any eddication; lived out in Missooray all his life. But he's chock full o' poetry. On'y this mornin' sez I to him, — he camps along o' me, — 'Milt!' sez I, 'are breakfast ready?' and he up and answers back quite peart and chipper, 'The breakfast it is ready, and the birds is singing free, and it's risin' in the dawnin' light is happiness to me!' When a man," said Mr. McCorkle, dropping his voice with deep solemnity, "gets off things like them, without any call to do it, and handlin' flapjacks over a cook-stove at the same time, — that man's a borned poet."

There was an awkward pause. Mr. McCorkle beamed patronizingly on his *protégé*. The born poet looked as if he were meditating another flight, — not a metaphorical one. The editor asked if he could do anything for them.

"In course you can," responded Mr. McCorkle, "that's jest it. Milt, where's that poetry?"

The editor's countenance fell as the poet produced from his pocket a roll of manuscript. He, however, took it mechanically and glanced over it. It was evidently a duplicate of the former mysterious contribution.

The editor then spoke briefly but earnestly. I regret that I cannot recall his exact words, but it appeared that never before, in the history of the "Record," had the pressure been so great upon its columns. Matters of paramount importance, deeply affecting the material progress of Sierra, questions touching the absolute integrity of Calaveras and Tuolumne as social communities, were even now waiting expression. Weeks, nay, months, must elapse before that pressure would be removed, and the "Record" could grapple with any but the sternest of topics. Again, the editor had noticed with pain the absolute decline of poetry in the foothills of the Sierras. Even the works of Byron and Moore attracted no attention in Dutch Flat, and a prejudice

seemed to exist against Tennyson in Grass Valley. But the editor was not without hope for the future. In the course of four or five years, when the country was settled. —

"What would be the cost to print this yer?" interrupted Mr. McCorkle quietly.

"About fifty dollars, as an advertisement," responded the editor with cheerful alacrity.

Mr. McCorkle placed the sum in the editor's hand. "Yer see thet's what I sez to Milt, 'Milt,' sez I, 'pay as you go, for you are a borned poet. Hevin' no call to write, but doin' it free and spontaneous like, in course you pays. Thet's why Mister Editor never printed your poetry."

"What name shall I put to it?" asked the editor.

"Milton."

It was the first word that the born poet had spoken during the interview, and his voice was so very sweet and musical that the editor looked at him curiously, and wondered if he had a sister.

"Milton; is that all?"

"Thet's his furst name," explained Mr. McCorkle.

The editor here suggested that as there had been another poet of that name —

"Milt might be took for him! Thet's bad," reflected Mr. McCorkle with simple gravity. "Well, put down his hull name, — Milton Chubbuck."

The editor made a note of the fact. "I'll set it up now," he said. This was also a hint that the interview was ended. The poet and patron, arm in arm, drew towards the door. "In next week's paper," said the editor, smilingly, in answer to the child-like look of inquiry in the eyes of the poet, and in another moment they were gone.

The editor was as good as his word. He straightway betook himself to his case, and, unrolling the manuscript, began his task. The woodpeckers on the roof recommenced theirs, and in a few moments the former sylvan seclusion was restored. There was no

sound in the barren, barn-like room but the birds above, and below the click of the composing-rule as the editor marshalled the types into lines in his stick, and arrayed them in solid column on the galley. Whatever might have been his opinion of the copy before him, there was no indication of it in his face, which wore the stolid indifference of his craft. Perhaps this was unfortunate, for as the day wore on and the level rays of the sun began to pierce the adjacent thicket, they sought out and discovered an anxious ambushed figure drawn up beside the editor's window, — a figure that had sat there motionless for hours. Within, the editor worked on as steadily and impassively as Fate. And without, the born poet of Sierra Flat sat and watched him as waiting its decree.

The effect of the poem on Sierra Flat was remarkable and unprecedented. The absolute vileness of its doggerel, the gratuitous imbecility of its thought, and above all the crowning audacity of the fact that it was the work of a citizen and published in the county paper, brought it instantly into popularity. For many months Calaveras had languished for a sensation; since the last vigilance committee nothing had transpired to dispel the listless *ennui* begotten of stagnant business and growing civilization. In more prosperous moments the office of the "Record" would have been simply gutted and the editor deported; at present the paper was in such demand that the edition was speedily exhausted. In brief, the poem of Mr. Milton Chubbuck came like a special providence to Sierra Flat. It was read by camp-fires, in lonely cabins, in flaring bar-rooms and noisy saloons, and declaimed from the boxes of stage-coaches. It was sung in Poker Flat with the addition of a local chorus, and danced as an unhallowed rhythmic dance by the Pyrrhic phalanx of One Horse Gulch, known as "The Festive Stags of Calaveras." Some unhappy ambiguities of expression gave rise to many

new readings, notes, and commentaries, which, I regret to state, were more often marked by ingenuity than delicacy of thought or expression.

Never before did poet acquire such sudden local reputation. From the seclusion of McCorkle's cabin and the obscurity of culinary labors, he was haled forth into the glowing sunshine of Fame. The name of Chubbuck was written in letters of chalk on unpainted walls, and carved with a pick on the sides of tunnels. A drink known variously as "The Chubbuck Tranquilizer," or "The Chubbuck Exalter," was dispensed at the bars. For some weeks a rude design for a Chubbuck statue, made up of illustrations from circus and melodeon posters, representing the genius of Calaveras in brief skirts on a flying steed in the act of crowning the poet Chubbuck, was visible at Keeler's Ferry. The poet himself was overborne with invitations to drink and extravagant congratulations. The meeting between Colonel Starbottle of Siskiyon and Chubbuck, as previously arranged by our "Boston," late of Roaring Camp, is said to have been indescribably affecting. The Colonel embraced him unsteadily. "I could not return to my constituents at Siskiyon, sir, if this hand which has grasped that of the gifted Prentice and the lamented Poe should not have been honored by the touch of the godlike Chubbuck. Gentlemen, American literature is looking up. Thank you, I will take sugar in mine." It was "Boston" who indited letters of congratulations from H. W. Longfellow, Tennyson, and Browning to Mr. Chubbuck, deposited them in the Sierra Flat post-office, and obligingly consented to dictate the replies.

The simple faith and unaffected delight with which these manifestations were received by the poet and his patron might have touched the hearts of these grim masters of irony, but for the sudden and equal development in both of the variety of weak natures. Mr. McCorkle basked in the popularity of his *protégé*, and became alternately supercilious or patronizing toward the



dwellers of Sierra Flat ; while the poet, with hair carefully oiled and curled, and bedecked with cheap jewelry and flaunting neck-handkerchief, paraded himself before the single hotel. As may be imagined, this new disclosure of weakness afforded intense satisfaction to Sierra Flat, gave another lease of popularity to the poet, and suggested another idea to the facetious "Boston."

At that time a young lady popularly and professionally known as the "California Pet" was performing to enthusiastic audiences in the interior. Her specialty lay in the personation of youthful masculine character ; as a *gamin* of the street she was irresistible, as a negro-dancer she carried the honest miner's heart by storm. A saucy, pretty brunette, she had preserved a wonderful moral reputation even under the Jove-like advances of showers of gold that greeted her appearance on the stage at Sierra Flat. A prominent and delighted member of that audience was Milton Chubbuck. He attended every night. Every day he lingered at the door of the Union Hotel for a glimpse of the "California Pet." It was not long before he received a note from her, — in "Boston's" most popular and approved female hand, — acknowledging his admiration. It was not long before "Boston" was called upon to indite a suitable reply. At last, in furtherance of his facetious design, it became necessary for "Boston" to call upon the young actress herself and secure her personal participation. To her he unfolded a plan, the successful carrying out of which he felt would secure his fame to posterity as a practical humorist. The "California Pet's" black eyes sparkled approvingly and mischievously. She only stipulated that she should see the man first, — a concession to her feminine weakness which years of dancing Juba and wearing trousers and boots had not wholly eradicated from her wilful breast. By all means, it should be done. And the interview was arranged for the next week.

It must not be supposed that dur-

ing this interval of popularity Mr. Chubbuck had been unmindful of his poetic qualities. A certain portion of each day he was absent from town, — "a communin' with natur'," as Mr. McCorkle expressed it, and actually wandering in the mountain trails, or lying on his back under the trees, or gathering fragrant herbs and the bright-colored berries of the Marzanita. These and his company he generally brought to the editor's office, late in the afternoon, often to that enterprising journalist's infinite weariness. Quiet and uncommunicative, he would sit there patiently watching him at his work until the hour for closing the office arrived, when he would as quietly depart. There was something so humble and unobtrusive in these visits, that the editor could not find it in his heart to deny them, and accepting them, like the woodpeckers, as a part of his sylvan surroundings, often forgot even his presence. Once or twice, moved by some beauty of expression in the moist, shy eyes, he felt like seriously admonishing his visitor of his idle folly ; but his glance falling upon the oiled hair and the gorgeous necktie, he invariably thought better of it. The case was evidently hopeless.

The interview between Mr. Chubbuck and the "California Pet" took place in a private room of the Union Hotel ; propriety being respected by the presence of that arch-humorist, "Boston." To this gentleman we are indebted for the only true account of the meeting. However reticent Mr. Chubbuck might have been in the presence of his own sex, toward the fairer portion of humanity he was, like most poets, exceedingly voluble. Accustomed as the "California Pet" had been to excessive compliment, she was fairly embarrassed by the extravagant praises of her visitor. Her personation of boy characters, her dancing of the "Champion Jig," were particularly dwelt upon with fervid but unmistakable admiration. At last, recovering her audacity and emboldened by the presence of "Boston," the "California Pet" electrified her



hearers by demanding, half jestingly, half viciously, if it were as a boy or a girl that she was the subject of his flattering admiration.

"That knocked him out o' time," said the delighted "Boston," in his subsequent account of the interview. "But do you believe the d—d fool actually asked her to take him with her; wanted to engage in the company."

The plan, as briefly unfolded by "Boston," was to prevail upon Mr. Chubbuck to make his appearance in costume (already designed and prepared by the inventor) before a Sierra Flat audience, and recite an original poem at the Hall immediately on the conclusion of the "California Pet's" performance. At a given signal the audience were to rise and deliver a volley of unsavory articles (previously provided by the originator of the scheme); then a select few were to rush on the stage, seize the poet, and, after marching him in triumphal procession through town, were to deposit him beyond its uttermost limits, with strict injunctions never to enter it again. To the first part of the plan the poet was committed, for the latter portion it was easy enough to find participants.

The eventful night came, and with it an audience that packed the long narrow room with one dense mass of human beings. The "California Pet" never had been so joyous, so reckless, so fascinating and audacious before. But the applause was tame and weak compared to the ironical outburst that greeted the second rising of the curtain and the entrance of the born poet of Sierra Flat. Then there was a hush of expectancy, and the poet stepped to the foot-lights and stood with his manuscript in his hand.

His face was deadly pale. Either there was some suggestion of his fate in the faces of his audience, or some mysterious instinct told him of his danger. He attempted to speak, but faltered, tottered, and staggered to the wings.

Fearful of losing his prey, "Boston" gave the signal and leaped upon the

stage. But at the same moment a light figure darted from behind the scenes, and delivering a kick that sent the discomfited humorist back among the musicians, cut a pigeon-wing, executed a double-shuffle, and then advancing to the foot-lights with that inimitable look, that audacious swagger and utter *abandon* which had so thrilled and fascinated them a moment before, uttered the characteristic speech: "Wot are you goin' to hit a man fur, when he's down, s-a-a-y?"

The look, the drawl, the action, the readiness, and above all the downright courage of the little woman, had its effect. A roar of sympathetic applause followed the act. "Cut and run while you can," she whispered hurriedly over her one shoulder, without altering the other's attitude of pert and saucy defiance toward the audience. But even as she spoke the poet tottered and sank fainting upon the stage. Then she threw a despairing whisper behind the scenes, "Ring down the curtain."

There was a slight movement of opposition in the audience, but among them rose the burly shoulders of Yuba Bill, the tall, erect figure of Henry York of Sandy Bar, and the colorless, determined face of John Oakhurst. The curtain came down.

Behind it knelt the "California Pet" beside the prostrate poet. "Bring me some water. Run for a doctor. Stop!! CLEAR OUT, ALL OF YOU!"

She had unloosed the gaudy cravat and opened the shirt-collar of the insensible figure before her. Then she burst into an hysterical laugh.

"Manuela!"

Her tiring woman, a Mexican half-breed, came toward her.

"Help me with him to my dressing-room, quick; then stand outside and wait. If any one questions you, tell them he's gone. Do you hear? HE's gone."

The old woman did as she was bade. In a few moments the audience had departed. Before morning so also had the "California Pet," Manuela, and—the poet of Sierra Flat.

But, alas! with them also had departed the fair fame of the "California Pet." Only a few, and these it is to be feared of not the best moral character themselves, still had faith in the stainless honor of their favorite actress. "It was a mighty foolish thing to do, but it'll all come out right yet." On the other hand, a majority gave her full credit and approbation for her undoubted pluck and gallantry, but deplored that she should have thrown it away upon a worthless object. To elect for a lover the despised and ridiculed vagrant of Sierra Flat, who had not even the manliness to stand up in his own defence, was not only evidence of inherent moral depravity, but was an insult to the community. Colonel Starbottle saw in it only another instance of the extreme frailty of the sex; he had known similar cases; and remembered distinctly, sir, how a well-known Philadelphia heiress, one of the finest women that ever rode in her kerridge, that, gad, sir! had thrown over a Southern member of Congress to consort with a d—d nigger. The Colonel had also noticed a singular look in the dog's eye which he did not entirely fancy. He would not say anything against the lady, sir, but he had noticed — And here haply the Colonel became so mysterious and darkly confidential as to be unintelligible and inaudible to the bystanders.

A few days after the disappearance of Mr. Chubbuck a singular report reached Sierra Flat, and it was noticed that "Boston," who since the failure of his elaborate joke had been even more depressed in spirits than is habitual with great humorists, suddenly found that his presence was required in San Francisco. But as yet nothing but the vaguest surmises were afloat, and nothing definite was known.

It was a pleasant afternoon when the editor of the "Sierra Flat Record"

looked up from his case and beheld the figure of Mr. Morgan McCorkle standing in the doorway. There was a distressed look on the face of that worthy gentleman that at once enlisted the editor's sympathizing attention. He held an open letter in his hand, as he advanced toward the middle of the room.

"As a man as has allers borne a fair reputation," began Mr. McCorkle slowly, "I should like, if so be as I could, Mister Editor, to make a correction in the columns of your valooable paper."

Mr. Editor begged him to proceed.

"Ye may not disremember that about a month ago I fetched here what so be as we'll call a young man whose name might be as it were Milton — Milton Chubbuck."

Mr. Editor remembered perfectly.

"Thet same party I'd knowed better nor fower year, two on 'em campin' out together. Not that I'd know him all the time, fur he war shy and strange at spells and had odd ways that I took war nat'ral to a borned poet. Ye may remember that I said he was a borned poet?"

The editor distinctly did.

"I picked this same party up in St. Jo., takin' a fancy to his face, and kinder calklating he'd runn'd away from home, — for I'm a married man, Mr. Editor, and hev children of my own, — and thinkin' belike he was a borned poet."

"Well," said the editor.

"And as I said before, I should like now to make a correction in the columns of your valooable paper."

"What correction?" asked the editor.

"I said, ef you remember my words, as how he was a borned poet."

"Yes."

"From statements in this yer letter it seems as how I war wrong."

"Well?"

"She war a woman."

*Bret Harte.*

## RECENT LITERATURE.

*The Life of Major John André, Adjutant-General of the British Army in America.*

By WINTHROP SARGENT. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1871.

ONE of the most interesting episodes of our War of the Revolution has been treated at length and in full detail by one of the most promising of our younger historical students, the late Mr. Winthrop Sargent. His *Life of Major André* is at once a romance, a tragedy, and a passage of history.

The story of the unfortunate victim of military necessity begins with love that resulted in disappointment, and passes through varying adventures, until the one risk too many led to the discovery which ended in the strangling of a gallant and accomplished gentleman upon the gallows. The convicted spy, who died a felon's death, was commemorated by a stately monument in Westminster Abbey, and his dust now lies in that sepulchre of kings. England lost no soldier in the war whose loss was so long and widely mourned; and no sentence supposed to be dictated by the laws of warfare, and enforced under the pressure of the time, was ever more regretted by those who pronounced the doom and exacted the penalty.

It is impossible to read the record of André's youth, with its many friendships and its one passion, to see how full he was of generous ambition, and how richly adorned with the brighter graces which captivated even those who had to call him their enemy; to look upon his handsome features, preserved in the miniature traced by his own hand, and not to wish that it had been possible to spare such a victim to the rules of organized barbarism. If Arnold's neck could have been slipped into André's noose, the rejoicing would have been universal on one side, and very little regret would have been wasted on the other.

Mr. Sargent's "*Life of André*" is now republished in a second edition by the care of the loving friends who can never cease to lament the young historian's yet recent loss. One of these has introduced the volume with a brief note, tenderly expressing the feeling which must rise in the heart of every reader. The work is a double monument. It com-

memorates one who died too early by the hand of violence, snatched rudely away from the affections that cherished him, from the fame which, as he hoped, not without reason, awaited him. It embalms the memory of his biographer, young, if no longer youthful, full of promise, full of hope, looking forward to larger labors in those peaceful fields of research where he had already become known as a modest, faithful, intelligent worker. He, too, was called away with his task unfinished. The soldier met his death in the midst of his enemies, surrounded by circumstances of ignominy which his brave soul could hardly endure to contemplate. The scholar was summoned gently by slow disease, and breathed his last surrounded by those who were dearest to him. It was fitting that the young soldier's story should be told by a young writer, and Mr. Sargent's memoir is very evidently a labor of love, such as a companion of his own age might have bestowed upon his memory.

The reader will find entertainment in the pleasant account of André's early life, his romantic friendships, his lively letters, the glimpses of noted people with whom he was in friendly relation, — Miss Anna Seward, "Julia," as she called herself in her high-flown letters, the Corinna of Lichfield, sometimes called the Swan of that locality, a few of whose stilted heroic lines have picked their way down to posterity in virtue of the events and characters with which they dealt; Mr. Thomas Day, the author of *Sandford and Merton*, — Cœlebs in search of a wife, as he figures in this story; Richard Lovell Edgeworth, who carried off the object of André's attachment, the fair Honora Sneyd; the fascinating Honora herself, who made everybody in love with her, and, as she could not love everybody, by her refusal "sent poor Mr. Day to bed to be bled for a fever," and poor "cher Jean" — Mr. André — to the wars, and so to the gallows: all which personages, with glimpses of many more, give life to this most agreeable record of André's youthful days.

Many readers will follow with deep interest the historical sketch of the course of events which led to the situation of affairs where Arnold's treason brought him into

relation with André, and thus betrayed the latter to his doom. A large number, perhaps, will hurry on to the last act of the tragedy. If they begin with this most saddening yet most absorbing portion of the drama, they will be sure to turn back and read the tale of the intrigues, the indiscretions, the blunders, that ended so disastrously to the young and adventurous soldier. And they will find everywhere the marks of diligent research, a genuine enthusiasm for the subject, and a simple and pleasing narrative style.

The two portraits prefixed to the volume are remarkably well executed. That of André, from his own miniature, shows a face of great delicacy and refinement, with more of the Frenchman than the Englishman in its features. Those who knew Mr. Sargent will agree that his portrait is an admirable likeness of one who looked like what he was, — a man with the best instincts of the scholar, and the finest feelings and manners of a gentleman.

*William Winston Seaton, of the "National Intelligencer."* A Biographical Sketch. With passing Notices of his Associates and Friends. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.

THIS sketch of Mr. Seaton's life is also a record of political and social life in Washington for the fifty years that preceded the veteran journalist's death in 1865; and in this respect is even more entertaining than as the story of a man whose fine character, quite as much as any intellectual performance, secured him national repute and the friendship of all the best and greatest men of his time. The book is eminently worthy to be read now on this account if no other; for in our present haste to be rich and powerful, and our practical worship of smartness, we seem to be forgetting that character — integrity, dignity, courtesy, loyalty, truth, and whatever else goes to make up a gentleman — is more desirable than most kinds of success. It will be wholesome, we say, for young men to turn from the newspapers full of Colonel Fisk to the history of a man who spent a long life in political journalism, and died leaving a memory as stainless as Washington's. Mr. Seaton was not a great man; in some things he has been proved by events a very mistaken man; but all the more was

he to be admired for the balance that enabled him to hold his opinions with firmness and without violence. This virtue inspired such confidence that what he said had far greater weight than the expressions of more positively gifted, but less judicious men, and made the *National Intelligencer* a synonyme for moderation, honesty, and decency. It was a quality of the heart as well as of the head; it was goodness as well as wisdom; and goodness, after all, is a desirable thing, even in a political editor.

An exceedingly interesting part of this biography is the introductory account of the Gales family, in England, and their persecutions there as the friends of freedom and progress, and the supposed friends of revolution, — for it was in the time of the first French Republic. They were a race of printers, and by publishing liberal political works they made themselves trouble from which they were at last obliged to fly, taking refuge at first in Germany, and coming a little later to America. William Winston Seaton, a rising young Virginia journalist, with the usual Virginian qualification of gentle descent, married one of the daughters of this admirable family in 1809, and with one of the sons he formed in 1812 that business relation which for half a century made the names of Gales and Seaton inseparable. Seaton had already been connected with his wife's father in the publication of a Federalist paper at Raleigh; but the two young men began their editorial career together in the conduct of the *National Intelligencer* at Washington, where the government had recently perched upon such dry-footing as it could find in the original swamp. The mother of Mrs. Seaton was a woman of unusual literary culture, and of so much executive faculty that, for a while after the exile of her husband from England, she conducted his affairs in such a manner as to command the admiration of his persecutors; and Mrs. Seaton inherited all that was delightful in her talent. After the daughter's removal to the capital, she wrote to her mother letters which are full of grace and spirit, and from which her own daughter in this sketch gives abundant extracts. They form, indeed, the great charm of the book, and bring before us with easy fidelity the life of the past. They tell us of the Madison administration, and that Mrs. Madison, at one of her select parties ("Washington Irving, the author of *Knickerbocker* and *Salmagundi*," was present among others),

wears "a crimson cap that almost hides her forehead, but which becomes her extremely, and reminds one of a crown, from its brilliant appearance, contrasted with the white satin folds and her jet-black curls," and converses so well "on books, men, and manners," that Mrs. Seaton thinks she has never spent a more agreeable half-hour than that which she passed in talk with the President's lady. Shortly after she goes to a naval ball, described fully in her lively way, when the place was decorated by two British flags just taken by American sailors. Later she writes of the fears felt of a British attack on Washington. Her husband and brother join a volunteer force for the common defence, and "there are only two pressmen left in the office, and one of them ill this evening, so that the paper will be published with great difficulty"; next year the city is taken, and the *Intelligencer* office sacked by the enemy, whom the editor has already met at Bladensburg. In spite of the war and public calamities, the fashionable ladies of 1814 rouged "with an unsparing hand"; and at one of Mrs. Madison's receptions their paint "assimilating with their pearl-powder dust and perspiration made them altogether unlovely to soul and to eye," as the ladies of our day may be glad to learn in their own defence. The winter of 1815, following the victory of New Orleans, was "extremely gay," but society was at first in doubt whether ladies should visit Mrs. Jackson, though they finally did so, of course. "I have seen a good deal of General Jackson. . . . He is not striking in appearance; his features are hard-favored (as our Carolinians say), his complexion sallow, and his person small. Mrs. Jackson is a totally uninformed woman in mind and manners, but extremely civil in her way." In 1818 come the Calhouns, whom Mrs. Seaton finds charming. "Mr. Calhoun is a profound statesman and elegant scholar, you know by public report; but his manners in a private circle are endearing as well as captivating." The next year Mrs. Seaton encloses to her mother "a letter from J. Q. Adams to the President of the United States on the question of etiquette," which she believes "will display the character of the man who *may* be our future President in stronger light than all the public papers he has written, and proves him to be more of a bookworm and abstracted student than a man of the world"; though it seems to us that a book-

worm would hardly have troubled himself, as Mr. Adams did, to argue elaborately that Congressmen and their wives should pay the first visit to officers of the Cabinet and their wives, and thus to fix the present usage, — if it is the present usage. We have accounts presently of the painful excitement following the duel between McCarty and Mason, in which the latter was killed. "On Sunday last," writes Mrs. Seaton in 1820, "I went to the Capitol, and listened with great interest to one of the purest strains of eloquence that ever issued from the pulpit in my hearing, — a young man named Everett, an Unitarian from Boston, of rare talents and profound learning, Professor of Greek and Hebrew at Cambridge." Then there are allusions to the fatal duel between Commodore Barron and Decatur, — "the murder of Decatur"; and we are told that John Randolph "is chock full of fight ever since the late duel, and endeavors to provoke a quarrel with everybody he meets." There is much gossip about the foreign ministers and their wives, Lady Bogot (who confessed to a friend that she had to stick pins into herself to keep from going to sleep at the dull Washington balls) being the favorite. "The English are half a century before us in style," writes Mrs. Seaton, after a ball at Mr. Canning's. "Handsome pictures, books, and all sorts of elegant litter, distinguish his rooms, the mansion being decorated with peculiar taste and propriety." In 1823 the Seatons visited Boston, and called upon ex-President John Adams, at Quincy. "We found him sitting to the famous Stuart for his portrait, to be completed on his eighty-ninth birthday. Mr. [John Quincy] Adams led me to him and said a few words aside, when I was quite affected by his rising from the sofa and affectionately kissing my cheek, bidding me welcome to Quincy."

Two years later John Quincy Adams has been elected President, and Mrs. Seaton, writing from Washington, says: "The city is thronged with strangers, and *Yankees* swarm like the locusts of Egypt in our houses, our beds, and our kneading-troughs."

We run lightly and desultorily through these letters, in which so many events of the past are reflected, and by no means do the writer justice in our extracts. After the election of Jackson and the beginning of the reign of office-seeking, the complexion of Washington society was greatly changed. It lost its old stateliness and decorum, and

gained nothing in ease. From that time it almost ceases to be noticed in Mrs. Seaton's letters, though the interest of the book is fully sustained in other matters.

It is not difficult to perceive that the work has been written in sympathy with an obsolete order of things ; but this order was not altogether bad, and the sympathy is never offensive, save where John Brown is spoken of as "a great criminal." Mr. Seaton freed his slaves, and was a devout believer in the colonization scheme. Of course he was no friend to the common antislavery movement, but neither was he the friend of the Southern extremists. He was of those who believed in temporizing and compromising. Whether slavery could have been temporized and compromised out of existence, it is now somewhat late to inquire ; but the fact, whatever it is, does not affect the repute of such a man for sincere patriotism and an enlightened sense of nationality.

*Faust: A Tragedy.* By JOHANN WOLFGANG VON GOETHE. The Second Part. Translated in the Original Metres. By BAYARD TAYLOR. Boston : James R. Osgood & Co.

WE fear that it will require a Goethean education almost as profound as that which Mr. Taylor has won in the course of his arduous work to find in the Second Part of Faust "a higher intellectual character" than in the First. To most readers it will always appear a drama with great and beautiful passages, significant episodes, and sublime suggestions, but without limitations, or, at least, with bounds so vast and a design so vague that they are not discernible without study closer than most men can give any work of merely human imagination. For ourselves, we confess that as we read it, we feel as if a great poet had created the drama, not so much to afford any fellow-creature instruction or pleasure, as to exercise his powers for his own amusement and surprise. Whether the purpose, whatever it was, has been justified by the result, is still a matter of very great doubt with many Goethean students. Mr. Taylor is one of the few who think it is so justified, and he certainly has helped in high degree to make the poem intelligible. In his admirably written Introduction, he gives an interpretative sketch of each act, and in the notes he makes clear

whatever the light of patient research, ardent sympathy, and poetic instinct can illuminate. It is not his fault if, in spite of all care and faculty, many passages remain incapable of explanation.

Throughout, the translation appears to us worthy of the highest praise. It is graceful and musical as it is faithful, and how faithful it is will appear only to the reader who compares it with the original, for it has very few of the defects of literality. We think that, on the whole, it is even better than his version of the First Part ; and we are not quite willing to accept Mr. Taylor's modest explanation of the fact upon ground that the "predominance of symbol and aphorism" over "passion of sentiment" made his task easier ; for in those passages where Goethe rises to poetry in his vast, obscure dream, his translator has reproduced him with the greatest success. No part of the version seems to us so good as the "Helena," in which feeling rises above the allegory, and almost dramatizes that strange conception of the union of the romantic and the classic principles through Faust and Helen in Byron, or Euphron.

In all respects the result is a monument to the translator's skill, sympathy, and erudition ; and if he does not succeed in making the reader agree with him concerning the relative value of the Second Part of "Faust," he certainly seems to have done all that could be done in English to give it the first place as an intellectual work.

*Oration on the Life and Character of General George H. Thomas.* Delivered before the Society of the Army of the Cumberland. By GENERAL JAMES A. GARFIELD, at the Fourth Annual Reunion, Cleveland, November 25, 1870. Cincinnati : Robert Clarke & Co.

*Memorial of the Life of J. Johnston Pettigrew, Brig.-Gen. of the Confederate States Army.* By WM. HENRY TRECOT. Charleston : John Russell.

*In Memoriam. General Steven Elliott.* Oration by WM. HENRY TRECOT. Columbia, S. C. : Julian A. Selby, State and City Printer.

WE group these books, not only because they have a common interest as history, but also because they are strikingly similar in spirit, and from totally opposite feelings and convictions deal with the same great ques-

tion in kindred generosity. The two memorials by Mr. Trescot are of admirable temper, that of General Pettigrew especially showing in the praise of a Southern soldier a sentiment which certainly does not seem to owe its warmth to hatred of his opponents. We have seen nothing from either side more thoroughly purged of bitterness. Mr. Trescot looks upon the solution of a question in which the logic of events, at least, has overpowered him, not without emotion, but in the light of analogous history and with philosophical self-control. His oration is a judicious tribute to the memory of a man whom (apart from his great error) we should all have found praiseworthy for noble qualities and abilities; and it is, moreover, a very instructive study of that South Carolina civilization which substituted a local for a national patriotism, and finally produced the war. We do not yet thoroughly understand this at the North, and most of us would find it difficult to make due allowance for influences we have never felt, though General Garfield does it, in his oration on Thomas, and declares that "we never shall do full justice to the conduct of Virginians in the late war" without taking into account the fact that they, like the other Southerners, had been taught to look upon their State as their country. "Federal honors," says Mr. Trescot, "were undervalued, and even Federal powers were underrated, except as they were reflected back from the interests and prejudices of the State. . . . The fathers and mothers who had reared them, the society whose traditions gave both refinement and assurance to their young ambition, the colleges in which the creed of Mr. Calhoun was the text-book of their political studies, the friends with whom they planned their future, the very land they loved, dear to them as thoughtless boys, dearer to them as thoughtful men, were all impersonate living, speaking, commanding in the State of which they were children."

After these introductory passages upon the political and social character of South Carolina, Mr. Trescot gives a sketch of General Pettigrew's life, philosophizing its suggestive events with a clearness and moderation which cannot be too highly commended. In fact, the perfect restraint of expression, the graceful and finished style, the eloquent yet guarded tone, make the memorial a model of its kind. Mr. Trescot is an ardent lover of South Carolina,

but he is always careful to remember that "South Carolina is a very small and not a very important part of the civilized world"; and in appreciating what he believes the virtues of her former social and political state, he has rather the air of analysis than of eulogy. As one reads his orations, so forbearing, so sensible, so discriminating, one cannot help regretting that if there are many such men as Mr. Trescot in South Carolina, we do not hear more of them. On all accounts it seems a pity, thinking of such men, that South Carolina should be the prey of Ku-Kluxes and of legislators who cannot spell.

Mr. Trescot's memorials are studies of men who were equal to the demands of a local patriotism; General Garfield's eulogy presents with equal temperance and liberality the character of a man — like General Elliott and General Pettigrew, a Southerner — who rose to the conception of national duty; and in the ampler destiny and greater fame of Thomas is reflected the superior grandeur of his ideal. We can allow all the praise that Mr. Trescot bestows upon his heroes; we can grant that they were brave, earnest, self-devoted men; and then we must turn with heightened admiration to the man whose country was America and not Virginia. It was to the Southerners alone that the question of allegiance to the State or to the nation was practically put, and we honor such as Thomas, while we remember in all humbleness that the mettle of no Northerner was so severely tried, whatever were our sacrifices.

General Garfield rapidly and clearly sketches Thomas's career, and presents in all its massiveness and solidity that simple, grand, faithful life, the sublimity of which we seemed hardly to feel with due consciousness till its close. "No one knew until he was dead how strong was his hold on the hearts of the American people," though then, indeed, "every citizen felt that a pillar of state had fallen; that a great and true and pure man had passed from earth."

As literature, these three orations are very creditable to the widely different civilizations that produced them, and mark a vast advance from the merely oratorical spirit in which such things were wont to be done. It is curious and interesting to find Mr. Trescot of South Carolina, and General Garfield of Ohio, both quoting Tennyson, and showing that, whatever were the varying social spheres that moulded their character,



the wider and more generous influences were the same. General Garfield's oration betrays something of the carelessness of the man who must speak much and quickly; but it is as gravely, tastefully, and honestly done as the more exquisite work of Mr. Trescott.

*The Foe in the Household.* By CAROLINE CHESEBRO'. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.

To those who read Miss Chesebro's beautiful story as it appeared from month to month in these pages, we need not, we suppose, say much in its praise; for its charm must have been felt already. To our thinking, it deserves to rank with the very best of American fictions, and is surpassed only by Hawthorne's romances and Mrs. Stowe's greatest work. It has a certain advantage over other stories in the freshness of the life and character with which it is employed; but it required all the more skill to place us in intelligent sympathy with the people of the quaint sect from whom most of its persons are drawn. It is so very quietly and decently wrought, that perhaps the veteran novel-reader, in whom the chords of feeling have been rasped and twanged like fiddle-strings by the hysterical performance of some of our authoresses, may not be at once moved by it; but we believe that those who feel realities will be deeply touched. Delia Holcombe, in her lifelong expiation of her girlish error, is a creation as truthful as she is original; and in her sufferings through her own regrets, the doubts of her unacknowledged daughter, the persecutions of Father Trost, the unsuspicious tenderness of her second husband, all the high ends of tragedy are attained; and the tragedy is the more powerful since in time it has become a duty rather to hide than to confess her deceit. Her character is admirably studied, and so is that of Father Trost, and in their degree, Friend Holcombe's, Deacon Ent's, Doctor Detwiler's, John Edgar's. No character in the book is feebly done; and the persons of merely episodic passages, like the Guildersleeves and Annie Gell, are thoroughly realized.

No book of our time has combined such high qualities of art and morals with greater success than "The Foe in the Household," for which, in the interest of pure taste and sentiment, we could not desire too wide a currency.

*Thoughts about Art.* By PHILIP GILBERT HAMERTON, Author of "A Painter's Camp." A new Edition, revised by the Author. Roberts Brothers. 1871.

OF all the English writers on art Mr. F. T. Palgrave and Mr. P. G. Hamerton are undoubtedly the two whose writings are now doing the most good. They both possess unusual qualifications for the work, and both hold sound views as to the real nature and function of Art, — that she is neither the handmaid of religion nor science nor medicine nor law nor what not, but that she has a specific aim of her own, — to give the highest possible pleasure to the greatest possible number. We consequently find these two writers treating not only of art in itself, but of its various relations to everyday life, philosophic, literary, domestic, or otherwise.

Whoever takes up Mr. Hamerton's new book, even if in the most exacting of moods, will read it with profit and pleasure. Hamerton has not Ruskin's poetical power nor his brilliancy of style. He leans rather to philosophy and scientific analysis. The reader may not accept everything he advances. But it is not the least extravagant to say his book will undoubtedly do as much good in the direct service of art as any book ever written. He is not constantly dropping whatever topic he discusses, and zig-zagging off into the realms of space, dilating on all things upon the earth, in the heavens above, or the waters beneath. One does not find him like Ruskin, for instance, making any such prophecy as that we can never have any noble architecture with the material of iron, for the reason that no mention of such a thing is made in the Bible. He probably would see the logical difficulties one would fall into if this style of reasoning were extended to other subjects, — say to the mechanic arts.

The essays in this book fall into four general groups, namely, art in its relations to itself, to society, to philosophy, to literature. And the reader will probably find himself favoring some chapters more than others, according to his individual tastes; but all will interest, delight, and instruct him. These essays were first published in England, a part in book form, and a part in various periodicals. The Preface tells us that no alterations have been made in the American edition, except in the way of omission. Comparing the English edition

with the American, we find most of the erasures are of crudities of style common to young writers ; occasionally there is an exclusion of a crudity of thought. For instance, we find in the English edition the following : " I can be happy without wine, but not without color ; that I *must* have either in art or nature, and I believe that if I were deprived of it I should die." He knows very well he would do nothing of the sort. Again, he had said : " Blinded by no boyish enthusiasm, I knew that to give my energies to its [art's] advancement was to close forever the paths of ambition, and forfeit the respect of men." By erasing such silly remarks he shows that he is ready to correct mistakes, and also vastly improves his book.

Perhaps the first chapter — to prove that some artists should write about art — is the least necessary of all. It contains much truth, to be sure, but generally in these days of reading, if one has anything worth saying, and knows *how* to say it, he is pretty sure of an audience ; and in these days of writing he is pretty sure to say it. In the two chapters following Mr. Hamerton gives to the general reader some insight into the processes of a laborious profession, and to the young artist hints of undoubted usefulness ; he analyzes the art of painting from nature, shows the respective difficulties of the various ways, and suggests certain practical plans for overcoming them.

Our author defends landscape painting, and attempts to show its proper relative position among other branches of art, — for example, historical, figure, or genre painting. It is pleasant to see such good blows struck in behalf of a cherished object as are here delivered in behalf of landscape painting. But we doubt if the true position for landscape art is so likely to be won by writing it up as by painting it up. In the time of Michael Angelo there was much disputation as to the relative values of painting and sculpture. Michael Angelo, in a letter to Benedetto Varchi, wrote a valuable truth here in point : " Since, then, the same species of intelligence presides over both sculpture and painting, why not make peace between them, and close those endless disputes, the time consumed in which would be much better employed in producing works of art ?" Why not apply this truth to the different branches of painting ?

Some popular errors about photography

are corrected by Mr. Hamerton. It is *not* as perfect as a reflection of a scene in a mirror, color alone omitted ; it is *not* drawing by light, and the word " photography " is a misnomer ; here too is set forth the difference between the mechanical operations of photography and the æsthetic operations of art, which may encourage those timid souls, if any are still left, who fear photography will ever supplant painting, as printing superseded manuscripts and illumination ; also what things photographs always fail to reproduce ; how limited the scale of pigments is compared with that of nature's colors ; also the difference between the photographic and the artistic system of light ; how painting can obviate many of the difficulties which photography cannot ; the great aid, direct and indirect, of photography to painting ; and much more of real interest.

There is a chapter on some of the differences between the contiguous but distinct realms of literature and painting ; another lets us into the secret why many artists, who to all appearance should produce much good work, actually do create so little in proportion to their apparent power ; and other chapters contain the ablest handling of some of the questions relating to the Pre-Raphaelite movement we have ever seen.

The essay on " The Painter in his Relation to Society " is more applicable of course to England than to America, from the difference in our social structure. His theory that " political power is the real standard of social respectability " sounds rather odd to us in America. Moreover, we use the word " gentleman " somewhat differently ; and Mr. Hamerton seems a little sore on the social position of artists in England.

This book should be carefully *studied* by those to whom is intrusted the noble charge of founding and managing our new art-museums. It contains many suggestions which must be taken into account before art-museums can be placed in the most efficient working order. It is not enough that those who manage art-museums should simply have enthusiasm for art, or patriotism, or knowledge and skill in the science of general education, or business tact, or money. They must also have a clear conception of the real nature of art, its legitimate aims, its capacities and incapacities, its relations to our daily life. Here is a book by a man naturally well qualified to deal with such questions, who has made art a specialty,

has given years to practising and thinking about it, and has put into our hands the result of those labors.

Our conclusion is a remark which Mr. Hamerton applies only to England: "It may be doubted whether the national mind has turned to art from the pure love for it. We discovered that for want of artistic counsel and help we were spending our money badly every time we tried either to build a public building, or weave a carpet, or color a ribbon. We found out that the French managed these things better, and with less outlay got handsomer results; and it appeared that this superiority was due to their artistic education. So we said, 'Let us study Raphael, that we may sell ribbons.'"

Let us Americans both sell ribbons and study Raphael, each in the right way.

*Among my Books.* New York: E. J. Hale and Son. 1871.

It is not among Mr. Lowell's books this time, nor is it Mr. Lowell who writes, as a very careless reader might discover before reading far into the volume. "These essays were meant to be purely fugitive" (the author thinks this conceivable), and first printed in the *New York World*, the editor of which is thanked for encouraging the author to write them. "They have accidentally the same title as one of Mr. Lowell's productions; but while his volume relates only to three or four books or writers, these memories float round and grasp, in perhaps a feeble way, many more," which

the author apparently imagines is an excuse for his appropriation of the name.

As to the matter of the book, it grasps without doubt feebly such topics as Swift, Bolingbroke, Junius, Thackeray, Scott, Palmerston, The Prayer-Book, The Theatre, etc. The author is a reader, and in some senses an appreciator of books; but he is hopelessly common in his tastes, with a vein of wrong-headed sentimentality running through all. We shall best describe him by quoting, as his notion of "powerful word-painting," a passage of Henry Kingsley's swollen and high-stepping twaddle about Thackeray's death: "'And so the news will travel southward. Some lithe, clear-eyed lad will sneak, run swiftly, pause to listen, and then hold steadily forward across the desolate, war-wasted space between the Federal lines and the smouldering watchfires of the Confederates, carrying the news brought by the last mail from Europe, and will come to a knot of calm, clear-eyed, lean-faced Confederate officers (oh! that such men should be wasted in such a quarrel, for the quarrel was not theirs, after all); and one of these men will run his eye over the telegram and say to the others, 'Poor Thackeray is dead.' And the news will go from picket to picket along the limestone ridges which hang above the once happy valleys of Virginia, and will pass south until Jefferson Davis — the man so like Stratford de Redcliffe, the man of the penetrating eyes, and of the thin, close-set lips, the man with the weight of an empire on his shoulders — will look up from his papers and say, with heartfelt sorrow, 'The author of 'The Virginians' is dead.'"

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WEREWOLVES AND SWAN-MAIDENS.

IT is related by Ovid that Lykaon, king of Arkadia, once invited Zeus to dinner, and served up for him a dish of human flesh, in order to test the god's omniscience. But the trick miserably failed, and the impious monarch received the punishment which his crime had merited. He was transformed into a wolf, that he might henceforth feed upon the viands with which he had dared to pollute the table of the king of Olympos. From that time forth, according to Pliny, a noble Arkadian was each year, on the festival of Zeus Lykaeos, led to the margin of a certain lake. Hanging his clothes upon a tree, he then plunged into the water and became a wolf. For the space of nine years he roamed about the adjacent woods, and then, if he had not tasted human flesh during all this time, he was allowed to swim back to the place where his clothes were hanging, put them on, and return to his natural form. It is further related of a certain Demainetos, that, having once been present at a human sacrifice to Zeus Lykaeos, he ate of the flesh,

and was transformed into a wolf for a term of ten years.\*

These and other similar mythical germs were developed by the mediæval imagination into the horrible superstition of werewolves.

A *werewolf*, or *loup-garou*,† was a person who had the power of transforming himself into a wolf, being endowed, while in the lupine state, with the intelligence of a man, the ferocity of a wolf, and the irresistible strength of a demon. The ancients believed in the existence of such persons; but in the Middle Ages the metamorphosis was supposed to be a phenomenon of daily occurrence, and even at the present day, in secluded portions of Europe, the superstition is still cherished by peasants. The belief, moreover, is supported by a vast amount of evidence, which can neither be argued nor pooh-poohed into insignificance. It is the business of the comparative

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\* Compare Plato, Republic, VIII. 15.

† *Were-wolf* = *man-wolf*, *wehr* meaning "man." *Garou* is a Gallic corruption of *wehrwolf*, so that *loup-garou* is a tautological expression.

mythologist to trace the pedigree of the ideas from which such a conception may have sprung; while to the critical historian belongs the task of ascertaining and classifying the actual facts which this particular conception was used to interpret.

The mediæval belief in werewolves is especially adapted to illustrate the complicated manner in which divers mythical conceptions and misunderstood natural occurrences will combine to generate a long-enduring superstition. Mr. Cox, indeed, would have us believe that the whole notion arose from an unintentional play upon words; but the careful survey of the field, which has been taken by Hertz and Baring-Gould, leads to the conclusion that many other circumstances have been at work. The delusion, though doubtless purely mythical in its origin, nevertheless presents in its developed state a curious mixture of mythical and historical elements.

With regard to the Arkadian legend, taken by itself, Mr. Cox is probably right. The story seems to belong to that large class of myths which have been devised in order to explain the meaning of equivocal words whose true significance has been forgotten. The epithet *Lykaios*, as applied to Zeus, had originally no reference to wolves: it means "the bright one," and gave rise to lycanthropic legends only because of the similarity in sound between the names for "wolf" and "brightness." Aryan mythology furnishes numerous other instances of this confusion. The solar deity, Phoibos Lykegenes, was originally the "offspring of light"; but popular etymology made a kind of werewolf of him by interpreting his name as the "wolf-born." The name of the hero Autolykos means simply the "self-luminous"; but it was more frequently interpreted as meaning "a very wolf," in allusion to the supposed character of its possessor. Bazra, the name of the citadel of Carthage, was the Punic word for "fortress"; but the Greeks confounded it with *byrsa*, "a hide," and hence the story of the

ox-hides cut into strips by Dido in order to measure the area of the place to be fortified. The old theory that the Irish were Phœnicians had a similar origin. The name *Fena*, used to designate the old Scoti or Irish, is the plural of *Fion*, "fair," seen in the name of the hero Fion Gall, or "Fingal"; but the monkish chroniclers identified *Fena* with *Phoinix*, whence arose the myth; and by a like misunderstanding of the epithet *Miledh*, or "warrior," applied to Fion by the Gaelic bards, there was generated a mythical hero, *Milesius*, and the *sobriquet* "Milesian," colloquially employed in speaking of the Irish. So the Franks explained the name of the town Daras, in Mesopotamia, by the story that the Emperor Justinian once addressed the chief magistrate with the exclamation, *daras*, "thou shalt give": the Greek chronicler, Malalas, who spells the name *Doras*, informs us with equal complacency that it was the place where Alexander overcame Codomannus with *δῶρον*, "the spear." A certain passage in the Alps is called Scaletta, from its resemblance to a staircase; but according to a local tradition it owes its name to the bleaching *skeletons* of a company of Moors who were destroyed there in the eighth century, while attempting to penetrate into Northern Italy. The name of Antwerp denotes the town built at a "wharf"; but it sounds very much like the Flemish *handt werpen*, "hand-throwing": "hence arose the legend of the giant who cut off the hands of those who passed his castle without paying him black-mail, and threw them into the Scheldt."\* In the myth of Bishop Hatto, related in a previous paper, the Mäuse-thurm is a corruption of *maut-thurm*; it means "customs-tower," and has nothing to do with mice or rats. Doubtless this etymology was the cause of the floating myth getting fastened to this particular place; that it did not give rise to the myth itself is shown by the existence of the same tale in other places. Somewhere in England there is a place called

\* Taylor, Words and Places, p. 393.

Chateau Vert; the peasantry have corrupted it into Shotover, and say that it has borne that name ever since Little John shot over a high hill in the neighborhood. *Latium* means "the flat land"; but, according to Virgil, it is the place where Saturn once hid (*latuisset*) from the wrath of his usurping son Jupiter.\*

It was in this way that the constellation of the Great Bear received its name. The Greek word *arktos*, answering to the Sanskrit *riksha*, meant originally any bright object, and was applied to the bear—for what reason it would not be easy to state—and to that constellation which was most conspicuous in the latitude of the early home of the Aryans. When the Greeks had long forgotten why these stars were called *arktoi*, they symbolized them as a Great Bear fixed in the sky. So that, as Max Müller observes, "the name of the Arctic regions rests on a misunderstanding of a name framed thousands of years ago in Central Asia, and the surprise with which many a thoughtful observer has looked at these seven bright stars, wondering why they were ever called the Bear, is removed by a reference to the early annals of human speech." Among the Algonquins the sun-god Michabo was represented as a hare, his name being compounded of *michi*, "great," and *wabos*, "a hare"; yet *wabos* also meant "white," so that the god was doubtless originally called simply "the Great White One." The same naïve process has made bears of the Arkadians, whose name, like that of the Lykians, merely signified that they were "children of light"; and the metamorphosis of Kallisto, mother of Arkas, into a bear, and of Lykaon into a wolf, rests apparently upon no other foundation than an erroneous etymology. Originally Lykaon was neither man nor wolf; he was but another form of Phoibos Lykegenes, the light-born sun, and, as Mr. Cox has shown, his legend is but a variation of that of Tantalos, who in time of drought offers to Zeus

the flesh of his own offspring, the withered fruits, and is punished for his impiety.

It seems to me, however, that this explanation, though valid as far as it goes, is inadequate to explain all the features of the werewolf superstition, or to account for its presence in all Aryan countries and among many peoples who are not of Aryan origin. There can be no doubt that the myth-makers transformed Lykaon into a wolf because of his unlucky name; because what really meant "bright man" seemed to them to mean "wolf-man"; but it has by no means been proved that a similar equivocation occurred in the case of all the primitive Aryan werewolves, nor has it been shown to be probable that among each people the being with the uncanny name got thus accidentally confounded with the particular beast most dreaded by that people. Etymology alone does not explain the fact that while Gaul has been the favorite haunt of the man-wolf, Scandinavia has been preferred by the man-bear, and Hindustan by the man-tiger. To account for such a widespread phenomenon we must seek a more general cause.

Nothing is more strikingly characteristic of primitive thinking than the close community of nature which it assumes between man and brute. The doctrine of metempsychosis, which is found in some shape or other all over the world, implies a fundamental identity between the two; the Hindu is taught to respect the flocks browsing in the meadow, and will on no account lift his hand against a cow, for who knows but it may be his own grandmother? The recent researches of Mr. M'Lennan and Mr. Herbert Spencer have served to connect this feeling with the primeval worship of ancestors and with the savage customs of totemism.

The worship of ancestors seems to have been everywhere the oldest systematized form of fetichistic religion. The reverence paid to the chieftain of the tribe while living was continued and exaggerated after his death. The uncivilized man is everywhere incapable

\* Virg. *Æn.* VIII. 322.

of grasping the idea of death as it is apprehended by civilized people. He cannot understand that a man should pass away so as to be no longer able of communicating with his fellows. The image of his dead chief or comrade remains in his mind, and the savage's philosophic realism far surpasses that of the most extravagant mediæval schoolmen; to him the persistence of the idea implies the persistence of the reality. The dead man, accordingly, is not really dead; he has thrown off his body like a husk, yet still retains his old appearance, and often shows himself to his old friends, especially after nightfall. He is no doubt possessed of more extensive powers than before his transformation,\* and may very likely have a share in regulating the weather, granting or withholding rain. Therefore, argues the uncivilized mind, he is to be cajoled and propitiated more sedulously now than before his strange transformation.

This kind of worship still maintains a languid existence as the state religion of China, and it still exists as a portion of Brahmanism; but in the Vedic religion it is to be seen in all its vigor and in all its naïve simplicity. According to the ancient Aryan, the *Pitris* or "Fathers" (Lat. *patres*) live in the sky along with Yama, the great original Pitri of mankind. This first man came down from heaven in the lightning, and back to heaven both himself and all his offspring must have gone. There they distribute light unto men below, and they shine themselves as stars; and hence the Christianized German peasant, fifty centuries later, tells his children that the stars are angels' eyes, and the English cottager impresses it on the youthful mind that it is wicked to point at the stars, though why he cannot tell. But the *Pitris* are not stars only, nor do they content themselves with idly looking down on the affairs of men, after the fashion of the *laissez-faire* divinities of Lucretius.

\* Thus is explained the singular conduct of the Hindu, who slays himself before his enemy's door, in order to acquire greater power of injuring him.

They are, on the contrary, very busy with the weather; they send rain, thunder, and lightning; and they especially delight in rushing over the housetops in a great gale of wind, led on by their chief, the mysterious huntsman, Hermes or Odin.

It has been elsewhere shown that the howling dog, or wish-hound of Hermes, whose appearance under the windows of a sick person is such an alarming portent, is merely the tempest personified. Throughout all Aryan mythology the souls of the dead are supposed to ride on the night-wind, with their howling dogs, gathering into their throng the souls of those just dying as they pass by their houses.\* Sometimes the whole complex conception is wrapped up in the notion of a single dog, the messenger of the god of shades, who comes to summon the departing soul. Sometimes, instead of a dog, we have a great ravening wolf who comes to devour its victim and extinguish the sunlight of life, as that old wolf of the tribe of Fenris devoured little Red Riding-Hood with her robe of scarlet twilight. Thus we arrive at a true werewolf myth. The storm-wind, or howling *Rakshasa* of Hindu folk-lore, is "a great misshapen giant with red beard and red hair, with pointed protruding teeth, ready to lacerate and devour human flesh; his body is covered with coarse, bristling hair, his huge mouth is open, he looks from side to side as he walks, lusting after the flesh and blood of men, to satisfy his raging hunger and quench his consuming thirst. Towards nightfall his strength increases manifold; he can change his shape at will; he haunts the woods, and roams howling through the jungle."†

Now if the storm-wind is a host of *Pitris*, or one great *Pitri* who appears as a fearful giant, and is also a pack of wolves or wish-hounds, or a single

\* Hence, in many parts of Europe, it is still customary to open the windows when a person dies, in order that the soul may not be hindered in joining the mystic cavalcade.

† Baring-Gould, *Book of Werewolves*, p. 178; Muir, *Sanskrit Texts*, II. 435.



savage dog or wolf, the inference is obvious to the mythopœic mind that men may become wolves, at least after death. And to the uncivilized thinker this inference is strengthened, as Mr. Spencer has shown, by evidence registered on his own tribal totem or heraldic emblem. The bears and lions and leopards of heraldry are the degenerate descendants of the totem of savagery which designated the tribe by a beast-symbol. To the untutored mind there is everything in a name; and the descendant of Brown Bear or Yellow Tiger or Silver Hyena cannot be pronounced unfaithful to his own style of philosophizing, if he regards his ancestors, who career about his hut in the darkness of night, as belonging to whatever order of beasts his totem associations may suggest.

Thus we not only see a ray of light thrown on the subject of metempsychosis, but we get a glimpse of the curious process by which the intensely realistic mind of antiquity arrived at the notion that men could be transformed into beasts. For the belief that the soul can temporarily quit the body during lifetime has been universally entertained; and from the conception of wolf-like ghosts it was but a short step to the conception of corporeal werewolves. In the Middle Ages the phenomena of trance and catalepsy were cited in proof of the theory that the soul can leave the body and afterwards return to it. Hence it was very difficult for a person accused of witchcraft to prove an *alibi*; for to any amount of evidence showing that the body was innocently reposing at home and in bed, the rejoinder was obvious that the soul may nevertheless have been in attendance at the witches' Sabbath or busied in maiming a neighbor's cattle. According to one mediæval notion, the soul of the werewolf quit its human body, which remained in a trance until its return.\*

The mythological basis of the were-

wolf superstition is now, I believe, sufficiently indicated. The belief, however, did not reach its complete development, or acquire its most horrible features, until the pagan habits of thought which had originated it were modified by contact with Christian theology. To the ancient there was nothing necessarily diabolical in the transformation of a man into a beast. But Christianity, which retained such a host of pagan conceptions under such strange disguises, which degraded the "All-father" Odin into the ogre of the castle to which Jack climbed on his bean-stalk, and which blended the beneficent lightning-god Thor and the mischievous Hermes and the faun-like Pan into the grotesque Teutonic Devil, did not fail to impart a new and fearful character to the belief in werewolves. Lycanthropy became regarded as a species of witchcraft; the werewolf was supposed to have obtained his peculiar powers through the favor or connivance of the Devil; and hundreds of persons were burned alive or broken on the wheel for having availed themselves of the privilege of beast-metamorphosis. The superstition, thus widely extended and greatly intensified, was confirmed by many singular phenomena which cannot be omitted from any thorough discussion of the nature and causes of lycanthropy.

The first of these phenomena is the Berserker insanity, characteristic of Scandinavia, but not unknown in other countries. In times when killing one's enemies often formed a part of the necessary business of life, persons were frequently found who killed for the mere love of the thing; with whom slaughter was an end desirable in itself, not merely a means to a desirable end. What the miser is in an age which worships mammon, such was the Berserker in an age when the current idea of heaven was a place where people could hack each other to pieces through all eternity, and when the man who refused a challenge was punished with confiscation of his estates. With these Northmen, in the ninth century,

\* In those days even an after-dinner nap seems to have been thought uncanny. See Dasent, *Burnt Njal*, I. xxi.

the chief business and amusement in life was to set sail for some pleasant country, like Spain or France, and make all the coasts and navigable rivers hideous with rapine and massacre. When at home, in the intervals between their freebooting expeditions, they were liable to become possessed by a strange homicidal madness, during which they would array themselves in the skins of wolves or bears, and sally forth by night to snap the backbones, smash the skulls, and sometimes to drink with fiendish glee the blood of unwary travellers or loiterers. These fits of madness were usually followed by periods of utter exhaustion and nervous depression.\*

Such, according to the unanimous testimony of historians, was the celebrated "Berserker rage," not peculiar to the Northland, although there most conspicuously manifested. Taking now a step in advance, we find that in comparatively civilized countries there have been many cases of monstrous homicidal insanity. The two most celebrated cases, among those collected by Mr. Baring-Gould, are those of the Maréchal de Retz, in 1440, and of Elizabeth, a Hungarian countess, in the seventeenth century. The Countess Elizabeth enticed young girls into her palace on divers pretexts, and then coolly murdered them, for the purpose of bathing in their blood. The spectacle of human suffering became at last such a delight to her, that she would apply with her own hands the most excruciating tortures, relishing the shrieks of her victims as the epicure relishes each sip of his old Château Margaux. In this way she is said to have murdered six hundred and fifty persons before her evil career was brought to an end; though, when one recollects the famous men in buckram and the notorious trio of crows, one is inclined to

strike off a cipher, and regard sixty-five as a sufficiently imposing and far less improbable number. But the case of the Maréchal de Retz is still more frightful. A marshal of France, a scholarly man, a patriot, and a man of holy life, he became suddenly possessed by an uncontrollable desire to murder children. During seven years he continued to inveigle little boys and girls into his castle, at the rate of about *two each week*, (?) and then put them to death in various ways, that he might witness their agonies and bathe in their blood; experiencing after each occasion the most dreadful remorse, but led on by an irresistible craving to repeat the crime. When this unparalleled iniquity was finally brought to light, the castle was found to contain bins full of children's bones. The horrible details of the trial are to be found in the histories of France by Michelet and Martin.

Going a step further, we find cases in which the propensity to murder has been accompanied by cannibalism. In 1598 a tailor of Châlons was sentenced by the parliament of Paris to be burned alive for lycanthropy. "This wretched man had decoyed children into his shop, or attacked them in the gloaming when they strayed in the woods, had torn them with his teeth and killed them, after which he seems calmly to have dressed their flesh as ordinary meat, and to have eaten it with a great relish. The number of little innocents whom he destroyed is unknown. A whole caskful of bones was discovered in his house.\* About 1850 a beggar in the village of Polomyia, in Galicia, was proved to have killed and eaten fourteen children. A house had one day caught fire and burnt to the ground, roasting one of the inmates, who was unable to escape. The beggar passed by soon after, and, as he was suffering from excessive hunger, could not resist the temptation of making a meal off the charred body. From that moment he was tormented by a craving for human flesh. He met a little orphan girl,

\* See Dasent, *Burnt Njal*, Vol. I. p. xxii.; *Grettis Saga*, by Magnússon and Morris, chap. xix.; *Viga Glum's Saga*, by Sir Edmund Head, p. 13, note, where the Berserkers are said to have maddened themselves with drugs. Dasent compares them with the Malays, who work themselves into a frenzy by means of arrack, or hasheesh, and run amuck.

\* Baring-Gould, *Werewolves*, p. 81.

about nine years old, and giving her a pinchbeck ring told her to seek for others like it under a tree in the neighboring wood. She was slain, carried to the beggar's hovel, and eaten. In the course of three years thirteen other children mysteriously disappeared, but no one knew whom to suspect. At last an innkeeper missed a pair of ducks, and having no good opinion of this beggar's honesty, went unexpectedly to his cabin, burst suddenly in at the door, and to his horror found him in the act of hiding under his cloak a severed head; a bowl of fresh blood stood under the oven, and pieces of a thigh were cooking over the fire.\*

This occurred only about twenty years ago, and the criminal, though ruled by an insane appetite, is not known to have been subject to any mental delusion. But there have been a great many similar cases, in which the homicidal or cannibal craving has been accompanied by genuine hallucination. Forms of insanity in which the afflicted persons imagine themselves to be brute animals are not perhaps very common, but they are not unknown. I once knew a poor demented old man who believed himself to be a horse, and would stand by the hour together before a manger, nibbling hay, or deluding himself with the pretence of so doing. Many of the cannibals whose cases are related by Mr. Baring-Gould, in his chapter of horrors, actually believed themselves to have been transformed into wolves or other wild animals. Jean Grenier was a boy of thirteen, partially idiotic, and of strongly marked canine physiognomy; his jaws were large and projected forward, and his canine teeth were unnaturally long, so as to protrude beyond the lower lip. He believed himself to be a werewolf. One evening, meeting half a dozen young girls, he scared them out of their wits by telling them that as soon as the sun had set he would turn into a wolf and eat them for supper. A few days later, one little girl, having gone out at nightfall to look after the

sheep, was attacked by some creature which in her terror she mistook for a wolf, but which afterwards proved to be none other than Jean Grenier. She beat him off with her sheep-staff, and fled home. As several children had mysteriously disappeared from the neighborhood, Grenier was at once suspected. Being brought before the parliament of Bordeaux, he stated that two years ago he had met the Devil one night in the woods and had signed a compact with him and received from him a wolf-skin. Since then he had roamed about as a wolf after dark, resuming his human shape by daylight. He had killed and eaten several children whom he had found alone in the fields, and on one occasion he had entered a house while the family were out and taken the baby from its cradle. A careful investigation proved the truth of these statements, so far as the cannibalism was concerned. There is no doubt that the missing children were eaten by Jean Grenier, and there is no doubt that in his own mind the half-witted boy was firmly convinced that he was a wolf. Here the lycanthropy was complete.

In the year 1598, "in a wild and unfrequented spot near Caude, some countrymen came one day upon the corpse of a boy of fifteen, horribly mutilated and bespattered with blood. As the men approached, two wolves, which had been rending the body, bounded away into the thicket. The men gave chase immediately, following their bloody tracks till they lost them; when, suddenly crouching among the bushes, his teeth chattering with fear, they found a man half naked, with long hair and beard, and with his hands dyed in blood. His nails were long as claws, and were clotted with fresh gore and shreds of human flesh."\*

This man, Jacques Roulet, was a poor, half-witted creature under the dominion of a cannibal appetite. He was employed in tearing to pieces the corpse of the boy when these countrymen came up. Whether there were

\* Baring-Gould, *op. cit.*, chap. xiv.

\* Baring-Gould, *op. cit.*, p. 82.

any wolves in the case, except what the excited imaginations of the men may have conjured up, I will not presume to determine; but it is certain that Roulet supposed himself to be a wolf, and killed and ate several persons under the influence of the delusion. He was sentenced to death, but the parliament of Paris reversed the sentence, and charitably shut him up in a madhouse.

The annals of the Middle Ages furnish many cases similar to these of Grenier and Roulet. Their share in maintaining the werewolf superstition is undeniable; but modern science finds in them nothing that cannot be readily explained. That stupendous process of breeding, which we call civilization, has been for long ages strengthening those kindly social feelings by the possession of which we are chiefly distinguished from the brutes, leaving our primitive bestial impulses to die for want of exercise, or checking in every possible way their further expansion by legislative enactments. But this process, which is transforming us from savages into civilized men, is a very slow one; and now and then there occur cases of what physiologists call atavism, or reversion to an ancestral type of character. Now and then persons are born, in civilized countries, whose intellectual powers are on a level with those of the most degraded Australian savage, and these we call idiots. And now and then persons are born possessed of the bestial appetites and cravings of primitive man; his fiendish cruelty and his liking for human flesh. Modern physiology knows how to classify and explain these abnormal cases, but to the unscientific mediæval mind they were explicable only on the hypothesis of a diabolical metamorphosis. And there is nothing strange in the fact that, in an age when the prevailing habits of thought rendered the transformation of men into beasts an easily admissible notion, these monsters of cruelty and depraved appetite should have been regarded as capable of tak-

ing on bestial forms. Nor is it strange that the hallucination under which these unfortunate wretches labored should have taken such a shape as to account to their feeble intelligence for the existence of the appetites which they were conscious of not sharing with their neighbors and contemporaries. If a myth is a piece of unscientific philosophizing, it must sometimes be applied to the explanation of obscure psychological as well as of physical phenomena. Where the modern calmly taps his forehead and says, "Arrested development," the terrified ancient made the sign of the cross and cried, "Werewolf."

We shall be assisted in this explanation by turning aside for a moment to examine the wild superstitions about "changelings," which contributed, along with so many others, to make the lives of our ancestors anxious and miserable. These superstitions were for the most part attempts to explain the phenomena of insanity, epilepsy, and other obscure nervous diseases. A man who has hitherto enjoyed perfect health, and whose actions have been consistent and rational, suddenly loses all self-control and seems actuated by a will foreign to himself. Modern science possesses the key to this phenomenon; but in former times it was explicable only on the hypothesis that a demon had entered the body of the lunatic, or else that the fairies had stolen the real man and substituted for him a diabolical phantom exactly like him in stature and features. Hence the numerous legends of changelings, some of which are very curious. In Irish folk-lore we find the story of one Rickard, surnamed the Rake, from his worthless character. A good-natured, idle fellow, he spent all his evenings in dancing,—an accomplishment in which no one in the village could rival him. One night, in the midst of a lively reel, he fell down in a fit. "He's struck with a fairy-dart," exclaimed all the friends, and they carried him home and nursed him; but his face grew so thin and his manner so morose that by and

by all began to suspect that the true Rickard was gone and a changeling put in his place. Rickard, with all his accomplishments, was no musician; and so, in order to put the matter to a crucial test, a bagpipe was left in the room by the side of his bed. The trick succeeded. One hot summer's day, when all were supposed to be in the field making hay, some members of the family secreted in a clothes-press saw the bedroom door open a little way, and a lean, foxy face, with a pair of deep-sunken eyes, peer anxiously about the premises. Having satisfied itself that the coast was clear, the face withdrew, the door was closed, and presently such ravishing strains of music were heard as never proceeded from a bagpipe before or since that day. Soon was heard the rustle of innumerable fairies, come to dance to the changeling's music. Then the "fairy-man" of the village, who was keeping watch with the family, heated a pair of tongs red-hot, and with deafening shouts all burst at once into the sick-chamber. The music had ceased and the room was empty, but in at the window glared a fiendish face, with such fearful looks of hatred, that for a moment all stood motionless with terror. But when the fairy-man, recovering himself, advanced with the hot tongs to pinch its nose, it vanished with an unearthly yell, and there on the bed was Rickard, safe and sound, and cured of his epilepsy.\*

Comparing this legend with numerous others relating to changelings, and stripping off the fantastic garb of fairy-lore with which popular imagination has invested them, it seems impossible to doubt that they have arisen from myths devised for the purpose of explaining the obscure phenomena of mental disease. If this be so, they afford an excellent collateral illustration of the belief in werewolves. The same mental habits which led men to regard the insane or epileptic person as a changeling, and which allowed them to explain catalepsy as the temporary

departure of a witch's soul from its body, would enable them to attribute a wolf's nature to the maniac or idiot with cannibal appetites. And when the myth-forming process had got thus far, it would not stop short of assigning to the unfortunate wretch a tangible lupine body; for all ancient mythology teemed with precedents for such a transformation.

It remains for us to sum up,—to tie into a bunch the keys which have helped us to penetrate into the secret causes of the werewolf superstition. In a previous paper we saw what a host of myths, fairy-tales, and superstitious observances have sprung from attempts to interpret one simple natural phenomenon,—the descent of fire from the clouds. Here, on the other hand, we see what a heterogeneous multitude of mythical elements may combine to build up in course of time a single enormous superstition, and we see how curiously fact and fancy have co-operated in keeping the superstition from falling. In the first place the worship of dead ancestors with wolf totems originated the notion of the transformation of men into divine or superhuman wolves; and this notion was confirmed by the ambiguous explanation of the storm-wind as the rushing of a troop of dead men's souls or as the howling of wolf-like monsters. Mediæval Christianity retained these conceptions, merely changing the superhuman wolves into evil demons; and finally the occurrence of cases of Berserker madness and cannibalism, accompanied by lycanthropic hallucinations, being interpreted as due to such demoniacal metamorphosis, gave rise to the werewolf superstition of the Middle Ages. The etymological proceedings, to which Mr. Cox would incontinently ascribe the origin of the entire superstition, seem to me to have played a very subordinate part in the matter. To suppose that Jean Grenier imagined himself to be a wolf, because the Greek word for wolf sounded like the word for light, and thus gave rise to the story of a light-deity who be-

\* Kennedy, *Fictions of the Irish Celts*, p. 90.

came a wolf, seems to me quite inadmissible. Yet as far as such verbal equivocations may have prevailed, they doubtless helped to sustain the delusion.

Thus we need no longer regard our werewolf as an inexplicable creature of undetermined pedigree. But any account of him would be quite imperfect which should omit all consideration of the methods by which his change of form was accomplished. By the ancient Romans the werewolf was commonly called a "skin-changer" or "turn-coat" (*versipellis*), and similar epithets were applied to him in the Middle Ages. The mediæval theory was that, while the werewolf kept his human form, his hair grew inwards; when he wished to become a wolf, he simply turned himself inside out. In many trials on record, the prisoners were closely interrogated as to how this inversion might be accomplished; but I am not aware that any one of them ever gave a satisfactory answer. At the moment of change their memories seem to have become temporarily befogged. Now and then a poor wretch had his arms and legs cut off, or was partially flayed, in order that the ingrowing hair might be detected. Another theory was, that the possessed person had merely to put on a wolf's skin, in order to assume instantly the lupine form and character; and in this may perhaps be seen a vague reminiscence of the alleged fact that Berserkers were in the habit of haunting the woods by night, clothed in the hides of wolves or bears.\* Such a wolf-skin was kept by the boy Grenier.

\* Mr. Cox, whose scepticism on obscure points in history rather surpasses that of Sir G. C. Lewis, dismisses with a sneer the subject of the Berserker madness, observing that "the unanimous testimony of the Norse historians is worth as much and as little as the convictions of Glanvil and Hale on the reality of witchcraft." I have not the special knowledge requisite for pronouncing an opinion on this point, but Mr. Cox's ordinary methods of disposing of such questions are not such as to make one feel obliged to accept his bare assertion, unaccompanied by critical arguments. The madness of the bearsarks may, no doubt, be the same thing as the frenzy of Herakles; but something more than mere dogmatism is needed to prove it.

Roulet, on the other hand, confessed to using a magic salve or ointment. A fourth method of becoming a werewolf was to obtain a girdle, usually made of human skin. Several cases are related in Thorpe's "Northern Mythology." One hot day in harvest-time some reapers lay down to sleep in the shade; when one of them, who could not sleep, saw the man next him arise quietly and gird him with a strap, whereupon he instantly vanished, and a wolf jumped up from among the sleepers and ran off across the fields. Another man, who possessed such a girdle, once went away from home without remembering to lock it up. His little son climbed up to the cupboard and got it, and as he proceeded to buckle it around his waist, he became instantly transformed into a strange-looking beast. Just then his father came in, and seizing the girdle restored the child to his natural shape. The boy said that no sooner had he buckled it on than he was tormented with a raging hunger.

Sometimes the werewolf transformation led to unlucky accidents. At Caseburg, as a man and his wife were making hay, the woman threw down her pitchfork and went away, telling her husband that if a wild beast should come to him during her absence he must throw his hat at it. Presently a she-wolf rushed towards him. The man threw his hat at it, but a boy came up from another part of the field and stabbed the animal with his pitchfork, whereupon it vanished, and the woman's dead body lay at his feet.

A parallel legend shows that this woman wished to have the hat thrown at her, in order that she might be henceforth free from her liability to become a werewolf. A man was one night returning with his wife from a merry-making when he felt the change coming on. Giving his wife the reins, he jumped from the wagon, telling her to strike with her apron at any animal which might come to her. In a few moments a wolf ran up to the side of the vehicle, and, as the woman struck

out with her apron, it bit off a piece and ran away. Presently the man returned with the piece of apron in his mouth, and consoled his terrified wife with the information that the enchantment had left him forever.

A terrible case at a village in Auvergne has found its way into the annals of witchcraft. "A gentleman while hunting was suddenly attacked by a savage wolf of monstrous size. Impenetrable by his shot, the beast made a spring upon the helpless huntsman, who in the struggle luckily, or unluckily for the unfortunate lady, contrived to cut off one of its fore-paws. This trophy he placed in his pocket, and made the best of his way homewards in safety. On the road he met a friend, to whom he exhibited a bleeding paw, or rather (as it now appeared) a woman's hand, upon which was a wedding-ring. His wife's ring was at once recognized by the other. His suspicions aroused, he immediately went in search of his wife, who was found sitting by the fire in the kitchen, her arm hidden beneath her apron, when the husband, seizing her by the arm, found his terrible suspicions verified. The bleeding stump was there, evidently just fresh from the wound. She was given into custody, and in the event was burned at Riom, in presence of thousands of spectators." \*

Sometimes a werewolf was cured merely by recognizing him while in his brute shape. A Swedish legend tells of a cottager who, on entering the forest one day without recollecting to say his *Pater Noster*, got into the power of a Troll, who changed him into a wolf. For many years his wife mourned him as dead. But one Christmas eve the old Troll, disguised as a beggar-woman, came to the house for alms; and being taken in and kindly treated, told the woman that her husband might very likely appear to her in wolf-shape. Going at night to the pantry to lay aside a joint of meat for to-morrow's

dinner, she saw a wolf standing with its paws on the window-sill, looking wistfully in at her. "Ah, dearest," said she, "if I knew that thou wert really my husband, I would give thee a bone." Whereupon the wolf-skin fell off, and her husband stood before her in the same old clothes which he had on the day that the Troll got hold of him.

In Denmark it was believed that if a woman were to creep through a colt's placental membrane stretched between four sticks, she would for the rest of her life bring forth children without pain or illness; but all the boys would in such case be werewolves, and all the girls Maras, or nightmares. In this grotesque superstition appears that curious kinship between the werewolf and the wife or maiden of supernatural race, which serves admirably to illustrate the nature of both conceptions, and the elucidation of which shall occupy us throughout the remainder of this paper.

It is, perhaps, needless to state that in the personality of the nightmare, or Mara, there was nothing equine. The Mara was a female demon, who would come at night and torment men or women by crouching on their chests or stomachs and stopping their respiration. The scene is well enough represented in Fuseli's picture, though the frenzied-looking horse which there accompanies the demon has no place in the original superstition. A Netherlandish story illustrates the character of the Mara. Two young men were in love with the same damsel. One of them, being tormented every night by a Mara, sought advice from his rival, and it was a treacherous counsel that he got. "Hold a sharp knife with the point towards your breast, and you'll never see the Mara again," said this false friend. The lad thanked him, but when he lay down to rest he thought it as well to be on the safe side, and so held the knife handle downward. So when the Mara came, instead of forcing the blade into his breast, she cut herself badly, and fled howling; and

\* Williams, *Superstitions of Witchcraft*, p. 179. See a parallel case of a cat-woman, in Thorpe's *Northern Mythology*, II. 26.



let us hope, though the legend here leaves us in the dark, that this poor youth, who is said to have been the comelier of the two, revenged himself on his malicious rival by marrying the young lady.

But the Mara sometimes appeared in less revolting shape, and became the mistress or even the wife of some mortal man to whom she happened to take a fancy. In such cases she would vanish on being recognized. There is a well-told monkish tale of a pious knight who, journeying one day through the forest, found a beautiful lady stripped naked and tied to a tree, her back all covered with deep gashes streaming with blood, from a flogging which some bandits had given her. Of course he took her home to his castle and married her, and for a while they lived very happily together, and the fame of the lady's beauty was so great that kings and emperors held tournaments in honor of her. But this pious knight used to go to mass every Sunday, and greatly was he scandalized when he found that his wife would never stay to assist in the *Credo*, but would always get up and walk out of church just as the choir struck up. All her husband's coaxing was of no use; threats and entreaties were alike powerless even to elicit an explanation of this strange conduct. At last the good man determined to use force; and so one Sunday, as the lady got up to go out, according to custom, he seized her by the arm and sternly commanded her to remain. Her whole frame was suddenly convulsed, and her dark eyes gleamed with weird, unearthly brilliancy. The services paused for a moment, and all eyes were turned toward the knight and his lady. "In God's name, tell me what thou art," shouted the knight; and instantly, says the chronicler, "The bodily form of the lady melted away, and was seen no more; whilst, with a cry of anguish and of terror, an evil spirit of monstrous form rose from the ground, clave the chapel-roof asunder, and disappeared in the air."

In a Danish legend, the Mara betrays her affinity to the Nixies, or Swan-maidens. A peasant discovered that his sweetheart was in the habit of coming to him by night as a Mara. He kept strict watch until he discovered her creeping into the room through a small knot-hole in the door. Next day he made a peg, and after she had come to him, drove in the peg so that she was unable to escape. They were married and lived together many years; but one night it happened that the man, joking with his wife about the way in which he had secured her, drew the peg from the knot-hole, that she might see how she had entered his room. As she peeped through, she became suddenly quite small, passed out, and was never seen again.

The well-known pathological phenomena of nightmare are sufficient to account for the mediæval theory of a fiend who sits upon one's bosom and hinders respiration; but as we compare these various legends relating to the Mara, we see that a more recondite explanation is needed to account for all her peculiarities. Indigestion may interfere with our breathing, but it does not make beautiful women crawl through keyholes, nor does it bring wives from the spirit-world. The Mara belongs to an ancient family, and in passing from the regions of monkish superstition to those of pure mythology we find that, like her kinsman the werewolf, she had once seen better days. Christianity made a demon of the Mara, and adopted the theory that Satan employed these seductive creatures as agents for ruining human souls. Such is the character of the knight's wife, in the monkish legend just cited. But in the Danish tale the Mara appears as one of that large family of supernatural wives who are permitted to live with mortal men under certain conditions, but who are compelled to flee away when these conditions are broken, as is always sure to be the case. The eldest and one of the loveliest of this family is the Hindu nymph Urvasi, whose love adventures

with Purûravas are narrated in the Puranas, and form the subject of the well-known and exquisite drama by Kalidasa. Urvasi is allowed to live with Purûravas so long as she does not see him undressed. But one night her kinsmen, the Gandharvas, or cloud-demons, vexed at her long absence from heaven, resolved to get her away from her mortal companion. They stole a pet lamb which had been tied at the foot of her couch, whereat she bitterly upbraided her husband. In rage and mortification, Purûravas sprang up without throwing on his tunic, and grasping his sword sought the robber. Then the wicked Gandharvas sent a flash of lightning, and Urvasi, seeing her naked husband, instantly vanished.

The different versions of this legend, which have been elaborately analyzed by comparative mythologists, leave no doubt that Urvasi is one of the dawn-nymphs or bright fleecy clouds of early morning, which vanish as the splendor of the sun is unveiled. We saw, in the preceding paper, that the ancient Aryans regarded the sky as a sea or great lake, and that the clouds were explained variously as Phaiakian ships with bird-like beaks sailing over this lake, or as bright birds of divers shapes and hues. The light fleecy cirrhi were regarded as mermaids, or as swans, or as maidens with swan's plumage. In Sanskrit they are called *Apsaras*, or "those who move in the water," and the Elves and Maras of Teutonic mythology have the same significance. Urvasi appears in one legend as a bird; and a South German prescription for getting rid of the Mara asserts that if she be wrapped up in the bedclothes and firmly held, a white dove will forthwith fly from the room, leaving the bedclothes empty.\*

In the story of Melusina the cloud-maiden appears as a kind of mermaid, but in other respects the legend re-

sembles that of Urvasi. Raymond, Count de la Forêt, of Poitou, having by an accident killed his patron and benefactor during a hunting excursion, fled in terror and despair into the deep recesses of the forest. All the afternoon and evening he wandered through the thick dark woods, until at midnight he came upon a strange scene. All at once "the boughs of the trees became less interlaced, and the trunks fewer; next moment his horse, crashing through the shrubs, brought him out on a pleasant glade, white with rime, and illumined by the new moon; in the midst bubbled up a limpid fountain, and flowed away over a pebbly floor with a soothing murmur. Near the fountain-head sat three maidens in glimmering white dresses, with long waving golden hair, and faces of inexpressible beauty."† One of them advanced to meet Raymond, and of course they were betrothed before daybreak. In due time the fountain-nymph† became Countess de la Forêt, but her husband was given to understand that all her Saturdays would be passed in strictest seclusion, upon which he must never dare to intrude, under penalty of losing her forever. For many years all went well, save that the fair Melusina's children were, without exception, misshapen or disfigured. But after a while this strange weekly seclusion got bruited about all over the neighborhood, and people shook their heads and looked grave about it. So many gossiping tales came to the Count's ears, that he began to grow anxious and suspicious, and at last he determined to know the worst. He went one Saturday to Melusina's private apartments, and going through one empty room after another, at last came to a locked door which opened into a bath; looking through a keyhole, there he saw the Countess transformed from the waist downwards into a fish, disporting herself like a mermaid in the water. Of course he

\* See Kuhn, *Herabkunft des Feuers*, p. 91; Weber, *Indische Studien*, I. 197; Wolf, *Beiträge zur deutschen Mythologie*, II. 233-281; Müller, *Chips*, II. 114-128.

\* Baring-Gould, *Curious Myths*, II. 207.

† The word *nymph* itself means "cloud-maiden," as is illustrated by the kinship between the Greek *νύμφη* and the Latin *nubes*.

could not keep the secret, but when some time afterwards they quarrelled, must needs address her as "a vile serpent, contaminator of his honorable race." So she disappeared through the window, but ever afterward hovered about her husband's castle of Lusignan, like a Banshee, whenever one of its lords was about to die.

The well-known story of Undine is similar to that of Melusina, save that the naiad's desire to obtain a human soul is a conception foreign to the spirit of the myth, and marks the degradation which Christianity had inflicted upon the denizens of fairy-land. In one of Dasent's tales the water-maiden is replaced by a kind of werewolf. A white bear marries a young girl, but assumes the human shape at night. She is never to look upon him in his human shape, but how could a young bride be expected to obey such an injunction as that? She lights a candle while he is sleeping, and discovers the handsomest prince in the world; unluckily she drops tallow on his shirt, and that tells the story. But she is more fortunate than poor Raymond, for after a tiresome journey to the "land east of the sun and west of the moon," and an arduous washing-match with a parcel of ugly Trolls, she washes out the spots, and ends her husband's enchantment.\*

In the majority of these legends, however, the Apsaras, or cloud-maiden, has a shirt of swan's feathers which plays the same part as the wolfskin cape or girdle of the werewolf. If you could get hold of a werewolf's sack and burn it, a permanent cure was effected. No danger of a relapse, unless the Devil furnished him with a new wolfskin. So the swan-maiden kept her human form, as long as she was deprived of her tunic of feathers. Indo-European folk-lore teems with stories of swan-maidens forcibly wooed and won by mortals who had stolen their clothes. A man travelling along

the road passes by a lake where several lovely girls are bathing; their dresses, made of feathers curiously and daintily woven, lie on the shore. He approaches the place cautiously and steals one of these dresses.\* When the girls have finished their bathing, they all come and get their dresses and swim away as swans; but the one whose dress is stolen must needs stay on shore and marry the thief. It is needless to add that they live happily together for many years, or that finally the good man accidentally leaves the cupboard-door unlocked, whereupon his wife gets back her swan-shirt and flies away from him, never to return. But it is not always a shirt of feathers. In one German story, a nobleman hunting deer finds a maiden bathing in a clear pool in the forest. He runs stealthily up to her and seizes her necklace, at which she loses the power to flee. They are married, and she bears seven sons at once, all of whom have gold chains about their necks, and are able to transform themselves into swans whenever they like. A Flemish legend tells of three nixies, or water-sprites, who came out of the Meuse one autumn evening, and helped the villagers celebrate the end of the vintage. Such graceful dancers had never been seen in Flanders, and they could sing as well as they could dance. As the night was warm, one of them took off her gloves and gave them to her partner to hold for her. When the clock struck twelve the other two started off in hot haste, and then there was a hue and cry for gloves. But the lad would keep them as love-tokens, and so the poor nixie had to go home without them; but she must have died on the way, for next morning the waters of the Meuse were blood-red, and those damsels never returned.

In the Faro Islands it is believed that seals cast off their skins every

\* This is substantially identical with the stories of Beauty and the Beast, Eros and Psyche, Gandharba Sena, etc.

\* The feather-dress reappears in the Arabian story of Hassan of El-Basrah, who by stealing it secures possession of the Jinniya. See Lane's *Arabian Nights*, Vol. III. p. 380.

ninth night, assume human forms, and sing and dance like men and women until daybreak, when they resume their skins and their seal natures. Of course a man once found and hid one of these seal-skins, and so got a mermaid for a wife; and of course she recovered the skin and escaped.\* On the coasts of Ireland it is supposed to be quite an ordinary thing for young sea-fairies to get human husbands in this way; the brazen things even come to shore on purpose, and leave their red caps lying around for young men to pick up; but it behooves the husband to keep a strict watch over the red cap, if he would not see his children left motherless.

This mermaid's cap has contributed its quota to the superstitions of witchcraft. An Irish story tells how Red James was aroused from sleep one night by noises in the kitchen. Going down to the door, he saw a lot of old women drinking punch around the fireplace, and laughing and joking with his housekeeper. When the punch-bowl was empty, they all put on red caps, and singing

"By yarrow and rue,  
And my red cap too,  
Hie me over to England,"

they flew up chimney. So Jimmy burst into the room, and seized the housekeeper's cap, and went along with them. They flew across the sea to a castle in England, passed through the keyholes from room to room and into the cellar, where they had a famous carouse. Unluckily Jimmy, being unused to such good cheer, got drunk, and forgot to put on his cap when the others did. So next morning the lord's butler found him dead-drunk on the cellar-floor, surrounded by empty casks. He was sentenced to be hung without any trial worth speaking of; but as he was carted to the gallows an old woman cried out, "Ach, Jimmy alanna! Would you be after dyin' in a strange land without your red birredh?" The lord made no objections, and so the red

cap was brought and put on him. Accordingly when Jimmy had got to the gallows and was making his last speech for the edification of the spectators, he unexpectedly and somewhat irrelevantly exclaimed, "By yarrow and rue," etc., and was off like a rocket, shooting through the blue air *en route* for old Ireland.\*

In another Irish legend an enchanted ass comes into the kitchen of a great house every night, and washes the dishes and scours the tins, so that the servants lead an easy life of it. After a while in their exuberant gratitude they offer him any present for which he may feel inclined to ask. He desires only "an ould coat, to keep the chill off of him these could nights"; but as soon as he gets into the coat he resumes his human form and bids them good by, and thenceforth they may wash their own dishes and scour their own tins, for all him.

But we are diverging from the subject of swan-maidens, and are in danger of losing ourselves in that labyrinth of popular fancies which is more intricate than any that Daidalos ever planned. The significance of all these sealskins and feather-dresses and mermaid-caps and werewolf-girdles may best be sought in the etymology of words like the German *leichenam*, in which the body is described as a garment of flesh for the soul.† In the naïve philosophy of primitive thinkers, the soul, in passing from one visible shape to another, had only to put on the outward integument of the creature in which it wished to incarnate itself. With respect to the mode of metamorphosis, there is little difference between the werewolf and the swan-maiden; and the similarity is no less striking between the genesis of the two conceptions. The original werewolf is the night-wind, regarded now as a man-like deity and now as a howling lupine fiend; and the original swan-maiden is the light fleecy cloud, regarded either as a woman-like goddess or as a bird

\* Thorpe, Northern Mythology, III. 173; Kennedy, Fictions of the Irish Celts, p. 123.

\* Kennedy, Fictions of the Irish Celts, p. 168.

† Baring-Gould, Book of Werewolves, p. 163.

swimming in the sky sea. The one conception has been productive of little else but horrors; the other has given rise to a great variety of fanciful creations, from the treacherous mermaid and the fiendish nightmare to the gentle Undine, the charming Nausikaa, and the stately Muse of classic antiquity.

We have seen that the original werewolf, howling in the wintry blast, is a kind of psychopomp, or leader of departed souls; he is the wild ancestor of the death-dog, whose voice under the window of a sick-chamber is even now a sound of ill-omen. The swan-maiden has also been supposed to summon the dying to her home in the

Phaiakian land. The Valkyries, with their shirts of swan-plumage, who hovered over Scandinavian battle-fields to receive the souls of falling heroes, were identical with the Hindu Apsaras; and the Houris of the Mussulman belong to the same family. Even for the angels, — women with large wings, who are seen in popular pictures bearing mortals on high towards heaven, — we can hardly claim a different kinship. Melusina, when she leaves the castle of Lusignan, becomes a Banshee; and it has been a common superstition among sailors, that the appearance of a mermaid, with her comb and looking-glass, betokens shipwreck, with the loss of all on board.

*John Fiske.*

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## MY FATHER'S SHIPWRECK.

I HAVE often promised you, my dear children, that I would some time write out my own early recollections of certain passages in the lives of your grandparents, who were, I think, honored and beloved by you in a very uncommon degree. These passages have always excited a deep interest in the family circle, and something impels me now to undertake the fulfilment of my promise, ere the lengthening shadows, which are approaching, dim the distinctness of outline with which these far-off objects still stand out in the background of my earliest days.

I was, as you know, the only child of my parents. At my birth your grandfather was a shipmaster. It was a period when a faithful performance of the duties of that vocation required a man possessing "a sound mind in a sound body"; and that these gifts were his in an uncommon degree I think he found abundant opportunity for manifesting in a long and varied career.

All records of his voyages having been unfortunately destroyed, I have

only a general knowledge of the fact that, some time during my second year, he sailed in the schooner M——, of B——, owned by Colonel I. T——, for the Mediterranean.

About this time a decree was issued by the French at Rambouillet, "confiscating all American vessels and their cargoes then found in ports under the control of the French, and directing that, if any should enter a French harbor in future, it should be seized and sold." At Naples the M——, with twenty-nine other American vessels, was thus confiscated.

My father was detained there a weary time, making vain efforts to recover his vessel, and by a long and tiresome lawsuit he at one time succeeded in procuring its release, when almost immediately a new seizure was made by a new order from Napoleon Bonaparte. During this lawsuit he was obliged to have an audience with King Joachim Murat; and I have heard him laughingly describe the sport he made for his landlady and fellow-boarders, by his somewhat grotesque

appearance in the court-dress he was obliged to assume for the occasion. A part of this, I remember, was an extraordinary chapeau, to be carried chiefly under the arm, having been reduced to an unwonted degree of thinness by his various annoyances, his calves were considered to fall short of the proportions of beauty, as exhibited by "black satin shorts," in black silk stockings clocked and curiously gartered.

I recollect, too, having heard him say he felt "perfectly at ease" in making his simple statement to royalty; that he was listened to with "perfect politeness," and a very fair promise made him that his petition should be granted.

One not inconsiderable incident of personal danger I recall as occurring to him at this time. He had a narrow escape from assassination. While sitting one day, after dinner, engaged in reading in the cabin of his own vessel, — it must have been during the short time of its release, — with his back turned toward the companion-way, he suddenly became conscious of a shadow falling on his page, and a darkening of the light by some object interposed between him and the door; and he leaped to his feet just in time to avoid the stroke of a cutlass, which came down with sufficient force to make a deep incision upon a strongly bound sea-trunk which stood beside him, — a blow which must have cloven his skull, had it fallen as it was intended. It was dealt by the hand of one of the villains engaged in the lawsuit, who, on being thus defeated of his murderous design, pretended to make a joke of it, declaring it was merely an attempt to startle him from his book. Nor could my father have hoped for any redress, had he chosen to take it otherwise, such was the condition of the existing government.

During his eighteen months of detention he found some leisure to indulge his curiosity as a traveller. He made the ascent of Vesuvius, during the time of an eruption, with a party of friends, walking where the ground was sufficiently hot to curl slightly the soles of his boots, — an exploit of ordinary

occurrence now, but not quite so much so for Americans sixty years ago.

He also made a journey to Rome on account of his lawsuit. This being in the summer of 1809, he happened to start on his return to Naples on the same night, between the 5th and 6th of July, on which Pope Pius VII., according to Sir Walter Scott, was obliged, by order of the Emperor, to quit Rome, a temporary exile, repairing first to Grenoble and afterwards to Savona. I have often heard my father, an eyewitness, describe the frantic consternation into which the Catholic populace were thrown by this rash act of Napoleon.

On the 10th of April, 1810, my father, with several others, masters and supercargoes of vessels, finding all chance for recovering their property lost, and fearing even for their personal safety, took passage in the ship M—— for S——, which vessel was the first released by the government, on the application of Alexander Hammet, the American Consul, to convey to America the crews of the vessels confiscated at Naples.

An account of the fearful wreck of this good ship M—— on her homeward passage I give you in your grandfather's own words, as written by himself, very soon after his return to his own home.

"On the 10th of April the ship M——, of S——, sailed from Naples, with forty-six souls on board, namely, thirty-one passengers, and fifteen, the crew of the said ship. Passed through the Gut of Gibraltar on the 22d of April; nothing material occurred until the 20th of May, when, being in lat. 40° N. and long. 39° 30' W., having strong breezes at southeast and east-southeast and rainy weather, at 11 A.M. took in topgallant steering sails, and fore and mizzen topgallant sails, jib and light staysail and mainsail. At 1 P.M. foretopmast steering-sail halyards parted, and all hands were called to haul in the steering-sail, and take in sail; but owing to the topmast



steering-sail being carried away, it carried away the topmast steering-sail boom, which brought both steering-sails into the water, and both were lost. One man was on the main royal yard, furling the royal, three on the main topgallant yard, and one in the maintop; the rest employed in clewing down the topsails, but, finding the squall came on heavily, they were obliged to let fly the topsail sheets, the helm at the same time being hove hard to windward with the wind on her larboard quarter; she came to against her helm, and when the wind got abeam she began to capsize, and as soon as she got her gunwale to the water, in an instant capsize with her masts and sails in the water. One man was on the main royal yard, three on the main topgallant yard, and four or five in the fore-castle unwell, and one in the cabin, who said, when he came out of the cabin, the water was rushing down in sheets as large as the companion-way would admit; notwithstanding, they all got on the ship's side.

"After cutting away the lanyards with our knives, we at length procured an axe, and cut away the masts, and got a rope from the fore and mizzen chains; all hands then got hold of the rope, and, going as near the keel as possible, by this means righted her, and found her full of water, her hatches, cabin doors, and windows being open. At the same time the long-boat and pinnace, and several water-casks were drifting among the spars to windward. We then hove over the guns, anchors, etc., to lighten the ship, and endeavored to clear the wreck of the spars, rigging, etc., which lay beating against her; but our efforts were in vain, as the starboard lanyards were so deep under water that we could not come at them. Three men then got into the small boat, which was very badly stove, and endeavored to tow the long-boat out from among the spars; at the same time there were men on the bottom of the long-boat, and on the spars, endeavoring to cut a passage for her; and, in about two hours, they got the

long-boat alongside of the wreck, and righted her, but found the pinnace in her so badly stove that it was impossible to repair her. The long-boat had one of her butts started, and a hole in her bottom, on which account we were obliged to turn her bottom up again to drive the butt to, and stop the hole. Mr. S—— C——, of Derby, in Connecticut, stripped himself of his jacket and trousers, got on the bottom of the boat, drove the butt to, and stopped the hole in her bottom by nailing canvas and sheet-lead over it, which we got from the stern. We then righted her, and three men jumped into the boat to bale her out, which they effected in about fifteen minutes; eight more then jumped into the boat, and shoved off, for the purpose, as I then supposed, of repairing her. Myself, with the assistance of some others, got the guard irons and waist cloths, and some pine boards, with all the tools and nails I could procure, and passed them into the small boat, to send to the long-boat, which was lying at about twenty or thirty fathoms' distance, still thinking they would lie by us. Just before night, as the yawl was lying alongside, taking in tools, nails, etc., Mr. B——, who was sitting on the taffrail, got into her and went to the long-boat. About twelve o'clock at night they hailed us from the boat, and requested me to send them a chest and a cask of sweet-oil, which was made fast to the stern, which request I complied with. From that time until morning they frequently told us to desist from hauling in the boat, or they should be obliged to cut the painter; there was, however, no one near the rope, nor was there any attempt made during the night to haul up the boat. The next forenoon, the weather being moderate, three men were employed in the yawl, in procuring from the spars a sail, spars, rigging, and oars for the long-boat. About twelve o'clock, as I was taking an observation, they said to me that, as I had two quadrants and two compasses, I could spare them one of each. I replied, that if they



would come under the stern I would give them, but they declined doing that, and requested me to make them fast on a board, and veer it astern, which I refused to do. This was the first idea I had of their leaving us. I refused them the quadrant and compass on the idea that they would not leave us without them; but immediately upon my refusal they stept their mast and bent their sail, and were all ready to get under way. Finding their intention was to leave us, several of the people on the wreck entreated them, for God's sake, to come alongside, and take some more of them in before they left. They refused to do this. Those on the wreck then requested them to come a little nearer, that they might send some word to their friends, if the boat ever got home. They refused to do even this, and immediately hoisted their sail.

"Upon seeing this, three or four jumped into the sea, and swam towards the long-boat, among whom was Mr. C——, above mentioned, who repaired the bottom of the long-boat at the risk of his life. They immediately cut the painter, and the two men in the yawl jumped out of her into the long-boat, setting the yawl adrift; at the same time some one on board of the long-boat held up a knife in a threatening manner, meaning probably to make those in the water understand they would keep them off *at any rate*. These men then returned, with the exception of one, who swam to the yawl, which was drifting to leeward. With much difficulty he got on board of her, and found one oar in the water alongside; he then sculled for the long-boat, which was at that time sailing very slowly, at the distance of nearly a mile from the wreck; he was apparently gaining upon them, when they manned their oars, and pulled away from him, on which he returned to the wreck, having been absent about two hours. Since my arrival, Captain G——, of Newburyport, has stated to me, that it was with great difficulty he got on board of the long-boat from the yawl,

several of them being opposed to it, although he had been very industriously employed in getting her from among the spars, etc., and in procuring articles for repairing her; he likewise stated to me that, '*had they known they should be taken up in four or five days, they might have taken ten more.*' It is my sincere opinion that when the boat left us, far from being incapable of holding more, she required at least one ton weight to put her in good sailing trim.

"Although I never requested them to come alongside to take more in, yet I wished them to keep by us, in the hope that if we should be fortunate enough to see any vessel, the long-boat might forelay it, and by that means rescue the whole of us; and had they stayed by us but two days longer, we should probably have been all saved, as, on that day, a large ship passed so near the wreck that we saw her hull; and the yawl, shattered as she was, was despatched to board her, but, being small, and a heavy sea running, it was impossible to make much progress; they got near enough, however, to see the people on the deck. To show that it was the opinion of many, if not all, on the wreck that the long-boat ought to have stayed by them, I will merely mention that, at the time the boat left the wreck, there were several young gentlemen who told those leaving us, 'they hoped some might get home from the wreck to expose their vile conduct.' Left the wreck in the long-boat about twenty-four hours after she capsized. [A list of fifteen names is here given in the manuscript.]

"After the departure of the long-boat, on Monday, May 21st, we immediately hoisted a signal by lashing one of the royal masts to the stump of the main-mast, and hoisting a cabin quilt about thirty feet above the deck. We then erected a stage, by laying spars across the quarter-rails, and laid a sail on the spars, on which we were tolerably comfortably situated; all hands were then employed in securing provisions.

"On the 24th of May we caught a turtle, and found in a chest a box of tinder, which being quite wet we dried in the sun, and got fire; we then took the bell of the ship and built a fire in it, and with a baking-pan cooked a good mess of turtle-soup for thirty-one persons. We burnt some fresh tinder, and kept it dry as we could, but never could get fire afterwards. In the course of six days we had secured three casks of water, one barrel of wine, salt pork and beef, hams, potatoes, corn, bread, etc., sufficient to have lasted two or three months, and had the long-boat stayed by us, we might have secured a great quantity in her; but, unfortunately for us, on the 28th of May, came on a heavy gale of wind, and in the course of the night the spars which lay alongside, a heavy sea running at the same time, beat away all the upper works; at the same time our staging went, and we lost all the provisions, excepting a little salt meat, and about three gallons of wine. But if, at this time, we could have had the tools the long-boat took from us, especially the broad-axe, we might have been able to disencumber the wreck of the spars, which, by beating against it, undoubtedly caused the loss of the upper deck. In the fore part of the night there were four men in the yawl; but as it was blowing so fresh, and the boat making so much water, two of the four were obliged to get out on the staging, leaving two to steer and bale. In the morning, it being a little more moderate, myself, with two others, took to the yawl, and were employed, in the fore part of the day in taking the people from the quarter-deck to the bowsprit; directly after the quarter deck floated off with the stump of the mizen-mast in it. During the week our provisions lasted, the company unanimously chose Captain J—— and myself to take charge of them, and deal out as we thought proper. I would likewise state, that, during the time I was with them, Captain J—— prayed publicly with the company, and that many of them paid great attention, es-

pecially Messrs. C——, C——, and P——. On the 30th, the weather being pleasant, I was employed, with four others, in procuring spars and sails, to make a stage on the fore-castle; this was done by laying the spars from the belfry, on each side of the stump of the foremast, to the bows of the ship, which made a tolerable stage for the whole company, on which they were quite dry. Nothing remarkable happened until the 3d of June, when G—— P——, of Salem, died, overcome by fatigue and reduced by famine. Our wine at this time being gone, and having nothing but a wineglass of vinegar for each man, during every twenty-four hours, not having had any water since the 28th of May, it being a calm day on the 4th of June, we went to work to get a pipe of brandy, which we effected about midday, when many of the people, having previously drunk much salt water, which had increased their sufferings to a great degree, inadvertently took brandy to quench their raging thirst. The next day the following persons died. [A list of fourteen who died within forty-eight hours is here given, with the names of the vessels, etc., to which they belonged.]

"On the 6th of June the whole of the upper deck was gone, and everything that was between decks had floated out, leaving us without any subsistence, excepting some pork and beef, which it was impossible to eat for want of water. On the 7th of June, finding we could be of no use to those on the wreck, having nothing but brandy to subsist upon, and being then in lat. 39° 12' N., thinking that too far south for the track of Europeans, we decided, five of us, to trust ourselves to the yawl, and endeavor to stretch northward.

"The morning we left the wreck we went under the bowsprit, and joined in prayer with Captain J—— for our deliverance. At ten we bade them a final adieu, taking in the boat about two and one half gallons of brandy and a little pork. We left on the wreck the

following persons, viz. [Here follows a list of ten names.]

"When the yawl left the wreck, the five following appeared in pretty good spirits, and might stand it nearly as long as we did in the boat. . . .

"The following persons left the wreck in the boat, viz., J— C. V—, E— A— I—, J— L—, of Salem, J— T—, of Ipswich, and myself. For sixteen days after we left the wreck we had no sustenance, excepting the brandy, of which we took a gill in the course of twenty-four hours. On the night of the 22d of June we had considerable rain, and we caught water enough, by holding up our handkerchiefs and wringing them, to quench our thirst partially, and to save two quarts. On the 23d T—, overcome with fatigue, hunger, and thirst, breathed his last, without a groan. On the same day we observed a number of rudder-fish round the boat, and making a dip-net out of a hoop and some twine, caught plenty, and, after drying them, we ate some of them, being the first food we had taken since leaving the wreck. From this time to the 27th we had several showers, and caught water sufficient nearly to quench our thirst; in which time I had eaten a small quantity of salt pork with some of the fish. But as soon as our water was gone I could eat no more. On the 28th of June L— died, of hunger, thirst, and fatigue. He went out of the world without a struggle or a groan. On the 29th, the boat still leaking so badly as to keep one man constantly baling, there being a heavy sea running, we had the misfortune to lose all our oars and the boat's mast. Having nothing left to steer the boat with, she lying in the trough of the sea, and being in great danger of filling every moment, we lost nearly all our remaining courage. However, we went to work to make a paddle to steer the boat with; by taking the yard from our boat's sail, which was made of the blade of an oar split in two, and seizing it together in its former place, and lashing a strip of board to it for a han-

dle, by this means we kept the boat before the sea.

"On the 30th of June, about 3 P. M., the boat being half full of water, I was looking round between hope and despair, and, to my unspeakable joy, espied a sail to the southeast, which, after looking some time, I thought was standing from us. In about ten minutes I observed she was standing on the wind to the north-northwest, and that she would not fetch within two miles of us, we being to windward.

"We were now almost in despair, having neither oars nor boat's mast, and Mr. V— so lame that he could scarcely move himself, but being in the stern of the boat, he took the paddle and kept her before the wind, while Mr. E— baled the boat, which was leaking very badly. I went to work to rig a sail, and for that purpose took one of the boat's thwarts; and the Lord giving me strength for that effort, — I had very little natural strength left, — I split the thwart over the stern of the boat, seized it together, and made a mast six feet long; with a piece of board I made a yard; and in about ten minutes got a sail set, and was running before the wind to forelay the vessel. About four o'clock P. M., having run about two miles to leeward, we came alongside the vessel, which proved to be the General J— of G—, from Lisbon, commanded by Captain S— L. D—, who received us on board, and treated us with the tenderness of a brother while we remained with him. He gave us at first light food in small quantities, increasing the portion as we were able to bear it. And I here desire to express my grateful acknowledgments that so worthy a man was made an instrument in God's hand to be our deliverer. This was the eighth sail we had seen since our shipwreck, — four before we left the wreck, and four since. Our sufferings and disappointments, while on the wreck and in the boat, were, as the reader may judge, *inexpressible*. Captain D— received us on board his vessel in lat. 40° 12' N., long. 45°

W. They immediately hoisted our boat on board the General J—, and found three of her butts started off, and the oakum so much out of her bottom, that, when they cast off the gripes, of which we had three, her stern nearly dropped out. In this small and shattered boat three of us had lived twenty-three days, since leaving the wreck; and on the 21st of July we arrived safely at G—, and in a short time reached our respective families, to the mutual joy of ourselves and our friends. Even strangers seemed to look on us as raised from the dead.

"May we, each of us, give God the glory for such signal deliverance, and, in gratitude, devote the remainder of our days to his service.

(Signed) "H— L—."

"B—, August 2, 1810.

"P. S. — Since my arrival I have been informed by Captain F—, that it has been frequently reported at S— that the 'M— was upset in a drunken frolic'; but I can assure the public that there was no person intoxicated, to my knowledge, while I remained on board the ship. I feel very grateful to Captain F— for his offer of a passage to me in the M—, and for his kind treatment of me while on board, before the shipwreck.

"H— L—."

This simple statement was made by my father, as soon after his return as he was able to collect his ideas and express them upon paper. And it is, indeed, wonderful, considering the physical condition to which he was reduced, that it did not require months rather than weeks to restore him to the degree of mental and bodily vigor necessary for the performance of this very painful duty. You will remember they were taken on board the General J— on the 30th of June; they arrived at G— on the 21st of July; and this account was dated August 2d, at his own home in B—.

At that distant day, the whole neighboring community were excited by so remarkable an event as this "sec-

ond return from the wreck of the M—."

Little child as I then was, I distinctly remember how, day after day, our little parlor would often be filled with persons, who came miles to see one who had survived such sufferings and exposure. A written account was demanded by the public; but, owing to some peculiar circumstances connected with these sad events, my father undertook to give it with extreme reluctance. A very large number of near relatives and friends of the sufferers resided in the immediate vicinity; and even before what was termed the "second return," the conduct of those who left in the long-boat had been a good deal discussed, and now a loud call was made for a statement of facts relating to it. So he gave his testimony with regard to them. Honesty and moral courage, with which he was largely endowed, obliged him to state the facts truthfully, though his kindness of heart and true knowledge of human nature led him to put the mildest construction upon the motives of those who had escaped in the long-boat. Respecting Captain F— I have heard him say: "I believe him to have been guilty *only of weakness*. He yielded, probably through *fear*, to the selfish impulses of one or two passionate young men, when he should resolutely have taken command of his own boat, and exercised the judgment of a man in lading and directing her." Some of these gentlemen were personal friends, whom he often met afterwards, and for whom he felt unabated regard through life. He suppressed many sad details of suffering, which would have lent a thrilling interest to the story, but which could not have been borne by the bleeding hearts to which they must have found access, if given in a public newspaper.

There is quite a remarkable forgetfulness of self in his narrative, as he omits all personal details which are not of direct importance to the main story. As an instance of this I may here add a note made by a friend, who got the

item in conversation, years afterwards, from my father. Where the narrative, simply says, "The quarter-deck floated off, with the stump of the mizzen-mast in it," my friend's note has, "Captain L—, the others all being on the forward staging, happened to be alone on that part of the upper deck near the mizzen-mast when it was swept away, carrying the stump of the mast with it. After floating off three or four rods, and hesitating whether his last chance was there or on the wreck, he plunged into the water, swam back, and got safely on board again."

My father lived fifty-two years after these events occurred, but he never could discuss them without an effort. Indeed, after he was eighty years of age, I have known him to lose a meal if this subject became a topic of conversation at table. I can now distinctly recall his expression of countenance, as I heard him say to a boy who, while he was impatiently waiting for dinner, exclaimed "I shall die of hunger!" "If you had seen men die of hunger *as I did*, and if you had felt, *as I have*, what it is to die, as to hunger and thirst yourself, you would then know the dreadful meaning of that word *hunger*."

At the solicitation of persons who did not suspect what suffering it gave him to recall these scenes, I have at different times heard him give details far more harrowing than anything recorded in his narrative; and now, when those for whom I write are so desirous of knowing more of the story, I regret that I did not on those occasions commit the facts to writing; for I always, at my mother's injunction, scrupulously refrained from asking him myself for any details. Some things I can recall to memory which may add an interest to what I write. My father always observed character with more interest than insensible objects, and so came to understand human nature uncommonly well, while he was by no means remarkably observant of places and things, unless associated with "human life therein."

On the wreck he must have made a study of the manner in which men of different temperaments and characters were affected by their common calamity, for I remember being particularly charmed, in early life, by hearing him describe observations of that sort which he there made; and the good Captain J—, the lively and talented P—, and the true-hearted, energetic C—, have always stood out, in my imagination, as lifelike pictures of representative men.

I remember hearing that, after the long-boat left them, my father was one day attempting to take an observation, when one of the men, suddenly becoming deranged, as several of them did before death ended their sufferings, rushed at him and knocked off his hat into the water. At this time the heat of the sun was very oppressive, and for a few hours he felt the loss very painfully; but at length it so happened that his own trunk, with the lid off, was "washed up from the hold, and floated within reach." It contained many valuable things carefully collected by him, but he said he thought only of securing something to protect his head. As it floated past him he caught at a bright-colored cashmere shawl lying upon the top; this he folded in a way to answer his purpose, and this he kept on his head until he was taken from the boat.

I have this shawl in my possession now; faded with its exposure then to the sun and salt water, and stained where the beloved head rested on the salt pork, which, when the parched mouths could no longer eat it, was used as a pillow in the boat. I have also a portion of a blue bandanna handkerchief which he held up to catch the precious drops of rain, and wrung into a small wooden box, with which they baled the boat, to slake his thirst. Of this handkerchief he finally made the "signal," which caught the eye of the sailor, who had been "sent to the masthead to look out," and who reported to Captain D— upon the deck, "I see a sail, sir, at a great distance," and being ordered to "look

again," shouted, "it is something almost alongside now." I have also a piece of tarred line, knotted at the ends, just twenty-one inches long, which was the exact measure of my father about his waist, taken carefully by Captain D—— the day he was received on board his vessel. He was a man rather above ordinary height, and of good proportions when in health. These, to me, precious relics I would have my children preserve after me, as tokens of suffering and privations so manfully borne more than half a century ago, by one who yet lived long enough to gain the love and veneration of them all. About twenty years ago I made a visit with my father at Franklin in New Hampshire. On the evening before we left, in compliance with an earnest request from our host, for whom he had much respect, he entered more fully into details regarding this whole matter than I ever heard him at one sitting, before or after. Near midnight I listened to his description of the parting scene, when the yawl left the wreck finally, given with great feeling, but I have not words to describe it, as it has since lived in my imagination.

The wreck had drifted out of the regular track of vessels crossing the Atlantic, and remaining upon it, there was no hope of escape for any of the men. I believe the idea of leaving it in the yawl first came to my father, and the four who joined him did so without persuasion. Of the ten remaining at the time of their departure, five were unable to raise their heads or to speak audibly, and the other five considered their own chance to be better than that of those who left. They wept and prayed together, and made signals as long as they remained in sight of each other.

The extremity of suffering from privation came to my father on the boat. He was through life remarkable for his temperance in eating and drinking, refusing with dignity, even on his death-bed at eighty-five, to take "extra meals on account of debility," nor

could he ever be persuaded to eat anything at all offensive to his taste. I remember, as if I saw it yesterday, the strange, sad smile with which he answered his mother, when I was a very little girl. She had asked him to "just taste" something which he did not fancy, saying, "Why, Henry, it is *so good*, and you saw the time, on the wreck, when you would have been *glad to eat anything*." "No, mother," said he, "in the boat, for a time, I might; but I shall always remember how on the wreck I took my knife to pare the rind from my allowance of bacon, and was just going to toss it overboard, when poor L—— caught and devoured it like a dog." He never seemed aware that he had more presence of mind and fortitude than most men; but I have heard him say, in reference to this period, "I really did not *suffer so much* as many in the same conditions with me, because *I could turn off my mind from our wants* better than they could." I have heard him say he could make successful efforts, even in the boat, to compose himself to sleep, which the others could not; and that, in this state, he was often "much refreshed by dreams." He suffered more from thirst than hunger, and more than once, dreaming that he was a boy at home, he stooped and drank, as he had then often done, from a clear brook, which ran near his mother's house, and awoke "refreshed." At last he ceased for a few days to suffer from this cause; having, at first, no desire for either food or drink when he came on board Captain D——'s vessel. So indeed, as he said, he "died as to hunger and thirst."

But far keener that anything physical was the mental suffering he endured. The 30th of June, the events of which are lightly touched in his narrative, was, as I heard him describe it at Franklin, such a day as few men have lived to tell of. Three vessels, speeding onward in safety, had appeared within their horizon, and passed these worn and weary toilers, in their shattered boat, unknowingly. The last



disappeared at sunset, and soon darkness, almost crushing out life with hope, came down upon them. What wonder if they felt deserted by God and man, forlorn, exhausted, starving upon that wide, lonely sea! Then dawned that 30th day of June. Their failing strength seemed to have been tasked to the utmost. Poor V—— was lying helpless, with one whole lower limb so swollen and inflamed by exposure to a burning sun, while constantly soaked in salt water, that he was unable to move himself. E—— was also extremely exhausted, and having besides a passionate temper, had lost self-control, and used his feeble voice only in making bitter complaints at having been induced to leave the wreck, declaring he would do no more in baling the boat or in attempting to steer it. My father toiled on until past high noon, when he too felt "nature giving way"; the boat was half filled with water; he folded his arms, and closed his eyes; one yearning thought of home, and all he was leaving, rushed through his heart, filling his soul, and impelled him "once more to sweep the horizon with his eye"; this done, lying back in the boat, he "would allow her to go down." But, in that farewell gaze, a fourth vessel standing favorably toward them met his eyes; hope instantly revives, strength from above is given, he seizes the thwart of the boat, and by a seemingly miraculous effort splits it in twain upon its frail stem; his awakened energy excites his companions, — one bales, the other steers; they gain upon their approaching deliverer; they are descried by "the sailor on lookout at the masthead"; the vessel is "laid to," and they are thus "snatched from the very jaws of death."

The account given by Captain D——, of their appearance and condition when first rescued, I have often heard my mother repeat. This kind and good man, looking through his spy-glass from the deck of the vessel, saw *nothing*, but, at the sailor's second report, the mate, looking over the side, saw,

almost close to them, an indescribable object. So embrowned and emaciated were these men, almost divested of clothing, which had "been used strip by strip to calk the boat," that they had almost lost the semblance of humanity, as they lay,

"With throats unslaked,  
With black lips baked,"

unable from debility and emotion to make audible replies to the questions proposed to them. My father attempted to rise and stand *upright*, but in so doing lost his balance, and fell between the boat and vessel, but the mate, who was then preparing to leap down to them, caught him, as he touched the water, and, carefully passing a rope around his body, had him tenderly raised, and placed safely on the deck of the vessel; and finally, after rescuing E—— in the same manner, the entire boat, with V—— lying in it, was hoisted on board the General J—— by the sympathizing sailors.

Captain D—— said my father "*asked for nothing*, but at once seemed desirous to attempt to *give an account of himself*, which he did, in a hoarse whisper, but with a mind perfectly collected, and in a very direct and intelligible manner." The others "*wept*, and begged like little children for food and drink; and, painful as it was, it was necessary, for some days, to deny them what would have killed them at once, if they could have got access to it." I have heard my father say: "I had *then* no hope of reaching home, and for twenty-four hours did not even inquire if the vessel were *homeward bound*; but I wished my friends to know my story, thanked God devoutly for giving me this chance of sending it to them, and thought, this being done, I could then lie down and die in peace, for I felt that I was *still at the gate of death*."

By Captain D——'s unceasing and extremely judicious kindness, however, they were surprisingly recovered in the twenty-one days they passed on board his vessel. At first my father found great difficulty in swallowing a few teaspoonfuls of thin rice-water, was a



number of hours in accomplishing it, and then was oppressed to an agonizing degree by distention of the stomach. Fortunately there was a quantity of nice oranges on board, which were liberally dispensed, and in a day or two the juice became exceedingly grateful to him, until finally, before they landed, he was able to take small portions of solid food. They anchored at G—— toward nightfall; and he was so desirous of going home *at once*, that Mr. L——, for many years a well-remembered driver of the stage-coach, then running only twice in a week between G—— and Boston, where several trains of cars now pass and repass daily, offered to drive him, in the most comfortable manner which could then be devised, to B——, and used years afterward to speak of it to the family, as “a peculiar privilege” that he had been allowed to do so. Strength, however, was not yet sufficiently restored to my father’s wasted frame to enable him to perform at one effort the whole journey of fourteen miles; and about nine o’clock in the evening he was brought to his mother’s house at W—— Beach, being still distant five miles from his own home, and was there received by her and her family “as one arisen from the grave.”

If, my dear children, you all love and venerate the memory of your grandfather, I am sure those of you who at the time of her death were old enough to remember her now, accord an equal place in your regards to your grandmother. Some of you, who have heard her mental sufferings at the period I have described, alluded to by your grandfather and others, would, you say, feel this record to be incomplete, if what I am able to recall of this portion of the family chronicle should be omitted.

For your gratification, then, as I really have some distinct and vivid recollections of home scenes and occurrences associated with these events, which took place during my third summer, I will give them to you as they may be recalled; but they must be mere outline

sketches of a few scenes, strongly impressed at a period far remote. What I do remember was indelibly traced, but all filling up has been obliterated by the mists of gathering years.

This was in the time of the “Long Embargo,” and all the good wives of absent sailors in our neighborhood were, I have been told, practising a strict economy. My mother was still living in the house where I was born, of which we occupied only a part. In my father’s absence she kept no servant. It was my birth month, June, and a cousin of my mother was making us a visit. Years afterward I heard her describe the singular state of nervous anxiety in which my poor mother had been living for more than a month. She was naturally very cheerful, and of a serene, equable temperament. But my father had left home expecting to be absent only six months, and had now been gone eighteen, under circumstances of peculiar trial and danger. This preyed upon her spirits sadly, and produced a dread of coming evil quite unnatural to her usual temper and disposition. A pleasant Sunday morning came, about the 20th of June, and her cousin persuaded her to go to church, to hear the then celebrated Dr. Griffin, of Boston, preach.

In those days church-going, in Massachusetts, was very generally considered an incumbent duty, and my mother has told me, that, though she could give no reason which seemed plausible for absenting herself on this occasion, yet feeling a great repugnance to making the effort, she determined to take me with her, hoping I might become restless, and thus give her an opportunity for returning. If restlessness was my habit, as is by no means unlikely, in the time of warm weather, and protracted services at “meeting,” I was, on this occasion, either awed or entertained, so as to behave extremely well, until the sermon was nearly ended, when she took immediate advantage of my making an attempt to possess myself of her fan to take me home, de-

claring she could not have kept *herself* quiet ten minutes longer.

She was engaged to spend Monday with a sister of her cousin, then living at the foot of Washington Street, but when the time arrived, begged to be excused, as feeling wholly unable to go, saying when urged, "I am sure something dreadful is impending, and I would rather stay at home to meet it."

But her cousin, feeling a friendly anxiety on account of her very unusual state of mind, insisted upon the fulfilment of her promise, fearing that she would become insane if she left her alone, and trusting that going abroad might serve to divert her mind from its strange fancies, which she supposed to result entirely from her living a good deal alone, which left her too much time to brood over my father's prolonged absence. Being herself a spinster, she probably did not understand those magnetic sympathies which, in fine natures, always exist where there is a *true marriage*.

It was a lovely June morning; its atmosphere comes back to me with all its balmy freshness; so does its mid-day heat, and its evening shadows; it is the first day I wholly remember. I did not often take morning walks with my mother in that direction, and I recall the street as it then appeared, so different from what it now is, as I gambolled on before her, my capacity for happiness being filled, and now and then running back for a moment, to look up at her wonderingly, because she did not seem to feel as I did. As we passed down what is now Cabot Street, it was just after the eight-o'clock mail had been distributed. A gentleman stood outside an open window, reading something from the newspaper to a person on the inside. As he looked up, and seemed to see us, he walked rapidly away. Mother caught her cousin by the arm, as we approached the house, begging her to return home immediately. "See," said she, "Mr. — has spoken to his sister, and she is walking across the room to look at me, wondering to see me here; that

paper contains some dreadful news of Henry!" And it is, to say the least, singular that this was all true. Yet she did not know he had left Naples, and, as to anything she knew, had no occasion for increased anxiety on his account. She was with difficulty persuaded to go on; and arriving at the house, begged directly to go to a chamber, where she should see no one but her cousins. Alarmed at her strange manner, Mrs. L—— seated her at a pleasant window; and at last, taking a hint from Miss A——, with a view to divert my mother's mind, asked her to arrange an infant wardrobe in new drawers for her, at the same time placing a nice little frock upon her lap. She mechanically took it up, and crushing it together in her hands, still sat listlessly gazing on the view of the ocean which the window commanded, with a face so sad and unlike herself, that her cousin left the room in distress, to call in a mutual friend.

Presently a knock at the street door aroused my mother, and listening a few moments, she distinctly heard a lady who opened it say, "Do let her alone till evening!" "No," was a gentleman's reply, "the children in the street would tell her before she could get ten rods from this door." While they talked my mother descended the stairs, and with a face like marble, laying her hand firmly on Deacon L——'s arm, said in a strange, hollow voice, "Yes, tell me *now*; I can bear anything, if you do not say *he is dead*!"

She was then quietly seated in an adjoining parlor, and very gently told that my father had taken passage in the ship M——, for S——, with thirty others, on the 10th of April; that on the 20th of May she had been wrecked in a squall within ten days' sail of home. That fifteen men — but he was not with them — escaped in the long-boat, had been taken up, and brought to Salem, having no hope that any other return could ever be made from the wreck.

I had slipped into the room, and stood close beside my mother; I did not at all comprehend what had hap-

pened, but I was thrilled with the mournful quiet of the scene; and that room, with much of its furniture, and the faces in it, were so engraven on my memory in a few minutes, that though I never entered it again until one year ago, I found a distinct picture of it in my mind with which to compare its altered appearance. My mother uttered not one word, but suffered herself to be dressed and placed in a carriage, and with me seated beside her was driven home. This was about ten o'clock in the morning. She was placed in an easy-chair in her own chamber, where she sat nearly in one position, uttering no word or moan, nor in any way taking notice of the friends who passed in and out or gathered around her, until about three o'clock in the afternoon.

In the mean time I suppose I was the charge of no one in particular; so after dinner I contrived to steal out of doors unobserved, without any sun-bonnet, and being soon enticed by some rude children into the street, was met by a friend on her way to my mother, racing up and down, at quite a distance from the house, heated and covered with dust. She took me by the hand to lead me back; but at the door I resolutely refused to enter. Some one went to my mother, and said, "Cannot you go and speak to Fanny? She is making herself sick by running about the street in the hot sun."

She started at that, walked to the entry, and seated herself at the top of a flight of stairs just as some one was bringing me up by force. Being perfectly beside myself with excitement, I struck out with my little hands, hitting my poor mother on the face, and then clung sobbing to her neck.

This broke the spell for her; she clasped me in her arms, and for a time her tears flowed freely. I was then taken in charge by a friend, and she was led back to her seat, where she presently relapsed into her former condition, having as yet uttered no word.

At sunset her minister and very intimate friend, the good J—— E——, who

had been out of town all day, came in and sat down at her side.

Being a man of strong sympathies, now deeply moved, he sat for some time, like the friends of Job, and "spake no word, because he saw that her grief was very great." Then, as he afterward said, "feeling that her condition was becoming dangerous," he "tried this experiment to arouse her." Taking her hand, he said in a low, distinct voice: "Sister L——, will you come to the church on Sunday and hear me offer prayer to God for you as a widow, and address the people?" She instantly startled him and all in the chamber by raising her tearless face and exclaiming, "I have not yet heard that Henry is dead!" And when one near her whispered, "Poor child! she has gone crazy!" she added, almost cheerfully, "God may have prepared a plank to save him, and he may be taken from some rock in the ocean." And "at that moment," as she afterward often said, "my first ray of hope dawned upon me."

I well remember, as night came on, how dreary and sad it seemed to me to be undressed by stranger hands, and told that my mother could not come to me. But I was saddened into obedience then, and made no resistance.

Following on this "heavy day" came a month of agony, which made fearful demands upon my dear mother's physical constitution, naturally a very fine one, and from which, indeed, she never wholly recovered to the end of her life, which closed at sixty-eight years. I have often heard my father say to her, "The wreck made greater ravages upon your constitution than upon mine, for I think I was *made over*, and might date my age from 1810." And it is true, that from the time of his perfect recovery, which was astonishingly rapid after his return home, no one could enjoy greater freedom from physical ills for more than half a century. This month, passed in cruel alternations of hope and despair, to which my mother perforce abandoned herself, was a very distinct period for

strong impressions upon my infant imagination. I had the daily recreation of being sent to school, which was kept by Ma'am O—— on the other side of our house ; but at home I remember how sad and lonely I was, missing my dear mother's cheerful words and smiles ; for she said that before this stroke really fell upon her, though wearied and worn with her anxious fears, she always exerted herself to be cheerful with me, and I only saw in her my loving playmate and the tender guardian on whom I leaned for everything. Now I sat alone at my meals, while she paced the room in such a changed and mournful mood that I hardly knew where to turn for comfort at home. She has told me that one day, after arranging my table and placing my food before me, she turned to her listless, restless pacing up and down, for some time absorbed in her own melancholy musings, when she was at last aroused by a very deep sigh from me, and looking up, found me sitting just as she had left me, my food all untouched, gazing sadly at her. And in reply to her inquiries, I said : "*I am hungry, but I do not like to eat so.*" I went into Emily's house," — Emily was a little playmate in the neighborhood, — "and she was eating nice dinner *with her mother*, and they *were laughing as we did.*" After that she was regular in sitting at the table and making efforts to eat, but said she could rarely force herself to swallow, such a vivid picture of my father, starving *somewhere*, would come before her and destroy all power of eating. Had she known his actual state, she said this vision could not have seemed to her more real. And for this entire month she never once disrobed herself for ordinary rest in bed, but would continue her restless to-and-fro movement, until from sheer exhaustion, sometimes, not until toward morning, she would throw herself upon my bed, and, dressed as she was, fall into uneasy slumbers.

During these weeks, not one of her friends supposed there could be the slightest reason to hope my father would

ever again be heard from. Yet if any one suggested this to her, it directly produced the effect upon her of Mr. E——'s question, and her imagination would at once present some mode of rescue. And thus, though she still evidently remained in perfect possession of her reason, she afterward knew they all looked to see her suddenly, perhaps hopelessly, deprived of it. My grandmother was very desirous of having us come to her at W—— Beach, and a friend one day took us there ; but my mother could not endure the wide views of the ocean which the house commanded, and begged to be allowed to return at once to her own lonely home.

Toward the close of her term of sorrow, having once thrown herself down, as usual, toward morning for rest, she dreamed that she was standing at a door of my grandmother's house, from which a wide view of the harbor could be seen ; a heavy shower of rain was falling which suddenly ceased, and, at once, the setting sun lighted up the whole bay. Presently she discovered a plank, with three men upon it, approaching the land ; while she looked it "came ashore," and the first man who leaped upon the beach was my father. She started to her feet, with a wide-awake assurance that he *was safe*. And as the light of a summer morning was abroad, though the sun had not arisen, she felt that she must *speak of it to somebody*. So taking me up in my little night-dress, she at once took my road to school over the attic stairs, and presented herself at "Ma'am O——'s" bedside, feeling quite sure of her sympathy. Gently arousing the dear old lady, she told her dream, and added, "O, I believe he is safe, and I shall surely see him again !"

The face, now beaming with hope, so changed from the expression it wore as she saw it only the evening before, filled "Ma'am O——" with dismay ; and being so strangely aroused, she scarcely knew how to address her, feeling that now indeed reason had fled ; so, taking her hand soothingly,

she said, "Yes, dear, dreams are sent to bless us, but we must remember they are *only dreams*."

My mother did not suspect what fears she had excited, but feeling that, even here, she had somehow been misunderstood, she slowly and wearily led me, wondering at it all, back to her own room, and felt greater depression than ever from that morning. But the day of relief was drawing nigh. In about a week after this time my father was brought to his mother's house, as you may remember, about nine o'clock in the evening. After the first shock of the arrival was over, it was my grandmother's first care to endeavor to have my mother and myself brought to them as soon as possible. And forgetting the hour, on a lonely road, my uncle's wife, with my eldest cousin, then a little girl, ran directly to the house of Captain M——, their nearest neighbor, who yet lived at a considerable distance; knowing that, as he owned a carriage, he would be only too happy to start immediately on this "errand of mercy." Nor did they underrate his kindness. As soon as his chaise could be got in readiness, he set off at once, feeling, as he afterwards said, that he "could consider what to do when he arrived, as he went along."

That, besides being wise and benevolent, he was a man of *tact*, was exhibited on this occasion. I do not remember that I ever saw him afterward, but I think I perfectly recollect his face, voice, and whole deportment on that night.

When he arrived it was after all on the street had retired to rest; and he drove to the house of our sympathizing next-door neighbor, Mr. P——, the son-in-law of Ma'am O——, with whom he was well acquainted. After arousing him and his wife from their slumbers, they decided to go together, having first consulted Ma'am O——, to have my mother gently aroused by her, and gradually prepared for their thrilling intelligence. But unfortunately the door was opened to them by a well-meaning but injudicious woman,

who acted in the capacity of a servant in the house; and while the gentlemen were communicating to one who followed her some of their facts, she rushed over those stairs, and, before Mr. P——, who saw what she aimed at, could overtake her, she had seized the latch of my mother's chamber door, which was locked, and, shaking it violently, shouted, "Miss L——, Miss L——, get up. Your husband's down at the door, alive and well!"

My poor mother had thrown herself face downward across the foot of her bed in a despairing mood a short time before, and thus had fallen into a troubled sleep. Judge, if you can, what a shock this clamor and those words must have produced upon one in her excited condition. She shrieked, and gathering the bed-cover in her hands, drew it tightly over her head, declaring afterward that, if she had heard that sound again, she must have instantly gone distracted. But in a moment the mild voice of Mr. P—— was heard, saying in a low, soothing, yet perfectly distinct tone, which fell on her ear "like oil on the troubled waves," "No, no, dear. If you could presently open your door, here is Captain M——, who can tell you there is good reason to hope there is some real news of your husband." This calmed her in an instant, *so much* she could bear to listen to; and in a little time, taking me on her lap, she was seated and quietly listening, while Captain M——, cautiously beginning with the fact that news had arrived of my father, after much suffering, having been taken on board a vessel from a small boat, gradually announced that the vessel was bound to G——, and at length, that it had arrived; that he had been taken to his mother's house that evening; and now, could she prepare herself and me to go to my grandmother's to meet him there?

She listened like one in a dream, and at last said slowly and mournfully, "Have you seen him? Are you sure he is living, and can live till I get there?" He replied, "I have not

myself seen him ; your mother sent to me, and I came for you without any delay ; but I fully believe him to be living, though probably in a very exhausted condition ; he sent for you to come to him." She then quietly began to dress me, to which I passively submitted, and distinctly remember sitting perfectly still on a chair, while my mother moved noiselessly about the hushed room, dimly lighted with only a nurse-lamp, and that strange gentleman sitting there, also perfectly quiet. No wonder the marked countenance and iron-gray hair left an image strongly impressed. And now we go out into the open air, and are carefully placed in the chaise. It was near the middle of a hot night in July, and there was a very clear moonlight. When I wish perfectly to recall the whole of that picturesque road to W—— Beach, now so much travelled for its extreme beauty, I can shut my eyes and see every point of it as it was then daggerreotyped upon my brain, on that strange moonlit night, so long, long ago.

Not a word was spoken by any one until we came to that remarkable bend in the road, at the top of the hill near M—— Beach, where the wide and beautiful ocean view bursts so suddenly upon the gaze ; then my mother gently laid her hand on the reins, and said in an imploring tone, "O Captain M——, do stop here, and turn your horse to carry me home ! This is *only a dream* ; it must be so ; I cannot bear to go on !" With true tact, he instantly stopped the horse, and quietly settling himself into a posture for discussion, replied, "I do not at all wonder at your doubts ; I myself stopped my horse as I was going to your house, and it was just at this turn of the road too, and asked myself, 'Am I not dreaming ? Am I not on my way to excite hopes in that poor suffering young woman that cannot be realized ?' Then I paused and reflected some time, and finally said to myself, 'No, I cannot be mistaken ; so many persons cannot all have been dreaming ; our neighbor

and her little niece certainly came to my house at a very late hour for them, and waking my wife and myself, told their story, and returned ; then we called up our son, who harnessed the horse, my wife helping me to get ready ; we could not all have dreamed.'" Still he saw doubt resting on my mother's face ; still humoring her mood, he said, "I think we had better go on till we come toward 'Sandy Way,' where you know we can see your mother's house at a considerable distance ; if it is lighted up at this hour, we will go on ; if it is all dark, we will return." To this she consented, though still unbelieving, saying not another word, until turning a corner they came in full view, though still at a distance, of the western end of the dear old homestead, illuminated even to the garret window. "Then," she afterward said, "I felt assured." And imagination busied itself, during the remainder of the ride, in picturing "a wasted form, scarcely able to recognize her, bolstered up in the bed, which it would never again quit alive." As the chaise drove up the ample green yard to the front door, my father stood at it, extending his arms to his wife and child. As they received me, my mother fell senseless to the ground, before any one could prevent her fall.

In the confusion which ensued I remember nothing more distinctly than a thrill of fear which pervaded me, when I felt myself in my father's arms ; for a moment, I think I had an undefined feeling that he was not a real man, — perhaps I had heard of ghosts, I cannot now tell. I was too young when he left home to remember him as he was then, so he had always been only an idea to me, and of late I suppose strange images of him had presented themselves to my childish fancy. But if dread was really my first association with him, no child could ever have had in after life less occasion to connect that idea with a *father*.

We remained a few days at W—— Beach, until my father felt able to return to our own home. Even here,



crowds of people had come to visit him, — many more than he was able to converse with, especially while recent suffering, which he shrunk from alluding to, was so fresh in his memory. But for weeks after his return, my mother said that, though he carefully avoided all voluntary allusion to the subject during the day, yet at night, as soon as his eyes were closed in sleep, he would startle her with such

ejaculations as, "For God's sake, hail the boat, E——!"

In after life I often heard persons say to him, "How could you ever dare to trust yourself at sea again?" To which he would reply, "I felt ten times more confidence than ever, after being rescued from such dangers."

And so it was that, in six months after his return, he sailed for the West Indies.

## A QUIET LIFE.

YOU scorn my dwelling as you pass it by;  
 I do not say, Come in;  
 You are a stranger to the company  
 I entertain therein.

My house is humble, yet within its walls  
 Contentment doth abide;  
 And from the wings of Peace a blessing falls,  
 Like dew at eventide.

You think my soul is narrow, like the room  
 Wherein I toil for bread,  
 And that, because oblivion is my doom,  
 I might as well be dead.

Yet are you sure the riches are not mine,  
 The poverty your own?  
 Is he not rich who finds his lot divine,  
 In hovel or on throne?

You judge me by the narrow boundaries  
 'Twixt which my body moves;  
 But I behold a wider land that lies  
 Free to the soul that loves.

Is that not mine in which I hourly take  
 My largess of delight?  
 Are not all things created for his sake  
 Who reads their meaning right?

Is it not mine, this landscape I behold?—  
 Mine to enjoy and use  
 For all life's noblest uses, though no gold  
 Has made it mine to lose?



I know the wood-paths where the feet of Spring,  
 Have left their prints in flowers ;  
 And all the carols that the wild birds sing  
 Through the long summer hours.

I watch the changeful light upon the grass,  
 The wind-waves in the grain ;  
 I note the swift cloud-shadows as they pass  
 Above the breezy plain.

Mine are the stillness of the autumn noons,  
 The peace of tranquil eves,  
 The sunset splendors, and the glimmering moons,  
 The rain-fall on the leaves.

I cannot count the half of daily joys  
 Which kindly Nature gives ;  
 For while some homely task my hands employs,  
 With her my spirit lives.

Nor these alone the pleasures that I know,  
 The riches I possess ;  
 Still other things are mine, and they bestow  
 A deeper happiness.

For unto me the past, with all its store  
 Of untold wealth, belongs ;  
 To me the singers and the saints of yore  
 Repeat their prayers and songs.

For me again the long-past centuries yield  
 The harvest of their thought ;  
 My gleaning brings me sheaves from many a field  
 Where stronger hearts have wrought.

Mine is the present, too ; nor let it be  
 Despised as little worth :  
 I could not tell of all the good I see  
 Each day upon the earth.

What matters that my hands may never touch  
 The hands I venerate ?  
 I thank my God that he has given such  
 To guide and guard the state.

And for the future, — but I may not speak  
 Of it I hope for then !  
 The glories of that city which I seek  
 No tongue can tell, or pen.

So the day rounds to fulness, and the night  
 Is blessed, like the day ;  
 For God, who makes the darkness and the light,  
 Keeps every fear away.

*E. D. Rice.*

## THEIR WEDDING JOURNEY.

## II.

## A DREAM OF HEAT.

THEY had waited to see Leonard, in order that they might learn better how to find his house in the country; and now, when they came in upon him at nine o'clock, he welcomed them with all his friendly heart. He rose from the pile of morning's letters to which he had just sat down; he placed them the easiest chairs; he made a feint of its not being a busy hour with him, and would have had them look upon his office, which was still damp and odorous from the porter's broom, as a kind of down-town parlor; but after they had briefly accounted to his amazement for their appearance then and there, and Isabel had boasted of the original fashion in which they had that morning seen New York, they took pity on him, and bade him adieu till evening.

They crossed from Broadway to the noisome street by the ferry, and in a little while had taken their places in the train on the thither side of the water.

"Don't tell me, Basil," said Isabel, "that Leonard travels fifty miles every day by rail going to and from his work!"

"I must, dearest, if I would be truthful."

"Then, darling, there *are* worse things in this world than living up at the South End, are n't there?" And in agreement upon Boston as a place of the greatest natural advantages, as well as all acquirable merits, with after talk that need not be recorded, they arrived in the best humor at the little country station near which the Leonards dwelt.

I must inevitably follow Mrs. Isabel thither, though I do it at the cost of the reader, who suspects the excitements which a long description of it

would delay. The ladies were very old friends, and they had not met since Isabel's return from Europe and renewal of her engagement. Upon the news of this, Mrs. Leonard had swallowed with surprising ease all that she had said in blame of Basil's conduct during the rupture, and exacted a promise from her friend that she should pay her the first visit after their marriage. And now that they had come together, their only talk was of husbands, whom they viewed in every light to which husbands could be turned, and still found an inexhaustible novelty in the theme. Mrs. Leonard beheld in her friend's joy the sweet reflection of her own honeymoon, and Isabel was pleased to look upon the prosperous marriage of the former as the image of her future. Thus, with immense profit and comfort, they reassured one another by every question and answer, and in their weak content lapsed far behind the representative women of our age, when husbands are at best a necessary evil, and the relation of wives to them is known to be one of pitiable subjection. When these two pretty fogies put their heads of false hair together, they were as silly and benighted as their great-grandmothers could have been in the same circumstances, and, as I say, shamefully encouraged each other in their absurdity. The absurdity appeared too good and blessed to be true. "Do you really suppose, Basil," Isabel would say to her oppressor, after having given him some elegant extract from the last conversation upon husbands, "that we shall get on as smoothly as the Leonards when we have been married ten years? Lucy says that things go more hitchily the first year than ever they do afterwards, and that people love each other better and better just because they've got used to it. Well, our bliss does seem a little crude and garish com-

pared with their happiness ; and yet," — she put up both her palms against his, and gave a vehement little push — "there *is* something agreeable about it, even at this stage of the proceedings."

"Isabel," said her husband, with severity, "this is bridal !"

"No matter ! I only want to seem an old married woman to the general public. But the application of it is that you must be careful not to contradict me, or cross me in anything, so that we can be like the Leonards very much sooner than they became so. The great object is not to have any hitchiness ; and you know you *are* provoking — at times."

They both educated themselves for continued and tranquil happiness by the example and precept of their friends ; and the time passed swiftly in the pleasant learning, and in the novelty of the life led by the Leonards. This indeed merits a closer study than can be given here, for it is the life led by vast numbers of prosperous New-Yorkers who love both the excitement of the city and the repose of the country, and who aspire to unite the enjoyment of both in their daily existence. The suburbs of the metropolis stretch landward fifty miles in every direction ; and everywhere are handsome villas like Leonard's, inhabited by men like himself, whom strict study of the time-table enables to spend all their working hours in the city and all their smoking and sleeping hours in the country.

The home and the neighborhood of the Leonards put on their best looks for our bridal pair, and they were charmed. They all enjoyed the visit, said guests and hosts, they were all sorry to have it come to an end ; yet they all resigned themselves to this conclusion. Practically, it had no other result than to detain the travellers into the very heart of the hot weather. In that weather it was easy to do anything that did not require an active effort, and resignation was so natural with the mercury at ninety, that I am

not sure but there was something sinful in it.

They had given up their cherished purpose of going to Albany by the day boat, which was represented to them in all its impossible phases. It would be dreadfully crowded, and whenever it stopped the heat would be insupportable. Besides, it would bring them to Albany at an hour when they must either spend the night there, or push on to Niagara by the night train. "You had better go by the evening boat. It will be light almost till you reach West Point, and you'll see all the best scenery. Then you can get a good night's rest, and start fresh in the morning." So they were counselled, and they assented, as they would have done if they had been advised : "You had better go by the morning boat. It's deliciously cool travelling ; you see the whole of the river ; you reach Albany for supper, and you push through to Niagara that night and are done with it."

They took leave of Leonard at breakfast and of his wife at noon, and fifteen minutes later they were rushing from the heat of the country into the heat of the city, where some affairs and pleasures were to employ them till the evening boat should start.

Their spirits were low, for the terrible spell of the great heat brooded upon them. All abroad burned the fierce white light of the sun, in which not only the earth seemed to parch and thirst, but the very air withered, and was faint and thin to the troubled respiration. Their train was full of people who had come long journeys from broiling cities of the West, and who were dusty and ashen and reeking in the slumbers at which some of them still vainly caught. On every one lay an awful languor. Here and there stirred a fan, like the broken wing of a dying bird ; now and then a sweltering young mother shifted her hot baby from one arm to another ; after every station the desperate conductor swung through the long aisle and punched the ticket, which each passen-

ger seemed to yield him with a tacit malediction; a suffering child hung about the empty tank, which could only gasp out a cindery drop or two of ice-water. The wind buffeted faintly at the windows; when the door was opened, the clatter of the rails struck through and through the car like a demoniac yell.

Yet when they arrived at the station by the ferry-side, they seemed to have entered its stifling darkness from fresh and vigorous atmosphere, so close and dead and mixed with the carbonic breath of the locomotives was the air of the place. The thin old wooden walls that shut out the glare of the sun transmitted an intensified warmth; the roof seemed to hover lower and lower, and in its coal-smoked, raftery hollow to generate a heat deadlier than that poured upon it from the skies.

In a convenient place in the station hung a thermometer, before which every passenger, on going aboard the ferry-boat, paused as at a shrine, and mutely paid his devotions. At the altar of this fetish our friends also paused, and saw that the mercury was above ninety, and exulting with the pride that savages take in the cruel might of their idols, bowed their souls to the great god Heat.

On the boat they found a place where the breath of the sea struck cool across their faces, and made them forget the thermometer for the brief time of the transit. But presently they drew near that strange, irregular row of wooden buildings and jutting piers which skirts the river on the New York side, and before the boat's motion ceased the air grew thick and warm again, and tainted with the foulness of the street on which the buildings front. Upon this the boat's passengers issued, passing up through a gangway, on one side of which a throng of return-passengers was pent by a gate of iron bars, against which they pressed and struggled like a herd of wild animals. They were all streaming with perspiration, and,

according to their different temperaments, had faces of deep crimson or deadly pallor.

"Now the question is, my dear," said Basil when, free of the press, they lingered for a moment in the shade outside, "whether we had better walk up to Broadway, at an immediate sacrifice of fibre, and get a stage there, or take one of these cars here, and be landed a little nearer, with half the exertion. By this route we shall have sights and smells which the other can't offer us, but whichever we take we shall be sorry."

"Then I say take this," decided Isabel. "I want to be sorry upon the easiest possible terms, this weather."

They hailed the first car that passed, and got into it. Well for them both if she could have exercised this philosophy with regard to the whole day's business, or if she could have given up her plans for it with the same resignation she had practised in regard to the day boat! It seems to me a proof of the small advance our race has made in true wisdom, that we find it so hard to give up doing anything we have meant to do. It matters very little whether the affair is one of enjoyment or of business, we feel the same bitter need of pursuing it to the end. The mere fact of intention gives it a flavor of duty, and dutiolatry, as one may call the devotion, has passed so deeply into our life that we have scarcely a sense any more of the sweetness of even a neglected pleasure. We will not taste the fine, guilty rapture of a deliberate dereliction; the gentle sin of omission is all but blotted from the calendar of our crimes. If I had been Columbus, I should have thought twice before setting sail, when I was quite ready to do so; and as for Plymouth Rock, I should have sternly resisted the blandishments of those twin sirens, Starvation and Cold, who beckoned the Puritans shoreward, and as soon as ever I came in sight of their granite perch should have turned back to England. But it is now too late to repair these errors, and so, on one of the hot-

test days of last summer, behold my obdurate bridal pair, in a Tenth or Twentieth Avenue horse-car, setting forth upon the fulfilment of a series of intentions, any of which had far better and wiselier have been left unaccomplished. Isabel had said they would call upon certain people in Fiftieth Street, and then shop slowly down, ice-creaming and staging and variously cooling and calming by the way, until they reached the ticket-office on Broadway, whence they could indefinitely betake themselves to the steamboat an hour or two before her departure. She felt that they had yielded sufficiently to circumstances and conditions already on this journey, and she was resolved that the present half-day in New York should be the half-day of her original design.

It was not the most advisable thing, as I have allowed, but it was inevitable, and it afforded them a spectacle which is by no means wanting in sublimity, and which is certainly unique,—the spectacle of that great city on a hot day, defiant of the elements, and prospering on with every form of labor, and at a terrible cost of life. The man who carries the hod to the top of the walls that rankly grow and grow as from his life's blood, will only lay down his load when he feels the mortal glare of the sun blaze in upon heart and brain; the plethoric millionaire for whom he toils will plot and plan in his office, till he swoons at the desk; the trembling beast must stagger forward while the flame-faced tormentor on the box has strength to lash him on; in all those vast palaces of commerce there are ceaseless sale and purchase, packing and unpacking, lifting up and laying down, arriving and departing loads; in thousands of shops is the unsparing and unsparing weariness of selling; in the street, filled by the hurry and suffering of tens of thousands, is the weariness of buying.

Their afternoon's experience was something that Basil and Isabel could, when it was past, look upon only as a kind of vision, magnificent at times,

and at other times full of indignity and pain. They seemed to have dreamed of a long horse-car pilgrimage through that squalid street by the river-side, where presently they came to a market, opening upon the view hideous vistas of carnage, and then into a wide avenue, with processions of cars like their own coming and going up and down the centre of a foolish and useless breadth, which made even the tall buildings (rising gauntly up among the older houses of one or two stories) on either hand look low, and let in the sun to bake the dust that the hot breaths of wind caught up and sent swirling into the shabby shops. Here they dreamed of the eternal demolition and construction of the city, and farther on of vacant lots full of granite boulders, clambered over by goats. In their dream they had fellow-passengers, whose sufferings made them odious and whom they were glad to leave behind when they alighted from the car, and running out of the blaze of the avenue, quenched themselves in the shade of the cross-street. A little strip of shadow lay along the row of brown-stone fronts, but there were intervals where the vacant lots cast no shadow. With great bestowal of thought they studied hopelessly how to avoid these spaces as if they had been difficult torrents or vast expanses of desert sand; they crept slowly along till they came to such a place, and dashed swiftly across it, and then, fainter than before, moved on. They seemed now and then to stand at doors, and to be told that people were out, and again that they were in; and they had a sense of cool dark parlors, and the airy rustling of light-muslined ladies, of chat and of fans and ice-water, and then they came forth again, and found

"The day increased from heat to heat."

At last they were aware of an end of all their visits, and of a purpose to go down town again, and of seeking the nearest car by endless blocks of brown-stone fronts, which with their eternal brown-stone flights of steps, and their

handsome, intolerable uniformity, oppressed them like a procession of houses trying to pass a given point and never getting by. Upon these streets there was seldom a soul to be seen, so that when their ringing at a door evoked answer, it startled them with a vague, sad surprise. In the distance on either hand they could see cars and carts and wagons toiling up and down the avenues, and on the next intersecting pavement sometimes a laborer with his jacket slung across his shoulder, or a dog that had plainly made up his mind to go mad. Up to the time of their getting into one of those phantasmal cars for the return downtownwards they had kept up a show of talk in their wretched dream; they had spoken of other, hot days that they had known elsewhere; and they had wondered that the tragical character of heat had been so little recognized. They said that the daily New York murder might even at that moment be somewhere taking place; and that no murder of all the homicidal year could have such proper circumstance; they morbidly wondered what that day's murder would be, and in what swarming tenement-house, or den of the assassin streets by the river-sides, — if indeed it did not befall in some such high, close-shuttered, handsome dwelling as those they passed, in whose twilight it would be so easy to strike down the master and leave him undiscovered and unmourned by the family ignorantly absent at the mountains or the seaside. They conjectured of the horror of midsummer battles, and pictured the anguish of shipwrecked men upon a tropical coast, and the grimy misery of stevedores unloading shiny cargoes of anthracite coal at city docks. But now at last, as they took seats opposite one another in the crowded car, they seemed to have drifted infinite distances and long epochs asunder. They looked hopelessly across the intervening gulf and mutely questioned when it was and from what far city they or some remote ancestors of theirs had set forth upon a wedding journey.

They bade each other a tacit farewell, and with patient, pathetic faces awaited the end of the world.

When they alighted, they took their way up through one of the streets of the great wholesale businesses to Broadway. On this street was a throng of trucks and wagons lading and unlading; bales and boxes rose and sank by pulleys overhead; the footway was a labyrinth of all shapes and sizes of packages: there was no flagging of the pitiless energy that moved all forward, no sign of how heavy a weight lay on it, save in the reeking faces of its helpless instruments. But when the wedding-journeymen emerged upon Broadway, the other passages and incidents of their dream faded before the superior fantasticality of the spectacle. It was four o'clock, the deadliest hour of the deadly summer day. The spiritless air seemed to have a quality of blackness in it, as if filled with the gloom of low-hovering wings. One half the street lay in shadow, and one half in sun; but the sunshine itself was dim, as if a heat greater than its own had smitten it with languor. Little gusts of sick, warm wind blew across the great avenue at the corners of the intersecting streets. In the upward distance, at which the journeymen looked, the loftier roofs and steeples lifted themselves dim out of the livid atmosphere, and far up and down the length of the street swept a stream of tormented life. All sorts of wheeled things thronged it, conspicuous among which rolled and jarred the gaudily painted stages, with quivering horses driven each by a man who sat in the shade of a branching white umbrella, and suffered with a moody truculence of aspect, and as if he harbored the bitterness of death in his heart for the crowding passengers within, when one of them pulled the strap about his legs, and summoned him to halt. Most of the foot-passengers kept to the shady side, and to the unaccustomed eyes of the strangers they were not less in number than at any other time, though there were fewer women among them. Indomitably res-

olute of soul, they held their course with the swift pace of custom, and only here and there they showed the effect of the heat. One man, collarless, with waistcoat unbuttoned, and hat set far back from his forehead, waved a fan before his death-white flabby face, and set down one foot after the other with the heaviness of a somnambulist. Another, as they passed him, was saying huskily to the friend at his side, "I can't stand this much longer. My hands tingle as if they had gone to sleep; my heart—" But still the multitude hurried on, passing, repassing, encountering, evading, vanishing into shop doors and emerging from them, dispersing down the side streets, and swarming out of them. It was a scene that preyed upon the beholder with singular fascination, and in its common aspect of lunacy, it might well have seemed the last phase of a world presently to be destroyed. They who were in it but not of it, as they fancied, — though there was no reason for this, — beheld it amazed, and at last their own errand being accomplished, and themselves so far cured of the madness of purpose, they cried with one voice, that it was a hideous sight, and strove to take refuge from it in the nearest place where the soda-fountain sparkled. It was a vain desire. At the front door of the apothecary's hung a thermometer, and as they entered they heard the next comer cry out with a maniacal pride in the affliction laid upon mankind, "Ninety-seven degrees!" Behind them at the door there poured in a ceaseless stream of people, each pausing at the shrine of heat, before he tossed off the hissing draught that two pale, close-clipped boys served them from either side of the fountain. Then in the order of their coming they vanished through another door upon the side street, each, as he disappeared, turning his face half round, and casting a casual glance upon a little group near another counter. The group was of a very patient, half-frightened, half-puzzled looking gentleman who sat perfectly still on a

stool, and of a lady who stood beside him, rubbing all over his head a handkerchief full of pounded ice, and easing one hand with the other when the first became tired. Basil drank his soda and paused to look upon this group, which he felt would commend itself to realistic sculpture as eminently characteristic of the local life, and as "The Sunstroke" would sell enormously in the hot season. "Better take a little more of that," the apothecary said, looking up from his prescription, and, as the organized sympathy of the seemingly indifferent crowd, smiling very kindly at his patient, who thereupon tasted something in a tall, slim glass. "Do you still feel like fainting?" asked the humane authority. "Slightly, now and then," answered the other, "but I'm hanging on hard to the bottom curve of that icicled S on your soda-fountain, and I feel that I'm all right as long as I can see that. The people get rather hazy, occasionally, and have no features to speak of. But I don't know that I look very impressive myself," he added in the jesting mood which seems the natural condition of Americans in the face of all embarrassments.

"O, you'll do!" laughed the apothecary; but he said, in answer to an anxious question from the lady, "He mustn't be moved for an hour yet," and gayly pestled away at a prescription, while she resumed her office of grinding the pounded ice round and round upon her husband's skull. Isabel offered her the commiseration of friendly words, and of looks kinder yet, and then seeing that they could do nothing, she and Basil fell into the endless procession, and passed out of the side door. "What a shocking thing!" she whispered. "Did you see how all the people looked, one after another, so indifferently at that couple, and evidently forgot them the next instant? It was dreadful. I should n't like to have you sun-struck in New York."

"That's very considerate of you; but place for place, if any accident



must happen to me among strangers, I think I should prefer to have it in New York. The biggest place is always the kindest as well as the cruellest place. Amongst the thousands of spectators the good Samaritan as well as the Levite would be sure to be. As for a sun-stroke, it requires peculiar gifts. But if you compel me to a choice in the matter, then I say, give me the busiest part of Broadway for a sun-stroke. There is such experience of calamity there that you could hardly fall the first victim to any misfortune. Probably the gentleman at the apothecary's was merely exhausted by the heat, and ran in there for revival. The apothecary has a case of the kind on his hands every blazing afternoon, and knows just what to do. The crowd may be a little *ennuyé* of sun-strokes, and to that degree indifferent, but they most likely know that they can only do harm by an expression of sympathy, and so they delegate their pity as they have delegated their helpfulness to the proper authority, and go about their business. If a man was overcome in the middle of a village street, the blundering country druggist would n't know what to do, and the tender-hearted people would crowd about so that no breath of air could reach the victim."

"May be so, dear," said the wife, pensively; "but if anything did happen to you in New York, I should like to have the spectators look as if they saw a human being in trouble. Perhaps I'm a little exacting."

"I think you are. Nothing is so hard as to understand that there are human beings in this world besides one's self and one's set. But let us be selfishly thankful that it is n't you and I there in the apothecary's shop, as it might very well be; and let us get to the boat as soon as we can, and end this horrible midsummer day's dream. We must have a carriage," he added with tardy wisdom, hailing an empty hack, "as we ought to have had all day; though I'm not sorry, now the worst's over, to have seen the worst."

## III.

## THE NIGHT BOAT.

THERE is little proportion about either pain or pleasure: a headache darkens the universe while it lasts, a cup of tea really lightens the spirit bereft of all reasonable consolations. Therefore I do not think it trivial or untrue to say that there is for the moment nothing more satisfactory in life than to have bought your ticket on the night boat up the Hudson and secured your state-room key an hour or two before departure, and some time even before the pressure at the clerk's office has begun. In the transaction with this castellated baron, you have of course been treated with haughtiness, but not with ferocity, and your self-respect swells with a sense of having escaped positive insult; your key clicks cheerfully in your pocket against its gutta-percha number, and you walk up and down the gorgeously carpeted, single-columned, two-story cabin, amid a multitude of plush sofas and chairs, a glitter of glass, and a tinkle of prismatic chandeliers overhead, unawed even by the aristocratic gloom of the yellow waiters. Your own state-room as you enter it from time to time is an ever-new surprise of splendors, a magnificent effect of amplitude, of mahogany bedstead, of lace curtains, and of marble-topped washstand. In the mere wantonness of an unalloyed prosperity you say to the saffron nobleman nearest your door, "Bring me a pitcher of ice-water, quick, please!" and you do not find the half-hour that he is gone very long.

If the representative wayfarer experiences so much pleasure from these things, then imagine the infinite comfort of our wedding-journeymen, transported from Broadway on that pitiless afternoon to the shelter and the quiet of that absurdly palatial steamboat. It was not yet crowded, and by the river-side there was almost a freshness in the air. They disposed of all their troubling bags and packages; they complimented the ridiculous princeli-

ness of their state-room, and then they betook themselves to the sheltered space aft of the saloon, where they sat down for the tranquil observance of the wharf and whatever should come to be seen by them. Like all people who have just escaped with their lives from some menacing calamity, they were very philosophical in spirit; and having got aboard of their own motion, and being neither of them apparently the worse for the ordeal they had passed through, were of a light, conversational temper.

"What an amusingly superb affair!" Basil cried as they glanced through an open window down the long vista of the saloon. "Good heavens! Isabel, does it take all this to get us plain republicans to Albany in comfort and safety, or are we really a nation of princes in disguise? Well, I shall never be satisfied with less hereafter," he added. "I am spoilt for ordinary paint and upholstery from this hour; I am a ruinous spendthrift, and a humble three-story swell-front up at the South End is no longer the place for me. Dearest,

'Let us swear an oath, and keep it with an equal mind,'

never to leave this Aladdin's-palace-like steamboat, but spend our lives in perpetual trips up and down the Hudson."

To which not very costly banter Isabel responded in kind, and rapidly sketched the life they could lead aboard. Since they could not help it, they mocked the public provision which, leaving no interval between disgraceful squalor and ludicrous splendor, accommodates our democratic *ménage* to the taste of the richest and most extravagant plebeian amongst us. He unhappily minds danger and oppression as little as he minds money, so long as he has a spectacle and a sensation; and it is this ruthless imbecile who will have lace curtains to the steamboat berth into which he gets with his pantaloons on, and out of which he may be blown by an exploding boiler at any moment; it is he who will have

for supper that overgrown and shapeless dinner in the lower saloon, and will not let any one else buy tea or toast for a less sum than he pays for his surfeit; it is he who perpetuates the insolence of the clerk and the reluctance of the waiters; it is he, in fact, who now comes out of the saloon, with his womenkind, and takes chairs under the awning where Basil and Isabel sit. Personally, he is not so bad; he is good-looking, like all of us; he is better dressed than most of us; he behaves himself quietly, if not easily; and no lord so loathes a scene. Next year he is going to Europe, where he will not show to so good advantage as he does here; but for the present it would be hard to say in what way he is vulgar, and perhaps vulgarity is not so common a thing after all.

It was something besides the river that made the air so much more sufferable than it had been. Over the city, since our friends had come aboard the boat, a black cloud had gathered and hung low upon it, while the wind from the face of the water took the dust in the neighboring streets, and frolicked it about the housetops, and in the faces of the arriving passengers, who, as the moment of departure drew near, appeared in constantly increasing numbers and in greater variety, with not only the trepidation of going upon them, but also with the electrical excitement people feel before a tempest. The breast of the black cloud was now zigzagged from moment to moment by lightning, and claps of deafening thunder broke from it. At last the long endurance of the day was spent, and out of its convulsion burst floods of rain, again and again sweeping the promenade-deck where the people sat, and driving them disconsolate into the saloon. The air was darkened as by night, and with many sighs for the vanishing prospect, mingled with their sense of relief from the heat, our friends felt the boat tremble away from her moorings and set forth upon her trip.

"Ah! if we had only taken the day

boat!" moaned Isabel. "Now, we shall see nothing of the river landscape, and we shall never be able to put ourselves down, when we long for Europe, by declaring that the scenery of the Hudson is much finer than that of the Rhine."

Yet they resolved, this indomitably good-natured couple, that they would be just even to the elements, which had by no means been generous to them; and they owned that if so noble a storm had celebrated their departure upon some storied river from some more romantic port than New York, they should have thought it an admirable thing. Even whilst they contented themselves, the storm passed over, and left a veiled and humid sky overhead, that gave a charming softness to the scene on which their eyes fell when they came out of the saloon again, and took their places with a largely increased companionship on the deck.

They had already reached that part of the river where the uplands begin, and their course was between stately walls of rocky steepness, or wooded slopes, or grassy hollows, the scene forever losing and taking grand and lovely shape. Wreaths of mist hung about the tops of the loftier headlands, and long shadows draped their sides. As the night grew, lights twinkled from a lonely house here and there in the valleys; a swarm of lamps showed a town where it lay upon the lap or at the feet of the hills. Behind them stretched the great gray river, haunted with many sails; now a group of canal-boats grappled together, and having an air of cosiness in their adventure upon this strange current out of their own sluggish waters, drifted out of sight; and now a smaller and slower steamer, making a laborious show of not falling behind, was passed, and reluctantly fell back out of sight; along the water's edge rattled and hooted the frequent trains. They could not tell at any time what part of the river they were on, and they could not, if they would, have made its beauty a matter

of conscientious observation; but all the more, therefore, they deeply enjoyed it without reference to time or place. They felt some natural pain when they thought that they might unwittingly pass the scenes that Irving has made part of the common dream-land, and they would fain have seen the lighted windows of the house out of which a cheerful ray has penetrated to so many hearts; but making sure of nothing, as they did, they had the comfort of finding the Tappan Zee in every expanse of the river, and of discovering Sunny-Side on every pleasant slope. By virtue of this helplessness, the Hudson, without ceasing to be the Hudson, became from moment to moment all fair and stately streams upon which they had voyaged or read of voyaging, from the Nile to the Mississippi. There is no other travel like river travel; it is the perfection of movement, and one might well desire never to arrive at one's destination. The abundance of room, the free, pure air, the constant delight of the eyes in the changing landscape, the soft tremor of the boat, so steady upon her keel, the variety of the little world on board,—all form a charm which no good heart in a sound body can resist. So, whilst the twilight held, well content, in contiguous chairs, they purred in flattery of their kindly fate, imagining different pleasures, certainly, but none greater, and tasting to its subtlest flavor the happiness conscious of itself.

Their own satisfaction, indeed, was so interesting to them in this objective light, that they had little desire to turn from its contemplation to the people around them; and when at last they did so, it was still with lingering glances of self-recognition and enjoyment. They divined rightly that one of the main conditions of their present felicity was the fact that they had seen so much of time and of the world, that they had no longer any desire to take beholding eyes, or to make any sort of impressive figure, and they understood that their prosperous love accounted as much as years and travel

for this result. If they had had a grander opinion of themselves, their indifference to others might have made them offensive; but with their modest estimate of their own value in the world, they could have all the comfort of self-sufficiency, without its vulgarity.

"O, yes!" said Basil, in answer to some apostrophe to their bliss from Isabel, "it's the greatest imaginable comfort to have lived past certain things. I always knew that I was not a very handsome or otherwise captivating person, but I can remember years — now blessedly remote — when I never could see a young girl without hoping she would mistake me for something of that sort. I could n't help desiring that some fascination of mine, which had escaped my own analysis, would have an effect upon her. I dare say all young men are so. I used to live for the possible interest I might inspire in your sex, Isabel. They controlled my movements, my attitudes; they forbade me repose; and yet I believe I was no ass, but a tolerably sensible fellow. Blessed be marriage, I am free at last! All the loveliness that exists outside of you, dearest, — and it's mighty little, — is mere pageant to me; and I thank heaven that I can meet the most stylish girl now upon the broad level of our common humanity. Besides, it seems to me that our experience of life has quieted us in many other ways. What a luxury it is to sit here, and reflect that we do not want any of these people to suppose us rich or distinguished or beautiful or well dressed, and do not care to show off in any sort of way before them."

This content was heightened, no doubt, by a just sense of their contrast to the group of people nearest them, — a young man of the second or third quality and two young girls. The eldest of these was carrying on a vivacious flirtation with the young man, who was apparently an acquaintance of brief standing; the other was scarcely more than a child, and sat somewhat abashed at the sparkle of the colloquy.

They were conjecturally sisters going home from some visit, and not skilled in the world, but of a certain repute in their country neighborhood for beauty and wit. The young man presently gave himself out as one who, in pursuit of trade for the dry-goods house he represented, had travelled many thousands of miles in all parts of the country. The encounter was visibly nothing but that kind of adventure which both would treasure up for future celebration to their different friends; and it had a brilliancy and interest which they could not even now consent to keep to themselves. They talked to each other and at all the company within hearing, and exchanged curt speeches which had for them all the sensation of repartee.

*Young Man.* They say that beauty unadorned is adorned the most.

*Young Woman* (bridling and twitching her head from side to side, in the high excitement of the dialogue). Flattery is out of place.

*Young Man.* Well, never mind. If you don't believe me, you ask your mother when you get home.

(Titter from the younger sister.)

*Young Woman* (scornfully). Umph! my mother has no control over me!

*Young Man.* Nobody else has, either, I should say. (Admiringly.)

*Young Woman.* Yes, you've told the truth for once, for a wonder. I'm able to take care of myself, — perfectly. (Almost hoarse with a sense of sarcastic performance.)

*Young Man.* "Whole team and big dog under the wagon," as they say out West.

*Young Woman.* Better a big dog than a puppy, *any* day.

(Giggles and horror from the younger sister, sensation in the young man, and so much rapture in the young woman that she drops the key of her state-room from her hand. They both stoop, and a jocose scuffle for it ensues, after which the talk takes an autobiographical turn on the part of the young man, and drops into an unintelligible murmur. Ah! poor Real Life, which I love, can

I make others see the delight I find in thy foolish and insipid face?)

Not far from this group sat two Hebrews, one young and the other old, talking of some business out of which the latter had retired. The younger had been asked his opinion upon some point, and he was expanding with a flattered consciousness of the elder's perception of his importance, and toadying to him with the pleasure which all young men feel in winning the favor of seniors in their vocation. "Well, as I was a-say'n', Isaac don't seem to haf no natcheral pent for the glothing business. Man gomes in and wands a goat," — he seemed to be speaking of a garment and not a domestic animal, — "Isaac 'll zell him the goat he wands him to puy, and he 'll make him believe it's the goat he was a lookin' for. Well, now, that's well enough as far as it goes; but *you* know and *I* know, Mr. Rosenthal, that that's no way to do business. A man can't zugzeed that goes upon that brincible. Id's wrong. Id's easy enough to make a man puy the goat you want him to, if he wands a goat, but the thing is to *make him puy the goat that you wand to zell when he don't wand no goat at all*. You've asked me what I thought and I've dold you. Isaac 'll never zugzeed in the redail glothing-business in the world!"

"Well," sighed the elder, who filled his arm-chair quite full, and quivered with a comfortable jelly-like tremor in it, at every pulsation of the engine, "I was afraid of something of the kind. As you say, Benjamin, he don't seem to have no pent for it. And yet I proughd him up to the business; I drained him to it, myself."

Besides these talkers, there were scattered singly, or grouped about in twos and threes and fours, the various people one encounters on a Hudson River boat, who are on the whole different from the passengers on other rivers, though they have all features in common. There was that man of the sudden gains, who has already been typified; and there was also the smoother rich man of inherited wealth, from

whom you can somehow know the former so readily. They were each attended by their several retinues of womankind, the daughters all much alike, but the mothers somewhat different. They were all going to Saratoga, where perhaps the exigencies of fashion would bring them acquainted, and where the blue blood of a quarter of a century would be kind to the yesterday's fluid of warmer hue. There was something pleasanter in the face of the hereditary aristocrat, but not so strong nor, altogether, so admirable; particularly if you reflected that he really represented nothing in the world, no great culture, no political influence, no civic aspiration, not even a pecuniary force, nothing but a social set, an alien club-life, a tradition of dining. We live in a true fairy-land after all, where the hoarded treasure turns to a heap of dry leaves. The almighty dollar defeats itself and finally buys nothing that a man cares to have. The very highest pleasure that such an American's money can purchase is exile, and to this rich man doubtless Europe is a twice-told tale. Let us clap our empty pockets, dearest reader, and be glad.

We can be as glad, apparently, and with the same reason as the poorly dressed young man standing near beside the guard, whose face Basil and Isabel chose to fancy that of a poet, and concerning whom they romanced that he was going home, wherever his home was, with the manuscript of a rejected book in his pocket. They imagined him no great things of a poet, to be sure, but his pensive face claimed delicate feeling for him, and a graceful, sombre fancy, and they conjectured unconsciously caught flavors of Tennyson and Browning in his verse, with a modern tint from Morris; for was it not a story out of mythology, with gods and heroes of the nineteenth century, that he was now carrying back from New York with him? Basil sketched from the colors of his own long-accepted disappointments a moving little picture of this poor imagined poet's adventures; with what kindness

and unkindness he had been put to shame by publishers, and how, descending from his high hopes of a book, he had tried to sell to the magazines some of the shorter pieces out of the "And other Poems" which were to have filled up the volume. "He's going back rather stunned and bewildered; but it's something to have tasted the city, and its bitter may turn to sweet on his palate, at last, till he finds himself longing for the tumult that he abhors now. Poor fellow! one compassionate cutthroat of a publisher even asked him to lunch, being struck, as we are, with something fine in his face. I hope he's got somebody who believes in him, at home. Otherwise he'd be more comfortable, for the present, if he went over the railing there."

So the play of which they were both actors and spectators went on about them. Like all passages of life, it seemed now a grotesque mystery, with a bluntly enforced moral, now a farce of the broadest, now a latent tragedy wrapped in the disguises of comedy. All the elements, indeed, of either were at work there, and this was only one brief scene of the immense complex drama which was to proceed so variously in such different times and places, and to have its *dénouement* only in eternity. The contrasts were sharp; each group had its travesty in some other; the talk of one seemed the rude burlesque, the bitter satire of the next; but of all these parodies none was so terribly effective as that of two women, who sat in the midst of the company, yet were somehow distinct from the rest. One wore the deepest black of widowhood, the other was dressed in bridal white, and they were both alike awful in their mockery of guiltless sorrow and guiltless joy. They were not old, but the soul of youth was dead in their pretty, lamentable faces, and ruin ancient as sin looked from their eyes; their talk and laughter seemed the echo of an innumerable multitude of the lost haunting the world in all lands and times, each solitary forever, yet all

bound together in the unity of an imperishable slavery and shame.

What a stale effect! What hackneyed characters! Let us be glad the night drops her curtain upon the cheap spectacle, and shuts these with the other actors from our view.

Within the cabin through which Basil and Isabel now slowly moved there were numbers of people lounging about on the sofas, in various attitudes of talk or vacancy; and at the tables there were others reading "Lothair," a new book in the remote epoch of which I write, and a very fashionable book indeed. There was in the air that odor of paint and carpet which prevails on steamboats; the glass drops of the chandeliers ticked softly against each other, as the vessel shook with her respiration, like a comfortable sleeper, and imparted a delicious feeling of cosiness and security to our travellers.

A few hours later they struggled awake at the sharp sound of the pilot's bell signalling the engineer to slow the boat. There was a moment of perfect silence; then all the drops of the chandeliers in the saloon clashed musically together; then fell another silence; and at last came wild cries for help, strongly qualified with blasphemies and curses. "Send out a boat!" "There was a woman aboard that steamboat!" "Lower your boats!" "Run a craft right down, with your big boat!" "Send out a boat and pick up the crew!" The cries rose and sank, and finally ceased, as through the lattice of the state-room window some lights shone faintly on the water at a distance.

"Wait here, Isabel!" said her husband. "We've run down a boat. We don't seem hurt; but I'll go see. I'll be back in a minute."

Isabel had emerged into a world of dishabille, a world wildly unbuttoned and unlaced, where it was the fashion for ladies to wear their hair down their backs, and to walk about in their stockings, and to speak to each other with-



out introduction. The place with which she had felt so familiar a little while before was now utterly estranged. There was no motion of the boat, and in the momentary suspense a quiet prevailed, in which those grotesque shapes of disarray crept noiselessly round whispering panic-stricken conjectures. There was no rushing to and fro, nor tumult of any kind, and there was not a man to be seen, for apparently they had all gone like Basil to learn the extent of the calamity. A mist of sleep involved the whole, and it was such a topsy-turvy world that it would have seemed only another dreamland, but that it was marked for reality by one signal fact. With the rest appeared the woman in bridal white and the woman in widow's black, and there, amidst the fright that made all others friends, and for aught that most knew, in the presence of death itself, these two moved together shunned and friendless.

Somehow, even before Basil returned, it had become known to Isabel and the rest that their own steamer had suffered no harm, but that she had struck and sunk another conveying a flotilla of canal-boats, from which those alarming cries and curses had come. The steamer was now lying by for the small boats she had sent out to pick up the crew of the sunken vessel.

"Why, I only heard a little tinkling of the chandeliers," said one of the ladies. "Is it such a very slight matter to run down another boat and sink it?"

She appealed indirectly to Basil, who answered lightly, "I don't think you ladies ought to have been disturbed at all. In running over a common tow-boat on a perfectly clear night like this there should have been no noise and no perceptible jar. They manage better on the Mississippi, and both boats often go down without waking the lightest sleeper on board."

The ladies, perhaps from a deficient sense of humor, listened with undisguised displeasure to this speech. It dispersed them, in fact; some turned

away to bivouac for the rest of the night upon the arm-chairs and sofas, while others returned to their rooms. With the latter went Isabel. "Lock me in, Basil," she said, with a bold meekness, "and if anything more happens don't wake me, till the last moment." It was hard to part from him, but she felt that his vigil would somehow be useful to the boat, and she confidently fell into a sleep that lasted till daylight.

Meantime, her husband, on whom she had tacitly devolved so great a responsibility, went forward to the promenade in front of the saloon, in hopes of learning something more of the catastrophe from the people whom he had already found gathered there.

A large part of the passengers were still there, seated or standing about in earnest colloquy. They were all in that mood which follows great excitement, and in which the feeblest-minded are sure to lead the talk. At such times one feels that a sensible frame of mind is unsympathetic, and if expressed, unpopular, or perhaps not quite safe; and Basil, warned by his fate with the ladies, listened gravely to the voice of the common imbecility and incoherence.

The principal speaker was a tall person, wearing a silk travelling-cap. He had a face of stupid benignity and a self-satisfied smirk; and he was formally trying to put at his ease, and hopelessly confusing the loutish youth before him. "You say you saw the whole accident, and you're probably the only passenger that did see it. You'll be the most important witness at the trial," he added, as if there would ever be any trial about it. "Now, how did the tow-boat hit us?"

"Well, she came bows on."

"Ah! bows on," repeated the other, with great satisfaction; and a little murmur of "Bows on!" ran round the listening circle.

"That is," added the witness, "it seemed as if we struck her amidships, and cut her in two, and sunk her."

"Just so," continued the examiner,



accepting the explanation, "bows on."  
"Now I want to ask if you saw our captain or any of the crew about?"

"Not a soul," said the witness, with the solemnity of a man already on oath.

"That 'll do," exclaimed the other.  
"This gentleman's experience coincides exactly with my own. I did n't see the collision, but I did see the cloud of steam from the sinking boat, and I saw her go down. There was n't an officer to be found anywhere on board our boat. I looked about for the captain and the mate myself, and could n't find either of them high or low."

"The officers ought all to have been sitting here on the promenade deck," suggested one ironical spirit in the crowd, but no one noticed him.

The gentleman in the silk travelling-cap now took a chair, and a number of sympathetic listeners drew their chairs about him, and then began an interchange of experience, in which each related to the last particular all that he felt, thought, and said, and, if married, what his wife felt, thought, and said, at the moment of the calamity. They turned the disaster over and over in their talk, and rolled it under their tongues. Then they reverted to former accidents in which they had been concerned; and the silk-capped gentleman told, to the common admiration, of a fearful escape of his on the Erie Road, from being thrown down a steep embankment fifty feet high by a piece of rock that had fallen on the track. "Now just see, gentlemen, what a little thing, humanly speaking, life depends upon. If that old woman had been able to sleep, and had n't sent that boy down to warn the train, we should have run into the rock and been dashed to pieces. The passengers made up a purse for the boy, and I wrote a full account of it to the papers."

"Well," said one of the group, a man in a hard hat, "I never lie down on a steamboat or a railroad train. I want to be ready for whatever happens."

The others looked at this speaker

with interest, as one who had invented a safe method of travel.

"I happened to be up to-night, but I almost always undress and go to bed, just as if I were in my own house," said the gentleman of the silk cap. "I don't say your way is n't the best, but that 's my way."

The champions of the rival systems debated their merits with suavity and mutual respect, but they met with scornful silence a compromising spirit who held that it was better to throw off your coat and boots, but keep your pantaloons on. Meanwhile, the steamer was hanging idle upon the current, against which it now and then stirred a careless wheel, still waiting for the return of the small boats. Thin gray clouds, through rifts of which a star sparkled keenly here and there, veiled the heavens; shadowy bluffs loomed up on either hand; in a hollow on the left twinkled a drowsy little town; a beautiful stillness lay on all.

After an hour's interval a shout was heard from far down the river; then later the splash of oars; then a cry hailing the approaching boats, and the answer, "All safe!" Presently the boats had come alongside, and the passengers crowded down to the guard to learn the details of the search. Basil heard a hollow, moaning, gurgling sound, regular as that of the machinery, for some note of which he mistook it. "Clear the gangway there!" shouted a gruff voice; "man scalded, here!" And a burden was carried by from which fluttered, with its terrible regularity, that utterance of mortal anguish.

Basil went again to the forward promenade, and sat down to see the morning come.

The boat swiftly ascended the current, and presently the steeper shores were left behind and the banks fell away in long upward sloping fields, with farm-houses and with stacks of harvest dimly visible in the generous expanses. By and by they passed a fisherman drawing his nets, and bend-

ing from his boat, there near Albany, in the picturesque immortal attitudes of Raphael's Galilean fisherman; and now a flush mounted the pale face of the east, and through the dewy coolness of the dawn there came, more to the sight than any other sense, a vague menace of heat. But as yet all the air was deliciously fresh and sweet, and Basil bathed his weariness in it, thinking with a certain luxurious compassion of the scalded man, and how he was to fare that day. This poor wretch seemed of another order of beings, as the calamitous always seem to the happy, and Basil's pity was quite an abstraction; which, again, amused and shocked him, and he asked his heart of bliss to consider of sorrow a little more earnestly as the lot of all men, and not merely of an alien crea-

ture here and there. He dutifully tried to imagine another issue to the disaster of the night, and to realize himself suddenly bereft of her who so filled his life. He bade his soul remember that, in the security of sleep, death had passed them both so close that his presence might well have chilled their dreams, as the iceberg that grazes the ship in the night freezes all the air about it. But it was quite idle: where love was, life only was; and sense and spirit alike put aside the burden that he would have laid upon them; they ran on together in a revery that reflected with delicious caprice the looks, the tones, the movements that he loved, and bore him far away from the sad images that he had invited to mirror themselves in his mood.

*W. D. Howells.*

## NICHOLAS FERRAR.

IN the literary reminiscences of De Quincey there is a very tantalizing reference to the habits and residence of the Ferrar family, and one is tempted to ask who they were, so very little is commonly known of them. He says, in speaking of a friend's house: "Often from the storms and uproars of this world I have looked back upon this most quiet and I believe most innocent abode (had I said saintly I should hardly have erred), connecting it in thought with Little Gidding, the famous mansion of the Ferrars, an interesting family in the reigns of James I. and Charles I. For many years it was the rule at Gidding, and it was the wish of the Ferrars to have transmitted that practice through succeeding centuries, that a musical or cathedral service should be going on at every hour of night or day in the chapel of the mansion. Let the traveller, at what hour he would, morning or evening, summer or winter, and in what generation or century soever, happen to knock

at the gate of Little Gidding, it was the purpose of Nicholas Ferrar—a sublime purpose—that always he should hear the blare of the organ, sending upwards its surging volumes of melody, God's worship forever proceeding, anthems of praise forever ascending, and *jubilates* echoing without end or known beginning. One stream of music, in fact, never intermitting, one vestal fire of devotional praise and thanksgiving, was to connect the beginnings with the ends of generations, and to link one century into another." And Mr. De Quincey says of the motive of this singular devotion and dedication of an entire family to this mode of life: "I fancy the whole may be explained from the cause, which may be described through a distance of two centuries as weighing heavily upon the Ferrars; namely, the dire monotony of daily life, when visited by no irritations either of hope or fear, no hopes from ambition, no fears from poverty."

Unfortunately, biographies or notices

of the Ferrar family and Nicholas Ferrar, who was the founder of the establishment at Gidding, are very rare, for, as pictures of a peculiar and devout family, and the time in which they lived, worshipped, and praised God in their eccentric fashion, they would be of real interest. In those few notices we have there is the usual diversity of opinion that such a marked character creates, expressed by the different writers about Nicholas Ferrar. Carlyle, in a brief sketch which we shall again refer to, calls him "a dark man, who acquired something of the Jesuit in his foreign travels." Masson, in his life of Milton, speaks highly of Ferrar, and connects his name intimately with that of his friend George Herbert. Walton, in his life of Herbert, mentions Ferrar, and says, "He got the reputation of being called St. Nicholas at the age of six years." Gough harshly and unjustly calls him "*an useless enthusiast*."

At the time of Ferrar's birth the church had enjoyed a long and glorious period of comparative safety and ease. The religious agitations of the preceding reign were quieted, the fires of Smithfield lost their fatal frequency, and the stormy time of the Reformation was succeeded by a time of peace and security. "It was the glory of the first ten years of Elizabeth's reign that no English blood had been shed on the scaffold or in the field for a public quarrel, whether civil or religious." But in "the latter part of her reign the Commons began to assert their strength," the Queen and Commons here beginning to be at issue. Prerogative and privilege were giving indications that the time was approaching when they would come in actual conflict. There was a temper growing up amongst the people, which, if it appeared feeble when compared with the ancient feuds between the sovereign and the aristocracy, was to some acute observers the little cloud which foretold the coming tempest." Cecil, in 1569, complained of the "decay of obedience in civil policy, which being

compared with the fearfulness and reverence of all inferior estates to their superiors in times past, will astonish any wise and considerate person to behold the desperation of reformation." It was to the turbulent and restless representatives of the people that that ancient coquette, the queen, gave her famous answer in reply to the petition of the Commons, that she would marry; she said, "Were I to tell you that I do not mean to marry, I might say less than I did intend; and were I to tell you that I do mean to marry, I might say more than it is proper for you to know; therefore I give you an *answer answerless*." In the Augustan age, so called, of Elizabeth, there shone that glorious galaxy of stars in the firmament of literature, Shakespeare, Bacon, Jonson, Sidney, Raleigh, and a host of minor writers; then lived Burchard, the acknowledged head, by character as well as by office, of that illustrious band, whom Macaulay has termed "the first generation of statesmen by profession that England produced."

The reign of James was still more effectual in its power of destroying "the divinity" that "doth hedge a king"; and with the reign of Charles we find the first great commoners of English history, Milton, Cromwell, Pym, Hampden, Selden, and numbers of intelligent republicans. "The divine right of kings" to govern wrongly was fully exemplified in the reign of James, who was always under the dominion of a favorite chosen for the most trivial reasons; generally beauty of person or good address were enough to delight him. One of his favorites, Sir James Hay, created Earl of Carlisle, called the "Scottish Heliogabalus" and "Sardanapalus," first won the king's favor by giving him "a most rare and costly feast"; with him James frequently gormandized. According to one writer, on the occasion of the visit of the queen's brother, James got so drunk with King Christian, that "his Brittanic Majesty was obliged to be carried to bed." Another speaks of

him as "keeping sometimes a decent state with his family, but more frequently listening to the ribaldry of unworthy favorites, beating his servants, and swearing and cursing habitually, in spite of the statute under which common people could not have that diversion without paying twelve pence to the relief of the poor." His sycophants and flatterers had very little respect for him. "Steenie," the Duke of Buckingham, in answer to a letter of the queen, who addressed him as "My kind Dogge," and facetiously called the admonitions of the favorite to his royal *master* "lugging the sow by the ear," wrote her, "that in obedience to her desire, he had pulled the king's ear till it was as long as any sow's." The king had nicknames for all about him, and in writing his Prime Minister, Lord Salisbury, addressed him as "My Little Beagle."

Mr. Carlyle says of "Somerset Ker, king's favorite, son of the Laird of Ferniehurst, he and his extremely unedifying affairs — except as they affect the nostrils of some Cromwell of importance — do not much belong to the history of England. Carrion ought at length to be buried." But the "extremely unedifying affairs" of the Court of James had much to do with the momentous events of Charles's reign, and the disgust of the sober and religious part of the community drove vast numbers into the opposite extremes of religious asceticism. Marsden remarks that "in one sense the reign of James is the most religious part of our history; for religion was then fashionable. The forms of state, the king's speeches, the debates in Parliament, and the current literature were filled with quotations from Scripture and quaint allusions to sacred things." With the accession of Charles, Mrs. Hutchinson says that "the face of the court was much changed in the change of the king; the drunkenness and grossnesses of the Court of James grew out of fashion"; from the first, the king exhibited himself "as temperate, chaste, and serious." But Laud

and Buckingham were the master-spirits of the reign, the first the spiritual guide, the last the temporal adviser of the new king. Knight says of the religious feeling at this period, that "the great body of the Commons were Puritans, the holders of opinions that had been gradually strengthening from the time when King James insulted their professors. These opinions had become allied with the cause of constitutional freedom, for it was among the High-Church party that the intemperate assertors of the divine right of kings were to be found." Of Laud Masson says "one would fain think and speak with some respect of any man who has been beheaded, much more of one who was beheaded for a cause to which he had conscientiously devoted his life, and which thousands of his countrymen, two centuries after his death, still adhere to, still expound, still uphold, albeit with the difference, incalculable to themselves, of all that time has flung between." But it is impossible to like or admire Laud. The nearer we get to him the more all soft illusion falls off, and the more distinctly we have before us the hard reality, as D'Ewes and others saw it, of a "little, low, red-faced man bustling by the side of the king of the narrow forehead and the melancholy Vandyke air," the "martyr" of the Cavaliers, the "man" Charles Stuart of the Roundheads.

Laud, who was virtually the Primate of all England, as Archbishop Abbot had been suspended from his duties, was strongly imbued with the love of ceremonial worship, which had been gradually failing during the reign of James. He introduced in the performance of the divine service those ceremonial observances which were offensive to those who dreaded a revival of popery in copes and candlesticks, prayers towards the east, and bowings to the altar; for he held that the communion-table was to be regarded as an altar, and as such permanently fixed altar-wise at the east end of the chancel, instead of, as was commonly the case, being "a

joined table," to be laid up in the chancel during the time it was not in use, and placed in the body of the church when used. All these and many other points did Laud insist on, and feel that they added to the beauty and sanctity of worship, or as he himself constantly expresses it, "the beauty of holiness." Knight says, "We know little at the present day of the somewhat unchristian spirit engendered by differences about ceremonies. It is an odious blemish upon the narrative of Hume, our most popular historian, that whenever he encounters a strong instance of religious zeal in the Puritans he exclaims, 'Hypocrisy.' It is an almost equal fault of other writers, that they regard the desire, however ill-regulated, to invest the performance of religious rites with some of the decent order and even pomp of the earlier churches, as mere superstition and idol worship." There was a man who made his first speech in the session of 1629, whom it was once the fashion to regard as the arch-hypocrite of his times. Hume calls him "fanatical hypocrite," and Sir Philip Warwick wrote of him as "a gentleman very ordinarily apparelled, for it was a plain cloth suit, which seemed to have been made by an ill country tailor"; but the plain gentleman with his countenance swollen and reddish, his voice sharp and untunable, had, according to the same observer, an "eloquence full of fervor," and Carlyle says of Cromwell "that he believed in God, not on Sundays only, but on all days, in all places, and in all cases." Milton had intended to enter the Church, Masson says of his change of sentiment: "To the Church as it was governed by Laud, and as it seemed likely to be governed by Laud or others for many years to come, it was impossible for *him* honestly to belong, and yet there were other fine and pure spirits of that day who were positively attracted into the Church by that which repelled him from its doors. At the very time when Milton was renouncing the Church as his profession, his senior, Herbert,

with death's gate shining nearer and nearer before him, was finding his delight in her services and praise. Nor is Herbert the only instance of a man of fine character actually led into a closer connection with the ecclesiastical system of England than might otherwise have been, by Laud's personal influence or the influence of his system." And he notes among others "the famous case of Nicholas Ferrar and his family."

One of the earliest biographers of Ferrar, Dr. Peckard of Cambridge, says that his sketch of his life contains "only the private virtues of a private man; of a man indued indeed with abilities to have adorned the highest station, but of humility hardly to be found in the lowest; of a man devoting himself as it were from the very infancy to the adoration of God, and persisting with unremitted ardor in that solemn dedication of his faculties to the last moment of his life." He inherited perhaps some of the spirit of his ancestor Bishop Ferrar, who, after his condemnation to the stake, said, "If you see me stir in the fire, believe not the doctrine I have taught." And as he said so he right well performed the same. "For so patiently he stood that he never moved." Nicholas Ferrar, the father, was a London merchant and "of high repute in the city, of liberal hospitality, but governed his family with great order." His house was the resort of many of the adventurous spirits of the age, — Hawkins, Drake, Raleigh, and others, — who braved the dangers of the deep at that time so little explored, prompted either by love of gain or the spirit of enterprise. Mr. Ferrar married Mary Wodenoth, who was of an old and respected family. She was well esteemed in her day; Bishop Lindsell said of her, that he "knew no woman superior to her in eloquence, true judgment, or wisdom, and that few were equal to her in charity towards man or piety towards God."

His parents were devout and pious people and brought up a large family, six of whom lived to a good age;

the rest died in infancy. We are told that "they did not spoil the children by absolutely sparing the rod," but they were constantly trained in virtue and religion, and all the needful accomplishments of the time. It was a maxim of the parents that, being trained in virtue, "they would rather give them a good education without wealth, than wealth without a good education."

Nicholas, the third son of this worthy couple, was born in February, 1592. He is described as "a beautiful child of a fair complexion, and light colored hair." At the age of four he was sent to school, and at five could repeat with propriety and grace a chapter in the Bible; he showed, even at that early age, uncommon brightness and strength of mind; the Bible and Fox's "Book of Martyrs" were his favorite studies. He was of a grave and serious turn of mind, and early disdained all things that savored of worldly vanity. "When bands were being made for the children, he earnestly entreated his mother that his might not have any lace upon them, like those of his brother, but be made little and plain, like those of Mr. Wotton (a learned divine), 'for I wish to be a preacher as he is.'" In short, he was a small miracle of learning and virtue and a kind of infant prodigy. At the age of six we are informed that, "being unable to sleep one night, a fit of scepticism seized his mind and gave him the greatest perplexity and uneasiness. He doubted whether there was a God, and if there was, what was the most acceptable mode of serving him. In extreme grief he rose at midnight, cold and frosty, and went down to a grass-plot in the garden, where he stood a long time sad and pensive, musing upon this great doubt." At last he decided, "there must be a God," and probably returned to his little bed, nearly frozen by his midnight excursion in search of truth, a colder and a wiser child.

At the age of fourteen he was admitted a Pensioner of Clare Hall, Cambridge, and his application and dil-

igence were such that it was observed his room "might be known by the candle that was last put out at night and the first lighted in the morning." In his second year he became a fellow-Commoner, and later was elected to a Fellowship. He was intensely devoted to study, and his constitution, naturally delicate, was much injured by his incessant application. He was very subject to "aguish disorders," and the physician whom he consulted told him, "You must henceforth deal with this disorder when it comes to you as men do with beggars,—when they have a mind to disuse them of their houses, give them nothing, but let them go as they came." He grew worse, and it was advised that he should travel, both as a means of improving his health by change of air, and to remove him from his excessive studies. He had the good fortune to be permitted to join the retinue of the Princess Elizabeth, called by her mother in derision "Goody Palsgrave," who, with her husband the Elector Palatine, was to depart for Germany. At the time he left Cambridge he had been seven years there, and won the regard of all who knew him. He waited on the Princess at court, to kiss her hand, habited "not in the garb of a scholar, but as a gentleman in waiting on her." We are told, "he took no delight in these gay garments, but wore them from a sense of duty."

The royal party sailed, and Ferrar found his health much benefited by the sea air; arrived in Holland, the party was received with great honors everywhere, wanting "no marks of due respect and notice." In the different towns we are told that Mr. Ferrar visited the meeting-houses of the Brownists, Anabaptists, and other dissenters, "at all which times he noted their errors, and greatly confirmed himself in his own opinions." One of his remarks will strike the reader oddly at the present day. He states that the Dutch ships were formed with more advantages for speedy sailing than those of England. At Amsterdam Mr.

Ferrar left the retinue of the Princess, as he wished to take a different route; he made an extensive tour of Germany, remaining at each place some time, observing the manners and studying the language of the people. He passed from Germany into Italy, where he remained for a time, and went to Rome, but with a great many precautions, as if it was a dangerous undertaking. Leaving Italy he went to Marseilles, where he had a violent fever; recovering from it, he returned to Venice with a friend who came from there to attend him in his fever, and thence sailed for Spain in an English vessel; on their passage they were pursued by a Turkish pirate, but happily escaped and reached Spain in safety. After a time, as he received no remittance from his father, who was not aware of his arrival in Spain, he resolved to return home and to travel on foot to St. Sebastian, with "many a weary step," and after encountering some dangers and discomforts, he accomplished it; he travelled rapier in hand, and was thought by those who met him to be a young Italian soldier on his way to join Spinola in the Low Countries. He took ship from St. Sebastian, and landed at Dover, after an absence of five years, thence he hastened to London. He found that his father and his brother John were deeply engaged in the ventures and settlement of the Virginia Company, which had planted its first Colony in 1608, more as a commercial speculation than from any love of the religious liberty that founded the Colony to which the worthy George Herbert alluded, when he penned the lines,—

"Religion stands a tiptoe in our land,  
Ready to pass to the American strand."

The meetings of the company were held at Mr. Ferrar's house till the forced dissolution of the company by King James. Shortly after his return Nicholas was offered the position of Geometry Reader in Gresham College, London, which he declined, praying them to appoint "some more worthy person." Spain had for some time

used all her influence to prevent the growth and continuance of the English settlements in America, and through Gondomar, her wily ambassador, she made many efforts to ruin the Virginia Company. At this juncture Nicholas Ferrar became connected with the management of the company; of the management it was said that "Lord Southampton, the governor, was celebrated for wisdom, eloquence, and sweet deportment; Sir Edwin Sandys for great knowledge and integrity, and Nicholas Ferrar for wonderful abilities, unwearied diligence, and the strictest virtue." It will seem strange to the reader that, with the strong religious bent of character Ferrar showed, he never carried out the plan he appears to have entertained at this time, of going to the New World as a missionary to "the infidel natives." Mr. Ferrar, the father, who died in 1620, left the sum of three hundred pounds for the erection of a college in Virginia for the education of "such infidel children as should be there converted to the Christian religion."

In 1622 Nicholas Ferrar succeeded his brother John as deputy-governor of the company, Lord Southampton declaring that, if he was not elected, "he could not any longer take the office of governor upon him; he was the only person who was able to go through with the business." About this time the Spanish match was proposed, and the king, always easily led, was entirely at the beck and call of Spain. James's foreign policy was as short-sighted and narrow as his domestic government, and the same hand that attempted to check the growth of London, saying that the new buildings were but a shelter for those who, when they had spent their estates in coaches, lackeys, and fine clothes, like Frenchmen, lived miserably in their houses, like Italians, would have destroyed the colonies in America, and did withhold aid from the cause of Protestantism in Germany. The Virginia Company, after suffering great annoyance and oppression, finally lost its charter at the instigation of



Gondomar, and his persuasions were so effectual that James entirely disregarded the call made by his son-in-law the *winter könig* of Bohemia as the Germans call him, for assistance from England.

Simond d'Ewes, a shrewd, observant, quick-eyed youth of eighteen, was among "that greatest concourse and throng of people that hath been seen," who on a day of ill omen to the Stuart saw the Parliament of 1621 opened by the king, who rode amid great magnificence to the Abbey, and singling out for recognition only the wife and mother of Buckingham; he saw him nod and speak particularly to Gondomar, and he "spake often and lovingly to the people, standing thick and threefold on all sides to behold him, 'God bless ye! God bless ye!' contrary to his former hasty and passionate custom, which often in his sudden distemper would bid a 'pox' or a 'plague' seize on those who flocked to see him." All of which he says "were accounted something remarkable." Forster says of the king: "He had probably never seen the English people with such an expression as they carried on their faces then. Sympathy and hope were there. There had not been a Parliament for nigh seven years, and what but a Parliament could effectually help those brave Protestant hearts over the sea." But its subsidies could not save the Palatinate or reinstate the titular king of Bohemia and his "queen of hearts," though it had a great work to do, and did it in that brave Protestation which was so warmly debated when an old courtier wrote, "Such heat within, and the Thames impassable without for frost and cold." The House would gladly then have helped the king to repair the fatal error into which he fell when he at first declined to help his son-in-law, and so deluged Europe with the blood of the Thirty Years' War. One of its members, in a fervent speech, said, "The passing bell was now tolling for religion, but as for one dying, not yet dead." A writer of the present day says, "Never had the Stu-

arts any such chance of leading the army of the Protestant Union. It was the tide in their affairs they then missed forever, and only shallows and shipwreck remained for them." Crewe said, as with a premonition of all that awaited the family on the throne through "many and many" generations from one fatal obstinacy, he "wondered to see the spiritual madness of such as would fall in love with the Romish harlot now she was grown so old a hag." In Flanders they presented in their comedies "messengers bringing news that England was ready to send a hundred thousand *ambassadors* to the assistance of the Palatinate, and they depicted the king in one place with a scabbard without a sword; in another place, with a sword that nobody could draw, though divers persons stood pulling at it." At last the king had got rid of his Parliament with "its fiery popular and turbulent spirits" duly punished, and he hoped that the Spanish match might be successfully completed.

Now that the Spanish had gained what they desired by the glittering bait of an Infanta, they were in no haste to settle matters, and in reality the Infanta was already promised to Ferdinand, son of the Emperor of Germany, whom she afterwards married. "And now behold a strange adventure and enterprise," says Rushworth; which is the wild journey taken by Prince Charles and Villiers soon to be made Duke of Buckingham. "After much bitter crying on the king's part 'baby' Charles is given over to 'dog Steenie,' who then dries the eyes of his dear 'dad' and 'gossip.'" The two Mr. Smiths, for so they called themselves, reached Madrid, and after a little while the favorite writes that, "if he ever gets hold of the king's bedpost again, he means never to quit it." All England rejoiced at their return *without* the Infanta, and one writer says of it, "*The Prince hath got a beard, and is cheerful.*" Not so the Duke, who had signally failed in his treaty for the marriage of the Prince. It was too

late, however, to save the Virginia Company, which had been broken up after a long and able defence of it by its managers, among whom was Ferrar, who had acquired in the business a good reputation as an able, judicious, and worthy man. After the reading of the papers of the company before the Privy Council, it being known that they were written by Mr. Ferrar, one of the Lords said to him, "That these papers before us are the production of one pen is very plainly discernible; they are jewels that all come out of one rich cabinet, of which we have undoubted reason to believe you are the true possessor." So highly was he esteemed that a rich and influential citizen came to him at this time, and offered him his daughter, of whom he said, "It is confessed by all that she is very beautiful. I know her to have been virtuously educated, to be well accomplished, and of an amiable disposition. If you will be pleased to accept of her as your wife, I will immediately give you with her ten thousand pounds." Mr. Ferrar modestly rejoined that he was "not worthy of so great a treasure." After an interview with the young lady, whom he spoke of as "far superior to all that I can merit," he informed her father that he had long determined on a single life; and his biographer says that "the father ever after preserved the most affectionate friendship for Mr. Ferrar." Marriage at that time was made a matter of bargain, and if there was any failure in the contract on either side the engagement was often broken; it was not thought strange for a father to offer his son or daughter in this way.

Mr. Ferrar was elected a member of the Parliament of 1624. "There was a peculiar propriety in his election at this time, as there was an intention to call to account before the House those persons who had abused the king's ear, and been guilty of those violent enormities in the false accusation of the managers of the Virginia Company." The king remonstrated more forcibly than elegantly with Bucking-

ham as to the wisdom of this course, saying, "By God, Steenie, you are a fool; you are making a rod for your own back." In vain he warned both his son and the Duke that they would live to see their bellies full of parliamentary impeachments. Nicholas Ferrar was one of the committee appointed by the House to impeach the Lord Treasurer Cranfield, Earl of Middlesex, for his extortionate conduct in taking bribes and "being inflamed with passion" in the trial of the Virginia Company. Forster says, "Nicholas Ferrar, a very conscientious person, was certainly one of his ardent accusers"; and as a member of the committee he made a speech which lasted two hours, gaining him universal admiration. The result of the proceedings was the imprisonment of the Lord Treasurer, who was heavily fined and lost his office; the king released him from his confinement as soon as he thought it prudent. Coke, himself disgraced by the king, said of the trial, "O, parliaments work wonderful things; it was to no purpose my lord began to cast his circle and fall to his conjuring. Better he had not left his shopboard." As it was said of an earlier Parliament,

"Many faults complained of, a few amended,  
A subsidy granted, the Parliament ended!"

And with it ended the public life of Ferrar, who then carried into execution the plan he had long cherished of bidding farewell to the world and spending the remainder of his days in religious retirement.

We venture to differ with Mr. De Quincey as to the opinion he gives of Mr. Ferrar's motive, for it is plain that "the dire monotony of daily life, when visited by no irritations either of hope or fear, no hopes from ambition, no fears from poverty," could hardly have caused the retirement of a man who had been distinguished in his university, and left it full of honors, to travel over Europe, visiting in turn the great continental seats of learning of Leipsic, Prague, Padua, whose erudition he added to that he already had; and on

his return filled various places of honor and trust, ending his public career with the dissolution of the Parliament of 1624, of which he was an active and respected member, valued alike for his probity, good judgment, and knowledge of the world. Neither do we entirely agree with the inference drawn by Mr. Carlyle from the record of a visit of one whom he calls "An Anonymous Person," but whose letter describing the establishment of Nicholas Ferrar is addressed to a legal friend and signed in full, Edward Lenton. And at the request of Mr. John Ferrar Mr. Lenton sends him a copy of it, with another letter to Ferrar added. Mr. Carlyle infers that the Ferrars adopted their retired mode of life as a means of obtaining a quiet and unmolested home in the troubled times that preceded the revolution of the sixteenth century; but if they were often the mark of such impertinent curiosity as that shown by Mr. Lenton, they could hardly have been gratified at the success of their establishment.

From Mr. Lenton's letter we gain the information that he was kindly received by the Ferrars, on whom he unceremoniously intruded his presence, and freely questioned them as to their motives, commenting also very coolly on the propriety of such a mode of life. He had the rudeness to finish his conversation with Nicholas Ferrar by saying, "Perhaps he had but *assumed* all this ritual mummary, in order to get a devout life led peaceably in those bad times." Ferrar, probably not wishing to incur the ill-will of such a person, replied, "I spake like one who seemed to have had experience of the world." After this self-constituted inquisitor and original Paul Pry had finished his round of questions, which began with the arrangement of the Church and ended with inquiries as to their domestic economy in preparing their food, of which he says they "never *rost* (any) meat; onely boil and bake (but not in paste) that their servants may not be much hindered from their devotions." He writes, "It being now

near twelve a clock, we ended our discourse, and I called for my horses; hoping thereupon he would have invited me to stay (to) dinner: not that I cared for his or any man's meat (for you had given me a dinner in too good a breakfast), but that I might have gained time to have seen and observed more of their fashions; and whether the Virgins and younger sort would have mingled with us." The Virgins he mentions were the seven unmarried daughters of Mrs. Collet. He had already parted with the Virgins, as he calls them, "afar off; for I durst not come nearer, lest I should have light upon one of the Virgins; not knowing whether they would have taken a kiss in good part or no"; and now he proposed to leave, "instead of making me stay he (Ferrar) helped me to my horses; accompanying me even to my stirrup, and so we friendly parted."

After Mr. Ferrar had so settled all his affairs that he might easily devote himself to the object he had in view, his next care was to provide a place suitable for his purpose of retirement; he was informed that the "Lordship of Little Gidding," in Huntingdonshire, was to be sold; he went there and found it well suited to his purpose as far as privacy of situation, but the house "was going hastily to decay," and the church had been used as a barn; he bought the place, and at once began the repairs necessary, in 1624. At this time the plague was raging in London, and Judge Whitlock says so great was the violence of it, that in "one week died five thousand persons." Mr. Ferrar was detained in town by the settlement of his brother's business, but persuaded his mother to leave the scene of desolation for her daughter Collet's at Bourne Bridge, Cambridgeshire, and as soon as his business was completed he repaired to Gidding; his mother hastened to join him there, and their meeting is described as "in its circumstances different from the modern meeting of parent and son, for he, though thirty-two years of age, who had been engaged in many pub-

lic concerns of great importance, had been a distinguished member of Parliament, and had conducted with effect the prosecution of the Prime Minister of the day, at first approaching his mother, knelt upon the ground to ask and receive her blessing." Mrs. Ferrar presently sent for her daughter Collet and her husband with their eighteen children, and her other sons and daughters, to come and live with them; and the family, including servants, consisted of about forty persons, who henceforth devoted themselves to the exercises of religion for which they were noted. All the members of the establishment were bound to celibacy as long as they remained in it. Nicholas Ferrar, in order to carry out his plans better, was ordained a deacon by Archbishop Laud, and when his influential friends offered him benefices of great value he steadily refused them, saying his fixed determination was "to rise no higher in the Church than the place he now possessed, and which he had undertaken only with the view to be legally authorized to give spiritual assistance, according to his abilities, to his family or others with whom he might be concerned." His biographer gives rather a tedious description of the arrangement of the house and church, of which it is sufficient to say that they "were decently furnished and ever after kept elegantly clean and neat." Their mode of worship and life was highly approved by Williams, Bishop of Lincoln, and Laud; Williams made them several visits.

Mr. Ferrar engaged schoolmasters to reside constantly in the house for the instruction of the children of the family and others in the neighborhood, to whom free education was given. He arranged oratories for the men and women in the house, and "without doors he laid out the gardens in a beautiful manner, and formed in them many fair walks." We have an account of the way in which they spent the day: "They rose at four, at five went to the oratory to prayers, at six said the Psalms of the hour; for every hour

had its appointed Psalms, with some portion of the Gospel, till Mr. Ferrar had finished his Concordance, when a chapter of that work was substituted in place of that portion of the Gospel. Then they sang a short hymn, repeated some passages of Scripture, and at half past six went to church to matins; at seven said the Psalms of the hour, sang the short hymn, and went to breakfast. Then the young people repaired to their respective places of instruction; at ten to church to the Litany; at eleven to dinner, at which season were regular readings in rotation from the Scripture, from the Book of Martyrs, and from short histories drawn up by Mr. Ferrar, and adapted to the purpose of moral instruction. Recreation was permitted till one; instruction was continued till three; church at four, for evensong; supper at five, or sometimes six; diversions till eight; then prayers in the oratory; and afterwards all retired to their respective apartments." They began their night-watch, of men at one end of the house and women at the other, each watch consisting of two or more persons, at nine o'clock at night, and ended at one. "It was agreed that each watch should in those four hours carefully and distinctly say over the whole Book of Psalms, one repeating one verse and the rest the other in turn; that they should then pray for the life of the king and his sons. The time of their watch being ended, they went to Mr. Ferrar's door, bade him good morrow, and left a lighted candle for him. At one he constantly rose and betook himself to religious meditation, founding this practice on an acceptance of the passage, 'At midnight I will rise and give thanks,' and some other passages of like import." He slept wrapped in a loose frieze gown, on a bear's skin on the floor. He also watched, either in the oratory or the church, three nights in the week.

With all these religious exercises, Mr. Ferrar and his family found time for many other occupations, incredible as it may seem; they had a room es-

pecially devoted to the preparation and distribution of medicines to the sick who came there. They had another room set apart for a printing-press, in the use of which they were expert; and they likewise had learned the art of book-binding, and bound their own books. Mr. Ferrar composed a large number of Lives, and Characters of distinguished persons, and moral essays, for the use of the family. He translated from an Italian copy the "Hundred and Ten Considerations" of Valdesso, a book which he met with in his travels, and he compiled a Concordance or Harmony of the Evangelists, which required more than a year for the composition. Most of these works were destroyed by a party of fanatics who visited Little Gidding after his death. "These military zealots, in the rage of what they called reformation, ransacked both the house and church; in doing which they expressed a particular spite against the organ. This they broke in pieces, and thereat roasted several of Mr. Ferrar's sheep, which they had killed." This done, they seized all the plate, furniture, and provisions which they could carry; and in this general destruction perished those works of Mr. Nicholas Ferrar, which merited a better fate.

In 1633 King Charles, on his way to Scotland, drawn by curiosity to view the establishment at Little Gidding, which was called by the common people the *Protestant Nunnery*, "stepped a little out of his road," and was met by the family, who conducted him over their house and church, with all of which he seemed much pleased; and the next summer, when he was at Apethorp, the seat of the Earl of Westmoreland, he sent a gentleman from there to "entreat a sight of the Concordance," which he had heard was done at Gidding, and it was sent him; he retained it some months, sending it to them with notes by himself, and begged of them a copy for his own use. This they completed in about a year's time, and it was bound by one of the nieces, Mrs. Collet's daughter, in rich

velvet wrought in gold, in a most new and elegant fashion. The king was delighted with it, and requested a "Harmony of the Books of Kings and Chronicles"; and on receiving it, said, "it was a fit mirror for a king's daily inspection." Charles, fleeing from Oxford to the Scotch army, remembered the worthy people of Little Gidding, and threw himself on their protection for assistance; he was taken by Mr. John Ferrar to a place where he might safely pass the night, as their house was deemed a suspected place, from their known loyalty.

Nicholas Ferrar, who from his youth was of a delicate and feeble constitution, had greatly weakened it by his austerities, and he did not long survive his aged mother, who died at the advanced age of eighty-three. He grew constantly weaker, and breathed his last December 2, 1637. On his death-bed he predicted something of the terrible times that so soon followed; he said to his brother, "Sad times are coming on, very sad times indeed; you will live to see them. O my brother! I pity you, who must see these dreadful alterations. And in this great trial may God of his infinite mercy support and deliver you." Izaak Walton, in his *Life of Herbert*, gives a touching account of Mr. Ferrar's sending a friend to inquire for the health of Mr. Herbert, who was then very ill, and lived but a short time. By the friend he sent to Ferrar his poem of "The Temple," asking him to burn it if he did not think it worthy to be printed. Mr. Ferrar wrote the preface to it and had it published. He lived only a little time after his friend's death.

The real solution of the cause of the remarkable devotion of the Ferrars seems to have been their love of a secluded and religious life; and Nicholas, who had resisted many persuasions to come into communion with the Roman Church, and continued "eminent for his obedience to his mother, the Church of England," evidently felt that Church had parted with some of that ceremonial observance and the conventual

discipline that has so great attractions for some minds. There are a few notable instances of retirement from the world, among others those of the Emperor Charles V., and John Valdesso, but Ferrar did not wait till life had lost its charms for him and he was in declining years, though Mr. Herbert quaintly said of him he had seen the "manners and vanities of the world and found them to be 'a nothing between two dishes.'" Such a man can hardly with propriety be called a useless enthusiast, for his pious example may be of great benefit in the hurry and bustle of the world. The large number of children trained by the fam-

ily, and the poor and sick they cared for, attest to the fact that if they forsook the world and its vanities, they certainly retained a lively sense of the ignorance, want, and suffering which always abound. These lines in Cowper's Task seem very appropriate to the character of Ferrar:—

"Occupied as earnestly as she,  
Though more sublimely, he o'erlooks the world.  
She scorns his pleasures, for she knows them not;  
He seeks not hers, for he has found them vain.  
Not slothful he, though seeming unemployed,  
And censured oft as *useless*.  
The man whose virtues are more felt than seen,  
Must drop indeed the Hope of Public Praise;  
But he may boast what few who win it can,  
That if his country stand not by his skill,  
At least, his follies have not wrought her fall."

G. A. E.

## GLADIOLI.

STEEPED in hot radiance to the brim,  
Thy spires aflame with blossoms bright,  
Ye stand beside the smoke-tree dim,  
With color, dazzling blind our sight.

From palest flush to darkest red,  
From orange dull to amber clear,—  
All tints of glory on thee shed,  
Gradations to the artist dear.

Carbuncle flames within thee burn,  
Thou bearest thee with rigid pride,  
Thy tawny tints in bronzed urn  
Suggest the leopard's spotted side.

When first I heard thy Latin name,  
A vision rose, of Roman state,  
A broad arena's cruel game,  
The lion and the martyr's fate.

We see the gladiator stand,  
His level eyes the crowds explore,  
He seeks the sign of uplift hand,  
He dies! The pageant is well o'er.

But English thought and English tongue  
Have lent their fitness to thy face;  
*Sword-lily* summons to my song  
The history of the human race.

A glory flashes in the sword;  
The Pagan craved it as his need.  
To fight with banners never lowered,  
To conquer, was his chosen creed.

Then came the chastening Christian life,  
The sword was hung upon the wall;  
And, emblem of their saintly strife,  
Sprang lilies, sweet and white and tall.

But men must fight as well as pray;  
Fight living foes, outside the heart;  
Nor wear their life in dreams away,  
But in the conflict bear their part.

So grew the times of tented field,  
Of ladies' scarf, of squire and knight.  
The lily bloomed upon the shield,  
The sword, unsheathed, flashed forth its light.

O vision of our hearts' desire!  
Thy carven topaz still suggests  
The sword of fate, the flame of fire,  
The white heat of the crucial tests.

Still lift thy sturdy flower-stem up,  
And show thy splendors at their best,  
For hid within thy painted cup  
A poet's dream lies unconfest.

When peace shall rule the broad world round,  
And banish selfish greed and pride,  
When war is but an old-time sound  
And blossoms bloom on each roadside,

Ye flowers that blaze with warlike red,  
And bristle with such martial mien,  
Peace rests upon thy glowing head,  
Of slumberous noontide crowns thee queen.

For gardens green and summer home  
War beats down with relentless hoof;  
And tramping feet have never come  
To desecrate this sacred roof.

O nations! who at this late day  
Contend in deep and bitter hate,  
Your rifles drop, your bayonets stay,  
Your consciousness may come, too late.

Farewell, yon beauties! Fairer, far  
Such prophecy of good to come  
When truth and love may banish war,  
And cannons rust, forever dumb.

*Emily E. Ford.*



## KATE BEAUMONT.

## CHAPTER XXIV.

A SLEEP, comfortably and for the time unwakably asleep, lay Randolph Armitage on the damp mossy turf of the forest, not a scratch upon him from Sam Hicks's bullets, all gone astray in the uncertain moonlight.

He was gathered up, borne to his horse, set astride behind Quash, tightly bound to him, and thus taken home. Transportation of this sort being naturally slow, it was two or three in the morning before Redhead Saxon got clear of his responsibility, stealthily depositing this senseless lump of humanity in its usual place of storage, and then hurrying away on guilty tip-toes after the fashion of boon-companions who bring home drunkards. All this time nothing could waken Armitage; he would open his eyes under shaking and keep them open, but he still slumbered on; he was a limp, inert, inconvenient mass of stupor. The moderately affectionate and immoderately lazy Quash simply laid him on a sofa and covered him with a shawl. Then, with the thoughtlessness of discovery and of consequences characteristic of slaves, at least when they are negroes, he stretched himself on the bare floor and went to sleep, without so much as locking the door.

In this state the two were found at six in the morning by Nellie Armitage, who could not altogether repress anxiety to know whether her husband was alive. She gave him one glance, guessed with sufficient accuracy how he had spent the night, turned from him in quiet scorn, and awoke the blackamoor with her foot.

"Where have you been with him?" she asked.

"Hain't been nowhar," responded Quash, lying without a moment's thought and with infantile awkwardness, as "niggers" do.

"How dare you tell me that? Leave the room."

As Quash crept out Kate Beaumont glided in, asking, "Has he returned? Is he hurt?"

Mrs. Armitage, shaken by a night of sleeplessness, lost control of herself in this emergency; the weariness, the sorrow, the shame, and the scorn that were in her face turned at once into red-hot anger, demanding utterance; and though she at first raised her hand instinctively to check her sister's advance, she immediately dropped it.

"Come on," she said. "It is time to tell the truth. I have hidden my misery long enough. Come here and look at him. There is a husband; that thing is a husband. What do you think of it?"

Armitage lay perfectly quiet; indeed there was a look about him as if nothing on earth could move him; he was the image of utter helplessness and clod-like insensibility. One eye was partly open, but there was a horrible glassiness and lifelessness in it, and it was obvious that he saw nothing. His face was colorless, except a faint tinting of bluish and yellowish shades, as if it were the countenance of a corpse. Yet in spite of this shocking metamorphosis, his features were so symmetrical that he was handsome still.

Kate, trembling from head to foot, stared at him without speaking. She had never before seen a man in the last stage of intoxication; and in spite of what Nellie had said, she did not fully comprehend his condition.

"Oh!" she exclaimed. "What is the matter with him? Is he—dying?"

"He is dead,—dead drunk," replied the wife.

"O no, Nellie!" implored Kate.

"To think how I have loved him!" Nellie went on. "That man has had all the good, all the best that was in

my heart. He has had it and trampled on it and wasted it till it is gone. I can hate now, and I hate *him*."

Kate joined her hands as if pleading with her sister to be silent.

"No man ever had greater love; no man ever despised greater love," continued Nellie. "I have seen the time when I could kneel and kiss the figures of the carpet which his feet had rested upon. I worshipped him; even after I began to find out what he was, I worshipped him; I passed years in forgiving and worshipping. Once, when he came home drunk, yes, when he came home to abuse me, I would watch over him all night in his stupid sleep, and forgive him the moment he spoke to me in the morning. O, how handsome he was in my eyes! He fascinated me. That was it; he was beautiful; I could see nothing else. How I did love him for his beauty! And now see how I hate him and despise him. I can take a mean and cowardly revenge on him."

She suddenly advanced upon the senseless man, and slapped his face with her open hand.

"O, you woman, what are you doing?" exclaimed Kate, seizing her and drawing her away. "Nellie, I won't love you!"

"Yes, I am hateful," replied Nellie. "Do you know why? I can't tell you half the reasons I have for being hateful. Look at that scar," pointing to a mark on her forehead. "I have never revealed to any one how I came to have that. He did it. He struck me with his doubled fist, and that gash was cut by the ring which I gave him."

Kate sat down, covered her face with her hands, and sobbed violently.

"It was not the only time," pursued Nellie. "He had struck me before, and he has struck me since. And there have been other insults; I would not have thought that I could have taken them; but from him I have learned to take them. O, if my father and brothers knew! They guess, but they don't know."

"They would kill him, Nellie," said

Kate, looking up piteously, as if pleading for the man's life.

"I know it. But that is not all. I have become so savage, that it seems to me I would not mind that. What I care for is exposure. If they should shoot him, people would learn why. It would be known that I had failed; that Nellie Beaumont could not live with her husband; that she could not lie on her bed after making it; that she had failed as a wife and a woman."

"Is there no such thing as separation?" asked Kate. She said it hesitatingly and with a sense of culpability, for the idea of breaking the marriage bond was shocking to her.

"There is. But who would have the children? Do you suppose I want to leave them here to grow up drunkards? As long as I am with them, they do not taste a drop of the poison which makes a beast of their father. I don't know whether I could have both the children. Besides, separation is exposure; the courts would have to know everything; the public would know and babble; the Beaumonts would know. I shall stay and fight it out here until I can fight no longer. But I wanted some one's sympathy. I wanted at least to tell my own sister how miserable I am."

She stopped, fell on her knees, laid her head in the girl's lap, and broke out in violent crying.

After a minute she rose, lifted Kate to her feet, embraced her passionately, and said in a voice which had suddenly become calm, "This is my first cry in two years. My heart feels a little less like breaking. Let us go."

"Do you suppose he has heard?" asked the younger woman, glancing at Armitage.

"Heard?" answered Nellie with a hard laugh. "He could n't hear the last trump, if it should be blown in this room. Is it he horrible—and handsome? My darling, that is an Armitage. Don't marry one of them. Promise me. You won't?"

"Never," answered Kate.

"I must tell you a great deal," con-

tinued Nellie, when she had reached her own room? "My heart is open, and I must let it run."

During a large part of the day she talked about her husband, detailing with painful minuteness the outrages of his periods of orgie; how he had upset tables, thrown food out of the windows, broken dishes, furniture, mirrors, beaten the servants and children; how he had fallen down and slept all night in his dooryard, or been brought home half dead from accidents or fights.

"Sometimes it is ridiculous," she said. "I have actually laughed to see him lying among the ruins of chairs and crockery. It seemed so absurd that any human being could become demented enough to beat and belabor inanimate things till he gasped with fatigue and wore himself out, that I could not help laughing. Of course I had lost all respect for him then, and all affection. How could I keep either? The man was more like a crazy monkey than like a human being. His pranks surpass all description. There are things that I cannot tell you of, for very shame. I did hope, when I brought you here, that, for your sake and out of fear of our family, he would control himself. But he is irreclaimable. He is contemptible. He is horrible."

"Nellie, you have a way of talking that makes my blood run cold," said Kate. "If you stay here, will you not be over-tempted some day, and do something wrong?"

"I shall never commit a crime," replied Mrs. Armitage. "I am a lady. I would not disgrace myself and my family by even considering such a thing as poisoning. Is that what you fear? You may be tranquil."

"How dreadful it is even to think of such things! I never thought before that anything in life could be so dreadful."

"Well, we will say no more about it to-day," sighed Nellie. "I will try never to speak of this subject to you again. Hereafter I can bear my troub-

les better. Some one knows, some one sympathizes."

There was an embrace, and a mingling of tears between the two sisters, followed by a long and sad silence.

"Some one has come," was Nellie's next remark. "I heard a carriage drive up to the door. It is probably Bent Armitage. Scarcely any one else stops here."

"I am so glad," said Kate. "Won't he help us? Won't he have some influence?"

"He has influence when none is wanted. At such times as this no one has any influence, at least none for any good end. But Bentley will try to make things easy for us. He is not hard-hearted, and he never becomes a madman in my presence, although he is taking the same road with his brother. It is in the blood to go that way."

"I wish nothing unpleasant had passed between him and myself," said Kate, coloring slightly.

"Don't care for that," returned Nellie, proudly. "You were right in avoiding him, and he knows it. He knows that no Armitage has any claim on any Beaumont. My only wonder is, that he dared court you when he knew what his brother had done to me. If he begins again, tell me of it. I won't have it, certainly not here. I am mistress in this house, so far as he is concerned. Remember now; we ask no manner of favors of him; he is just a guest and nothing more."

There was a little glancing into mirrors, a little arranging of curls and shaking out of dresses; there was the sacrifice to becomingness which woman rarely neglects to pay, however unhappy she may be and indifferent to the eyes that are to pass judgment upon her; then they went down to receive their visitor. Bent Armitage was walking the parlor, staring abstractedly at the old faded engravings which he had seen a thousand times, his "clapper," as he called his partially paralyzed foot, slapping the floor in its usual style, and his queer smile curling up into his dark cheek as a confession of embar-

rassment. Remembering Nellie's interference between him and her sister, he feared that he should be received as an intruder, and he was ill at ease. He was even humble to an extent which was pathetic; he had laid aside all his self-respect in coming here. "Let me look at her a moment," his face seemed to plead; "then turn me away forever, if you must; at least I shall have seen her."

"I hope I am not indiscreet," he said meekly, as he kissed the cheek of his sister-in-law and shook hands with Kate. "I am just up in these diggings from a grand tour as far as Charleston," he went on, talking slang to gain courage. "I heard at Brownville that you were both here, and I thought I might venture to rein up for a minute."

"We are glad to see you," replied Kate; and Nellie added, "You must stay a few days."

Bentley brightened a little; loving hopes rose out of their graves.

"We may need your assistance," Nellie explained quietly.

His countenance fell at once. He understood that his brother was making trouble; that was the reason why he was wanted, or endured. But, although the revelation was a painful one to him, he did not turn sullen under it. Impelled by a fine movement of soul, he resolved to serve these women, who demanded service without offering reward or scarcely thanks. In spite of his slang, his back-country roughness of manner, his willingness to shed blood on occasion, and his hereditary tendency to strong drink, there was a foundation of good and warm feeling in Bentley. He was not such a detestable egotist as his brother; he was capable of a love other and stronger than the love of self.

"I will stay as long as I can be of use," he said. "Shall I hitch up in the old spot?"

"I would rather you should take the room next to Randolph's," replied Nellie.

"Just as handy," assented Bentley,

at the same time thinking, "So I am to be his keeper?"

"How are things at Hartland, Miss Beaumont?" he now inquired. "Everybody chirk there?"

"All well, thank you," Kate said. "At least so my last letters told me."

"The fight with the Philistines keeps up, I suppose."

"With the — the McAlisters? I suppose so," answered the girl, her face coloring perceptibly.

She was almost angry with him for speaking so carelessly of the feud and so irreverently of the McAlisters. Bentley perceived that he had made a mistake, and for a moment looked absolutely frightened as well as embarrassed, so anxious was he to stand well with this girl. As to being sorry for the renewal of the quarrel between the Beaumonts and their neighbors, he could not of course reach that state of grace; in fact, he could not but rejoice in the event, inasmuch as it had relieved him of one whom he knew to be a preferred rival, and made the winning of Kate seem possible. It was this new hope, to a certain extent, which had brought him to Saxonburg.

"Well, I'll go to my nest and arrange my feathers," he remarked, presently, shuffling and slapping his way up stairs.

Before attending to his toilet he stepped into his brother's room. No one was there but Quash, lazily setting things to rights.

"Hi, Mars Bent," chuckled the dinky. "I'se mighty glad for to see you, Mars Bent. You's jess come in good time. Wah, wah, wah. You's wanted, Mars Bent."

"If you's so mighty glad to see me, brush my boots," returned Bentley, seating himself.

"Yes, Mars Bent," said Quash, getting out his brushes cheerfully, quite sure of a dime, or perhaps a quarter.

"Whar's Mars Ranney?" continued Bentley, imitating the negro dialect and pronunciation, as he loved to do.

"He jess done gone down sta'rs; dunno whar."

"Is he on a bender?"

"Yes, marsr."

"Big one?"

"Well, nuffin pertickler; nuffin great, so fur."

"From fair to middlin', eh?"

"Yes, marsr."

"Could n't you hide his whiskey?"

"Would n't dast do it, Mars Bent," replied Quash, looking up earnestly. "Lordy, Mars Bent, you knows how he kerries on. He'd jess bust my head."

"I s'pose so," growled Bentley.

"Well, what of it? You ought to have your head bust, Quash. You are a rascal."

Quash merely sniggered and continued to polish away, sure of his dime. The boots were just done when a loud crash of furniture was heard down stairs, followed by a wrathful shouting.

"Thar he goes," observed Quash. "Smashin' things like he allays doos."

"Here 's your quarter," said Bentley, rising hastily. "If you 'll break his whiskey-jug, I 'll give you two dollars."

Hastening down to the parlor, he discovered Randolph dancing on the fragments of a delicate work-table, a present to Nellie from her brother Vincent.

"Halloo!" shouted the drunkard. "Is nobody coming? What am I left alone for?"

Just then Kate Beaumont entered the room; she was very pale, and her soft eyes were dilated with amazement and horror; but she advanced calmly to the maniac and said, "Randolph, what do you want?"

At first he simply glared at her; he seemed to be ready to strike her. Bentley Armitage picked up a leg of the table and came close to his brother, perfectly resolved to knock him down if he raised a hand upon Kate.

"Go away," said Randolph, hoarsely. "I did n't call for you. I wanted Nell."

Bentley made a sign of the head to the young lady, and in obedience to it she retired without a word further.

"Oho," exclaimed Randolph, discovering his brother and turning short upon him. "So you are here. What the —— do you want?"

"I 've come to bear a hand generally," returned Bentley, endeavoring to smile, but anticipating a difficulty, and showing it in his face.

"You bear a hand somewhere else," screamed Randolph, all at once beside himself with an insane rage, approaching to delirium tremens. "You bear a hand out of this house. You leave. It's my house. You 've had your share. We divided, did n't we? You took the Pickens land, did n't you? You 've no claim here. You travel. Take your traps and travel. By the Lord, I am master here. I won't be overcrowded by anybody. Lay down that club. Leave it, and leave here."

"Come, come, Randolph," expostulated Bentley. "There 's no sense in this, and I don't deserve it. I 've come to make myself agreeable and bear a hand at anything you like."

"I 've no use for you, I tell you I 've no use for you," Randolph went on screaming, utterly out of his senses. "You just hump yourself and get to your own district. You travel, or I 'll ——" Here he caught up a glass lamp and hurled it at his brother's head, the missile narrowly missing its mark and smashing against the wall. Then he made a charge. The younger man struck, but unwillingly and faintly: his blow only exasperated the assailant. Bentley, far less muscular than Randolph, and lame besides, was thrown and badly hammered. This horrible scene was ended by the entrance of Mrs. Armitage and several of the house-servants, who with great difficulty dragged the drunken maniac off his victim and pushed him out of the room.

"You must go," said Nellie to Bentley, when they two were alone.

"Ah, if he was n't my brother!" exclaimed the young man, furious from his conflict, "I would finish him."

"But he is your brother, and you can

do no good here, at least not now. You will have to go."

"What, and leave you with that mad-man! Leave *her* with him!"

"We can manage him better than you. Seeing another man here only makes him want to fight. We shall be better off without you."

"I never was called on to do so mean a thing before," said Bentley.

"I don't wish to charge you with being capable of meanness. Besides, it won't be mean to do this when I insist upon it."

"Well," assented the young man, unwillingly and sullenly. "But I won't go farther than Rullet's tavern, on the road to Brownville, you know, five miles from here. If you need me, you can send a nigger, and I'll put over."

"Very good," said Nellie. "Now you will have to take your Brownville carriage back. You can slip through the garden and meet it below the house. Quash will take care of your baggage."

"I never saw him so bad before," muttered Bentley, meaning his brother.

"He gets worse every time. His constitution is breaking down. His nerves are not what they used to be."

"Be sure you send for me slap off, if there is any serious trouble," were the farewell words of Bentley.

Randolph Armitage, totally forgetting his brother's visit, spent the rest of the afternoon in his room, drinking, singing, breaking such furniture as he could break, and at last going to sleep among the ruins. The women remained together, talking rarely and sadly, the younger sometimes crying, the elder never.

"I wonder at you," said Kate once. "I never imagined that a woman could have such fortitude."

"Fortitude!" returned Nellie. "I am intelligent enough to know that it is not the fortitude that you mean. It is mere hardened callousness and want of feeling. I ceased some time ago to be a woman. I am a species of brute."

This eminently true and simple and clear-headed person showed herself

great by refusing to claim a greatness which did not belong to her.

"If ever I am tried as you have been, perhaps I shall become as noble as you are," was the answer of Kate, faithfully admiring her sister.

When bedtime came the younger woman said, "I shall stay with you to-night."

"You can't," replied Mrs. Armitage. "My husband has a right to come to my room at any time."

"Ah!" murmured Kate, recoiling at once before the authority of marriage.

"You are not afraid for yourself, are you?" asked Nellie.

"I had not thought of that," answered the girl. "Besides, my door bolts and locks."

"Good night," said Nellie, with a kiss. "You are a great comfort to me: I am glad that you know everything; I am glad that I told you everything, though I did it in a fit of madness, and it was wrong. I bear things the better because you know them. I was growing savage and wicked with lack of sympathy. Thank you for your sympathy, darling. Good night."

Kate went to her room, fastened her doors with lock and bolt, then deliberately unfastened it and left it ajar, fearing a little for herself, but far more for her sister. She was worn out; it seemed to her that the day had been years long; that she had stepped from youth to middle age since morning. Could it be that the degrading and miserable tragedy which she had looked upon was marriage? What might be her own future, even should the feud once more be allayed, and life promise as fairly as it had done weeks before? Even should she, by some incredible chance, become the wife of the man whom she preferred and trusted above all other men, what then? Would the end of her once fair hopes be like the end of the once fair hopes of Nellie? Her mind ran all towards evil foreboding; the future seemed a wilderness, complex, pathless, and sombre; merely to think of it was a weariness and sorrow. Yet she was so exhausted with the



unrest of the previous night and the emotions of the day, that, even while saying to herself that she should never sleep, she lost her consciousness.

After a time some noise partially roused her; it was painful to lose her hold on slumber, and she strove not to awake; but the noise persisted and so alarmingly that of a sudden she started up in her full senses. It was clear to her now that she heard the voice of Randolph in loud altercation with his wife; and, hastily slipping on a dressing-gown, she glided down a dark passage to the door of Nellie's room. The door was ajar, and there was a faint light within as of a candle, but she was so placed that she could not see the speakers. The conversation, however, was but too audible.

"Will you tell me—?" demanded the husband, in a hoarse, thick utterance.

"No, I will not, Randolph," answered Nellie, in that monotone of hers which meant unshakable persistence.

"Then, by heavens—! Look here, you obstinate fool; don't you know what I'll do to you? Don't you know?"

"I know, Randolph," said Nellie. "I don't care for your threats."

The answer to this speech was a sound as of a struggle. Kate hesitated no longer; she stepped swiftly into the room. By the flicker of a candle dying in its socket she saw Randolph holding his wife down on the pillow with one hand, while with the other he brandished a long knife.

## CHAPTER XXV.

THE cry and rush with which Kate entered the room startled the tremulous madman who was attempting murder, or counterfeiting it.

"Whooh!" he exclaimed; it was a beastly sound, like the short, explosive growl of a surprised dog; but as he uttered it he let go of his wife and faced about.

"O, it's you, is it?" he stammered,

staring at the girl with watery, uncertain eyes, and with a grin that was half embarrassed, half defiant. "I forgot there was another woman in the house. What the Devil do you want?"

"Randolph!" exclaimed Kate with an imposing air of reproach; then, dropping to a tone of entreaty, she implored, "Won't you go away?"

"I want my whiskey," he replied, exposing without shame the degrading motive of his brutality. "She's hidden it."

Kate turned on Nellie an appealing glance which said, "Can't you let him have it?"

"It is not here," answered Mrs. Armitage, speaking to her sister. "When I say that it is n't here, you may know that it is n't."

"Do you know where it is?" demanded the husband, evidently believing her, unable to disbelieve her.

"I do not," she said, still not looking at him. "I know nothing about it. If I knew, I would not tell."

"Then I'll leave," he growled, after a moment's hesitation, meanwhile staring at his knife as if still uncertain whether he would not use it. "That's all I came here for. Do you suppose I wanted you?"

With this parting insult to his wife, he turned his back on her, reeled by Kate, and went out. A few seconds later a howl of joyous oaths announced that he had found his treasure; the bungling and lazy and also no doubt timorous Quash having concealed it instead of destroying it.

"What shall we do?" asked Kate, who had meanwhile locked the door, and now stood by it listening.

"Let him drink," said Nellie, with the sad common-sense born of long trouble. "It is the easiest way to get rid of him."

"Is n't it horrible!" Kate could not help groaning, still hearkening at the keyhole for Randolph's return.

The unhappy wife, invisible in the darkness, made no reply. Presently Kate became alarmed at the silence; she whispered, "Nellie," and then



called aloud; still no answer. The terrible thought crossed the girl that Randolph might actually have stabbed his wife, and that she might now be dying, or dead. Groping her way to the bedside, she threw her arms around her sister, dropped kisses and tears upon the cool, damp face which touched hers, and sobbed repeatedly, "Nellie! Nellie!" But wild as she was with alarm, she perceived soon that the heart was still beating, and she guessed that this was not death. By the time she had found matches and lighted a lamp, Nellie began to draw the long sighs which mark restoration from a swoon, and presently opened her eyes. "I have been faint," she whispered, with a bitter smile. "I did n't know there was so much of the woman left in me. I ought to have got over this sort of thing long ago. I am ashamed of myself."

"Nellie, what can I do for you?" asked Kate.

"Nothing. I will get up in a moment, and go to packing."

"Are you going to leave him? Ah, — well."

"At all events I shall take you away. You have seen enough of this, and too much. I ought not to have brought you here at all. It is quite sufficient for one man that he should make one woman wretched. It is as much success as is due to a drunkard. My dear, you won't marry a high-strung gentleman, I hope. Marry a Quaker first, or a Yankee pedler, — anything that does n't get drunk and fight, anything that is n't high-strung. I hate the word. It's a mean, slang word, and it stands for a curse."

Kate thought of a man who, as she believed, was not high-strung. It was true that he had fought a duel; it was true also that he had fought it with her brother; but then possibly he could not have helped that; there was the code, that savage mystery; it was all beyond her judgment. At any rate he did not drink, nor address women with brutality, nor lead an habitually wild life. But she could say nothing of him to

Nellie, and indeed it was useless to think of him, for there was the family feud, an abyss between him and her.

"Will Randolph let you go?" she asked.

"His whiskey-jug will attend to that," replied Nellie. "He has a noble master, has n't he? He prides himself on not being ruled by his wife. It is so much more manly, more chivalrous, more high-strung to be ruled by a jug! Come, go and do your packing. I will do mine and the children's."

An hour or so later the trunks were ready, the little ones dressed, and the carriage at the door.

"I will go and bid good by to my husband," said Nellie.

Kate followed her, fearful lest Randolph might be awake and a collision ensue. There was no trouble; the man lay on the floor, stone-blind drunk; an earthquake could not have shaken that stupor.

"Handsome Armitage!" murmured Nellie, looking at the sodden countenance with a strange mixture of scorn and grief in her own pale face. Then turning to Quash, who rose drowsily from his usual sleeping-place in the passage, she said: "Take care of him. But tell him nothing about our going away. Let him find it out for himself."

"Yes, missus," yawned Quash, and proceeded to lie down again, covering his shoulders and head with his blanket-coat.

The bays were started off at their speediest trot, for ten miles of rough, hilly road lay between the Armitage place and the Brownville station, and the down train, the only train of the day, left at six in the morning. At the half-way house, known as Rullet's Tavern, or more commonly as Old John Rullet's, Nellie looked at her watch, and said calmly: "It is useless. We sha' n't get there till after six. We may as well stop and see Bentley."

The younger Armitage, a bad sleeper in these days, and consequently an early riser, made his appearance almost immediately.

"Travelling?" he said, with a wretch-

ed attempt at a smile, thinking meanwhile that this might be his last interview with Kate. "I rather judge it's the healthiest thing you can do."

"We can't catch the train," replied Nellie. "We shall have to wait in Brownville till to-morrow morning."

After glancing at his watch, shaking his head, and pondering a minute, he remarked: "I suppose I had better go and amuse Randolph."

"Bentley, it is a hard thing to owe you so much," said Nellie.

"O, it's all in the family," he smiled. "And it does n't square the family account either."

"Be careful," said Kate, honestly anxious for him.

He looked greatly pleased; he seemed to think it very kind of her merely to care a little for his life; the humility of his gratitude made it absolutely pathetic.

"No particular danger, I reckon," he replied, shaking her hand cordially. "You won't mind it, I hope, if you hear of our drinking a little. A prosperous journey to you. Good by."

"Good by, Bentley," said Nellie, bending down and kissing him. "I wish I could do more for you."

It seemed to Bentley also that he deserved more than the kiss of a sister-in-law; but none the less he set about his ill-requited work promptly and courageously. Rough as he was, and in some respects coarsely vicious, he had certain high notions of gentility. As he turned his back on Kate Beaumont, and prepared for his horrible *tête-à-tête* with his brother, he said to himself, "Noblesse oblige."

When he reached the Armitage place Randolph was just coming out of his drunken slumber. Then followed a tragi-comedy which, considering that the two leading actors in it were brothers, was little less than infernal. Bentley's purpose was to keep Randolph so far under the influence of liquor that he should not notice the absence of his family, or should be indifferent to it if he discovered it. To this end he drank, jested, gambled, quarrelled, exchanged

blows even, went through reconciliations, drank again, squabbled again, and so on for twenty-four hours. It must be observed that, although he had not sought the spree for its own sake, he did in a certain measure enjoy it. Whiskey tasted good to him; a little of the excitement of alcohol always made him long for more; he was only less of a drunkard than his brother because younger. But for anxiety as to the result, and also for the somewhat burdensome reflection that he was tipping under compulsion, he would have had a truly delightful carouse. Perhaps we ought, moreover, to consider that he was a disappointed lover, and that liquor helped to drown his sorrow. In short, Bentley had a downright honest bender, although he never quite forgot his object in commencing it.

The day passed in freaks beyond the imagination of monkeys. Whenever Randolph demanded his family, Bentley invented some new madness. For instance, late in the afternoon he proposed that they should mob Nancy Gile, on the plea that Randolph had been insulted and attacked by her low-down following. So, mounting their horses, they galloped four or five miles to surprise the "lone woman," turned her furniture topsy-turvy, drank her last gill of whiskey, and then, giving her a couple of dollars to pay the damages, departed hooting. The next thing was a wild-goose chase through swamps and old fields, on the supposed trail of Sam Hicks, both the brothers being now in strenuous earnest, and intent upon killing their man if they should find him, which they did not. Giving up their fruitless hunt when night came on, they made a circuit to reach the cabin of Redhead Saxon, and held another festival in his society.

And now came the climax of the saturnalia. Randolph, who in his cups would have quarrelled with angels or devils, became irritated at Saxon for some cause never afterwards heard of, and laid that faithful henchman prostrate with a fisticuff.

"Square, that's low-flung business,"

roared Saxon, so drunk that he forgot his fealty. "You've no call to hit a chap when he ain't a lookin'," he continued, rising with difficulty and by instalments, first on all fours, and so on. "You would n't 'a' dared fetch me that lick, ef your brother had n't been here."

"You need n't count in Bentley," replied Randolph. "He sha' n't take a hand. I'll play it alone."

He tried to get off his coat, but in the effort went down and struggled some time on the floor with the garment over his head. When he regained his feet he accused Redhead of pushing him, and proceeded to draw his revolver. At this point Mrs. Saxon, a powerful young amazon of at least six feet in height, rushed upon the scene from the *other* room of the cabin, shouting, "Quit that. No fightin' yere. Ef you want to fight, go out do'."

This pacifying admonition not being heeded, she sprang at her husband, scratched him smartly, and bundled him out of the cabin. Then, holding the door against him, she turned upon the Armitages, and broke out: "Now say. What d' you two want? You've got the man out of his own house. S'posin' you try your hand on the woman. Ain't you a high-tone gentleman, Square Armitage? Then go whar you b'long, an' fight with yer own sort. Oughter be shamed of yerself, pickin' musses with crackers. Wish I was yer wife, and had the breakin' of ye. I'd learn ye to go in harness. Don't ye p'int yer shootin'-iron at me. I'll take it away from ye, an' lam yer face with it. You cl'ar. You jest cl'ar, or I'll light on ye."

"We'll go," answered Bentley, grinning at the scene like an amused monkey and surveying the pugnacious housewife with bland approbation. "Randolph, we're getting the hot end of the poker. Come, old lady, let us out."

"No sir-ee," declared the contradictory Madam Saxon. "You want to mount my old man outside. — Jimmy," she screamed, through a crack of the door, "you travel."

"I won't," vociferated Redhead, who all the while was trying to re-enter.

"Dog gone these men!" objurgated the lady. "Why can't they be peaceful like women-folks? It takes a woman to every man to make him behave."

"Let me in!" roared the husband. "Ef you don't, I'll fire through the do'."

"Hold up a minute, Redhead," called Bentley. Then addressing Mrs. Saxon in a caressing whisper, meanwhile patting her stalwart shoulder, he added, "Look here, old girl. The best way is to powder it out. Let's have a sham fight. You load your husband's pistol and I'll load Ranney's. Blank cartridges, you understand. What do you say?"

"All right," grinned the amazon, her wide mouth stretching from ear to ear to embrace the joke. "Git hold of the Square's shooting-iron, I'll fix Jimmy's."

When the duel was proposed to Randolph, he assented at once with a drunken solemnity which finely satirized the behavior usual with principals in real affairs of honor, and delivered his revolver to Bentley to be discharged and reloaded.

"Hand over ye five-shooter, old man," demanded Mrs. Saxon, rushing out upon her husband and disarming him. "We're gwine to hev a duel."

"Who's a gwine to?" asked Redhead, falling into the cabin.

"You be; you an' the Square."

"You go to —!" retorted the man of the house, who, drunk as he was, discovered an absurdity in the proposition.

"Redhead, you are a gentleman, I suppose," began Bentley.

"No, I ain't," interrupted Saxon, his reason perfectly sound on that point.

"Wal, you're a man, ain't ye?" put in his wife, flying at him and giving him a shake. "You stan' up in that corner till things is ready. Mr. Bent, you set the Square up in t' other corner. Thar's a bar'l thar for him to hold on to."

The two principals being placed, the seconds went out of doors to prepare the weapons. The ball cartridges in the barrels were discharged, and other cartridges substituted with the bullets broken off.

"It'll be mighty slim huntin', won't it?" said Mrs. Saxon, bursting into loud laughter. "Would n't my old man be mad, ef he sensed the thing. He ain't used to goin' a shootin' with nothin' but powder."

This idea amused her excessively, and she returned to it several times. "To think of Jim firin' away at a feller with nothin' but powder!"

"Well, old lady, are you loaded?" asked Bentley.

"Reckon I be," grinned Molly Saxon, revolving the chamber of her pistol with experienced dexterity. "No bullets in them. Let's see yourn. All right, my blessed stranger. Now what'll we do next?"

"Just hand your old man his cold iron, and caution him to wait for the word. I'll give the instructions."

They re-entered the cabin. There were Saxon and Randolph Armitage, each propped up in his corner and holding fast, their faces very solemn and stolid. Molly's broad physiognomy twitched all over with suppressed laughter as she handed the pistol to her husband.

"Now, Jim, ha' n't you got any last words for yer woman?" she asked by way of joke.

"Stan' out the way, ole gal," replied Redhead, thickly. "An' take care yerself."

At this moment Randolph, trying to stand independent of his barrel, fell over it and rolled on the floor.

"Set'm up agen," muttered Redhead calmly, and without showing the slightest amusement.

By the aid of Bentley the prostrate man rose and braced himself once more in his corner, smiling the monotonous smile of intoxication.

"Catch hold," said Bentley, delivering the revolver. "And don't fire till I give the word. Gentlemen, listen

to the instructions. I shall pronounce the words, 'one, two, three, — fire.' At the word 'fire,' you are at liberty to commence, and you will go on until you have exhausted your barrels."

"That's so," sniggered Molly, cramming a yard or so of her calico apron into her mouth to keep from laughing outright. "Jim, do you understand?"

"You shut up," snapped Redhead in a tone of impatience which redoubled his wife's amusement.

"Now, then," called Bentley. "One, two, three, — fire."

A deliberate firing ensued; it was curious how cool the two drunkards were; though they could scarcely stand, they meant business.

"That's all," mumbled Randolph when he had exhausted his barrels.

"No 't ain't," called Saxon. "I've got a charge left."

"Well, blaze away, old Redhead," returned Randolph, still smiling his alcoholized smile.

Old Redhead took steady aim, resting his revolver across his left arm, and blazed away to the best of his ability. Randolph fell across his barrel once more, but it was whiskey which upset him, and not a bullet.

"Square, are you bad hurt?" called Saxon, advancing slowly and unsteadily. "Square, I'm sorry for it; dog gone if I ain't."

Then seeing his antagonist rise, with the assistance of Bentley, he added, "Did I miss you, Square? Wall, I'll be dog-rotted!! However, never mind. Glad you come out of it safe. Bully for you, Square. Stood it like a sojer. Le's shake han's."

There was shaking hands accordingly, as in more elegant and sober affairs of honor, the two late enemies complimenting each other as high-toned gentlemen, etc., etc., while Molly Saxon fairly capered and stamped with delight.

"An' now you two cl'ar," she presently whispered to Bentley. "I want room to larf. Ef I don't hev it, I shall bust."

Bentley hurried his brother away the

more willingly because Saxon, a blazing pine-knot in hand, was searching for the marks of his bullets, and not finding them, might be led to suspect and denounce the trick which had been played, to the manifest risk of further altercation.

"You need n't look for 'em, Jim," Molly was heard to giggle. "You 're too drunk to aim at anythin'. You fired out o' winder an' up chimney an' everywhar but at him."

"I 'll be dog-rotted ef I ever see any such doin's befo'," returned the confounded Jim. "When a man can't hit a house, standin' inside on 't, he'd better quit shootin'."

And now, as it was getting towards midnight, the Armitages went home. Bentley was still afraid that Randolph might discover the absence of his wife and set out in pursuit of her. He resolved to floor him completely, if the thing could be done; he commenced a fresh drinking-bout and kept it up for hours. It was the very saturnalia of doing evil that good might come. It was ludicrous and it was horrible.

## CHAPTER XXVL

AFFAIRS of state, a shouting of stump-orators, and a buzzing of swarming fellow-citizens recall us to Hartland.

The canvassing for the election of representatives to Congress was at the boiling-point. There was speechifying, discussion around groceries and at street corners, generous betting and chivalrous fighting every day. The principals in the contest, as well as their partisans, had gone into the struggle in the highest-toned fashion, prepared to clean out the adversaries if the latter persistently refused to hearken to reason. When Peyton Beaumont went forth on his stumping progresses, his sons guarded him with revolvers under their shooting-jackets; while Judge McAlister was escorted in a similar manner by his warlike progeny, even Frank admitting that he must defend his father. As for the

Colts and Derringers, and bowies and toothpicks, which were carried by the rank and file, they were beyond enumeration. Excepting that the weapons were concealed, those election scenes resembled the political assemblages of the ancient Gauls, who discussed questions of war and peace with spear in hand and buckler on shoulder. All these gaunt and long-legged men, whether clad in "store-clothes" of black broadcloth, or in short-backed, long-tailed frock-coats of gray or butternut homespun, were as bellicose as so many Scotch Highlanders of three hundred years ago.

It must not be supposed, however, that fighting was continuous or even very frequent. As every man took it for granted that every other man was armed, discussions were usually conducted with great civility of speech, unless the disputants had become inflamed with whiskey. Even if angry words were exchanged and weapons drawn, there were friends at hand to do the proper amount of coat-tail pulling, and bloodshed was generally averted. As for such harmless blusterers as Crazy Taylor and Drunken John Charles, they were allowed to roll each other in the dust at their pleasure, it being understood that they would only furnish innocent amusement to their fellow-electors. The fun which these conflicts afforded was increased by the fact that the defeated athlete usually pitched into some boy or nigger who had laughed at his overthrow, and kicked him with much swearing around the nearest corner. Let us state, by the way, that John Charles and Crazy Taylor were not landless crackers or penniless village loafers. Although they dressed in homespun and held such high-caste people as the Beaumonts and McAlisters in deep reverence, they were well-to-do farmers, owning their five hundred acres and their twenty or thirty head of niggers. John Charles, in spite of his frequent benders, was "captain of patrol" in his "beat," or magisterial precinct. Crazy Taylor never went howling about

the streets and making a spectacle of himself, except when he was drunk.

Notwithstanding the serious sensitiveness of Southerners, and the danger of jesting with punctilious men who carry revolvers, much sly, coarse ridicule was current in the Hartland political debates. For instance, John Charles, a violent adherent of the Beaumonts, set afloat ridiculous tales about the McAlister chieftain, representing him as a man of little less than idiotic simplicity, which was true in so far as this that the Judge had not the remotest idea of a joke.

"*He go to Congress!*" sneered John Charles. "Them Yankees would come games on him an' poke fun at him from Sunday morning to Saturday night. I'll tell you what sort of a man *he* is. The Judge started out to canvass the district. How did he do it? Got up his coach. Sure as you're born he got up his coach an' four horses to go an' ask poo' men for their votes. Well, he druv round an' kissed the young uns an' talked Sabba' school to the women folks, an' subscribed to meetin'-houses an' all that sort of nonsense. An' you bet he made mistakes. You bet on it an' win every time. Durned ef he did n't take short-haired Dolly Stokes, — she a settin' by the fire wrapped up in blankets because of the chills, — durned ef he did n't take her for the old man an' ask her to vote for him. Now you don't believe that, you fellers of the McAlister crowd. But it's true; you bet your best bale on it; old Stokes he told me. Now that's a lively man to go to Congress from Hartland District and South Carolina. Why, he would n't know a he Yankee from a she one. Them fellers up thar in them foreign States would stock the keerds ag'in him an' clean him out every time. Now look at the Honorable Peyton Beaumont in a poor man's cabin. *He* don't come in no coach; he comes a horse-back. He walks in square an' strong, like he was to home. He straddles out before the fire, an' parts his coat-tails behind him, an' hollers for his tod of plain whiskey, an' chaws an' spits like

one of the family. *He* don't make no mistakes betwixt the old man an' the old woman. He knows other folks as sure's he knows himself. He knows the name of every voter in this part of South Carolina an' the name of that voter's dog. He's that kind of a man that rouses your entuzzymuzzy. He's a man that South-Carolinians will take a heap of trouble for. We never had an election yet but what loads of fellers would pile over the line from every district round here, walkin' or ridin' ten or fifteen miles perhaps to give him a lift, an' that too after going as fur for their own men whar they belong. An' they're right; they're right in takin' all that extra trouble for him; he deserves it. I tell you, ef thar's a gentleman in this district who's fit to stand for the people of this district and South Carolina, it's old squar-shouldered, open-eyed, true-handed, big-hearted, high-toned Peyt Beaumont."

Of course we are not to put absolute faith in the partisan declarations of John Charles. There is no doubt that he exaggerated both the innocence of Judge McAlister and the slightly demagogic courtesy with which Beaumont did occasionally temper his patrician haughtiness.

But we must leave the political background of our story and return to the personages who occupy its foreground. Very sad in these days was Frank McAlister, miserable over the past, and despondent over the future. He did not even believe in the success of his party in the election, for he had almost of necessity taken the measure of his prim, solemn, unbending father, and had guessed that he could not carry Hartland electors against hearty, full-blooded, off-handed Peyton Beaumont. The Beaumonts would triumph at the ballot-box; they would add contempt for his family to hatred for it; there was not a chance for him to win their daughter and sister. He was in these days so gloomy, so haggard, so unable to sleep, so unable to eat, that his mother became terrified about him.

Of course she had guessed the cause



of his trouble ; a woman and a mother could not fail to guess it. But what could she do to raise the spirits of her stricken giant, and renovate his health, and save his life ? It was impossible to quiet the family feud, and consequently impossible to get Kate Beaumont for him. That sovereign remedy being out of the question, was there no other ? Time ? Alas, time is very slow in his work, and affection abhors waiting. Mrs. McAlister knew of a cure which was quicker than that and every way more consonant with her own feelings ; it occurred to her that it would be the best thing in the world to get another young lady in the place of the young lady who had been lost.

The proposition may shock a sentimental man, but I suspect that it was both motherly and womanly. A woman believes in love ; if one love affair fails, she requires that another should commence as soon as may be. The single adventure, though very great to her, is not so great as the passion. Moreover, her sister-women are cheaper in her eyes than they are in ours, and she sees no sufficient cause why the loss of one of them should stop a man from using his heart, especially in view of the fact that his heart is in her opinion his noblest organ.

It was in consequence of these reasons (which Mrs. McAlister did not of course take the trouble to reason upon, not even with herself) that she invited Jenny Devine to make a visit under her roof. Stating the case plainly, she meant to have Frank fall in love with Jenny, and so forget the girl whom he could not get. True, Wallace was enamored of Miss Devine : the all-seeing mother was not ignorant of that. But Wallace, it was pretty certain, could not have her ; and, moreover, Wallace did not stand in pressing need of matrimony, not being broken in spirits and shattered in health ; and finally Frank, her youngest and handsomest, was her favorite child. Small, plain, bald-headed Wallace must be sacrificed just a little to save his magnificent, his suffering brother. The

plan savored of cruelty, but it was the cruelty of intense affection, perhaps also of wise judgment.

Thus it was that pretty, flirting, jolly, good-hearted Jenny Devine became an inmate of the McAlister mansion. She did not come at all unsuspiciously ; she guessed that coquettish passages awaited her ; she was somewhat like a cat entering a buttery. In the first place, she was accustomed to be begged for from house to house to entertain young gentlemen visiting in Hartland, and to enliven hops and teas with her music, her dancing, her small talk, and her bright eyes. In the second place, she knew pretty positively that Frank McAlister had been fascinated by Kate Beaumont, and so must have found it a sad business to be divided from her.

Yes, she was specially wanted ; a flirtation or something of that nature was to be got up between her and this disappointed young man ; that was the object of Mrs. McAlister. That Jenny was at least willing to run a risk in the matter is shown by the fact that she accepted the invitation. She liked Frank, and she thought no less of him for having liked Kate ; for she was not one of those sensitive girls who recoil from a man because he has loved some one else ; she had had too many court-ship affairs of her own to be fastidious on that point. As for cutting out her absent friend, there could be no question of it. Kate had been cut out already by the revival of the old hate between the two families. Moreover, Kate was not in love with Frank ; so much Jenny believed that she had discovered. Accordingly, with conscience clear of unworthy intent, and with heart prepared for either great or little emotions, she repaired with her select armor of finery to the enchanted palace of the McAlisters, to take the chances of such adventures as might befall her there.

She was received with a gladness, which, considering the grave character of the family, was equivalent to festivity. Mrs. McAlister fairly leaned towards



the girl; she enjoyed her in anticipation as a daughter-in-law, the chosen one of her favorite son; she secretly loved her and blessed her in a spirit of prophecy. It was the yearning of a bereaved mother, who trusts that she is yet to obtain a child in place of the one that has been taken away. Not but that Mrs. McAlister would still have preferred Kate as a daughter; she had no spite against the Beaumont men even, and she loved their loved one dearly. But Kate being lost beyond recovery, she must positively have some one in her place, and in her longing she grasped at Jenny.

One result of this craving—a result which looks like the effect of witchery—was that she at once lost sight of the girl's defects, though plainly discernible by her heretofore. Jenny was a flirt; so Mrs. McAlister had thus far always admitted; she had even been angry at her for trifling with Wallace's affections; very angry because of the quarrel which had been made up between him and Vincent. She had said to herself that Jenny Devine, notwithstanding her good temper and mainly good intentions, would make no fit wife for a man of high character and sensitive feelings. Now she forgave all these shortcomings and peccadilloes so completely that she forgot them. Jenny was no flirt; it was not supposable that she could jilt Frank; she would accept him and be an excellent wife and a charming daughter. Mrs. McAlister reasoned about the girl as a lover reasons about the mistress of his heart. Desire and hope did the whole of the argument, and of course reached the most agreeable conclusions.

To all these feelings and wishes Mary McAlister assented with the instantaneous facility and energy of her mind. Not that there was any open talk on the matter between the mother and daughter; but the latter had the power of divining the mind of the former by sympathy; and the moment she divined it she was guided by it. It would be difficult to find any other

two human beings so much at one in opinion as these two. Which ever *felt* first on any given subject had the lead; the other discovered the feeling by clairvoyance, and at once shared it; there was no need between them of statement, and much less of argument. Thus they were always alike in their credences, desires, and purposes. Even the action, the ratiocination, and the persuasions of the respected male folk of their family could not divide them. Their union was a singular and interesting and almost touching instance of the potency of mere feminine sympathy. Both hated the feud; both abhorred duelling and all bloodshed; both adored Frank, and would have died for him; both loved Kate Beaumont, and longed for relationship with her; both accepted Jenny Devine when Kate was no longer attainable. The unanimity of reason is perhaps grander than this unanimity of the heart, and no doubt in the main practically more useful, but surely not half so beautiful.

The tall, thin, gray-haired mother and the tall, slender, chestnut-ringed daughter, both shooting rays of love out of large mild eyes, embraced Jenny Devine with the same tenderness.

"I am so delighted that we have not lost you as a friend," said Mrs. McAlister. "It seems as if there were no friends of late. Everybody is a partisan."

"The Beaumonts will not be angry at you for coming to us?" asked Mary. "We did hope not when we begged for you. But you must tell us."

"I am not their kin," replied Jenny. "And I am not a man either. I claim a woman's right to be sweet to everybody. Don't worry about my good standing with the Beaumonts. If the Honorable Peyton looks glum at me, I shall take his arm and smile in his face, and the next I know he will be patting my head. These old gentlemen are all fools with girls. If you had a speck of courage and impudence, Molly, you could go and tame him in fifteen minutes. I do believe that, if I were in your place, I could make him

call on the Judge and ask the whole family to dinner."

"Jenny, I wish we could work such miracles," sighed Mrs. McAlister. "I would go on my knees to do it."

"O, you would n't answer at all," laughed the frank and saucy Jenny. "It would take somebody as young as Molly. By the way, there is an idea; why, would n't that be nice? Molly, you could be Mrs. Peyton Beaumont the third, merely for winking; only, poor thing, you don't know how to wink."

"What nonsense!" protested Mary, in blushing amazement. "Who could imagine such a thing? Nobody but you."

"I could make Dr. Mattieson imagine it," whispered the teasing Jenny. "Would n't he rage?"

Mary blushed still deeper, and glanced with maidenly alarm at her mother, who, of course, pretended not to hear and looked all benignity.

Jenny's frolicsomeness was one cause why the McAlisters continually forgave her misdeeds and liked her. They were a grave generation, without meaning it, and finding persistent gravity a burden; and, like all such, they extracted much comfort from jolly people, and craved them as thirsty souls do water.

Thus it may be conceived that Frank McAlister, weighted always with seriousness of spirit, and just now crushed under disappointment, should incline kindly to the company of this prattling and gleesome young lady. Because she made him smile in spite of himself, he liked to listen to her. Because she turned whist into mere fun, he took a hand as her partner. Presently he came to walk with her and then to ride with her. The intimacy, ripened by his sorrowful tenderness of feeling, burgeoned rapidly into confidences. Before long the subject of Kate Beaumont was broached between the two, and after that there was no end to their talking together.

What an enticing, abundant, limitless subject it was! It was like a Mis-

souri prairie to a herd of buffalo; there was room there to browse forever. Little by little Frank told Jenny all that was in his heart, — how he had loved, how he had hoped to win, and how he had lost. The girl, in spite of her levity, was like almost all other women in the matter of quick sympathy, and especially could not help being touched by a tale of wounded affections. She forgot herself; she opened her heart wide to his procession of sorrows; and of course it followed that he found her charming. In a certain sense she was Jenny Devine and Kate Beaumont in one. To talk to her about Kate was the next best thing to talking to Kate about herself.

Who has not smiled at the ease with which many a grief-stricken widower has been won by a woman who sincerely pitied him for the loss of his wife? Shall we have cause to smile thus at our hitherto unchangeable lover, Frank McAlister?

"How tedious I must be to you!" he said one day, ashamed of his egotism.

"You are not tedious at all," declared Jenny, her cheeks coloring with the enthusiasm of honest and earnest feeling.

"Is it possible that you can like to hear me tell how I love another woman?" he asked, amazed.

"I do like it," said Jenny. "She so nobly deserves it."

"Miss Devine, you are admirable," he replied, with profound reverence. "I am astonished at women, the more I know of them. They have so much unselfishness and sympathy. I think a great heart is nobler than a great brain."

"Ah, don't give me too much credit," sighed Jenny, dropping her eyes. It occurred to her just then that perhaps she was playing falsely by her friend, and running risk of winning that friend's lover. In the next breath she said to herself: "But Kate does not care for him; she told me so."

In fact Jenny was becoming interested and even fascinated. At the time this dialogue took place she had been over a week in the McAlister house. During that crowded week

she had seen much of Frank and had grown to be his intimate and his confidant. She had looked further into his heart than she had ever before looked into the heart of man; and all that she discovered there had led her to admire him exceedingly; to judge that his love was worth any woman's having. It was not for her; it was for her friend Kate; but would it always be? She had not distinctly asked herself this momentous question, nor any other that concerned her future relations with Frank. Rather she had gone on blindly, first sympathizing, then sympathizing more, then admiring, then liking, then — No, not loving; not at all that; at least, not yet. But there was danger of it, and at times she saw the danger.

During the evening following this conversation she announced her intention of returning home on the morrow. But Mrs. McAlister, in whose opinion things were going on passing well, would not hear of it; and Mary McAlister, guessing at once her mother's ideas and consenting to them, also would not hear of it. So strenuous was their opposition, that Jenny gave up her wise project and meekly stayed on, not knowing what might happen to her heart, and beginning not to care. "I shall be disappointed in love," she sometimes thought; "but it does not matter a bit; I shall deserve it."

Meantime Wallace McAlister was wretched with jealousy. His mother saw it and grieved over it, but did not change her plan for all her grief. To save Frank, it seemed that Wallace must be sacrificed; it was very sad that it should be so, but she could not help it. After all, Wally must not be a dog in the manger. Unable to get Jenny himself, he must not prevent her from saving his brother; that would be the extreme of selfishness. The unlucky young man himself thought something like these thoughts in his more rational moments. But none the less he suffered; felt his heart shrivel when Jenny strolled out with Frank; clapped his beaver on his poor bald

head, and went off to be miserable alone.

Another person who was troubled and alarmed by this sudden intimacy between Frank and Jenny was Major John Lawson. He did not learn it from the McAlisters, of whom he saw very little in these days, he being still a guest of Kershaw's, and consequently more or less tied to the Beaumonts. It was Mrs. Chester who told him of this new peril which threatened his romance of Romeo and Juliet in South Carolina. Mrs. Chester had met Mrs. Devine; and Mrs. Devine had been over to see Jenny in the McAlister hunting-grounds; and the result was certain motherly smiles and hints of a prophetic and exultant nature. Thereupon Mrs. Chester, who had turned to speaking evil of her lost Titan as strenuously as she had once followed after him, spread the report that he was about to marry the greatest flirt in Hartland District, namely, Miss Jenny Devine.

"You don't tell me so, Mrs. Chester!" grinned the disquieted Major, when she had exploded this bit of news under his nose like a fire-cracker. "My dear Mrs. Chester, you don't seriously believe it! Why, it would be a most delightful arrangement," he continued, recovering his self-possession and wishing to stick some sly pins in Mrs. Chester. "Really delightful! Jenny is an admirable girl. A little of a flirt, no doubt, as you say. But so are all women until they are married. All the same, she is admirable. Deserves him. Deserves anybody. I had had hopes, by the way, that she would have caught Vincent. I am a little disappointed. Do you suppose, Mrs. Chester, that our excellent friend Mrs. Devine speaks with authority? Mothers are so apt to deceive themselves, you know. They are sharp-sighted, wonderfully sharp-sighted: I admit it. But nevertheless they do sometimes hang up a scalp for their daughters which has not yet been taken. Do you suppose, Mrs. Chester, do you really suppose —"

"I know nothing about it," replied the imbittered lady. "Mrs. Devine makes her boasts and I record them. Miss Jenny Devine is nothing to me, and Mr. McAlister is of course less than nothing. I merely mention the thing as a matter of common uninteresting gossip."

"Ah," bowed the Major, smiling unspeakable compliments at Mrs. Chester, while in the same breath he investigated her with twinkling, analytic eyes. "Of course. Certainly. Not worthy of your attention. Certainly not."

"I never was more mistaken in any man than I was in that Mr. Frank McAlister," the lady went on vixenishly. "I thought well of him for a short time; I thought him good-hearted and a gentleman. He is a selfish, stupid, low fellow. I never saw another man so vulgarly and stupidly ungrateful for civilities. It is well for our family that we got shut of him and his breed. I hope Jenny Devine will catch him. The little cross jilt is just fit for him, and he is just fit for her. They will punish each other nicely."

"Ah — you think so?" nodded the Major, hardly able to keep from grinning in her face. "Really, how dull we male creatures are! Here I had been thinking well of the girl; wishing my young friend Vincent could catch her; envying him the chance. God bless my soul, — God bless my soul! Mrs. Chester, I am positively not fit to go about the world alone. I need your guidance at every moment; absolutely need it, must have it," he fluted in his finest trills and quavers, cocking his head on one side like a curious parrot, and puckering his face into a thousand wrinkles, all expressive of adoration and servitude. But the moment he got out of her presence he muttered, "Spiteful, disappointed old beldame!"

"What does the woman lie for in that style?" he went on, commencing a long soliloquy about this worrying bit of gossip. "I don't believe a word she says. Frank McAlister in love with Jenny Devine! Frank McAlister

forgotten Kate Beaumont! Romeo false to Juliet! Impossible. I can't have been so mistaken in the young man. I know him; I have studied him; I have looked him in the eyes; I have sounded his character. Sounded it, — sound-ed it," he insisted, smirking and twinkling as if he were talking to some one else than himself and trying to carry conviction to his auditor. "I must see Romeo," he continued vehemently. "I must say to him, 'This won't do; this spoils our drama; this will make the plot a nullity; this will draw a storm of hisses.' I *will* see him. It will be awkward; it may lead to difficulties; the Beaumonts may scowl at me. But no: the Beaumonts prize me; they are under obligations to me; they know that I fought Tom well; yes, fought him well, begad," affirmed the Major aloud, chuckling over the recollection of his only duel — as a second. "And if the heathen do rage, I must defy them. In the name of the poetic unities, I must defy them. I can't have my romance, the darling romance of my life, broken up because of an election, a mere tempest in a teapot, a squabble sure to end in six weeks. God bless my soul, I can't have it. It would make me miserable. I should leave this part of the country. And I have already written to Charleston about my little drama. Prophesied about it, — bragged over it. I couldn't go back to Charleston. Where the deuce could I go?"

And, mounting his horse, the Major rode off boldly toward the McAlister place, not caring in his desperation what the Beaumonts might think of his confabulating with their enemies. He neared the house; he got a view of the garden from the high road; and there, among the roses he saw — what? Frank McAlister walking with Jenny Devine, bending over her in a manner which indicated close amity, and holding her — yes, her hand.

In his indignation and despair, the Major at once wheeled his horse and galloped, without drawing rein, to Kershaw's.

## MOUNTAINEERING IN THE SIERRA NEVADA.

## IV.

## THE DESCENT OF MOUNT TYNDALL.

TO our surprise, upon sweeping the horizon with my level, there appeared two peaks equal in height with us, and two rising even higher. That which looked highest of all was a cleanly cut helmet of granite upon the same ridge with Mount Tyndall, lying about six miles south, and fronting the desert with a bold square bluff which rises to the crest of the peak, where a white fold of snow trims it gracefully.

Mount Whitney, as we afterwards called it in honor of our chief, is probably the highest land within the United States. Its summit looked glorious, but inaccessible.

The general topography overlooked by us may be thus simply outlined. Two parallel chains, enclosing an intermediate trough, face each other. Across this deep enclosed gulf, from wall to wall, juts the thin, but lofty and craggy ridge, or "divide," before described, which forms an important water-shed, sending those streams which enter the chasm north of it into King's River, those south forming the most important sources of the Kern, whose straight, rapidly deepening valley stretches south, carved profoundly in granite, while the King's, after flowing longitudinally in the opposite course for eight or ten miles, turns abruptly west around the base of Mount Brewer, cuts across the western ridge, opening a gate of its own, and carves a rock channel transversely down the Sierra to the California plain.

Fronting us stood the west chain, a great mural ridge watched over by two dominant heights, Kaweah Peak and Mount Brewer, its wonderful profile defining against the western sky a multitude of peaks and spires. Bold buttresses jut out through fields of ice, and reach down stone arms among

snow and *débris*. North and south of us the higher, or eastern, summit stretched on in miles and miles of snow-peaks, the farthest horizon still crowded with their white points. East the whole range fell in sharp, hurrying abruptness to the desert, where, ten thousand feet below, lay a vast expanse of arid plain intersected by low parallel ranges, traced from north to south. Upon the one side a thousand sculptures of stone, hard, sharp, shattered by cold into infiniteness of fractures and rift, springing up, mutely severe, into the dark, austere blue of heaven, scarred and marked, except where snow or ice, spiked down by ragged granite bolts, shields with its pale armor these rough mountain shoulders, storm-tinted at summit, and dark where, swooping down from ragged cliff, the rocks plunge over cañon-walls into blue, silent gulfs.

Upon the other hand, reaching out to horizons faint and remote, lay plains clouded with the ashen hues of death, stark, wind-swept floors of white, and hill-ranges, rigidly formal, monotonously low, all lying under an unfeeling brilliance of light, which, for all its strange, unclouded clearness, has yet a vague half-darkness, a suggestion of black and shade more truly pathetic than fading twilight. No greenness soothes, no shadow cools the glare. Owen's Lake, an oval of acrid water, lies dense blue upon the brown sage-plain, looking like a plate of hot metal. Traced in ancient beach-lines, here and there upon hill and plain, relics of ancient lake-shore outline the memory of a cooler past,—a period of life and verdure when the stony chains were green islands among basins of wide, watery expanse.

The two halves of this view, both in

sight at once, express the highest, the most acute, aspects of desolation, — inanimate forms out of which something living has gone forever. From the desert have been dried up and blown away its seas. Their shores and white, salt-strewn bottoms lie there in the eloquence of death. Sharp-white light glances from all the mountain-walls, where in marks and polishings has been written the epitaph of glaciers now melted and vanished into air. Vacant cañons lie open to the sun, bare, treeless, half shrouded with snow, cumbered with loads of broken *débris*, still as graves, except when flights of rocks rush down some chasm's throat, startling the mountains with harsh, dry rattle, their fainter echoes from below followed too quickly by dense silence.

The serene sky is grave with nocturnal darkness. The earth blinds you with its light. That fair contrast we love in lower lands between bright heavens and dark cool earth here reverses itself with terrible energy. You look up into an infinite vault, unveiled by clouds, empty and dark, from which no brightness seems to ray, an expanse with no graded perspective, no tremble, no vapory mobility, only the vast yawning of hollow space.

With an aspect of endless remoteness burns the small white sun, yet its light seems to pass invisibly through the sky, blazing out with intensity upon mountain and plain, flooding rock details with painfully bright reflections, and lighting up the burnt sand and stone of the desert with a strange blinding glare. There is no sentiment of beauty in the whole scene; no suggestion, however far remote, of sheltered landscape; not even the air of virgin hospitality that greets us explorers in so many uninhabited spots which by their fertility and loveliness of grove or meadow seem to offer man a home, or us nomads a pleasant camp-ground. Silence and desolation are the themes which nature has wrought out under this eternally serious sky. A faint suggestion of life clings about the middle altitudes of

the eastern slope, where black companies of pine, stunted from breathing the hot desert air, group themselves just beneath the bottom of perpetual snow, or grow in patches of cloudy darkness over the moraines, those piles of wreck crowded from their pathway by glaciers long dead. There is something pathetic in the very emptiness of these old glacier valleys, these imperishable tracks of unseen engines. One's eye ranges up their broad, open channel to the shrunken white fields surrounding hollow amphitheatres which were once crowded with deep burdens of snow, — the birthplace of rivers of ice now wholly melted; the dry, clear heavens overhead, blank of any promise of ever rebuilding them. I have never seen Nature when she seemed so little "Mother Nature" as in this place of rocks and snow, echoes and emptiness. It impresses me as the ruins of some bygone geological period, and no part of the present order, — like a specimen of chaos which has defied the finishing hand of Time.

Of course I see its bearings upon climate, and could read a lesson quite glibly as to its usefulness as a condenser, and tell you gravely how much California has for which she may thank these heights, and how little Nevada; but looking from this summit with all desire to see everything, the one overmastering feeling is desolation, desolation!

Next to this, and more pleasing to notice, is the interest and richness of the granite forms; for the whole region, from plain to plain, is built of this dense solid rock, and is sculptured under the chisel of cold in shapes of great variety, yet all having a common spirit, which is purely Gothic.

In the much-discussed origin of this order of building, I never remember to have seen, though it can hardly have escaped mention, any suggestion of the possibility of the Gothic having been inspired by granite forms. Yet, as I sat on Mount Tyndall, the whole mountains shaped themselves like the ruins of cathedrals, — sharp roof-ridges,



pinnaced and statued ; buttresses more spired and ornamented than Milan's ; receding doorways with pointed arches carved into blank façades of granite, — doors never to be opened, — innumerable jutting points with here and there a single cruciform peak, its frozen roof and granite spires so strikingly Gothic that I cannot doubt the Alps furnished the models for early cathedrals of that order.

I thoroughly enjoyed the silence, which, gratefully contrasting with the surrounding tumult of form, conveyed to me a new sentiment. I have lain and listened through the heavy calm of a tropical voyage, hour after hour, longing for a sound ; and in desert nights the dead stillness has many a time awakened me from sleep. For moments, too, in my forest life, the groves made absolutely no breath of movement ; but there is around these summits the soundlessness of a vacuum. The sea stillness is that of sleep ; the desert, of death ; this silence is like the waveless calm of space.

All the while I made my instrumental observations the fascination of the view so held me that I felt no surprise at seeing water boiling over our little fagot blaze at a temperature of one hundred and ninety-two degrees F., nor in observing the barometrical column stand at 17.99 inches ; and it was not till a week or so after that I realized we had felt none of the conventional sensations of nausea, headache, and I don't know what all, that people are supposed to suffer at extreme altitudes ; but these things go with guides and porters, I believe, and with coming down to one's hotel at evening, there to scold one's picturesque *aubergiste* in a French which strikes upon his ear as a foreign tongue ; possibly all that will come to us with advancing time, and what is known as "doing America." They are already shooting our buffaloes ; it cannot be long before they will cause themselves to be honorably dragged up and down our Sierras, with perennial yellow gaiter, and ostentation of bath-tub.

Having completed our observations, we packed up the instruments, glanced once again around the whole field of view, and descended to the top of our icicle ladder. Upon looking over, I saw to my consternation that during the day the upper half had broken off. Scars traced down upon the snow-field below it indicated the manner of its fall, and far below, upon the shattered *débris*, were strewn its white relics. I saw that nothing but the sudden gift of wings could possibly take us down to the snow ridge. We held council and concluded to climb quite round the peak in search of the best mode of descent.

As we crept about the east face, we could look straight down upon Owen's Valley, and into the vast glacier gorges, and over piles of moraines and fluted rocks, and the frozen lakes of the eastern slope. When we reached the southwest front of the mountain we found that its general form was that of an immense horseshoe, the great eastern ridge forming one side, and the spur which descended to our camp the other, we having climbed up the outer part of the toe. Within the curve of the horseshoe was a gorge, cut almost perpendicularly down two thousand feet, its side rough-hewn walls of rocks and snow, its narrow bottom almost a continuous chain of deep blue lakes with loads of ice and *débris* piles. The stream which flowed through them joined the waters from our home grove, a couple of miles below the camp. If we could reach the level of the lakes, I believed we might easily climb round them, and out of the upper end of the horseshoe, and walk upon the Kern plateau round to our bivouac.

It required a couple of hours of very painstaking, deliberate climbing to get down the first descent, which we did, however, without hurting our barometer, and fortunately without the fatiguing use of the lasso ; reaching finally the uppermost lake, a granite bowlful of cobalt-blue water, transparent and unrippled. So high and enclosing were the tall walls about us, so narrow and



shut in the cañon, so flattened seemed the cover of sky, that we felt oppressed after the expanse and freedom of our hours on the summit.

The snow-field we followed, descending farther, was irregularly honey-combed in deep pits, circular or irregular in form, and melted to a greater or less depth, holding each a large stone embedded in the bottom. It seems they must have fallen from the overhanging heights with sufficient force to plunge into the snow.

Brilliant light and strong color met our eyes at every glance, — the rocks of a deep purple-red tint, the pure alpine lakes of a cheerful sapphire blue, the snow glitteringly white. The walls on either side for half their height were planed and polished by glaciers, and from the smoothly glazed sides the sun was reflected as from a mirror.

Mile after mile we walked cautiously over the snow, and climbed around the margins of lakes, and over piles of *débris* which marked the ancient terminal moraines. At length we reached the end of the horseshoe, where the walls contracted to a gateway, rising on either side in immense vertical pillars a thousand feet high. Through this gateway we could look down the valley of the Kern, and beyond to the gentler ridges, where a smooth growth of forest darkened the rolling plateau. Passing the last snow, we walked through this gateway and turned westward round the spur toward our camp. The three miles which closed our walk were alternately through groves of *Pinus flexilis* and upon plains of granite.

The glacier sculpture and planing are here very beautiful, the large crystals of orthoclase with which the granite is studded being cut down to the common level, their rosy tint making with the white base a beautiful burnished porphyry.

The sun was still an hour high when we reached camp, and with a feeling of relaxation and repose we threw ourselves down to rest by the log, which still continued blazing. We had accomplished our purpose.

During the last hour or two of our tramp Cotter had complained of his shoes, which were rapidly going to pieces. Upon examination we found to our dismay that there was not over half a day's wear left in them, a calamity which gave to our difficult homeward climb a new element of danger. The last nail had been worn from my own shoes, and the soles were scratched to the quick, but I believed them stout enough to hold together till we should reach the main camp.

We planned a pair of moccasins for Cotter, and then spent a pleasant evening by the camp-fire, rehearsing our climb to the detail, sleep finally overtaking us and holding us fast bound until broad daylight next morning, when we woke with a sense of having slept for a week, quite bright and perfectly refreshed for our homeward journey.

After a frugal breakfast, in which we limited ourselves to a few cubic inches of venison and a couple of stingy slices of bread, with a single meagre cup of diluted tea, we shouldered our knapsacks, which now set lightly upon toughened shoulders, and marched out upon the granite plateau.

We had concluded that it was impossible to retrace our former way, knowing well that the precipitous divide could not be climbed from this side; then, too, we had gained such confidence in our climbing powers, from constant victory, that we concluded to attempt the passage of the great King's Cañon, mainly because this was the only mode of reaching camp, and because the geological section of the granite it exposed would afford us an exceedingly instructive study.

The broad granite plateau which forms the upper region of the Kern Valley slopes in general inclination up to the great divide. This remarkably pinnacled ridge, where it approaches the Mount Tyndall wall, breaks down into a broad depression where the Kern Valley sweeps northward, until it suddenly breaks off in precipices three thousand feet down into the King's Cañon.

The morning was wholly consumed in walking up this gently inclined plane of granite, our way leading over the glacier-polished foldings and along graded undulations among labyrinths of alpine garden and wildernesses of erratic boulders, little lake-basins, and scattered clusters of dwarfed and sombre pine.

About noon we came suddenly upon the brink of a precipice which sunk sharply from our feet into the gulf of the King's Cañon. Directly opposite us rose Mount Brewer, and up out of the depths of those vast sheets of frozen snow swept spiry buttress-ridges, dividing the upper heights into those amphitheatres over which we had struggled on our outward journey. Straight across from our point of view was the chamber of rock and ice where we had camped on the first night. The wall at our feet fell sharp and rugged, — its lower two thirds hidden from our view by the projections, — a thousand feet of crags. Here and there, as we looked down, small patches of ice, held in rough hollows, rested upon the steep surface, but it was too abrupt for any great fields of snow. I dislodged a boulder upon the edge and watched it bound down the rocky precipice, dash over eaves a thousand feet below us, and disappear; the crash of its fall coming up to us from the unseen depths fainter and fainter, until the air only trembled with confused echoes.

A long look at the pass to the south of Mount Brewer, where we had parted from our friends, animated us with courage to begin the descent, which we did with utmost care, for the rocks, becoming more and more glacier-smoothed, afforded us hardly any firm footholds. When down about eight hundred feet we again rolled rocks, ahead of us, and saw them disappear over the eaves, and only heard the sound of their stroke after many seconds, which convinced us that directly below lay a great precipice.

At this juncture the soles came entirely off Cotter's shoes, and we stopped upon a little cliff of granite to

make him moccasins of our provision-bags and slips of blanket, tying them on as firmly as we could with the extra straps and buckskin thongs.

Climbing with these proved so insecure that I made Cotter go behind me, knowing that under ordinary circumstances I could stop him if he fell.

Here and there in the clefts of the rocks grew stunted pine-bushes, their roots twisted so firmly into the crevices that we laid hold of them with the utmost confidence whenever they came within our reach. In this way we descended to within fifty feet of the brink, having as yet no knowledge of the cliffs below, except our general memory of their aspect from the Mount Brewer wall.

The rock was so steep that we descended in a sitting posture, clinging with our hands and heels.

I heard Cotter say, "I think I must take off these moccasins and try it barefooted, for I don't believe I can make it." These words were instantly followed by a startled cry, and I looked round to see him slide quickly toward me, struggling and clutching at the smooth granite. As he slid by I made a grab for him with my right hand, catching him by the shirt, and, throwing myself as far in the other direction as I could, seized with my left hand a little pine tuft, which held us. I asked Cotter to edge along a little to the left, where he could get a brace with his feet and relieve me of his weight, which he cautiously did. I then threw a couple of turns with the lasso round the roots of the pine-bush, and we were safe, though hardly more than twenty feet from the brink. The pressure of curiosity to get a look over that edge was so strong within me, that I lengthened out sufficient lasso to reach the end, and slid slowly to the edge, where, leaning over, I looked down, getting a full view of the wall for miles. Directly beneath, a sheer cliff of three or four hundred feet reached down to a pile of *débris* which rose to unequal heights along its face, reaching the very crest not more than a hun-

dred feet south of us. From that point to the bottom of the cañon broken rocks, ridges rising through vast sweeps of *débris*, tufts of pine and frozen bodies of ice, covered the farther slope.

I returned to Cotter, and, having loosened ourselves from the pine-bush inch by inch, we crept along the granite until we supposed ourselves to be just over the top of the *débris* pile, where I found a firm brace for my feet, and lowered Cotter to the edge. He sang out "All right," and climbed over on the uppermost *débris*, his head only remaining in sight of me; when I lay down upon my back, making knapsack and body do friction duty, and, letting myself move, followed Cotter and reached his side.

From that point the descent required two hours of severe constant labor, which was monotonous of itself, and would have proved excessively tiresome but for the constant interest of glacial geology beneath us. When at last we reached bottom and found ourselves upon a velvety green meadow, beneath the shadow of wide-armed pines, we realized the amount of muscular force we had used up, and threw ourselves down for a rest of half an hour, when we rose, not quite renewed, but fresh enough to finish the day's climb.

In a few minutes we stood upon the rocks just above King's River, — a broad white torrent fretting its way along the bottom of an impassable gorge. Looking down the stream, we saw that our right bank was a continued precipice, affording, so far as we could see, no possible descent to the river's margin, and indeed, had we gotten down, the torrent rushed with such fury that we could not possibly have crossed it. To the south of us, a little way up stream, the river flowed out from a broad oval lake, three quarters of a mile in length, which occupied the bottom of the granite basin. Unable to cross the torrent, we must either swim the lake or climb round its head. Upon our side the walls of the basin curved to the head of the lake in sharp

smooth precipices, or broken slopes of *débris*, while on the opposite side its margin was a beautiful shore of emerald meadow, edged with a continuous grove of coniferous trees. Once upon this other side, we should have completed the severe part of our journey, crossed the gulf, and have left all danger behind us; for the long slope of granite and ice which rose upon the west side of the cañon and the Mount Brewer wall opposed to us no trials save those of simple fatigue.

Around the head of the lake were crags and precipices in singularly forbidding arrangement. As we turned thither we saw no possible way of overcoming them. At its head the lake lay in an angle of the vertical wall, sharp and straight like the corner of a room; about three hundred feet in height, and for two hundred and fifty feet of this a pyramidal pile of blue ice rose from the lake, rested against the corner, and reached within forty feet of the top. Looking into the deep blue water of the lake, I concluded that in our exhausted state it was madness to attempt to swim it. The only other alternative was to scale that slender pyramid of ice and find some way to climb the forty feet of smooth wall above it; a plan we chose perforce, and started at once to put into execution, determined that if we were unsuccessful we would fire a dead log which lay near, warm ourselves thoroughly, and attempt the swim. At its base the ice mass overhung the lake like a roof, under which the water had melted its way for a distance of not less than a hundred feet, a thin eave overhanging the water. To the very edge of this I cautiously went, and, looking down into the lake, saw through its beryl depths the white granite blocks strewn upon the bottom at least one hundred feet below me. It was exceedingly transparent, and, under ordinary circumstances, would have been a most tempting place for a dive; but at the end of our long fatigue, and with the still unknown tasks ahead, I shrunk from a swim in such a chilly temperature.

We found the ice-angle difficultly steep, but made our way successfully along its edge, clambering up the crevices melted between its body and the smooth granite to a point not far from the top, where the ice had considerably narrowed, and rocks overhanging it encroached so closely that we were obliged to leave the edge and make our way with cut steps out upon its front. Streams of water, dropping from the overhanging rock-eaves at many points, had worn circular shafts into the ice, three feet in diameter and twenty feet in depth. Their edges offered us our only foothold, and we climbed from one to another, equally careful of slipping upon the slope itself, or falling into the wells. Upon the top of the ice we found a narrow, level platform, upon which we stood together, resting our backs in the granite corner, and looked down the awful pathway of King's Cañon, until the rest nerved us up enough to turn our eyes upward at the forty feet of smooth granite which lay between us and safety.

Here and there were small projections from its surface, little protruding knobs of feldspar, and crevices riven into its face for a few inches.

As we tied ourselves together, I told Cotter to hold himself in readiness to jump down into one of these in case I fell, and started to climb up the wall, succeeding quite well for about twenty feet. About two feet above my hands was a crack, which, if my arms had been long enough to reach, would probably have led me to the very top; but I judged it beyond my powers, and, with great care, descended to the side of Cotter, who believed that his superior length of arm would enable him to make the reach.

I planted myself against the rock, and he started cautiously up the wall. Looking down the glare front of ice, it was not pleasant to consider at what velocity a slip would send me to the bottom, or at what angle, and to what probable depth, I should be projected into the ice-water. Indeed, the idea of such a sudden bath was so annoying

that I lifted my eyes toward my companion. He reached my farthest point without great difficulty, and made a bold spring for the crack, reaching it without an inch to spare, and holding on wholly by his fingers. He thus worked himself slowly along the crack toward the top, at last getting his arms over the brink, and gradually drawing his body up and out of sight. It was the most splendid piece of slow gymnastics I ever witnessed. For a moment he said nothing; but when I asked if he was all right he cheerfully repeated, "All right." It was only a moment's work to send up the two knapsacks and barometer, and receive again my end of the lasso. As I tied it round my breast, Cotter said to me, in an easy, confident tone, "Don't be afraid to bear your weight." I made up my mind, however, to make that climb without his aid, and husbanded my strength as I climbed from crack to crack. I got up without difficulty to my former point, rested there a moment, hanging solely by my hands, gathered every pound of strength and atom of will for the reach, then jerked myself upward with a swing, just getting the tips of my fingers into the crack. In an instant I had grasped it with my right hand also. I felt the sinews of my fingers relax a little, but the picture of the slope of ice and the blue lake affected me so strongly that I redoubled my grip, and climbed slowly along the crack, until I reached the angle, and got one arm over the edge as Cotter had done. As I rested my body upon the edge and looked up at Cotter, I saw that, instead of a level top, he was sitting upon a smooth roof-like slope, where the least pull would have dragged him over the brink. He had no brace for his feet, nor hold for his hands, but had seated himself calmly, with the rope tied round his breast, knowing that my only safety lay in being able to make the climb entirely unaided; certain that the least waver in his tone would have disheartened me, and perhaps made it impossible. The shock I received on see-

ing this affected me for a moment, but not enough to throw me off my guard, and I climbed quickly over the edge. When we had walked back out of danger we sat down upon the granite for a rest.

In all my experience of mountaineering I have never known an act of such real, profound courage as this of Cotter's. It is one thing, in a moment of excitement, to make a gallant leap, or hold one's nerves in the iron grasp of will, but to coolly seat one's self in the door of death, and silently listen for the fatal summons, and this all for a friend,—for he might easily have cast loose the lasso and saved himself,—requires as sublime a type of courage as I know.

But a few steps back we found a thicket of pine overlooking our lake, by which there flowed a clear rill of snow-water. Here, in the bottom of the great gulf, we made our bivouac; for we were already in the deep evening shadows, although the mountain-tops to the east of us still burned in the reflected light. It was the luxury of repose which kept me awake half an hour or so, in spite of my vain attempts at sleep. To listen for the pulsating sound of waterfalls and arrowy rushing of the brook by our beds was too deep a pleasure to quickly yield up.

Under the later moonlight I rose and went out upon the open rocks, allowing myself to be deeply impressed by the weird Dantesque surroundings;—darkness, out of which to the sky towered stern, shaggy bodies of rock; snow, uncertainly moonlit with cold pallor; and at my feet the basin of the lake, still, black, and gemmed with reflected stars, like the void into which Dante looked through the bottomless gulf of Dis. A little way off there appeared upon the brink of a projecting granite cornice two dimly seen forms; pines I knew them to be, yet their motionless figures seemed bent forward, gazing down the cañon; and I allowed myself to name them Mantuan and Florentine, thinking at the same time how grand and spacious the scenery, and how powerful their attitude, how infinitely

more profound the mystery of light and shade, than any of those hard, theatrical conceptions with which Doré has sought to shut in our imagination. That artist, as I believe, has reached a conspicuous failure from an overbalancing love of solid, impenetrable darkness. There is in all his *Inferno* landscape a certain sharp boundary between the real and unreal, and never the infinite suggestiveness of great regions of half-light, in which everything may be seen, nothing recognized. Without waking Cotter, I crept back to my blankets, and to sleep.

The morning of our fifth and last day's tramp must have dawned cheerfully; at least, so I suppose from its aspect when we first came back to consciousness, surprised to find the sun risen from the eastern mountain-wall and the whole gorge flooded with its direct light. Rising as good as new from our mattress of pine twigs, we hastened to take breakfast, and started up the long, broken slope of the Mount Brewer wall. To reach the pass where we had parted from our friends required seven hours of slow, laborious climbing, in which we took advantage of every outcropping spine of granite, and every level expanse of ice, to hasten at the top of our speed. Cotter's feet were severely cut; his tracks upon the snow were marked by stains of blood, yet he kept on with undiminished spirit, never once complaining. The perfect success of our journey so inspired us with happiness that we forgot danger and fatigue, and chatted in the liveliest strain.

It was about two o'clock when we reached the summit and rested a moment to look back over our new Alps, which were hard and distinct under direct unpoetic light; yet with all their dense gray and white reality, their long, sculptured ranks, and cold, still summits, we gave them a lingering farewell look, which was not without its deep fulness of emotion, then turned our backs and hurried down the *débris* slope into the rocky amphitheatre at the foot of Mount Brewer, and by five o'clock had reached our old camp-

ground. We found here a note pinned to a tree informing us that the party had gone down into the lower cañon, five miles below, that they might camp in better pasturage.

The wind had scattered the ashes of our old camp-fire, and banished from it the last sentiment of home. We hurried on, climbing among the rocks which reached down to the crest of the great lateral moraine, and then on in rapid stride along its smooth crest, riveting our eyes upon the valley below, where we knew the party must be camped.

At last, faintly curling above the sea of green tree-tops, a few faint clouds of smoke wafted upward into the air.

We saw them with a burst of strong emotion, and ran down the steep flank of the moraine at the top of our speed. Our shouts were instantly answered by the three voices of our friends, who welcomed us to their camp-fire with tremendous hugs.

After we had outlined for them the experience of our days, and as we lay outstretched at our ease, warm in the blaze of the glorious camp-fire, Brewer said to me, "King, you have relieved me of a dreadful task. For the last three days I have been composing a letter to your family, but somehow I did not get beyond, 'It becomes my painful duty to inform you.'"

*Clarence King.*

## ENCYCLICALS OF A TRAVELLER.

### II.

ROME, Tuesday Eve, January 19, 1869.

DEAR PEOPLE: What do you suppose we do with letters? I'll tell you. We read them over and over and over and over, until we know them just as well as we know our alphabets; and then we put them on our table, where we can see them all the time till we go to bed; and then, the next day, we read them a great deal more, and carry them in our pockets, and feel every now and then to see if they are there; and then, the next day — Well, there is no use in going on forever with the story; but there are Americans who have been seen reading over old letters in the Coliseum! There now, if you don't all write to me after this, you are the nethermost of millstones; and, once for all, let me say (because this is my last appeal for letters), do write all the most insignificant details, — what you have for dinner, and the color of your winter bonnet; what was your last ailment, and whether you took aconite or calomel; if your front gate is off its hinges, or your minister has had a donation-party; who came in last to

see you, and what they had to say. Don't suppose that anything can be too unimportant to tell. You don't know anything about it. Wait till you have been hungry yourself. Here ends the "Complete European Letter-Writer."

And next? To-night it shall be about ruins. Don't think I forget your savage injunctions, dear young woman of N——, who said to me, "Don't write about ruins, whatever else you do." For all that, I shall tell you where L—— and I went this afternoon. At divers times, thick envelopes had been left at our door, containing the most learned prospectuses of the British Archæological Society, and setting forth in terms which sounded fine the rules and the advantages of being members of the same. We thought we did not know enough, and we did not know anybody who belonged, and so it slipped along and we did n't join, and yet we had all the while a hankering after it. They have a lecture every Friday night in which some especial ruin is described, and then the mem-

bers of the society take an excursion on the next fine day to see the ruin. It is the fashion to laugh at this, you know ; therefore very few Americans have anything to do with it, for which they are silly ; though I dare say I should have laughed too, if I had got my first impression of it, as one of my friends did, from seeing the whole crowd, one day, rushing pell-mell down a steep place, not into the sea, but nearly into the Tiber, and knocking each other over in their wild eagerness to get down to the lecturer, and hear his explanations ; and perhaps I should have found it a bore if I had begun with a lecture. But we took the excursion first ; and it is that from which we came home, cold and tired and hungry, three hours ago, but from which I am rested now, and about which I shall tell you, if I can get to it. I shall have all the names wrong, but you won't care. I shall not have the first name wrong, though, for that is Trastevere. I love the very sound of the word ; they never mean to live or die out of it, these proud poor souls, who think themselves more Roman than other Romans. I fancy they are all nobler in their looks over there. If I were a man I should certainly go and live in Trastevere and find out some secrets. Painters like to paint the Trastevere women ; but About says people have died who looked too curiously at them : I can easily believe this.

Well, we drove over an old, old bridge (I know the name of that, too, but I won't tell it) into Trastevere, and wormed our way in and round the lanes and under all the washerwomen's wet clothes hanging on lines from window to window, and came to the church of San Crisogono, from whose steps the Archæological Society were to get out at precisely two P. M. (Sounds a little bungling for the name of a pleasure excursion, does n't it ?) There was the church, solemn and still as death. Not a soul to be seen ; we ran round the other side ; worse and worse. There were the empty carriages in which the A. S. had come (lucky there is only

one S., for I must really abbreviate it) to Trastevere, but no A. S. ! The coachmen, many of them private, looked at us with the becoming nonchalance of British coachmen who drove the A. S. about, and we thought we would n't ask them any questions ; so we prowled a little, and presently a sunny Italian face said, "Ecco ! Ecco !" and pointed to a door. He knew what we were after, and so, for that matter, did the British coachmen.

Into the door we went, and down a winding stair, and plumped right on the A. S. before we knew it. There it was, large as life ; it had about a hundred legs, all pretty badly dressed. I don't know which were ugliest, the trousers or the petticoats. A gray-haired man in the middle of the group was talking earnestly and showing photographs, and everybody was crowding up to see ; the place they were in was like a great open cellar with high walls, and several other cellars opening out of it. L—— and I felt a little dashed at first, but in a moment our friend Signor L—— stepped up and took us under his wing, and there we were launched as archæologists.

I must tell you about Signor L——. Miss C—— had a letter to him, and we were told that he had charge of government excavations, and could do more than any one else to show us curious old ruins, was a distinguished archæologist, etc., etc. So the letter was sent, and we waited patiently for the first visit from the archæologist. We thought he would be middle aged, rather stout, wear gold spectacles, and be a little bald. Ha ! the bell rang one night, and in skipped a slender figure in full evening dress, lavender kids, and a violet in his button-hole ; he sank down with a mixture of timidity and vivacity perfectly overwhelming on the tip of a chair, and with a burst of infantile laughter said, "I do not speak any Eenglis but a leettle." This was Signor L——, and we had hard work that first night to keep grave faces. Now we know him very well, and find him entertaining and clever ; but he has



still the same infantile way, and I begin to doubt if Italian young men ever grow up. He told us the other day, with perfect gravity and evident sincerity, that his mother "would not permit him to leap in riding!"

But I forget that I left you "in a cellar." In this cellar, too, were hidden secrets; it was the old barracks of a Roman cohort in the time of the Emperors. In the court-yard the soldiers had lounged and scribbled on the walls. There they were still, the uncouth faces and figures they had drawn; names and dates; the name of the consul at that time; and, best of all, the date of the Emperor's birthday; and that, Signor L—— said, was the only record of that Emperor's age.

In a little niche on one side were figures of Mercury in rough fresco; this was a little chapel dedicated to his worship. In the middle of the court-yard was a stone rim of a fountain, star-shaped. On this lay bits of all sorts of old marbles which had been dug up in the different rooms; and the gray-headed man laid his photographs on them: so the years met!

I am quite sure that we were the only Americans there, except Professor G——. Everybody else was as British as British could be. We did not stay long in the cellar, of which I was glad, for it was colder than any place ought to be into which the sun shone. I felt as if ghostly breaths blew on us from every corner. Then we climbed up the stairs again, and the A. S. which drove got into its coaches, and the A. S. which walked took to its very strong legs, and the procession moved off. It was a little like a funeral, but we did not drive far; the first carriage stopped, and then all the others stopped, and the gray-headed man, who had on a cloak with a pointed hood and kept the hood over his head, led us down on the banks of the Tiber, to what looked to me like the mouth of a drain, if I might be so bold. I gave most irreverent inattention to all he said here; I gathered only that he believed that the priests used to wash their knives at

that particular spot. I did n't believe it for all that, and I looked at the Tiber while he talked. "Yellow Tiber" sounds well; Macaulay never could have got on without that adjective; but it is such a license, no poet any nearer than England would have ventured on it. The water looks just like the water in the puddles in brick-yards, dirty, thick, dead, drab; as for "shaking its tawny mane," it does not look as if it ever stirred so much as a drop, and all the craft that are on it look as if they had roots like pond-lilies and would n't come up. They are all tipped a little to one side, and seem to lean on the banks, and I don't believe one has been in or out for five thousand years. I have looked and looked in vain to see even a little boat in motion there; and the longer you look, the thicker and the stickier the water seems, and the more lifeless and useless the ships and the two or three hulking steamboats look, and the more real and intent the old bits of stone ruins become, till it would not astonish you to see Julius Cæsar himself step out from under one of the gray lion's heads and knock all the sham of modern shipping into a cocked hat, before you could say Jack Robinson. Surely it takes quite a long time to say Jack Robinson; so if any of you know how this bit of slang came about, please tell me when you write. But, I forget! you never write; so it's no use asking you questions.

Presently I found that the A. S. was moving off again; dear me, they did look as if they knew all about that drain (it was n't the Cloaca Maxima though, I took care to find out that much); but I made up for not having attended to the drain when we reached the Emporium. This really did thrill my insensible soul; here were the old wharves, in the old days, and here lay the blocks of marble which were brought and unloaded and never carried away; who knows why? Like pebbles under your feet were strewn bits of old red pottery, where the unlucky or the thriftless broke the jars in which had come

oil or dates to be sold. Ah, this was really worth looking at!

From a hole in the side of the bank stuck out a huge column of dark marble, only half unburied; this is the largest column known of its kind, and when the great council meets next year, they are to set it up on some hill in Rome; then the A. S. said the other end of the column could be seen by going into another hole, farther back. Why we all wanted to see the other end of it, Heaven only knows; but we all ran like sheep; hopped up and down over the great blocks of marble, and then, when we got to the hole, only one could go in at a time, and nobody could see anything after getting in. This seemed to make everybody more anxious to go in; and when you saw that you had to bend yourself nearly double, and poke in head foremost down a slope, with every chance of falling on your nose, it became irresistible. Everybody said breathlessly to those coming out, "Did you see it?" and the come-outers said deprecatingly, "Why no, I can't say I did exactly; it's pretty dark." And so we all asked, and so we all replied, and that was the end of that.

Then the Baron V—— arrived who was to give some explanations of these ruins; he came running, with the light of joy on his old face, and a little bit of stone in a white paper, which he showed to the gray-headed man in the hooded cloak; and they both gloated; and everybody crowded up and looked over, and after all it was rather worth while. A bit of stone they had just found, yellow jasper from Sicily; very, very old, and very, very rare. Then the Baron put it into his mouth and wet it, as if it were a small jewel, and held it up again, rubbing it in the sun to bring out the colors. And then the British A. S. stretched up its fifty necks to see. Then the Baron began to talk, and dear me, what should it be but French! So being of an ingenuous and just turn, I slipped off, and gave up my good place at his elbow to somebody who could understand modern French on the sub-

ject of Roman ruins, spoken by an aged Baron without many teeth; and that was about the last of the archaeological excursion.

Then L—— and I drove home by way of the Piazza Navona, where are more oranges and apples to sell than all Rome could ever eat, one would say. The orange-stalls dazzle you like the setting sun's light on a great front of glass windows, on a hot day. We wanted some sour apples; Romans don't know what the word means; there are no sour apples here; but there are some which are just *not* sweet, and they are better than nothing. When I begin to stammer out my few substantives at the stalls, the men and women gather round and laugh so good-naturedly, that I don't mind their cheating me, which of course they will do in spite of all I can say. Once, though, I did make a stand with a little black-eyed rascal who sold oranges, and asked me two *soldi* apiece for them, when I had that very morning been told by Marianina that I should give but one. I shook my head and said "*Un soldo, un soldo.*" How he did asseverate and reiterate, and at last said a *soldo* and a half; on which I told the driver to "drive on"; and in two seconds my orange-boy had signalled to the driver to stop, and was pouring the oranges into the bottom of the carriage, and laughing just as roguishly at me as if it were the best joke going that I had detected him. "*Sì, sì, signora; un soldo!*" Of course strict morality would have refused to compound felony (or whatever they may call it, to encourage dishonesty) by buying oranges of such a little liar; but I only laughed as hard as he did, and bought two dozen.

Thursday, P. M. — Now something better than ruins; we have seen the lambs blessed at the church of St. Agnes. Did n't somebody who did n't know tell us it would be at 9 A. M.? and as the church is outside the walls, did n't we get up at seven, and breakfast shivering at eight, and see *icicles* in the fountain in the Barberini Piazza as we drove out? However, the sun

was clear and bright, and the mountains looked like clouded sapphire against the sky, and it was only an hour too early.

We had time to see the church thoroughly (it is a cellar, by the way, rather cold on a frosty morning) and get good seats, before the mass began; I have given myself papal absolution from my vow never to sit through another high mass; because, you see, they are so wily, they put the things you *do* want to see after these tedious masses instead of before them, so you have to sit it out. The crowd grew tremendous, and began to push and scramble long before the lambs came. Luckily a priest had moved a huge *Prie-Dieu* just in front of us; so we were sure not only of a barricade, but of something to mount upon in crises.

At last came the servants of the cardinal with their droll long-bodied coats trimmed all over with upholstering gimp, elbowing a passage through the crowd; behind them two men in uniform, each bearing a good-sized lamb on a red damask cushion, its eyes tied, its head half covered with red and white and green flowers, and bows of red ribbon stuck here and there in the wool. You would n't have thought they would look pretty, but they did; it is so hard, I suppose, to spoil a lamb! But what they did to the lambs after they carried them behind the high altar I don't know, we could not see; but they were presently brought out again, and laid, cushions and all, under the great marble dome over the altar, and at the feet of the statue of St. Agnes herself. While they lay here, the cardinal and the priests and the choir, and the sackbuts and the dulcimers and the fiddles, were all chanting and singing and going on, and the lambs once in a while said "Baa, baa," which was the only thing I understood of it all, and pro-

duced the most marked sensation in the crowd.

I had a dear little Italian boy to hold up on the top of the desk; and when the lambs baaed he laughed out, and his nurse from behind, who had consigned him to heretic hands with about equal misgiving and gratitude, reached over and jerked him and told him to be still. But I encouraged him to laugh. One poor little lamb kept lifting up its head and shaking the flowers, and the man who held it pressed its head down again, till you could hardly see that it had a head at all. Then the men cleared a way again through the crowd, and the poor little creatures were carried off; and good Catholics pressed up to touch them, as they were carried by; and then we came away, only stooping on the staircase to try to read some of the odd inscriptions from the tombs of the early Christians, which are built into the walls,—the inscriptions I mean, not the early Christians. This sentence is about as good as one in Murray where he speaks of this ceremony, and says that the lambs "are afterwards handed over to the nuns of a convent in Rome, by whom they are raised for their wool, which is employed in making the palliums distributed by the Pope to great Church dignitaries, and their mutton eaten!" It is true about the wool, but the lambs are never killed. They are usually given to Roman families, and kept as pets; an English priest told me so to-day.

We are luxuriating now in clear cold weather; at least I am. There are misguided souls (or bodies) that like the warm days; but I find them insupportably enervating. As for the sirocco, when that blows all hope forsakes a person of nerves; you feel as if you were a thousand needles, assorted sizes! Good by and good by, and God bless you all!

H. H.

## THE SINGER.

YEARS since (but names to me before),  
Two sisters sought at eve my door;  
Two song-birds wandering from their nest,  
A gray old farm-house in the West.

Timid and young, the elder had  
Even then a smile too sweetly sad;  
The crown of pain that all must wear  
Too early pressed her midnight hair.

Yet ere the summer eve grew long,  
Her modest lips were sweet with song;  
A memory haunted all her words  
Of clover-fields and singing birds.

Her dark dilating eyes expressed  
The broad horizons of the west;  
Her speech dropped prairie flowers; the gold  
Of harvest wheat about her rolled.

Fore-doomed to song she seemed to me:  
I queried not with destiny:  
I knew the trial and the need,  
Yet, all the more, I said, God speed!

What could I other than I did?  
Could I a singing-bird forbid?  
Deny the wind-stirred leaf? Rebuke  
The music of the forest brook?

She went with morning from my door,  
But left me richer than before:  
Thenceforth I knew her voice of cheer,  
The welcome of her partial ear.

Years passed: through all the land her name  
A pleasant household word became:  
All felt behind the singer stood  
A sweet and gracious womanhood.

Her life was earnest work, not play;  
Her tired feet climbed a weary way;  
And even through her lightest strain  
We heard an undertone of pain.

Unseen of her her fair fame grew,  
The good she did she rarely knew,  
Ungessed of her in life the love  
That rained its tears her grave above.

When last I saw her, full of peace,  
She waited for her great release;  
And that old friend so sage and bland,  
Our later Franklin, held her hand.

For all that patriot bosoms stirs  
Had moved that woman's heart of hers,  
And men who toiled in storm and sun  
Found her their meet companion.

Our converse, from her suffering bed  
To healthful themes of life she led;  
The out-door world of bud and bloom  
And light and sweetness filled her room.

Yet evermore an underthought  
Of loss to come within us wrought,  
And all the while we felt the strain  
Of the strong will that conquered pain.

God giveth quietness at last!  
The common way that all have passed  
She went, with mortal yearnings fond,  
To fuller life and love beyond.

Fold the rapt soul in your embrace,  
My dear ones! Give the singer place!  
To you, to her, — I know not where, —  
I lift the silence of a prayer.

For only thus our own we find;  
The gone before, the left behind,  
All mortal voices die between;  
The unheard reaches the unseen.

Again the blackbirds sing; the streams  
Wake, laughing, from their winter dreams,  
And tremble in the April showers  
The tassels of the maple flowers.

But not for her has spring renewed  
The sweet surprises of the wood;  
And bird and flower are lost to her  
Who was their best interpreter!

What to shut eyes has God revealed?  
What hear the ears that death has sealed?  
What undreamed beauty passing show  
Requites the loss of all we know?

O silent land, to which we move,  
Enough if there alone be love;  
And mortal need can ne'er outgrow  
What it is waiting to bestow!

O white soul! from that far-off shore  
Float some sweet song the waters o'er,  
Our faith confirm, our fears dispel,  
With the old voice we loved so well!

*John G. Whittier.*

## OUR WHISPERING GALLERY.

## VIII.

DURING this hot weather we cannot better refresh ourselves than by the perusal of a portfolio of Dickens's letters, written to me from time to time during the past ten years. As long ago as the spring of 1858 I began to press him very hard to come to America and give us a course of readings from his works. At that time I had never heard him read in public, but the fame of his wonderful performances rendered me eager to have my own country share in the enjoyment of them. Being in London in the summer of 1859, and dining with him one day in his town residence, Tavistock House, Tavistock Square, we had much talk in a corner of his library about coming to America. I thought him over-sensitive with regard to his reception here, and I tried to remove any obstructions that might exist in his mind at that time against a second visit across the Atlantic. I followed up our conversation with a note setting forth the certainty of his success among his Transatlantic friends and urging him to decide on a visit during the year. He replied to me, dating from "Gad's Hill Place, Higham by Rochester, Kent."

"I write to you from my little Kentish country house, on the very spot where Falstaff ran away.

"I cannot tell you how very much obliged to you I feel for your kind suggestion, and for the perfectly frank and unaffected manner in which it is conveyed to me.

"It touches, I will admit to you frankly, a chord that has several times sounded in my breast, since I began my readings. I should very much like to read in America. But the idea is a mere dream as yet. Several strong reasons would make the journey difficult to me, and—even were they overcome—I

would never make it, unless I had great general reason to believe that the American people really wanted to hear me.

"Through the whole of this autumn I shall be reading in various parts of England, Ireland, and Scotland. I mention this, in reference to the closing paragraph of your esteemed favor.

"Allow me once again to thank you most heartily, and to remain,

"Gratefully and faithfully yours,

"CHARLES DICKENS."

Early in the month of July, 1859, I spent a day with him in his beautiful country retreat in Kent. He drove me about the leafy lanes in his basket-wagon, pointing out the lovely spots belonging to his friends, and ending with a visit to the ruins of Rochester Castle. We climbed up the time-worn walls and leaned out of the ivied windows, looking into the various apartments below. I remember how vividly he reproduced a probable scene in the great old banqueting-room, and how graphically he imagined the life of *ennui* and every-day tediousness that went on in those lazy old times. I recall his fancy picture of the dogs stretched out before the fire, sleeping and snoring with their masters. That day he seemed to revel in the past, and I stood by listening almost with awe to his impressive voice, as he spoke out whole chapters of a romance destined never to be written. On our way back to Gad's Hill Place he stopped in the road, I remember, to have a crack with a gentleman, whom he told me was a son of Sydney Smith. The only other guest at his table that day was Wilkie Collins; and after dinner we three went out and lay down on the grass, while Dickens showed off a raven that was hopping about, and told anecdotes of

the bird and of his many predecessors. We also talked about his visiting America, I putting as many spokes as possible into that favorite wheel of mine. A day or two after I returned to London I received this note from him: —

" . . . Only to say that I heartily enjoyed our day, and shall long remember it. Also that I have been perpetually repeating the — experience (of a more tremendous sort in the way of ghastly comicality, experience there is none) on the grass, on my back. Also, that I have not forgotten Cobbett. Also, that I shall trouble you at greater length when the mysterious oracle, of New York, pronounces.

"Wilkie Collins begs me to report that he declines pale horse, and all other horse exercise — and all exercise, except eating, drinking, smoking, and sleeping — in the dog days.

"With united kind regards,

"Believe me always,

"Cordially yours,

"CHARLES DICKENS."

An agent had come out from New York to endeavor to induce him to arrange for a speedy visit to America, and Dickens was then waiting to see the man who had been announced as on his way to him. He was evidently giving the subject serious consideration, for on the 20th of July he sends me this note: —

"As I have not yet heard from Mr. — of New York, I begin to think it likely (or, rather, I begin to think it more likely than I thought it before) that he has not backers good and sufficient, and that his 'mission' will go off. It is possible that I may hear from him before the month is out, and I shall not make any reading arrangements until it has come to a close; but I do not regard it as being very probable that the said — will appear satisfactorily, either in the flesh or the spirit.

"Now, considering that it would be August before I could move in the matter, that it would be indispensably

necessary to choose some business connection and have some business arrangements made in America, and that I am inclined to think it would not be easy to originate and complete all the necessary preparations for beginning in October, I want your kind advice on the following points: —

"1. Suppose I postponed the idea for a year.

"2. Suppose I postponed it until after Christmas.

"3. Suppose I sent some trusty person out to America *now*, to negotiate with some sound, responsible, trustworthy man of business in New York, accustomed to public undertakings of such a nature; my negotiator being fully empowered to conclude any arrangements with him that might appear, on consultation, best.

"Have you any idea of any such person to whom you could recommend me? Or of any such agent here? I only want to see my way distinctly, and to have it prepared before me, out in the States. Now, I will make no apology for troubling you, because I thoroughly rely on your interest and kindness.

"I am at Gad's Hill, except on Tuesdays and the greater part of Wednesdays.

"With kind regards,

"Very faithfully yours,

"CHARLES DICKENS."

Various notes passed between us after this, during my stay in London in 1859. On the 6th of August he writes: —

"I have considered the subject in every way, and have consulted with the few friends to whom I ever refer my doubts, and whose judgment is in the main excellent. I have (this is between ourselves) come to the conclusion *that I will not go now*.

"A year hence I may revive the matter, and your presence in America will then be a great encouragement and assistance to me. I shall see you (at least I count upon doing so) at my house in town before you turn your face towards the locked-up house; and



we will then, reversing Macbeth, 'proceed further in this business.' . . .

"Believe me always (and here I forever renounce 'Mr.,' as having anything whatever to do with our communication, and as being a mere preposterous interloper),

"Faithfully yours,

"CHARLES DICKENS."

When I arrived in Rome, early in 1860, one of the first letters I received from London was from him. The project of coming to America was constantly before him, and he wrote to me that he should have a great deal to say when I came back to England in the spring; but the plan fell through, and he gave up all hope of crossing the water again. I, however, did not let the matter rest; and when I returned home I did not cease, year after year, to keep the subject open in my communications with him. He kept a watchful eye on what was going forward in America both in literature and politics. During the war, of course, both of us gave up our correspondence about the readings. He was actively engaged all over Great Britain in giving his marvellous entertainments, and there certainly was no occasion for his travelling elsewhere. In October, 1862, I sent him the proof-sheets of an article, that was soon to appear in the *Atlantic Monthly*, on "Blind Tom," and on receipt of it he sent me a letter, from which this is an extract:—

"I have read that affecting paper you have had the kindness to send me, with strong interest and emotion. You may readily suppose that I have been most glad and ready to avail myself of your permission to print it. I have placed it in our Number made up to-day, which will be published on the 18th of this month, — well before you, — as you desire.

"Think of reading in America? Lord bless you, I think of reading in the deepest depth of the lowest crater in the Moon, on my way there!

"There is no sun-picture of my Falstaff House as yet; but it shall be

done, and you shall have it. It has been much improved internally since you saw it. . . .

"I expect Macready at Gad's Hill on Saturday. You know that his second wife (an excellent one) presented him lately with a little boy? I was staying with him for a day or two last winter, and, seizing an umbrella when he had the audacity to tell me he was growing old, made at him with Macduff's defiance. Upon which he fell into the old fierce guard, with the desperation of thirty years ago.

"Kind remembrances to all friends who kindly remember me.

"Ever heartily yours,

"CHARLES DICKENS."

Every time I had occasion to write to him after the war, I stirred up the subject of the readings. On the 2d of May, 1866, he says:—

"Your letter is an excessively difficult one to answer, because I really do not know that any sum of money that could be laid down would induce me to cross the Atlantic to read. Nor do I think it likely that any one on your side of the great water can be prepared to understand the state of the case. For example, I am now just finishing a series of thirty readings. The crowds attending them have been so astounding, and the relish for them has so far outgone all previous experience, that if I were to set myself the task, 'I will make such or such a sum of money by devoting myself to readings for a certain time,' I should have to go no further than Bond Street or Regent Street, to have it secured to me in a day. Therefore, if a specific offer, and a very large one indeed were made to me from America, I should naturally ask myself, 'Why go through this wear and tear, merely to pluck fruit that grows on every bough at home?' It is a delightful sensation to move a new people; but I have but to go to Paris, and I find the brightest people in the world quite ready for me. I say thus much in a sort of desperate endeavor to explain myself to you. I can

put no price upon fifty readings in America, because I do not know that any possible price could pay me for them. And I really cannot say to any one disposed towards the enterprise, 'Tempt me,' because I have too strong a misgiving that he cannot in the nature of things do it.

"This is the plain truth. If any distinct proposal be submitted to me, I will give it a distinct answer. But the chances are a round thousand to one that the answer will be no, and therefore I feel bound to make the declaration beforehand.

". . . This place has been greatly improved since you were here, and we should be heartily glad if you and she could see it.

"Faithfully yours ever,

"CHARLES DICKENS."

On the 16th of October he writes : —

"Although I perpetually see in the papers that I am coming out with a new serial, I assure you I know no more of it at present. I am *not* writing (except for Christmas number of 'All the Year Round'), and am going to begin, in the middle of January, a series of forty-two readings. Those will probably occupy me until Easter. Early in the summer I hope to get to work upon a story that I have in my mind. But in what form it will appear I do not yet know, because when the time comes I shall have to take many circumstances into consideration. . . .

"A faint outline of a castle in the air always dimly hovers between me and Rochester, in the great hall of which I see myself reading to American audiences. But my domestic surroundings must change before the castle takes tangible form. And perhaps I may change first, and establish a castle in the other world. So no more at present.

"Believe me ever

"Faithfully yours,

"CHARLES DICKENS."

In June, 1867, things begin to look more promising, and I find in one of

his letters, dated the 3d of that month, some good news, as follows : —

"I cannot receive your pleasantest of notes, without assuring you of the interest and gratification that I feel on *my* side in our alliance. And now I am going to add a piece of intelligence that I hope may not be disagreeable.

"I am trying hard so to free myself, as to be able to come over to read this next winter ! Whether I may succeed in this endeavor or no I cannot yet say, but I am trying *HARD*. So in the mean time don't contradict the rumor. In the course of a few mails I hope to be able to give you positive and definite information on the subject.

"My daughter (whom I shall not bring if I come) will answer for herself by and by. Understand that I am really endeavoring tooth and nail to make my way personally to the American public, and that no light obstacles will turn me aside, now that my hand is in.

"My dear Fields,

"Faithfully yours always,

"CHARLES DICKENS."

This was followed up by another letter, dated the 13th, in which he says : —

"I have this morning resolved to send out to Boston, in the first week in August, Mr. Dolby, the secretary and manager of my readings. He is profoundly versed in the business of those delightful intellectual feasts (!), and will come straight to Ticknor and Fields, and will hold solemn council with them, and will then go to New York, Philadelphia, Hartford, Washington, etc., etc., and see the rooms for himself, and make his estimates. He will then telegraph to me : 'I see my way to such and such results. Shall I go on ?' If I reply, 'Yes,' I shall stand committed to begin reading in America with the month of December. If I reply, 'No,' it will be because I do not clearly see the game to be worth so large a candle. In either case he will come back to me.

"He is the brother of Madame Sinton Dolby, the celebrated singer. I have absolute trust in him and a great regard for him. He goes with me everywhere when I read, and manages for me to perfection.

"We mean to keep all this STRICTLY SECRET, as I beg of you to do, until I finally decide for or against. I am beleaguered by every kind of speculator in such things on your side of the water; and it is very likely that they would take the rooms over our heads, — to charge me heavily for them, — or would set on foot unheard-of devices for buying up the tickets, etc., etc., if the probabilities oozed out. This is exactly how the case stands now, and I confide it to you within a couple of hours after having so far resolved. Dolby quite understands that *he* is to confide in you, similarly, without a particle of reserve.

"Ever faithfully yours,

"CHARLES DICKENS."

On the 12th of July he says: —

"Our letters will be crossing one another rarely! I have received your cordial answer to my first notion of coming out; but there has not yet been time for me to hear again. . . .

"With kindest regard to 'both your houses,' public and private,

"Ever faithfully yours,

"CHARLES DICKENS."

He had engaged to write for "Our Young Folks" "A Holiday Romance," and the following note, dated the 25th of July, refers to the story: —

"Your note of the 12th is like a cordial of the best sort. I have taken it accordingly.

"Dolby sails in the Java on Saturday, the 3d of next month, and will come direct to you. You will find him a frank and capital fellow. He is perfectly acquainted with his business and with his chief, and may be trusted without a grain of reserve.

"I hope the Americans will see the joke of 'Holiday Romance.' The writing seems to me so like children's, that

dull folks (on *any* side of *any* water) might perhaps rate it accordingly! I should like to be beside you when you read it, and particularly when you read the Pirate's story. It made me laugh to that extent that my people here thought I was out of my wits, until I gave it to them to read, when they did likewise.

"Ever cordially yours,

"CHARLES DICKENS."

On the 3d of September he breaks out in this wise, Dolby having arrived out and made all arrangements for the readings: —

"Your cheering letter of the 21st of August arrived here this morning. A thousand thanks for it. I begin to think (nautically) that I 'head westward.' You shall hear from me fully and finally as soon as Dolby shall have reported personally.

"The other day I received a letter from Mr. — of New York (who came over in the winning yacht, and described the voyage in the Times), saying he would much like to see me. I made an appointment in London, and observed that when he *did* see me he was obviously astonished. While I was sensible that the magnificence of my appearance would fully account for his being overcome, I nevertheless angled for the cause of his surprise. He then told me that there was a paragraph going round the papers, to the effect that I was 'in a critical state of health.' I asked him if he was sure it was n't 'cricketing' state of health? To which he replied, Quite. I then asked him down here to dinner, and he was again staggered by finding me in sporting training; also much amused.

"Yesterday's and to-day's post bring me this unaccountable paragraph from hosts of uneasy friends, with the enormous and wonderful addition that 'eminent surgeons' are sending me to America for 'cessation from literary labor'!!! So I have written a quiet line to the Times, certifying to my own state of health, and have also begged Dixon to do the like in the

Athenæum. I mention the matter to you, in order that you may contradict, from me, if the nonsense should reach America unaccompanied by the truth. But I suppose that the New York Herald will probably have got the latter from Mr. — aforesaid. . . .

"Charles Reade and Wilkie Collins are here; and the joke of the time is to feel my pulse when I appear at table, and also to inveigle innocent messengers to come over to the summer-house, where I write (the place is quite changed since you were here, and a tunnel under the high road connects this shrubbery with the front garden), to ask, with their compliments, how I find myself *now*.

"If I come to America this next November, even you can hardly imagine with what interest I shall try Copperfield on an American audience, or, if they give me their heart, how freely and fully I shall give them mine. We will ask Dolby then whether he ever heard it before.

"I cannot thank you enough for your invaluable help to Dolby. He writes that at every turn and moment the sense and knowledge and tact of Mr. Osgood are inestimable to him.

"Ever, my dear Fields,

"Faithfully yours,

"CHARLES DICKENS."

Here is a little note dated the 3d of October: —

"I cannot tell you how much I thank you for your kind little letter, which is like a pleasant voice coming across the Atlantic, with that domestic welcome in it which has no substitute on earth. If you knew how strongly I am inclined to allow myself the pleasure of staying at your house, you would look upon me as a kind of ancient Roman (which, I trust in Heaven, I am not) for having the courage to say no. But if I gave myself that gratification in the beginning, I could scarcely hope to get on in the hard 'reading' life, without offending some kindly disposed and hospitable American friend afterwards; whereas if I observe my English prin-

ciple on such occasions, of having no abiding-place but an hotel, and stick to it from the first, I may perhaps count on being consistently uncomfortable.

"The nightly exertion necessitates meals at odd hours, silence and rest at impossible times of the day, a general Spartan behavior so utterly inconsistent with my nature, that if you were to give me a happy inch, I should take an ell, and frightfully disappoint you in public. I don't want to do that, if I can help it, and so I will be good in spite of myself.

"Ever your affectionate friend,

"CHARLES DICKENS."

A ridiculous paragraph in the papers following close on the public announcement that Dickens was coming to America in November, drew from him this letter to me, dated also early in October: —

"I hope the telegraph clerks did not mutilate out of recognition or reasonable guess the words I added to Dolby's last telegram to Boston. 'Tribune London correspondent totally false.' Not only is there not a word of truth in the pretended conversation, but it is so absurdly unlike me that I cannot suppose it to be even invented by any one who ever heard me exchange a word with mortal creature. For twenty years I am perfectly certain that I have never made any other allusion to the republication of my books in America than the good-humored remark, 'that if there had been international copyright between England and the States, I should have been a man of very large fortune, instead of a man of moderate savings, always supporting a very expensive public position.' Nor have I ever been such a fool as to charge the absence of international copyright upon individuals. Nor have I ever been so ungenerous as to disguise or suppress the fact that I have received handsome sums for advance sheets. When I was in the States, I said what I had to say on the question, and there an end. I am absolutely certain that I have never since

expressed myself, even with soreness, on the subject. Reverting to the posterosus fabrication of the London correspondent, the statement that I ever talked about 'these fellows' who republished my books, or pretended to know (what I don't know at this instant) who made how much out of them, or ever talked of their sending me 'conscience money,' is as grossly and completely false as the statement that I ever said anything to the effect that I could not be expected to have an interest in the American people. And nothing can by any possibility be falsier than that. Again and again in these pages (*All the Year Round*) I have expressed my interest in them. You will see it in the '*Child's History of England*.' You will see it in the last Preface to '*American Notes*.' Every American who has ever spoken with me in London, Paris, or where not, knows whether I have frankly said, 'You could have no better introduction to me than your country.' And for years and years when I have been asked about reading in America, my invariable reply has been, 'I have so many friends there, and constantly receive so many earnest letters from personally unknown readers there, that, but for domestic reasons, I would go to-morrow.' I think I must, in the confidential intercourse between you and me, have written you to this effect more than once.

"The statement of the London correspondent from beginning to end is false. It is false in the letter and false in the spirit. He may have been misinformed, and the statement may not have originated with him. With whomsoever it originated, it never originated with me, and consequently is false. More than enough about it.

"As I hope to see you so soon, my dear Fields, and as I am busily at work on the Christmas number, I will not make this a longer letter than I can help. I thank you most heartily for your proffered hospitality, and need not tell you that if I went to any friend's house in America, I would go to yours.

But the readings are very hard work, and I think I cannot do better than observe the rule on that side of the Atlantic which I observe on this, — of never, under such circumstances, going to a friend's house, but always staying at a hotel. I am able to observe it here, by being consistent and never breaking it. If I am equally consistent there, I can (I hope) offend no one.

"Dolby sends his love to you and all his friends (as I do), and is girding up his loins vigorously.

"Ever, my dear Fields,

"Heartily and affectionately yours,

"CHARLES DICKENS."

Before sailing in November he sent off this note to me from the office of *All the Year Round* : —

"I received your more than acceptable letter yesterday morning, and consequently am able to send you this line of acknowledgment by the next mail. Please God we will have that walk among the autumn leaves, before the readings set in.

"You may have heard from Dolby that a gorgeous repast is to be given to me to-morrow, and that it is expected to be a notable demonstration. I shall try, in what I say, to state my American case exactly. I have a strong hope and belief that within the compass of a couple of minutes or so I can put it, with perfect truthfulness, in the light that my American friends would be best pleased to see me place it in. Either so, or my instinct is at fault.

"My daughters and their aunt unite with me in kindest loves. As I write, a shrill prolongation of the message comes in from the next room, 'Tell them to take care of you-u-u!'

"Tell Longfellow, with my love, that I am charged by Forster (who has been very ill of diffused gout and bronchitis) with a copy of his *Sir John Eliot*.

"I will bring you out the early proof of the Christmas number. We publish it here on the 12th of December. I am planning it (*No Thoroughfare*) out into a play for Wilkie Collins to manip-

ulate after I sail, and have arranged for Fechter to go to the Adelphi Theatre and play a Swiss in it. It will be brought out the day after Christmas day.

"Here, at Boston Wharf, and everywhere else,

"Yours heartily and affectionately,  
"C. D."

On a blustering evening in November, 1867, Dickens arrived in Boston Harbor, on his second visit to America. A few of his friends, under the guidance of the Collector of the port, steamed down in the custom-house boat to welcome him. It was pitch dark before we sighted the Cuba and ran alongside. The great steamer stopped for a few minutes to take us on board and Dickens's cheery voice greeted me before I had time to distinguish him on the deck of the vessel. The news of the excitement the sale of the tickets to his readings had occasioned had been carried to him by the pilot, twenty miles out. He was in capital spirits over the cheerful account that all was going on so well, and I thought he never looked in better health. The voyage had been a good one, and the ten days' rest on shipboard had strengthened him amazingly he said. As we were told that a crowd had assembled in East Boston, we took him in our little tug and landed him safely at Long Wharf in Boston, where carriages were in waiting. Rooms had been taken for him at the Parker House, and in half an hour after he had reached the hotel he was sitting down to dinner with half a dozen friends, quite prepared, he said, to give the first reading in America that very night, if desirable. Assurances that the kindest feelings towards him existed everywhere put him in great spirits, and he seemed happy to be among us. On Sunday he visited the School Ship and said a few words of encouragement and counsel to the boys. He began his long walks at once, and girded himself up for the hard winter's work before him. Steadily refusing all invitations to go

out during the weeks he was reading, he only went into one other house besides the Parker, habitually, during his stay in Boston. Every one who was present remembers the delighted crowds that assembled nightly in the Tremont Temple, and no one who heard Dickens, during that eventful month of December, will forget the sensation produced by the great author, actor, and reader.

He went from Boston to New York, carrying with him a severe catarrh contracted in our climate. In reality much of the time during his reading in Boston he was quite ill from the effects of the disease, but he fought courageously against its effects, and always came up on the night of the reading, all right. Several times I feared he would be obliged to postpone the readings, and I am sure almost any one else would have felt compelled to do so; but he always declared no man had a right to break an engagement with the public, if he were able to be out of bed. His spirit was wonderful, and, although he lost all appetite and could partake of very little food, he was always cheerful and ready for his work when the evening came round. Every morning his table was covered with invitations to dinners and all sorts of entertainments, but he said, "I came for hard work, and I must try to fulfil the expectations of the American public." He did accept a dinner which was tendered to him by some of his literary friends in Boston; but the day before it was to come off he was so ill he felt obliged to ask that the banquet might be given up. The strain upon his strength and nerves was very great during all the months he remained in the country, and only a man of iron will could have accomplished all he did. And here let me say, that although he was accustomed to talk and write, a great deal about eating and drinking, I have rarely seen a man eat and drink less. He liked to dilate in imagination over the brewing of a bowl of punch, but I always noticed that when the punch was ready, he drank less of it than any one who

might be present. It was the sentiment of the thing and not the thing itself that engaged his attention. He liked to have a little supper every night after a reading, and have three or four friends round the table with him, but he only picked at the viands as a bird might do, and I scarcely saw him eat a hearty meal during his whole stay in the country. Both at Parker's Hotel in Boston, and at the Westminster in New York, everything was arranged by the proprietors for his comfort and happiness, and tempting dishes to pique his invalid appetite were sent up at different hours of the day, with the hope that he might be induced to try unwonted things and get up again the habit of eating more; but the influenza, that seized him with such masterful power, held the strong man down till he left the country.

One of the first letters I had from him, after he had begun his reading tour, was dated from the Westminster Hotel in New York, on the 15th of January, 1868.

"MY DEAR FIELDS: On coming back from Philadelphia just now (three o'clock) I was welcomed by your cordial letter. It was a delightful welcome and did me a world of good.

"The cold remains just as it was (beastly), and where it was (in my head). We have left off referring to the hateful subject, except in emphatic sniffs on my part, convulsive wheezes, and resounding sneezes.

"The Philadelphia audience ready and bright. I think they understood the Carol better than Copperfield, but they were bright and responsive as to both. They also highly appreciated your friend Mr. Jack Hopkins. A most excellent hotel there, and everything satisfactory. While on the subject of satisfaction, I know you will be pleased to hear that a long run is confidently expected for the No Thoroughfare drama. Although the piece is well cast and well played, my letters tell me that Fechter is so remarkably fine as to play down the whole company. The

Times, in its account of it, said that 'Mr. Fechter' (in the Swiss mountain scene, and in the Swiss Hotel) 'was practically alone upon the stage.' It is splendidly got up, and the Mountain Pass (I planned it with the scene-painter) was loudly cheered by the whole house. Of course I knew that Fechter would tear himself to pieces rather than fall short, but I was not prepared for his contriving to get the pity and sympathy of the audience out of his passionate love for Marguerite.

"My dear fellow, you cannot miss me more than I miss you and yours. And Heaven knows how gladly I would substitute Boston for Chicago, Detroit, and Co.! But the tour is fast shaping itself out into its last details, and we must remember that there is a clear fortnight in Boston, not counting the four Farewells. I look forward to that fortnight as a radiant landing-place in the series. . . .

"Rash youth! No presumptuous hand should try to make the punch, except in the presence of the hoary sage who pens these lines. With *him* on the spot to perceive and avert impending failure, with timely words of wisdom to arrest the erring hand and curb the straying judgment, and, with such gentle expressions of encouragement as his stern experience may justify, to cheer the aspirant with faint hopes of future excellence, — with these conditions observed, the daring mind may scale the heights of sugar and contemplate the depths of lemon. Otherwise not.

"Dolby is at Washington, and will return in the night. — is on guard. He made a most brilliant appearance before the Philadelphia public, and looked hard at them. The mastery of his eye diverted their attention from his boots: charming in themselves, but (unfortunately) two left ones.

"I send my hearty and enduring love. Your kindness to the British Wanderer is deeply inscribed in his heart.

"When I think of L——'s story about Dr. Webster, I feel like the lady



in Nickleby who 'has had a sensation of alternate cold and biling water running down her back ever since.'

"Ever, my dear Fields,

"Your affectionate friend,

"C. D."

His birthday, 7th of February, was spent in Washington, and on the 9th of the month he sent this little note from Baltimore: —

BALTIMORE, Sunday, February 9, 1868.

MY DEAR FIELDS: I thank you heartily for your pleasant note (I can scarcely tell you *how* pleasant it was to receive the same) and for the beautiful flowers that you sent me on my birthday. For which — and much more — my loving thanks to both.

In consequence of the Washington papers having referred to the august 7th of this month, my room was on that day a blooming garden. Nor were flowers alone represented there. The silversmith, the goldsmith, the landscape-painter, all sent in their contributions. After the reading was done at night, the whole audience rose; and it was spontaneous, hearty, and affecting.

I was very much surprised by the President's face and manner. It is, in its way, one of the most remarkable faces I have ever seen. Not imaginative, but very powerful in its firmness (or perhaps obstinacy), strength of will, and steadiness of purpose. There is a reticence in it too, curiously at variance with that first unfortunate speech of his. A man not to be turned or trifled with. A man (I should say) who must be killed to be got out of the way. His manners, perfectly composed. We looked at one another pretty hard. There was an air of chronic anxiety upon him. But not a crease or a ruffle

in his dress, and his papers were as composed as himself. (Mr. Thornton was going in to deliver his credentials, immediately afterwards.)

This day fortnight will find me, please God, in my "native Boston." I wish I were there to-day.

Ever, my dear Fields,

Your affectionate friend,

CHARLES DICKENS,  
*Chairman Missionary Society.*

When he returned to Boston in the latter part of the month, after his fatiguing campaign in New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Washington, he seemed far from well, and one afternoon sent round from the Parker House to me this little note, explaining why he could not go out on our accustomed walk.

"I have been terrifying Dolby out of his wits, by setting in for a paroxysm of sneezing, and it would be madness in me, with such a cold, and on such a night, and with to-morrow's reading before me, to go out. I need not add that I shall be heartily glad to see you if you have time. Many thanks for the Life and Letters of Wilder Dwight. I shall "save up" that book, to read on the passage home. After turning over the leaves, I have shut it up and put it away; for I am a great reader at sea, and wish to reserve the interest that I find awaiting me in the personal following of the sad war. Good God, when one stands among the hearths that war has broken, what an awful consideration it is that such a tremendous evil *must be* sometimes!

"Ever affectionately yours,

"CHARLES DICKENS."

And with the reading of this we will shut up the portfolio till next month.

## WATCH AND WARD.

## IN FIVE PARTS: PART FIRST.

## I.

ROGER LAWRENCE had come to town for the express purpose of doing a certain act, but as the hour for action approached he felt his ardor rapidly ebbing away. Of the ardor that comes from hope, indeed, he had felt little from the first; so little that as he whirled along in the train he wondered to find himself engaged in this fool's errand. But in default of hope he was sustained, I may almost say, by despair. He would fail, he was sure, but he must fail again before he could rest. Meanwhile he was restless enough. In the evening, at his hotel, having roamed aimlessly about the streets for a couple of hours in the dark December cold, he went up to his room and dressed, with a painful sense of having but partly succeeded in giving himself the *tournure* of an impassioned suitor. He was twenty-nine years old, sound and strong, with a tender heart, and a genius, almost, for common sense; his face told clearly of youth and kindness and sanity, but it had little other beauty. His complexion was so fresh as to be almost absurd in a man of his age, — an effect rather enhanced by a precocious partial baldness. Being extremely shortsighted, he went with his head thrust forward; but as this infirmity is considered by persons who have studied the picturesque to impart an air of distinction, he may have the benefit of the possibility. His figure was compact and sturdy, and, on the whole, his best point; although, owing to an incurable personal shyness, he had a good deal of awkwardness of movement. He was fastidiously neat in his person, and extremely precise and methodical in his habits, which were of the sort supposed to mark a man for bachelorhood. The desire to get the better of his diffi-

dence had given him a somewhat ponderous formalism of manner, which many persons found extremely amusing. He was remarkable for the spotlessness of his linen, the high polish of his boots, and the smoothness of his hat. He carried in all weathers a peculiarly neat umbrella. He never smoked; he drank in moderation. His voice, instead of being the robust barytone which his capacious chest led you to expect, was a mild, deferential tenor. He was fond of going early to bed, and was suspected of what is called "fussing" with his health. No one had ever accused him of meanness, yet he passed universally for a cunning economist. In trifling matters, such as the choice of a shoemaker or a dentist, his word carried weight; but no one dreamed of asking his opinion in politics or literature. Here and there, nevertheless, an observer less superficial than the majority would have whispered you that Roger was an undervalued man, and that in the long run he would come out even with the best. "Have you ever studied his face?" such an observer would say. Beneath its simple serenity, over which his ruddy blushes seemed to pass like clouds in a summer sky, there slumbered a fund of exquisite human expression. The eye was excellent; small, perhaps, and somewhat dull, but with a certain appealing depth, like the tender dumbness in the gaze of a dog. In repose Lawrence may have looked stupid; but as he talked his face slowly brightened by gradual fine degrees, until at the end of an hour it inspired you with a confidence so perfect as to be in some degree a tribute to its owner's intellect, as it certainly was to his integrity. On this occasion Roger dressed himself with unusual care and with a certain sober elegance. He debated for three minutes over two cra-

vats, and then, blushing in his mirror at his puerile vanity, he replaced the plain black tie in which he had travelled. When he had finished dressing, it was still too early to go forth on his errand. He went into the reading-room of the hotel, but here there soon appeared two smokers. Wishing not to be infected by their fumes, he crossed over to the great empty drawing-room, sat down, and beguiled his impatience with trying on a pair of lavender gloves.

While he was thus engaged there came into the room a person who attracted his attention by the singularity of his conduct. This was a man of less than middle age, good-looking, pale, with a rather pretentious blond mustache, and various shabby remnants of finery. His face was haggard, his whole aspect was that of grim and hopeless misery. He walked straight to the table in the centre of the room, and poured out and drank without stopping three full glasses of ice-water, as if he were striving to quench the fury of some inner fever. He then went to the window, leaned his forehead against the cold pane, and drummed a nervous tattoo with his long stiff finger-nails. Finally he strode over to the fireplace, flung himself into a chair, leaned forward with his head in his hands, and groaned audibly. Lawrence, as he smoothed down his lavender gloves, watched him and reflected: "What an image of fallen prosperity, of degradation and despair! I have been fancying myself in trouble; I have been dejected, doubtful, anxious. I'm hopeless. But what is my sentimental sorrow to this?" The unhappy gentleman rose from his chair, turned his back to the chimney-piece, and stood with folded arms gazing at Lawrence, who was seated opposite to him. The young man sustained his glance, but with sensible discomfort. His face was as white as ashes, his eyes were as lurid as coals. Roger had never seen anything so tragic as the two long harsh lines which descended from his nose beside his mouth, showing almost black on his chalky skin, and seeming to satir-

ize the silly drooping ends of his fair relaxed mustache. Lawrence felt that his companion was going to address him; he began to draw off his gloves. The stranger suddenly came towards him, stopped a moment, eyed him again with insolent intensity, and then seated himself on the sofa beside him. His first movement was to seize the young man's arm. "He's simply crazy!" thought Lawrence. Roger was now able to appreciate the pathetic disrepair of his appearance. His open waistcoat displayed a soiled and crumpled shirt-bosom, from whose empty button-holes the studs had recently been wrenched. In his normal freshness the man must have looked like a gambler with a run of luck. He spoke in a rapid, excited tone, with a hard, petulant voice.

"You'll think me crazy, I suppose. Well, I shall be soon. Will you lend me a hundred dollars?"

"Who are you? What's your trouble?" Roger asked.

"My name would tell you nothing. I'm a stranger here. My trouble,—it's a long story! But it's grievous, I assure you. It's pressing upon me with a fierceness that grows while I sit here talking to you. A hundred dollars would stave it off,—a few days at least. Don't refuse me!" These last words were uttered half as an entreaty, half as a threat. "Don't say you have n't got them,—a man that wears gloves like that! Come! you look like a good fellow. Look at me! I'm a good fellow, too! I don't need to swear to my being in distress."

Lawrence was moved, disgusted, and irritated. The man's distress was real enough, but there was something flagrantly dissolute and unsavory in his expression and tone. Roger declined to entertain his request without learning more about him. From the stranger's persistent reluctance to do more than simply declare that he was from St. Louis, and repeat that he was in trouble, in hideous, overwhelming trouble, Lawrence was led to believe that he had been dabbling in crime. The

more he insisted upon some definite statement of his circumstances, the more fierce and peremptory became the other's petition. Lawrence was before all things deliberate and perspicacious, the last man in the world to be hustled or bullied. It was quite out of his nature to do a thing without distinctly knowing why. He of course had no imagination, which, as we know, should always stand at the right hand of charity; but he had good store of that wholesome discretion whose place is at the left. Discretion told him that his companion was a dissolute scoundrel, who had sinned through grievous temptation, perhaps, but who had certainly sinned. His perfect misery was incontestable. Roger felt that he could not cancel his misery without in some degree sanctioning his vices. It was not in his power, at any rate, to present him, out of hand, a hundred dollars. He compromised. "I can't think of giving you the sum you ask," he said. "I have no time, moreover, to investigate your case at present. If you will meet me here to-morrow morning, I will listen to anything more you may have made up your mind to say. Meanwhile, here are ten dollars."

The man looked at the proffered note and made no movement to accept it. Then raising his eyes to Roger's face, — eyes streaming with tears of helpless rage and baffled want: "O, the devil!" he cried. "What can I do with ten dollars? Damn it, I don't know how to beg. Listen to me! If you don't give me what I ask, I shall cut my throat! Think of that! on your head be the penalty!"

Lawrence repocketed his note and rose to his feet. "No, decidedly," he said, "you don't know how to beg!" A moment after, he had left the hotel and was walking rapidly toward a well-remembered dwelling. He was shocked and discomposed by this brutal collision with want and vice; but, as he walked, the cool night air restored the healthy tone of his sensibilities. The image of his heated peti-

tioner was speedily replaced by the calmer figure of Isabel Morton.

He had come to know her three years before, through a visit she had then made to one of his neighbors in the country. In spite of his unventurous tastes and the even tenor of his habits, Lawrence was by no means lacking, as regards life, in what the French call *les grandes curiosités*; but from an early age his curiosity had chiefly taken the form of a timid but strenuous desire to fathom the depths of matrimony. He had dreamed of this gentle bondage as other men dream of the "free unhoused condition" of celibacy. He had been born a marrying man, with a conscious desire for progeny. The world in this respect had not done him justice. It had supposed him to be wrapped up in his petty comforts; whereas, in fact, he was serving a devout apprenticeship to the profession of husband and father. Feeling at twenty-six that he had something to offer a woman, he allowed himself to become interested in Miss Morton. It was rather odd that a man of tremors and blushes should in this line have been signally bold; for Miss Morton had the reputation of being extremely fastidious, and was supposed to wear some dozen broken hearts on her girdle, as an Indian wears the scalps of his enemies.

It is said that, as a rule, men fall in love with their opposites; certainly Lawrence complied with the rule. He was the most unobtrusively natural of men; she, on the other hand, was preeminently artificial. She was pretty, but not really so pretty as she seemed; clever, but not intelligent; amiable, but not generous. She possessed in perfection the manner of society, which she lavished with indiscriminate grace on the just and the unjust, and which very effectively rounded and completed the somewhat meagre outline of her personal character. In reality, Miss Morton was keenly ambitious. A woman of simpler needs, she might very well have accepted our hero. He offered himself with urgent and obstinate

warmth. She esteemed him more than any man she had known, — so she told him; but she added that the man she married must satisfy her heart. Her heart, she did not add, was bent upon a carriage and diamonds.

From the point of view of ambition, a match with Roger Lawrence was not worth discussing. He was therefore dismissed with gracious but inexorable firmness. From this moment the young man's sentiment hardened into a passion. Six months later he heard that Miss Morton was preparing to go to Europe. He sought her out before her departure and urged his suit afresh, with the same result. But his passion had cost too much to be flung away unused. During her residence abroad he wrote her three letters, only one of which she briefly answered, in terms which amounted to little more than this: "Dear Mr. Lawrence, *do* leave me alone!" At the end of two years she returned, and was now visiting her married brother. Lawrence had just heard of her arrival and had come to town to make, as we have said, a supreme appeal.

Her brother and his wife were out for the evening; Roger found her in the drawing-room, under the lamp, teaching a stitch in crochet to her niece, a little girl of ten, who stood leaning at her side. She seemed to him prettier than before; although, in fact, she looked older and stouter. Her prettiness, for the most part, however, was a matter of coquetry; and naturally, as youth departed, coquetry filled the vacancy. She was fair and plump, and she had a very pretty trick of suddenly turning her head and showing a charming white throat and ear. Above her well-filled corsage these objects produced a most agreeable effect. She always dressed in light colors and with perfect certainty of taste. Charming as she may have been, there was, nevertheless, about her so marked a want of the natural, that, to admire her particularly, it was necessary to be, like Roger, in love with her. She received him with such flattering friend-

liness and so little apparent suspicion of his purpose, that he almost took heart and hope. If she did n't fear a declaration, perhaps she desired it. For the first half-hour it hung fire. Roger sat dumbly sensitive to the tempered brightness of her presence. She talked to better purpose than before she went abroad, and if Roger had ever doubted, he might have believed now with his eyes shut. For the moment he sat tongue-tied for very modesty. Miss Morton's little niece was a very pretty child; her hair was combed out into a golden cloud, which covered her sloping shoulders. She kept her place beside her aunt, clasping one of the latter's hands, and staring at Lawrence with that sweet curiosity of little girls. There glimmered mistily in the young man's brain a vision of a home-scene in the future, — a lamp-lit parlor on a winter night, a placid wife and mother, wreathed in household smiles, a golden-haired child, and, in the midst, his sentient self, drunk with possession and gratitude. As the clock struck nine, the little girl was sent to bed, having been kissed by her aunt and re-kissed, or un-kissed shall I say? by her aunt's lover. When she had disappeared, Roger proceeded to business. He had proposed so often to Miss Morton, that, actually, practice had begun to tell. It took but a few moments to make his meaning plain. Miss Morton addressed herself to her niece's tapestry, and as her lover went on with manly eloquence, glanced up at him from her work with womanly *finesse*. He spoke of his persistent love, of his long waiting and his passionate hope. Her acceptance of his hand was the main condition of his happiness. He should never love another woman; if she now refused him, it was the end of all things; he should continue to exist, to work and act, to eat and sleep, but he should have ceased to *live*.

"In heaven's name," he said, "don't answer me as you have answered me before."

She folded her hands, and with a se-

rious smile ; " I shall not, altogether," she said. " When I have refused you before, I have simply told you that I could n't love you. I can't love you, Mr. Lawrence ! I must repeat it again to-night, but with a better reason than before. I love another man : I'm engaged."

Roger rose to his feet like a man who has received a heavy blow and springs forward in self-defence. But he was indefensible, his assailant in-attackable. He sat down again and hung his head. Miss Morton came to him and took his hand and demanded of him, as a right, that he should be resigned. " Beyond a certain point," she said, " you have no right to obtrude upon me the expression of your regret. The injury I do you in refusing you is less than that I should do you in accepting you without love."

He looked at her with his eyes full of tears. " Well ! I shall never marry," he said. " There 's something you can't refuse me. Though I shall never possess you, I may at least espouse your memory and live in intimate union with your image ; spend my life on my knees before it ! " She smiled at this fine talk ; she had heard so much in her day ! He had fancied himself prepared for the worst, but as he walked back to his hotel, it seemed intolerably bitter. Its bitterness, however, quickened his temper and prompted a violent reaction. He would now, he declared, cast his lot with pure reason. He had tried love and faith, but they would none of him. He had made a woman a goddess, and she had made him a fool. He would henceforth care neither for woman nor man, but simply for comfort, and, if need should be, for pleasure. Beneath this gathered gust of cynicism the future lay as hard and narrow as the silent street before him. He was absurdly unconscious that good-humor was lurking round the very next corner.

It was not till near morning that he was able to sleep. His sleep, however, had lasted less than an hour when it was interrupted by a loud noise from the ad-

joining room. He started up in bed, lending his ear to the stillness. The sound was immediately repeated ; it was that of a pistol-shot. This second report was followed by a loud shrill cry. Roger jumped out of bed, thrust himself into his trousers, quitted his room, and ran to the neighboring door. It opened without difficulty, and revealed an astonishing scene. In the middle of the floor lay a man, in his trousers and shirt, his head bathed in blood, his hand grasping the pistol from which he had just sent a bullet through his brain. Beside him stood a little girl in her night-dress, her long hair on her shoulders, shrieking and wringing her hands. Stooping over the prostrate body, Roger recognized, in spite of his bedabbled visage, the person who had addressed him in the parlor of the hotel. He had kept the spirit, if not the letter, of his menace. " O father, father, father ! " sobbed the little girl. Roger, overcome with horror and pity, stooped towards her and opened his arms. She, conscious of nothing but the presence of human help, rushed into his embrace and buried her head in his grasp.

The rest of the house was immediately aroused, and the room invaded by a body of lodgers and servants. Soon followed a couple of policemen, and finally the proprietor in person. The fact of suicide was so apparent that Roger's presence was easily explained. From the child nothing but sobs could be obtained. After a vast amount of talking and pushing and staring, after a physician had affirmed that the stranger was dead, and the ladies had passed the child from hand to hand through a bewildering circle of caresses and questions, the multitude dispersed, and the little girl was borne away in triumph by the proprietor's wife, further investigation being appointed for the morrow. For Roger, seemingly, this was to have been a night of sensations. There came to him, as it wore away, a cruel sense of his own accidental part in his neighbor's tragedy. His refusal to help the poor man had

brought on the catastrophe. The idea haunted him awhile ; but at last, with an effort, he dismissed it. The next man, he assured himself, would have done no more than he, might possibly have done less. He felt, however, a certain indefeasible fellowship in the sorrow of the little girl. He lost no time, the next morning, in calling on the wife of the proprietor. She was a kindly woman enough, but so thoroughly the mistress of a public house that she seemed to deal out her very pity over a bar. She exhibited toward her *protégée* a hard business-like charity which foreshadowed vividly to Roger's mind the poor child's probable portion in life, and repeated to him the little creature's story, as she had been able to learn it. The father had come in early in the evening, in great trouble and excitement, and had made her go to bed. He had kissed her and cried over her, and, of course, made her cry. Late at night she was aroused by feeling him again at her bedside, kissing her, fondling her and raving over her. He bade her good night and passed into the adjoining room, where she heard him fiercely knocking about. She was very much frightened, and fancied he was out of his mind. She knew that their troubles had lately been thickening fast, and now the worst had come. Suddenly he called her. She asked what he wanted, and he bade her get out of bed and come to him. She trembled, but obeyed. On reaching the threshold of his room she saw the gas turned low, and her father standing in his shirt against the door at the other end. He ordered her to stop where she was. Suddenly she heard a loud report and felt beside her cheek the wind of a bullet. He had aimed at her with a pistol. She retreated in terror to her own bedside and buried her head in the clothes. This, however, did not prevent her from hearing a second report, followed by a deep groan. Venturing back again, she found her father on the floor, bleeding from the face. "He meant to kill her, of course," said the landlady, "that

she might n't be left alone in the world. It's a queer mixture of cruelty and kindness !"

It seemed to Roger an altogether pitiful tale. He related his own interview with the deceased, and the latter's menace of suicide. "It gives me," he said, "a sickening sense of connection with the calamity, though a gratuitous one, I confess. Nevertheless, I wish he had taken my ten dollars."

Of the antecedent history of the deceased they could learn little. The child had recognized Lawrence, and had broken out again into a quivering convulsion of tears. Little by little, from among her sobs, they gathered a few facts. Her father had brought her during the preceding month from St. Louis: they had stopped some time in New York. Her father had been for months in great distress and want of money. They had once had money enough ; she could n't say what had become of it. Her mother had died many months before ; she had no other kindred nor friends. Her father may have had friends, but she never saw them. She could indicate no source of possible assistance or sympathy. Roger put the poor little fragments of her story together. The most salient fact among them all was her absolute destitution.

"Well !" said the proprietress, "there are other people still to be attended to ; I must go about my business. Perhaps you can learn something more." The little girl sat on the sofa with a pale face and swollen eyes, and with a stupefied helpless stare watched her friend depart. She was by no means a pretty child. Her clear auburn hair was thrust carelessly into a net with broken meshes, and her limbs encased in a suit of shabby, pretentious mourning. In her appearance, in spite of her childish innocence and grief, there was something undeniably vulgar. "She looks as if she belonged to a circus troupe," Roger said to himself. Her face, however, though without beauty, was not without interest. Her forehead was high and



boldly rounded, and her mouth at once large and gentle. Her eyes were light in color, yet by no means colorless. A sort of arrested, concentrated brightness, a soft introversion of their rays, gave them a remarkable depth of tone. "Poor little betrayed, unfriended mortal!" thought the young man.

"What's your name?" he asked.

"Nora Lambert," said the child.

"How old are you?"

"Twelve."

"And you live in St. Louis?"

"We used to live there. I was born there."

"Why had your father come to the East?"

"To make money, he said."

"Where was he going to live?"

"Anywhere he could find business."

"What was his business?"

"He had none. He wanted to find employment."

"To your knowledge, you say, you have no friends nor relations?"

The child gazed a few moments in silence. "He told me when he woke me up and kissed me, last night, that I had n't a friend in the world nor a person that cared for me."

Before the exquisite sadness of this statement Lawrence was silent. He leaned back in his chair and looked at the child, — the little forlorn, precocious, potential woman. His own sense of recent bereavement rose powerful in his heart and seemed to respond to hers. "Nora," he said, "come here."

She stared a moment, without moving, and then left the sofa and came slowly towards him. She was tall for her years. She laid her hand on the arm of his chair and he took it. "You have seen me before," he said. She nodded. "Do you remember my taking you last night in my arms?" It was his fancy that, for an answer, she faintly blushed. He laid his hand on her head and smoothed away her thick disordered hair. She submitted to his consoling touch with a plaintive docility. He put his arm round her waist. An irresistible sense of her childish sweetness, of her tender feminine

promise, stole softly into his pulses. A dozen caressing questions rose to his lips. Had she been to school? Could she read and write? Was she musical? She murmured her answers with gathering confidence. She had never been to school; but her mother had taught her to read and write a little, and to play a little. She said, almost with a smile, that she was very backward. Lawrence felt the tears rising to his eyes; he felt in his heart the tumult of a new emotion. Was it the inexpugnable instinct of paternity? Was it the restless ghost of his buried hope? He thought of his angry vow the night before to live only for himself and turn the key on his heart. From the lips of babes and sucklings! — he softly mused. Before twenty-four hours had elapsed a child's fingers were fumbling with the key. He felt deliciously contradicted; he was after all but a lame egotist. Was he to believe, then, that he could n't live without love, and that he must take it where he found it? His promise to Miss Morton seemed still to vibrate in his heart. But there was love and love! He could be a protector, a father, a brother! What was the child before him but a tragic embodiment of the misery of isolation, a warning from his own blank future! "God forbid!" he cried. And as he did so, he drew her towards him and kissed her.

At this moment the landlord appeared with a scrap of paper, which he had found in the room of the deceased; it being the only object which gave a clew to his circumstances. He had evidently burned a mass of papers just before his death, as the grate was filled with fresh ashes. Roger read the note, which was scrawled in a hurried, vehement hand and ran as follows: —

"This is to say that I must — I must — I must! Starving, without a friend in the world, and a reputation worse than worthless, — what can I do? Life's impossible! Try it yourself! As regards my daughter, — anything, everything is cruel; but this is the shortest way."

"She has had to take the longest, after all," said the proprietor, *sotto voce*, with a kindly wink at Roger. The landlady soon reappeared with one of the ladies who had been present overnight,—a little pushing, patronizing woman, who seemed strangely familiar with the various devices of applied charity. "I have come to arrange," she said, "about our subscription for the little one. I shall not be able to contribute myself, but I will go round among the other ladies with a paper. I've just been seeing the reporter of the 'Universe'; he's to insert a kind of 'appeal,' you know, in his account of the affair. Perhaps this gentleman will draw up our paper? And I think it will be a beautiful idea to take the child with me."

Lawrence was sickened. The world's tenderness had fairly begun. Nora gazed at her energetic benefactress, and then with her eyes appealed mutely to Roger. Her glance, somehow, moved him to the soul. Poor little disfathered daughter,—poor little uprooted germ of womanhood! Her innocent eyes seemed to more than beseech,—to admonish almost, and command. Should he speak and rescue her? Should he subscribe the whole sum in the name of human charity? He thought of the risk. She was an unknown quantity. Her nature, her heritage, her good and bad possibilities, were an unsolved problem. Her father had been an adventurer; what had her mother been? Conjecture was useless; she was a vague spot of light on a dark background. He was unable even to decide whether, after all, she was plain.

"If you want to take her round with you," said the landlady to her companion, "I'd better sponge off her face."

"No indeed!" cried the other, "she's much better as she is. If I could only have her little night-gown with the blood on it! Are you sure the bullet did n't strike your dress, deary? I'm sure we can easily get fifty names at five dollars apiece. Two hundred and fifty dollars. Perhaps this gentleman

will make it three hundred. Come, sir, now!"

Thus adjured, Roger turned to the child. "Nora," he said, "you know you're quite alone. You have no home." Her lips trembled, but her eyes were fixed and fascinated. "Do you think you could love me?" She flushed to the tender roots of her tumbled hair. "Will you come and try?" Her range of expression of course was limited; she could only answer by another burst of tears.

## II.

"I have adopted a little girl, you know," Roger said, after this, to a number of his friends; but he felt, rather, as if she had adopted him. With the downright sense of paternity he found it somewhat difficult to make his terms. It was indeed an immense satisfaction to feel, as time went on, that there was small danger of his repenting of his bargain. It seemed to him more and more that he had obeyed a divine voice; though indeed he was equally conscious that there was something grotesque in his new condition,—in the sudden assumption of paternal care by a man who had seemed to the world to rejoice so placidly in his sleek and comfortable singleness. But for all this he found himself able to look the world squarely in the face. At first it had been with an effort, a blush, and a deprecating smile that he spoke of his pious venture; but very soon he began to take a robust satisfaction in alluding to it freely, in all companies. There was but one man of whose jocular verdict he thought with some annoyance,—his cousin Hubert Lawrence, namely, who was so terribly clever and trenchant, and who had been through life a commentator formidable to his modesty, though, in the end, always absolved by his good-nature. But he made up his mind that, though Hubert might laugh, he himself was serious; and to prove it equally to himself and his friends, he determined on a great move. He annulled his personal share in business

and prepared to occupy his house in the country. The latter was immediately transformed into a home for Nora, — a home admirably fitted to become the starting-point of a happy life. Roger's dwelling stood in the midst of certain paternal acres, — a little less than a "place," a little more than a farm; deep in the country, and yet at two hours' journey from town. Of recent years a dusty disorder had fallen upon the house, telling of its master's long absences and his rare and restless visits. It was but half lived in. But beneath this pulverous deposit the austere household gods of a former generation stand erect on their pedestals. As Nora grew older, she came to love her new home with an almost passionate fondness, and to cherish all its transmitted memories as a kind compensation for her own dissevered past. There had lived with Lawrence for many years an elderly woman, of exemplary virtue, Lucinda Brown by name, who had been a personal attendant of his mother, and since her death had remained in his service as the lonely warden of his villa. Roger had an old-time regard for her, founded upon a fancy that she preserved with pious fidelity certain graceful household traditions of his mother. It seemed to him that she might communicate to little Nora, through the medium of housewifely gossip, a ray of this lady's peaceful domestic genius. Lucinda, who had been divided between hope and fear as to Roger's possibly marrying, — the fear of a diminished empire having exceeded, on the whole, the hope of company below stairs, — accepted Nora's arrival as a very comfortable compromise. The child was too young to menace her authority, and yet of sufficient importance to warrant a gradual extension of the meagre household economy. Lucinda had a vision of new carpets and curtains, of a regenerated kitchen, of a poplin dress, of her niece coming as sempstress. Nora was the narrow end of the wedge; it would broaden with her growth. Lucinda therefore was gracious.

For Roger, it seemed as if life had begun afresh and the world had put on a new face. High above the level horizon now, clearly defined against the empty sky, rose this little commanding figure, with the added magnitude that objects acquire in this position. She gave him a vast deal to think about. The child a man begets and rears weaves its existence insensibly into the tissue of his life, so that he becomes trained by fine degrees to the paternal office. But Roger had to skip experience, and spring with a bound into the paternal consciousness. In fact he missed his leap, and never tried again. Time should induct him at leisure into his proper honors, whatever they might be. He felt a strong aversion to claim in his *protégée* that prosaic right of property which belongs to the paternal name. He accepted with solemn glee his novel duties and cares, but he shrank with a tender humility of temper from all precise definition of his rights. He was too young and too sensible of his youth to wish to give this final turn to things. His heart was flattered, rather, by the idea of living at the mercy of that melting impermanence which beguiles us forever with deferred promises. It lay close to his heart, however, to drive away the dusky fears and sordid memories of Nora's anterior life. He strove to conceal the past from her childish sense by a great pictured screen, as it were, of present joys and comforts. He wished her life to date from the moment he had taken her home. He had taken her for better, for worse; but he longed to quench all baser chances in the broad daylight of prosperity. His philosophy in this as in all things was extremely simple, — to make her happy, that she might be good. Meanwhile, as he cunningly devised her happiness, his own seemed securely established. He felt twice as much a man as before, and the world seemed as much again a world. All his small stale virtues became fragrant, to his soul, with the borrowed sweetness of their unselfish use.

One of his first acts, before he left

town, had been to divest her of her shabby mourning and dress her afresh in light, childish colors. He learned from the proprietor's wife at his hotel that this was considered by several ladies interested in Nora's fortunes (especially by her of the subscription) an act of awful impiety; but he held to his purpose, nevertheless. When she was freshly arrayed, he took her to a photographer and made her sit for half a dozen portraits. They were not flattering; they gave her an aged, sombre, lifeless air. He showed them to two old ladies of his acquaintance; whose judgment he valued, without saying whom they represented; the ladies pronounced her a little monster. It was directly after this that Roger hurried her away to the peaceful, uncritical country. Her manner here for a long time remained singularly docile and spiritless. She was not exactly sad, but neither was she cheerful. She smiled, as if from the fear to displease by not smiling. She had the air of a child who has been much alone, and who has learned quite to underestimate her natural right to amusement. She seemed at times hopelessly, defiantly torpid. "Good heavens!" thought Roger, as he surreptitiously watched her; "is she stupid?" He perceived at last, however, that her listless quietude covered a great deal of observation, and that she led a silent, active life of her own. His ignorance of her past distressed and vexed him, jealous as he was of admitting even to himself that she had ever lived till now. He trod on tiptoe in the region of her early memories, in the dread of reviving some dormant claim, some unclean ghost. Yet he felt that to know so little of her twelve first years was to reckon without an important factor in his problem; as if, in spite of his summons to all the fairies for this second baptism, the godmother-in-chief lurked maliciously apart, with intent to arrive at the end of years and spoil the birthday feast. Nora seemed by instinct to have perceived the fitness of her not speaking of her own

affairs, and indeed displayed in the matter a precocious good taste. Among her scanty personal effects the only object referring too vividly to the past had been a small painted photograph of her mother, a languid-looking lady in a low-necked dress, with a good deal of prettiness, in spite of the rough handling of the colorist. Nora had apparently a timid reserve of vanity in the fact, which she once imparted to Roger with a kind of desperate abruptness, that her mother had been a public singer; and the heterogeneous nature of her own culture testified to some familiarity with the scenery of Bohemia. The common relations of things seemed quite reversed in her brief experience, and immaturity and precocity shared her young mind in the freest fellowship. She was ignorant of the plainest truths, and credulous of the quaintest falsities; unversed in the commonest learning, and instructed in the rarest. She barely knew that the earth is round, but she knew that Leonora is the heroine of *Il Trovatore*. She could neither write nor spell, but she could perform the most startling tricks with cards. She confessed to a passion for strong green tea, and to an interest in the romances of the Sunday newspapers which, with many other productions of the same complexion, she seemed to have perused by that subtle divining process common to illiterate children. Evidently she had sprung from a horribly vulgar soil; she was a brand snatched from the burning. She uttered various improper words with the most guileless accent and glance, and was as yet equally unsuspecting of the grammar and the Catechism. But when once Roger had straightened out her phrase, she was careful to preserve its shape; and when he had solemnly proscribed these all-too-innocent words, they seldom reappeared. For the rudiments of theological learning, also, she manifested a due respect. Considering the make-shift process of her growth, he marvelled that it had not straggled into even more perilous places. His impression of her

father was fatal, ineffaceable ; the late Mr. Lambert had been a blackguard. Roger had a fancy, however, that this was not all the truth. He was free to assume that the poor fellow's wife had been of a gentle nurture and temper ; and he had even framed on this theme an ingenious little romance, which gave him a great deal of comfort. Mrs. Lambert had been deceived by the lacquered plausibility of her husband, and had awaked after marriage to a life of shifting expedients and struggling poverty, during which she had been glad to turn to account the voice which the friends of her happier girlhood had praised. She had died outwearied and broken-hearted, invoking human pity on her child. Roger established in this way a sentimental intimacy with the poor lady's spirit, and exchanged many a greeting over the little girl's head with this vague maternal shape. But he was by no means given up to these imaginative joys ; he addressed himself vigorously to the practical needs of the case. He determined to drive in the first nail with his own hands, to lay the first smooth foundation-stones of her culture, to teach her to read and write and cipher, to associate himself largely with the growth of her primal sense of things. Behold him thus converted into a gentle pedagogue, wooing with mild inflections the timid ventures of her thought. A moted morning sunbeam used to enter his little study and, resting on Nora's auburn hair, seemed to make of the place a humming school-room. Roger began also to anticipate the future needs of preceptorship. He plunged into a course of useful reading, and devoured a hundred volumes on education, on hygiene, on morals, on history. He drew up a table of rules and observances for the child's health ; he weighed and measured her food, and spent hours with Lucinda, the minister's wife, and the doctor, in the discussion of her regimen and clothing. He bought her a pony, and rode with her over the neighboring country, roamed with her in the woods and

fields, and made discreet provision of society among the little damsels of the country-side. A doting grandmother, in all this matter, could not have shown a finer genius for detail. His zeal indeed left him very little peace, and Lucinda often endeavored to assuage it by the assurance that he was fretting himself away and wearing himself thin on his happiness. He passed a dozen times a week from the fear of coddling and spoiling the child to the fear of letting her run wild and grow vulgar amid too much rusticity. Sometimes he dismissed her tasks for days together, and kept her idling at his side in the winter sunshine ; sometimes for a week he kept her within doors, reading to her, preaching to her, showing her prints, and telling her stories. She had an excellent musical ear, and the promise of a charming voice ; Roger took counsel in a dozen quarters as to whether he ought to make her use her voice or spare it. Once he took her up to town to a *matinee* at one of the theatres, and was in anguish for a week afterwards, lest he had quickened some inherited tendency to dissipation. He used to lie awake at night, trying hard to fix in his mind the happy medium between coldness and weak fondness. With a heart full of tenderness, he used to dole out his caresses. He was in doubt for a long time as to what he should have her call him. At the outset he decided instinctively against "father." It was a question between "Mr. Lawrence" and his baptismal name. He weighed the proprieties for a week, and then he determined the child should choose for herself. She had as yet avoided addressing him by name ; at last he asked what name she preferred. She stared rather blankly at the time, but a few days afterwards he heard her shouting "Roger !" from the garden under his window. She had ventured upon a small shallow pond enclosed by his land, and now coated with thin ice. The ice had cracked with a great report under her tread, and was swaying gently beneath her weight, at some yards from the

edge. In her alarm her heart had chosen, and her heart's election was never subsequently gainsaid. Circumstances seemed to affect her slowly; for a long time she showed few symptoms of change. Roger in his slippers, by the fireside, in the winter evenings, used to gaze at her with an anxious soul, and wonder whether it was not only a stupid child that could sit for an hour by the chimney-corner, stroking the cat's back in absolute silence, asking no questions and telling no lies. Then, musing upon a certain positive, elderly air in her brow and eyes, he would fancy that she was wiser than he knew; that she was mocking him or judging him, and counterplotting his pious labors with elfish gravity. Arrange it as he might, he could not call her pretty. Plain women are apt to be clever; might n't she (horror of horrors!) turn out too clever? In the evening, after she had attended Nora to bed, Lucinda would come into the little library, and she and Roger would solemnly put their heads together. In matters in which he deemed her sex gave her an advantage of judgment, he used freely to ask her opinion. She made a vast parade of motherly science, rigid spinster as she was, and hinted by many a nod and wink at the mystic depths of her penetration. As to the child's being thankless or heartless, she quite reassured him. Did n't she cry herself to sleep, under her breath, on her little pillow? Did n't she mention him every night in her prayers, — him, and him alone? However much her family may have left to be desired as a "family," — and of its shortcomings in this respect Lucinda had an altogether awful sense, — Nora was clearly a lady in her own right. As for her plain face, they could wait awhile for a change. Plainness in a child was almost always prettiness in a woman; and at all events, if she was not to be pretty, she need never be vain.

Roger had no wish to cultivate in his young companion any expression of formal gratitude; for it was the very key-stone of his plan that their relation

should ripen into a perfect matter of course; but he watched patiently, like a wandering botanist for the first woodland violets for the year, for the shy field-flower of spontaneous affection. He aimed at nothing more or less than to inspire the child with a passion. Until he had detected in her glance and tone the note of passionate tenderness, his experiment must have failed. It would have succeeded on the day when she should break out into cries and tears and tell him with a clinging embrace that she loved him. So he argued with himself; but, in fact, he expected perhaps more than belongs to the lame logic of this life. As a child, she would be too irreflective to play so pretty a part; as a young girl, too self-conscious. I undertake to tell no secrets, however. Roger, thanks to a wholesome reserve of temper in the matter of sentiment, continued to possess his soul in patience. She meanwhile, seemingly, showed as little of distrust as of positive tenderness. She grew and grew in ungrudging serenity. It was in person, first, that she began gently, or rather ungently, to expand; acquiring a well-nurtured sturdiness of contour, but passing quite into the shambling and sheepish stage of girlhood. Lucinda cast about her in vain for possibilities of future beauty, and took refuge in vigorous attention to the young girl's bountiful auburn hair, which she combed and braided with a kind of fierce assiduity. The winter had passed away, the spring was well advanced. Roger, looking at his *protégée*, felt a certain sinking of the heart as he thought of his cousin Hubert's visit. As matters stood, Nora bore rather livelier testimony to his charity than to his taste.

He had debated some time as to whether he should write to Hubert and as to how he should write. Hubert Lawrence was some four years his junior; but Roger had always allowed him a large precedence in the things of the mind. Hubert had just entered the Unitarian ministry; it seemed now that grace would surely lend a gener-



ous hand to nature and complete the circle of his accomplishments. He was extremely good-looking and clever with just such a cleverness as seemed but an added personal charm. He and Roger had been much together in early life and had formed an intimacy strangely compounded of harmony and discord. Utterly unlike in temper and tone, they neither thought nor felt nor acted together on any single point. Roger was constantly differing, mutely and profoundly, and Hubert frankly and sarcastically; but each, nevertheless, seemed to find in the other a welcome counterpart and complement to his own personality. There was in their relation a large measure of healthy boyish levity which kept them from lingering long on delicate ground; but they felt at times that they belonged, by temperament, to irreconcilable camps, and that the more each of them came to lead his own life, the more their lives would diverge. Roger was of a loving turn of mind, and it cost him many a sigh that a certain glassy hardness of soul on his cousin's part was forever blunting the edge of his affection. He nevertheless had a profound regard for him; he admired his talents, he enjoyed his society, he wrapped him about with his good-will. He had told him more than once that he cared for him more than Hubert would ever believe, could in the nature of things believe,—far more than Hubert cared for him, inasmuch as Hubert's benevolence was largely spiced with contempt. "Judge what a real regard I have for you," Roger had said, "since I forgive you even that." But Hubert, who reserved his faith for heavenly mysteries, had small credence for earthly ones, and he had replied that to his perception they loved each other with a precisely equal ardor, beyond everything in life, to wit, but their own peculiar pleasure. Roger had in his mind a kind of metaphysical "idea" of a possible Hubert which the actual Hubert took a wanton satisfaction in turning upside down. Roger had drawn in his fancy

a pure and ample outline, into which the wilful young minister projected a grotesquely unproportioned shadow. Roger took his cousin more *au sérieux* than the young man himself. In fact, Hubert had apparently come into the world to play. He played at life, altogether; he played at learning, he played at theology, he played at friendship; and it was to be conjectured that, on particular holidays, he would play with especial relish at love. Hubert, for some time, had been settled in New York, and of late they had exchanged but few letters. Something had been said about Hubert's coming to spend a part of his summer vacation with his cousin; now that the latter was at the head of a household and a family, Roger reminded him of their understanding. He had finally told him his little romance, with a fine bravado of indifference to his verdict; but he was, in secret, extremely anxious to obtain Hubert's judgment of the heroine. Hubert replied that he was altogether prepared for the news, and that it must be a very pretty sight to see him at dinner pinning her bib, or to hear him sermonizing her over a torn frock.

"But, pray, what relation is the young lady to me?" he added. "How far does the adoption go, and where does it stop? Your own proper daughter would be my cousin; but I take it a man is n't to have fictitious cousins grafted upon him, at this rate. I shall wait till I see her; then, if she is pleasing, I shall personally adopt her into cousinship."

He came down for a fortnight, in July, and was soon introduced to Nora. She came sidling shyly into the room, with a rent in her short-waisted frock, and the "Child's Own Book" in her hand, with her finger in the history of "The Discreet Princess." Hubert kissed her gallantly, and declared that he was happy to make his acquaintance. She retreated to a station beside Roger's knee and stood staring at the young man. "*Elle a les pieds énormes,*" said Hubert.



Roger was annoyed, partly with himself, for he made her wear big shoes. "What do you think of him?" he asked, stroking the child's hair, and hoping, half maliciously, that, with the frank perspicacity of childhood, she would utter some formidable truth about the young man. But to appreciate Hubert's failings, one must have had vital experience of them. At this time twenty-five years of age, he was a singularly handsome youth. Although of about the same height as his cousin, the pliant slimness of his figure made him look taller. He had a cool gray eye and a mass of fair curling hair. His features were cut with admirable purity; his teeth were white, his smile superb. "I think," said Nora, "that he looks like the *Prince Avenant*."

Before Hubert went away, Roger asked him for a deliberate opinion of the child. Was she ugly or pretty? was she interesting? He found it hard, however, to induce him to consider her seriously. Hubert's observation was exercised rather less in the interest of general truth than of particular profit; and of what profit to Hubert was Nora's shambling childhood? "I can't think of her as a girl," he said; "she seems to me a boy. She climbs trees, she scales fences, she keeps rabbits, she straddles upon your old mare, bare-backed. I found her this morning wading in the pond up to her knees. She's growing up a hoyden; you ought to give her more civilized influences than she enjoys hereabouts; you ought to engage a governess, or send her to school. It's well enough now; but, my poor fellow, what will you do when she's twenty?"

You may imagine, from Hubert's sketch, that Nora's was a happy life. She had few companions, but during the long summer days, in woods and fields and orchards, Roger initiated her into all those rural mysteries which are so dear to childhood and so fondly remembered in later years. She grew more hardy and lively, more inquisi-

tive, more active. She tasted deeply of the joy of tattered dresses and sunburnt cheeks and arms, and long nights at the end of tired days. But Roger, pondering his cousin's words, began to believe that to keep her longer at home would be to fail of justice to the *ewig Weibliche*. The current of her growth would soon begin to flow deeper than the plummet of a man's wit. He determined, therefore, to send her to school, and he began with this view to investigate the merits of various establishments. At last, after a vast amount of meditation and an extensive correspondence with the school-keeping class, he selected one which appeared rich in fair promises. Nora, who had never known an hour's schooling, entered joyously upon her new career; but she gave her friend that sweet and long-deferred emotion of which I have spoken, when, on parting with him, she hung upon his neck with a sort of convulsive fondness. He took her head in his two hands and looked at her; her eyes were streaming with tears. During the month which followed he received from her a dozen letters, sadly misspelled, but divinely lachrymose.

It is needless to relate in detail this phase of Nora's history. It lasted two years. Roger found that he missed her sadly; his occupation was gone. Still, her very absence occupied him. He wrote her long letters of advice, told her everything that happened to him, and sent her books and useful garments and wholesome sweets. At the end of a year he began to long terribly to take her back again; but as his judgment forbade this measure, he determined to beguile the following year by travel. Before starting, he went to the little country town which was the seat of her academy, to bid Nora farewell. He had not seen her since she left him, as he had chosen — quite heroically, poor fellow — to have her spend her vacation with a school-mate, the bosom friend of this especial period. He found her surprisingly altered. She looked three years older;

she was growing by the hour. Prettiness and symmetry had not yet been vouchsafed to her; but Roger found in her young imperfection a sweet assurance that her account with nature was not yet closed. She had, moreover, a subtle grace of her own. She had reached that charming girlish moment when the broad freedom of childhood begins to be faintly tempered by the sense of sex. She was coming fast, too, into her woman's heritage of garrulity. She entertained him for a whole morning; she took him into her confidence; she rattled and prattled unceasingly upon all the swarming little school interests, — her likes and aversions, her hopes and fears, her friends and teachers, her studies and story-books. Roger sat grinning in broad enchantment; she seemed to him to exhale the very genius of girlhood. For the first time, he became conscious of her native force; there was a vast deal of her; she overflowed. When they parted, he gave his hopes to her keeping in a long, long kiss. She kissed him too, but this time with smiles, not with tears. She neither suspected nor could she have understood the thought which, during this interview, had blossomed in her friend's

mind. On leaving her, he took a long walk in the country over unknown roads. That evening he consigned his thought to a short letter, addressed to Mrs. Keith. This was the present title of the lady who had once been Miss Morton. She had married and gone abroad; where, in Rome, she had done as the Americans do, and entered the Roman Church. His letter ran as follows: —

“MY DEAR MRS. KEITH: I promised you once to be very unhappy, but I doubt whether you believed me; you did n't look as if you did. I am sure, at all events, you hoped otherwise. I am told you have become a Roman Catholic. Perhaps you have been praying for me at St. Peter's. This is the easiest way to account for my conversion to a worthier state of mind. You know that, two years ago, I adopted a homeless little girl. One of these days she will be a lovely woman. I mean to do what I can to make her one. Perhaps, six years hence, she will be grateful enough not to refuse me as you did. Pray for me more than ever. I have begun at the beginning; it will be my own fault if I have n't a perfect wife.”

*H. James Jr.*

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### A MILLER'S MADRIGAL.

A GRIST in the hopper, the sun on the sill,  
 An' a heigho!  
 Lucky the lane that comes out at a mill,  
 An' a heigho!  
 Over his profit the honey-bee hums,  
 Out of his blanket the butterfly comes,  
 An' a heigho, an' a heigh!

The Doctor comes up on his mite of a mare,  
 An' a heigho!  
 We agree this old world is all out o' repair,  
 An' a heigho!

But we leave it alone in our neighborly chats,  
An' he mixes a mess for my beggarly rats,  
An' a heigho, an' a heigh !

The 'Squire, o' late, he rides double with Care,  
An' a heigho !  
Two mouths at a manger have left his mow bare,  
An' a heigho !  
He never calls for the foot o' my score,  
Till it runs from the rafter clean down to the floor,  
An' a heigho, an' a heigh !

The Parson's the best o' the black-coated clan,  
An' a heigho !  
There is wheat he makes out in the branniest bran,  
An' a heigho !  
He never grudges a grain o' my toll,  
He has an eye for a shoat or a foal,  
An' a heigho, an' a heigh !

The sun's at the gable, come hurry, old wheel,  
An' a heigho !  
What say, my good widow, a coin in your meal ?  
An' a heigho !  
'Twas in your corn, maybe, the Lord only knows,  
He tempers the lamb — I forget how it goes,  
An' a heigho, an' a heigh !

The greater the worry the lighter the gain,  
An' a heigho !  
The deeper the furrow the better the grain,  
An' a heigho !  
The thicker the stubble the fuller the bin,  
The darker without side the lighter within,  
An' a heigho, an' a heigh !

There are haps in the air that a minute may bring,  
An' a heigho !  
For a cock is more sure of his head than a king,  
An' a heigho !  
So I sing out the days in my own merry mill,  
A grist in the hopper, the sun on the sill,  
An' a heigho, an' a heigh !

*Hiram Rich.*

## RECENT LITERATURE.

*Around a Spring.* By GUSTAVE DROZ.  
Translated by MS. New York: Holt  
and Williams.

FRANCE has not vanished from among the nations, though at moments we are tempted to think so. It is a peculiar satisfaction, in this era of eclipse and confusion, to meet a genuine example of the better genius of the land. Such an example is furnished us in this excellent novel of M. Gustave Droz, which is here carefully translated. When the sanguinary mist obscuring that motley swarm which lived and prospered a few months since in the broad hot glare of the Empire shall have faded away; when the blood-stains shall have been washed out (in so far as blood-stains may) and the ashes swept up, our eyes will rest upon an altered stage and a modified *mise en scène*. We may hope that behind that lurid war-cloud the sheep have been sifted from the goats. Among those who may have survived for the sake of art, to keep the pledges given in more joyous days, we hopefully number the author of *Mademoiselle Cibot* and *Autour d'une Source*. His works—these two novels at least—belong to the best and ripest fruits of that huge literary harvest of recent France, amid which so many products were of monstrous and morbid growth. Reading over his novels in the light of late events, they acquire an interest quite independent of this matter of their intrinsic merits. The one before us has already something of the value of an historical document. It is impregnated with the flavor of the Empire. Balzac dreamed of transmitting to future ages a perfect image of the France of his day, and erected for the purpose that ponderous mechanism among whose cranks and derricks and scaffolds and ladders we wander now as among the pillars and arches of a dim cathedral. But M. Gustave Droz, going more simply and lightly to work, has resolved the social forces of his own brief hour into a clearer essence than his great predecessor. The light literature of recent France has always seemed to us to reflect the central lustre of the Empire very much as a heap of broken bottles reflects the noonday sun,—with the same cheap, untempered glare. It was the

pretension of the system which perished at Sedan to pervade and invade all things,—to set the tune, to pitch the universal voice, to leave its visible stamp in every corner. On the top of the page, in every clever French novel of the last ten years, you seem to read that mystical *N.* which greeted you endlessly from the cornices of the Louvre. Novelists, feuilletonists, critics, outscampered each other in the panting effort to keep pace with the tendency of which it was the symbol, to urge it in its headlong course, to re-echo its phraseology, its morality. Up to the very edge of the great silence of the past year,—the silence which among arms falls upon letters as well as laws,—you hear the swelling of this vast concert of Imperial harmonies; up to the very verge of that collapse which fell as suddenly as the “driving in” of Comus and his rout. M. Gustave Droz was one of the freshest and clearest of these concerted voices; he gives us the latest social news of the France of the past.

His great merit is that he gives it so intelligently. Of all the *amuseurs* of pre-Communal Paris, he seems to us to have been the most open-eyed. We speak, not of his philosophy,—we doubt if he boasts of one,—but of his singularly clear and penetrating perception. Through the mask of the jester and *conteur* we see the gleam of a sagacious human eye. In him the latter French generations have assuredly had a “chiel” among them taking notes. These notes were first gathered into those two amusing volumes, *Monsieur, Madame et Bibi* and *Entre Nous*. The field occupied by M. Droz in these little books is not wide. His task has been to turn the laugh on good society, to satirize the manners and customs of the moneyed aristocracy of the current year of grace, to reflect in the minutest detail its passing follies and fashions and infatuations. Social Paris of the last few years will find itself more lastingly embalmed, we imagine, in these light pages than in many works of larger pretensions. They are flavored with that old Gallic salt of humor which is ground in the mills of Rabelais and Molière. It is often too pungent for our Anglo-Saxon palate, but it comes from the best bag. We might say

of M. Droz, that he is the wittiest of humorists. The deep smile and the broad laugh, as you read, contend for precedence. Of pure comicality he is a genuine master; though perhaps personally we enjoy him most in his lighter forms of irony. The delicacy of his touch at these moments, the modulation of his tone, the refinement of his phrase, are those of an accomplished artist. We recommend him to the consideration of some of our own heavy-handed jokers and satirists. But especially noticeable, as we say, is the penetrating niceness of his observation. This has been more striking in each successive volume, and has grappled in each with more substantial facts. It revels for the most part in the finer shades of truth, and is most at home in that cool *demi-jour* of well-appointed drawing-rooms, in which the accustomed eye finds it of profit to detect and compare the subtler gradations of social fact. His discrimination, his intuitions, his innuendoes, are as delicately uttered as the vocal flourishes, the trills, the *roulades*, of a fine singer. All this excellent perception, however, is, in the two volumes of sketches, lavished on very flimsy subjects. In his novels M. Droz approaches with a firm step the serious side of life, and converts himself from a clever trifler into a real inventor and dramatist. It is pleasant to see a writer proceed so resolutely from small things to great; nothing offers such promise of his having a career to run. *Mademoiselle Cibot* deserves, to our minds, to stand among the very best fictions of recent years. It belongs to really superior art. In its rapid brevity, its density of texture, its unity of effect, its admirable neatness of execution, it is a model of narrative tragedy. It is tragic, as a matter of course; for, as a matter of course, the story deals with the Seventh Commandment,—the breach, naturally, not the observance. The subject was ready-made to the author's hand; it has the faded, threadbare quality of things overworn; but his presentation of it, his figures, his details, his "tone," as painters say, are peculiarly original and vivid. We hardly remember in fiction a figure more incisively outlined, more potently realized, more shaped, as Wordsworth says, "to haunt, to startle and waylay," than the terrible little invalid husband of the heroine. Rarely, either, have we been admitted into the personal confidence of a fictitious character with that palpable closeness which we enjoy in our conception of

the unhappy woman herself. We have seen her, known her, lived through the dreary hours of her miserable life. M. Droz is a master of what we may call sensuous detail; he thoroughly understands the relation between the cultivated fancy and the visible, palpable facts of the world. On one side of his talent he is an excellent *genre* painter. His work, moreover, suggests the interesting reflection that intelligent realism, in art, is sure to carry with it its own morality. Told in the vulgarly sentimental manner, the history of *Mademoiselle Cibot* might mean nothing at all; told in its hard material integrity, as our author tells it, it enforces a valuable truth,—the truth that sooner or later, here if not there, love demands its own; that under all its forms it remains the same imperative and incorruptible need; and that if it finds in its path no idol of marble and gold, it will turn into evil places and make one of mud and straw. There is an admirably sagacious irony in the contrast between the clear, deep-welling passion of Adèle and the shallow, cynical self-possession of the lover on whose condescension she lives and from whose indifference she dies.

In his second novel M. Droz has been more ambitious; he has chosen a broad, fresh subject, and treated it with a freer hand. The work lacks the simplicity and compactness of its predecessor; it is more diffuse and ponderous; but it indicates a proportionate growth of power. *Autour d'une Source* is the history of the origin of a watering-place,—an unfolding of those personal passions and motive accidents which lurk beneath the surface of broad public facts, like the little worms and insects we find swarming on the earthward face of a stone. The fable is extremely ingenious; it has the advantage of a moulded plot, turning on a central pivot, as distinguished from those mere measured chains of consecutive incident which suggest a yard-stick as their formative implement. The hero is a poor *curé* of an obscure village among the mountains of (presumably) Franche Comté and the Jura. Perched on the mountain-side is the old abandoned castle of the Counts of Manteigney, former lords of the land. The degenerate scion of this noble race, a *petit crévé* of the latest pattern, domiciled in Paris, having repaired his shrunken fortunes by a marriage with the sole daughter and heiress of an ex-vendor of water-cocks, enriched by prosperous traffic, comes with this

shrewd father-in-law and his charming young wife to resume possession of his crumbling towers. The château is restored, refurbished, modernized; the curé, a man still young and stalwart enough to know the pangs of passion, but too good a son of the Church to endure them without protest, becomes entangled in relations with his new neighbors and of course with the pretty Countess in especial; and the retired faucet-maker, with plenty of comfortable leisure for dreams of quintupling his millions, wanders through the innocent country-side, seeking what he may devour. This M. Larreau is perhaps the most finished figure in the work; a Frenchman of the Yankee type (not the best), self-made, sharp as a razor, "genial," ambitious, bent on finding an "operation" in all things. He describes in Grand-Font-le-Haut the capacities of a Wiesbaden or a Vichy,—save and except the medicinal springs, alas! But by wondering intently enough whether the soil may not contain the precious fluid, he ends by causing it to flow. The central episode of the book is the victimization, in the interest of M. Larreau's scheme, of the poor curé as accessory to a kind of "bogus" miracle, by which, as it filters and reverberates through the superstitious peasantry, the outer world is to be charmed into a wondering suspicion of the merits of the locality. The mineral spring, in M. Larreau's argument, is to make the fortune of Grand-Font; and to make the fortune of the spring there can be nothing like a good Catholic legend. The Abbé Roche, by a fatal accident, finds himself implicated in an impious fraud which he detests and despises, and the secret burden of which he shares with the Countess. This latter fact (the result of circumstances too complex to relate, but extremely well devised) forbids him to exculpate himself: a word of explanation will "compromise" the lady. The weak point here is not far to seek,—the excessive sensitiveness, namely, of the heroine's reputation. To English minds, at least, the Abbé's scruples and all that comes of them seem suspended by a hair. "Speak, speak, and risk it," we should say. But in French tradition this weak point seems strong enough. For the sake of the Countess, at all events, the Abbé is silent; for her sake he sustains unaided the brunt of obloquy. When the inevitable reaction sets in, and the half-hatched miracle becomes an addled egg to pelt him withal, he suffers for

her sake to the bitter end, and endures expulsion, disgrace, and ultimate martyrdom. The main element of the tale is this troubled passion of the honest priest for the charming reckless Countess, with her Parisian graces and follies and dazzling audacities,—the strife between his generous native manhood and his rigid clerical conscience. It is the temptation of St. Anthony, transferred from legend into prosaic fact. The situation is admirably rendered; with force, with color and sympathy, and yet with notable purity of tone. The Countess herself is, like all our author's women, a peculiarly vivid creation. M. Droz has measured the Frenchwoman of the period. He knows her secrets, he enters into her personality; she is scarcely more of a heroine for him than, borrowing a hint from the commoner adage, we may suppose her to be for her *femme de chambre*. The figure of the Countess lingers gratefully in the mind, in spite of the cynicism of the author's last touches. Madame de Montaigny is meant for better things; she judges her position, she despises her follies; she is in a manner, like the Abbé, the victim of a destiny she is too weak to combat; but she has drunk of a maddening wine, and we see her, hurried along in the turbid current of vanity, fling over one by one the light fragments of her maiden's conscience, till she passes from our eyes tossed in feverish unrest on the crest of the wave of pleasure,—like Mazeppa bound helpless on his unguided steed. The supreme interest of the story, however, is lodged in the large and dusky soul of the stalwart Abbé, lighted only by the votive taper of his simple primitive faith. In this connection it becomes extremely deep and poignant. What situation indeed is more tragical than to be condemned to dumbness just in proportion as you cease to be blind, as need and occasion for speech urge you the more harshly; to be forced to watch through a fiery mist of tears the hurrying, un pitying, consuming progression of fate; the fruitless strife of the old and familiar, the loved and consecrated, with the new, the unsparing, the elements of that cold future from which we shall be absent? The fierce irruption of modern life into the little mountain parish of the poor curé produces a cruel confusion of his life-long notions of duty and faith. His vague spiritual doubts and anxieties, his personal temptations and tribulations, are reproduced with a skill which sets a seal upon the masterly character of the



work. Occasionally the metaphysical side of the matter, as we may call it, is somewhat meagre and pale; but considering the author's beginnings, we can only congratulate him on his success. The situation is one which demanded real analytic imagination for its treatment, and something very like this has been used. It would not be easy to find anything as much like it among the younger French romancers. As an artist M. Droz has all, and more than all, the common gifts; as a humorist he is peculiarly rich and exuberant; as a moralist, even, he is not to be dismissed in silence. This last term may have an irrelevant sound. What we mean is, that he will be unlikely ever to write a tale which will not project a certain moral deposit and leave the reader, after many broad smiles, in a musing mood. Such is the effect of all really analytic work. That he will write many tales we confidently hope. His two novels are surely the beginning of a career, not the end. It cannot fail to be brilliant. M. Droz was in the Empire, but not of it.

*The Journal of John Woolman.* With an Introduction by JOHN G. WHITTIER. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.

IN John Woolman the great antislavery movement may be said to have actively begun. He was born early in the last century, at Mount Holly, New Jersey, and in due time became a tailor by trade; but he early relinquished his calling, and spent his time chiefly in going to and fro among the Quakers, to whose society he belonged, and animating them to a consciousness of the iniquity of holding slaves; and he was mainly instrumental in their ceasing to do so. He was also "under a concern" to press forward in many other good works, some of which have since been taken up as reforms, and others remanded among the impossibilities. He was one of the first teetotalers, but the most rigorous water-drinker of our day would hardly be willing to follow John Woolman in retrenching and finally destroying a very modest business, because it led him into a vain and superfluous manner of living; or in refusing coffee and sugar because they were the products of slave labor; or in wearing undyed garments because dyes were used in cloth to conceal dirt, "and hiding that which is not clean by coloring our garments seems contrary to

the sweetness of sincerity"; or in refusing to send letters by post, lest he should share in the guilt attaching to the cruel overworking of horses and post-boys in making the rapid trips of the stage-coaches. John Woolman was something more than incarnate conscience, he was incarnate scruple; in his endeavor to make his life Christ-like and blameless he went, like other ascetics, further than Christ himself taught by example. But he was a saintly soul, however painful. At the bottom even of his absurdities there was a grain of sense, and in all he did his motive was truly loving and good.

His intuitions in regard to slavery were vivid and unerring. Long before Jefferson had phrased it he had said "that liberty was the right of all men equally"; and no observer of Southern society since has had a keener eye for the bad effects of slavery upon the general character. In that day even Quakers dealt in slaves, and Woolman writes: "I saw in these Southern Provinces so many vices and corruptions increased by this trade and way of life, that it appeared to me as a dark gloominess hanging over the land; and," he adds with prophetic forecast of evils that have since befallen, "though now many willingly run into it, yet in future the consequences will be grievous to posterity."

John Woolman's Journal, beyond most books, may be read with edification and pleasure. It is good to be in the intimacy of so singularly pure, truthful, and serviceable a soul, and it is amusing to find such intense scrupulosity set forth in terms so quaint and sincere. The Journal is a well of the best English, and in reading it one feels all Henry Crabb Robinson's amazement: "An illiterate tailor, he writes in a style of the most exquisite purity and grace. His moral qualities are transferred to his writings." There is in the whole, also, a flavor that makes it inexpressibly fascinating. Thinking of marriage, he says: "My heart was turned to the Lord with desires that he would give me wisdom to proceed therein agreeably to his will, and he was pleased to give me a well-inclined damsel," to whom he was married. He was sorely tried about wearing dyed raiment of any kind, but he says: "I felt easy to wear my garments heretofore made, and continued to do so for about nine months, . . . when, being deeply bowed in spirit before the Lord, I was made willing to submit to what I appre-



hended was required of me, and when I returned home got a hat of the natural color of the fur." When about to sail for England, he "feels a draught in his mind towards the steerage of the ship"; and being pressed for his reasons against going in the cabin, he answered that he had observed "on the outside of that part of the ship where the cabin was sundry sorts of carved work and imagery," and in the cabin "some superfluity of workmanship of several sorts"; and as these things enhanced the cost of passage, "he felt a scruple with regard to paying money to be applied to such purposes." In this way, without intending it, John Woolman is a humorist of the rarest quality; and we cannot help suspecting that the love borne him by Charles Lamb, who said, "Get the writings of John Woolman by heart," was quite as much for the devoted reformer's unintended humorlessness as because of gifts in exhortation, though of course he must have loved a soul so lowly, so simple, and so brave, and must have enjoyed the beauty of his religious thought.

The Introduction to this edition, by Mr. Whittier, is written with a tender appreciation of Woolman's character and writings, and is a satisfactory study of his circumstances as well as of his work. In a word, Mr. Whittier speaks of him with the reverence which you expect from one of the truest Friends of our day for one of the best of any day; with the grateful honor due from an Abolitionist to the first of the Abolitionists. When you read "John Woolman's Journal," you think that it needs no comment; when you read Mr. Whittier's Introduction, you feel that it needed just that.

*Culture and Religion in some of their Relations.* By J. C. SHAIRP, Principal of St. Salvador, etc. New York: Hurd and Houghton.

To say the least, it is not an exhilarating work, this book of Principal Shairp. It betrays a sad lack of animal spirits in the author, and you are tempted to wonder at last how he gathered the pluck to write it. The book is not discreditable in a literary point of view. We could cull a sentence or two, or even a page, here and there, which are worth reading. But the general strain and movement of the book is so monotonous and unimaginative, that we must absolutely

refuse to send any one to it for entertainment. And it is not profitable either for doctrine. The general scope of the book is to the effect that religion and culture may be combined, but that they are at variance in themselves. The author, to be sure, disavows this latter sentiment, but to no intellectual purpose, as when he says, for example, that "culture and religion, when rightly regarded, are not two opposite powers, but they are as it were one line with two opposite poles." But if these poles exist, one must be relatively to the other positive and one negative, and what opposition is more fundamental than that? But he goes on: "Ideally considered, then, culture must culminate in religion, and religion must expand into culture." The logic is very curious here. One can easily conceive how the opposing poles of the earth may coalesce, or if you prefer that word, "culminate," in the equator; but that either may "culminate" into its opposite, and that again "expand" into it, passes our conception. Practically, however, the author deserts his own position. "Goethe," he says, "the high-priest of culture, loathes Luther, the preacher of righteousness. And Luther, likely enough, had he seen Goethe, would have done him scant justice."

Evidently then, to begin with, Mr. Shairp utterly ignores the middle-term in which alone, upon his figurative hypothesis, religion and culture confess themselves reconciled; utterly drops out of sight that equatorial or balanced life of man of which these are only the positive and negative attestations. But even with this adjustment Mr. Shairp's metaphor will be found to falter, and at last flatly refuses to trot, or even to walk. For religion and culture are not in the least related to each other as the opposite poles of the earth are related, that is, as being the one positive, and the other negative to the same substance. The two poles of the earth relate themselves to one and the same substance, namely, the earth. But religion has relation to one substance, and culture to a totally different one. Religion relates itself exclusively to man in his generic or race aspect, and has no regard to him in his specific or individual aspect; while culture has exclusive relation to him in the latter aspect, and pays no manner of attention whatever to his race or nature. In other words, religion has regard to man only in his moral or outward aspect, that is, in so far forth as he stands related to his kind, or

is under law to society; while culture has regard to him only in his spiritual or inward aspect, that is, in so far forth as he stands related to his own destiny, being emancipated from the law of his kind and brought under law exclusively to God. If you were bent upon educating your child to a refined pitch of manhood, you would certainly lead him to give a due measure of attention to his bodily requirements, because the mind is more or less conditioned for its proper functioning upon the repose of the body. But, *as* certainly, you would never think of teaching him that his body and mind stood in a quite equal relation to his proper manhood, or constituted the invincible bipolarity upon which its evolution was contingent. On the contrary, you would instruct him that the body was inferior to the mind in that relation; was altogether secondary and subservient to it in fact, inasmuch as it had no direct bearing upon his proper manhood, but only an indirect one through the uses it promoted to the mind; and that the mind itself would then be at its highest estate, or most able to function, when it should be finally released from the shackles of the body.

Now religion and culture severally bear the same relation to the evolution of human destiny that body and mind bear to the evolution of our individual manhood. Religion is the law of man's infancy. It addresses him first in spiritual or promissory form, telling him that he shall love the Lord his God with all his heart and soul and mind, and his neighbor as himself. And when man replies, "But how can this be? My affections are already engaged to myself and the world. How shall I, then, ever come to love God supremely, and my neighbor as myself?" it addresses him in literal or mandatory form, saying, "Thou shalt not bear false witness, shalt not steal, shalt not commit adultery, shalt do no murder, shalt not covet anything which is thy neighbor's." If man will only refrain from doing these ugly things, he shall infallibly come to love God supremely, and his neighbor equally with himself. Thus it is evident that religion views man as a social being exclusively, as being under law to society. Otherwise of course it would not pretend to limit his freedom by the welfare of his neighbor. If human morality were absolute, — if it were not a mere shadow of better things to come, when our social destiny should finally be achieved, — then every

man would conscientiously spurn every limitation put upon his own freedom by the necessities of his neighbor.

How, then, does religion secure the social evolution of human nature, if man is by birth supremely selfish and worldly? The process is equally obvious and irresistible. For no man of ordinary intelligence, when he addresses himself to the maintenance of his religious obligations, can help discovering, if he deal fairly with himself, that he is by himself impotent to do so. That is to say, he discovers, past all dispute, that he can keep the law very well if his relations to his own body and to his fellow-man are such as to put a premium upon his obedience to it, or exempt him from the temptation to infringe it in any particular; but that if his relations to his own body and to society are such as to expose him to temptation, he cannot possibly keep the law. Hence, every man's religious experience, if it be genuine or unsimulated, disposes him to humility, abases his natural pride of character, and inclines him to sympathy or fellow-feeling with his neighbor; so that when the neighbor perchance breaks the law, he no longer stands in a condemnatory attitude to him, but says to him, "Be of good cheer, my brother, and hope on ever. Your iniquity is in reality not yours, exclusively, nor even chiefly. It is the iniquity of our infirm and unequal civilization, which exalts one class of men to privilege, or exempts them from temptation, and debases another class to penury, making temptation, in the long run, inevitable and irresistible to them. Let us look to God, therefore, to bring about his promised reign of justice or equality upon the earth, and so do away forever with the dominion of evil."

But culture is the law of man's maturity. It supposes this social destiny of man, which religion has it at heart to secure, perfectly realized, and every man sitting under his own vine and fig-tree, with none any longer to make him afraid. Then it fearlessly says to every man, "Do whatsoever thy heart craves, thy mind prompts, and thy hand finds to do." Because human unity being divinely accomplished in a living society, fellowship, or equality of all mankind with each individual man, and of each man with all men, no man's heart can any longer crave, nor his mind conceive, nor his hand bring forth, anything injurious to his neighbor. So that culture, unlike religion, instead of limiting man's activity by his neighbor's necessity, declares that law divinely

fulfilled in our social evolution, or makes every man's neighbor over to him in full possession, bidding him reckon in all he does upon his neighbor's support and furtherance. In a word, while religion constitutes the necessary fixed earth of human hope, gives it solid body, or makes it divinely stable forever, culture opens an ever-expanding heaven before it, gives it unlimited soul, bids it freely aspire to the fellowship of all divine perfection. Thus the literal bipolarity which Principal Shairp alleges between religion and culture, and which makes a perpetual illusion of human life, turns out instead a spiritual harmony, providing first for the unity of man with his kind or neighbor, and then for the unity of both with God, so making human life the grandest of all realities.

*Wake-Robin.* By JOHN BURROUGHS. New York: Hurd and Houghton.

WITH most of these charming papers the readers of the *Atlantic* should be already familiar; and we dare say they will easily recall "Spring at the Capital," "Bird's-Nests," "Birch Browsings," and "In the Hemlocks," which have appeared within recent years in our pages. To these are here added three other studies of bird-life, by one who writes of birds not only with thorough and original science, but also as a poet and as a lover of them.

His book, Mr. Burrough says, bears the familiar name of "the White Trillium, which blooms in all our woods, and which marks the arrival of all the birds," and in it he has tried always "to present a live bird,—a bird in the woods or the fields,—with the atmosphere and associations of the place, and not merely a stuffed and labelled specimen." He has succeeded so well in this that the dusk and cool and quiet of the forest seem to wrap the reader of his book, and it is a sort of summer vacation to turn its pages. It is written with a grace which continually subordinates itself to the material, but which we hope will not escape the recognition of the reader whose pleasure it enhances. Perhaps it would be difficult not to be natural and simple in writing of such things as our author treats of; most connoisseurs of birds and their haunts have the same tone of friendly and gossiping confidence; but Mr. Burroughs adds a strain of genuine poetry, which makes his papers

unusually delightful, while he has more humor than generally falls to the ornithological tribe. His nerves have a poetical sensitiveness, his eye a poetical quickness; and many of his descriptive passages impart all the thrill of his subtle observation. It is in every way an uncommon book that he has given us; fresh, wholesome, sweet, and full of a gentle and thoughtful spirit; a beautiful book within, and (thanks to the growing taste of our publishers) an exceedingly pretty book without.

*Ina.* By KATHERINE VALERIO. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.

A FALSE marriage between a heartless man of the world and an innocent, trustful girl; the long suspense in which both conceal their relation, till the violent death of the betrayer reveals it; many dramatic scenes in the most dramatic society; vivid sketches of character, the whole closing with the recompense of a worthy love for the woman who has suffered so cruelly: these are the most obvious features of a novel which we have read with great interest.

The story opens in Switzerland, but most of its events occur at Turin. All the people but two are Italians, and it is to be valued as a study of Italian society in its modern phases, almost as much as for its dramatic force. The hero—the husband and the betrayer of *Ina*—is of a type perhaps commoner in Italy at this time than anywhere else, for even in France men are apt to believe more than he. Bertani is an expression of the intellectual revolt from the religion of the Church and the profound and all-embracing scepticism so common amongst his countrymen, who, not being able to rid themselves of their passionate natures at the same time with their emotional faith, do little for non-believing thought or inquiry, but remain mere enjoyers, epicureans, more or less amiable or cynical. His character, both in its boldness and its subtlety is well painted; he dies, as he has lived, outside of the Church, and makes a formal confession in the hour of death only as a necessary step toward the legalization by a priest of his Protestant marriage with *Ina*. There is a strong contrast between him and Marcello, whom we should be glad to believe not more exceptional, but who affects us as less natural. We do not find him so good, artistically speak-

ing, as some more slightly sketched persons, — his father, for example, the elderly Italian of fixed habits, of kindly heart and somewhat sarcastic mind; and his young sisters, the submissive and obedient good little Italian girls, who, whatever their future, live at home a life of exemplary dullness, emptiness, and restriction. The character of Madame de Turenne strikes us as true and forcible, both in its defects and in its virtues, in its tendency to extreme flirtation and its capability of generous indignation. The scenes between her and Ina, and then Bertani, when, having learned the wrong that he has committed against her, she lavishes the scorn of her torrid nature upon him, and dismisses him, are very dramatic and very good. So, too, is the encounter between Ina and her brother, when with her babe in her arms she refuses to give her husband's name; and in fact wherever impassioned people are confronted, either in anger or in love, the author succeeds. It is in other things that her failure lies, as the irrelevant story of Sofi, and the lugged-in and poor caricature of the American lady on her travels, and in the protracted speech-making of the lovers. There is sometimes, also, rather more hyperbole in the talk than even the warmth of Italian temperament will account for.

But the story is absorbing, and generally well managed, and the book is more than a promise of better things to come. Such a character as Ina's — true in its love and trust, and true in its inability to forgive — are proofs of more than common invention; and redundancies of the sort we have mentioned are more easily mended than poverty in the same degree.

[*Ohio Valley Series.*] *Pioneer Biography. Sketches of the Lives of some of the early Settlers of Butler County, Ohio.* By JAMES MCBRIDE of Hamilton. Two Volumes. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.

*Miscellanies.* 1. *A Tour in Ohio, Kentucky, and Indiana Territory in 1805.* By JOSEPH ESPY. 2. *Two Western Campaigns in the War of 1812.* By SAMUEL WILLIAMS. 3. *The Leatherwood God.* By R. H. TANEYHILL. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.

THE biographical sketches by Mr. McBride are in large part interesting only to the friends and descendants of the pioneers

whose adventures they relate. But they have also a general value as history of the pioneer life of the West, and as illustrations of a type of character almost as wholly vanished now as that of the savages who perished before it. The different sketches are simply written, and McBride, who, while he lived, ardently devoted himself to the collection and preservation of the personal records of what seems a very remote period, has imparted no more of his enthusiasm to the work than is entirely agreeable to the reader. Here and there among his obscure heroes appears the name of one who achieved something more than local note, like Robert McClellan, well-known to the readers of Irving's "Astoria" as one of the adventurers at an early day in what is still the farthest West. He was an Indian hunter from the first, and he fled before peace and civilization after General Wayne's treaty in 1794, and on the Plains and beyond the Rocky Mountains he spent his age amidst the same perils and excitements that surrounded his youth and manhood in the Ohio Valley. The story of his wild and romantic career is the most entertaining of all McBride's biographies.

A very curious chapter of superstition is that given in the *Miscellanies*, in Mr. Taneyhill's account of "The Leatherwood God." This divinity's true name was Joseph C. Dylks, who appeared about the year 1817 among the unusually intelligent and devout settlers on the Leatherwood Creek, in Guernsey County, Ohio. They were of all sects, though chiefly Methodists and Moravians, and they were of such an enlightened and tolerant spirit, that they united in building a large log-house for common worship, which they called the Temple. One day at a camp-meeting there suddenly appeared among them a stranger, with

"His beard a foot before him, and his hair  
A yard behind";

and, where every one else wore buckskin and linsey-woolsey, with his person arrayed in broadcloth. He called aloud at the top of his voice, "Salvation!" and gave a loud and terrible "snort," which ever afterwards characterized him in supreme moments. He became known to the community as Joseph C. Dylks, showed himself profoundly versed in Scripture, and began to take the lead in all religious matters. After a while he confided to his more intimate friends that he

was the Messiah, and from that it was but a step to his public declaration that he was God the Father. The number of those who believed in his divinity increased, until it included a majority of the people, when they seized the Temple and began to hold public services in his honor, at which they prayed to him, and fell down at his feet and worshipped him as their God. Meantime the heathen were waiting for some occasion to prove his fallibility, and in the coolness which followed his failure to perform a promised miracle, they seized him and carried him before a justice of the peace. The justice decided there was no law for trying a man who pretended to divinity, and set him free, and Dylks made good his escape from the mob by running into a cornfield. After some days' hiding, he cautiously reappeared among his followers, but only to tell them that the scene of the coming of the New Jerusalem was transferred to the city of Philadelphia. Shortly afterwards he set out for Philadelphia with three of his followers, one of whom was a converted Moravian minister. On the way they separated, Dylks and his clerical convert taking one way, and the two laymen another, with the understanding that they were all to meet in Philadelphia. There, however, Dylks and the other never appeared.

In after years the minister returned to Leatherwood Creek, with the report that he had seen Dylks taken up into heaven. This comforted the two who had been abandoned at Philadelphia; and though there was some falling away among the faithful, the greater part lived and died in the belief

that Dylks was God. Even the children whom he had converted remained in the faith, and so late as the middle of this century believers survived.

We greatly regret that with this volume of *Miscellanies* Mr. Clarke has been obliged to bring his enterprise to a close. Nothing of equal scope or importance has been undertaken with reference to the early history of the country, and it was certainly to have been expected that the people of the region immediately interested would have lent it the warmest encouragement. But the editor is compelled to announce that his chief support has come from the East, and that the plan is relinquished for want of appreciation among the citizens of the Ohio valley, — a fact singularly discreditable to them.

*Condensed Novels.* By BRET HARTE. With Illustrations by S. Eytinge, Jr. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.

THE good opinion of these travesties, which we expressed some years ago, on their first appearance, has only, like good wine, grown better with age. Mr. Harte has here condensed two novelists since his earlier work, and we should like to say that he has improved upon the others. But we cannot, for the reason that nothing could be better than the burlesques of Victor Hugo and Charles Dickens, — not even those of Mr. Reade and Mr. Disraeli, good as they are. The book is delicious, — full of flavors that we wonder to find at once so delicate and so piquant.

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TWIN-LOVE.

WHEN John Vincent, after waiting twelve years, married Phebe Etheridge, the whole neighborhood experienced that sense of relief and satisfaction which follows the triumph of the right. Not that the fact of a true love is ever generally recognized and respected when it is first discovered; for there is a perverse quality in American human nature which will not accept the existence of any fine, unselfish passion, until it has been tested and established beyond peradventure. There were two views of the case when John Vincent's love for Phebe, and old Reuben Etheridge's hard prohibition of the match, first became known to the community. The girls and boys, and some of the matrons, ranged themselves at once on the side of the lovers, but a large majority of the older men and a few of the younger supported the tyrannical father.

Reuben Etheridge was rich, and, in addition to what his daughter would naturally inherit from him, she already possessed more than her lover, at the time of their betrothal. This, in the eyes of one class, was a sufficient rea-

son for the father's hostility. When low natures live (as they almost invariably do) wholly in the present, they neither take tenderness from the past nor warning from the possibilities of the future. It is the exceptional men and women who remember their youth. So, these lovers received a nearly equal amount of sympathy and condemnation; and only slowly, partly through their quiet fidelity and patience, and partly through the improvement in John Vincent's worldly circumstances, was the balance changed. Old Reuben remained an unflinching despot to the last: if any relenting softness touched his heart, he sternly concealed it; and such inference as could be drawn from the fact that he, certainly knowing what would follow his death, bequeathed his daughter her proper share of his goods, was all that could be taken for consent.

They were married: John, a grave man in middle age, weather-beaten and worn by years of hard work and self-denial, yet not beyond the restoration of a milder second youth; and Phebe a sad, weary woman, whose warmth of longing had been exhausted,

from whom youth and its uncalculating surrenders of hope and feeling had gone forever. They began their wedded life under the shadow of the death out of which it grew; and when, after a ceremony in which neither bridesmaid nor groomsman stood by their side, they united their divided homes, it seemed to their neighbors that a separated husband and wife had come together again, not that the relation was new to either.

John Vincent loved his wife with the tenderness of an innocent man, but all his tenderness could not avail to lift the weight of settled melancholy which had gathered upon her. Disappointment, waiting, yearning, indulgence in long lament and self-pity, the morbid cultivation of unhappy fancies,—all this had wrought its work upon her, and it was too late to effect a cure. In the night she awoke to weep at his side, because of the years when she had awakened to weep alone; by day she kept up her old habit of foreboding, although the evening steadily refuted the morning; and there were times when, without any apparent cause, she would fall into a dark, despairing mood, which her husband's greatest care and cunning could only slowly dispel.

Two or three years passed, and new life came to the Vincent farm. One day, between midnight and dawn, the family pair was doubled; the cry of twin sons was heard in the hushed house. The father restrained his happy wonder in his concern for the imperilled life of the mother; he guessed that she had anticipated death, and she now hung by a thread so slight that her simple will might snap it. But her will, fortunately, was as faint as her consciousness; she gradually drifted out of danger, taking her returning strength with a passive acquiescence rather than with joy. She was hardly paler than her wont, but the lurking shadow seemed to have vanished from her eyes, and John Vincent felt that her features had assumed a new expression, the faintly perceptible stamp of some spiritual change.

It was a happy day for him when, propped against his breast and gently held by his warm, strong arm, the twin boys were first brought to be laid upon her lap. Two staring, dark-faced creatures, with restless fists and feet, they were alike in every least feature of their grotesque animality. Phebe placed a hand under the head of each, and looked at them for a long time in silence.

"Why is this?" she said, at last, taking hold of a narrow pink ribbon, which was tied around the wrist of one.

"He's the oldest, sure," the nurse answered. "Only by fifteen minutes or so, but it generally makes a difference when twins come to be named; and you may see with your own eyes that there's no telling of 'em apart, otherways."

"Take off the ribbon, then," said Phebe, quietly; "I know them."

"Why, ma'am, it's always done, where they're so like! And I'll never be able to tell which is which; for they sleep and wake and feed by the same clock. And you might mistake, after all, in giving 'em names—"

"There is no oldest or youngest, John; they are two and yet one, this is mine, and this is yours."

"I see no difference at all, Phebe," said John; "and how can we divide them?"

"We will not divide," she answered; "I only meant it as a sign."

She smiled, for the first time in many days. He was glad of heart, but did not understand her. "What shall we call them?" he asked. "Elias and Reuben, after our fathers?"

"No, John: their names must be David and Jonathan."

And so they were called. And they grew, not less, but more alike, in passing through the stages of babyhood. The ribbon of the older one had been removed, and the nurse would have been distracted, but for Phebe's almost miraculous instinct. The former comforted herself with the hope that teething would bring a variation to the two



identical mouths ; but no ! they teethed as one child. John, after desperate attempts, which always failed in spite of the headaches they gave him, postponed the idea of distinguishing one from the other, until they should be old enough to develop some dissimilarity of speech, or gait, or habit. All trouble might have been avoided, had Phebe consented to the least variation in their dresses ; but herein she was mildly immovable.

"Not yet," was her set reply to her husband ; and one day, when he manifested a little annoyance at her persistence, she turned to him, holding a child on each knee, and said with a gravity which silenced him thenceforth : "John, can you not see that our burden has passed into them ? Is there no meaning in this, — that two children who are one in body and face and nature, should be given to us at our time of life, after such long disappointment and trouble ? Our lives were held apart ; theirs were united before they were born, and I dare not turn them in different directions. Perhaps I do not know all that the Lord intended to say to us, in sending them ; but his hand is here !"

"I was only thinking of their good," John meekly answered. "If they are spared to grow up, there must be some way of knowing one from the other."

"*They* will not need it, and I, too, think only of them. They have taken the cross from my heart, and I will lay none on theirs. I am reconciled to my life through them, John ; you have been very patient and good with me, and I will yield to you in all things but in this. I do not think I shall live to see them as men grown ; yet, while we are together, I feel clearly what it is right to do. Can you not, just once, have a little faith without knowledge, John ?"

"I'll try, Phebe," he said. "Any way, I'll grant that the boys belong to you more than to me."

Phebe Vincent's character had verily changed. Her attacks of semi-hysterical despondency never returned ; her

gloomy prophecies ceased. She was still grave, and the trouble of so many years never wholly vanished from her face ; but she performed every duty of her life with at least a quiet willingness, and her home became the abode of peace ; for passive content wears longer than demonstrative happiness.

David and Jonathan grew as one boy : the taste and temper of one was repeated in the other, even as the voice and features. Sleeping or waking, grieved or joyous, well or ill, they lived a single life, and it seemed so natural for one to answer to the other's name, that they probably would have themselves confused their own identities, but for their mother's unerring knowledge. Perhaps unconsciously guided by her, perhaps through the voluntary action of their own natures, each quietly took the other's place when called upon, even to the sharing of praise or blame at school, the friendships and quarrels of the play-ground. They were healthy and happy lads, and John Vincent was accustomed to say to his neighbors, "They're no more trouble than one would be, and yet they're four hands instead of two."

Phebe died when they were fourteen, saying to them, with almost her latest breath, "Be one, always !" Before her husband could decide whether to change her plan of domestic education, they were passing out of boyhood, changing in voice, stature, and character with a continued likeness which bewildered and almost terrified him. He procured garments of different colors, but they were accustomed to wear each article in common, and the result was only a mixture of tints for both. They were sent to different schools, to be returned the next day, equally pale, suffering, and incapable of study. Whatever device was employed, they evaded it by a mutual instinct which rendered all external measures unavailing. To John Vincent's mind their resemblance was an accidental misfortune, which had been confirmed through their mother's fancy. He felt that they were bound by some deep,

mysterious tie, which, inasmuch as it might interfere with all practical aspects of life, ought to be gradually weakened. Two bodies, to him, implied two distinct men, and it was wrong to permit a mutual dependence which prevented either from exercising his own separate will and judgment.

But, while he was planning and pondering, the boys became young men, and he was an old man. Old, and prematurely broken; for he had worked much, borne much, and his large frame held only a moderate measure of vital force. A great weariness fell upon him, and his powers began to give way, at first slowly, but then with accelerated failure. He saw the end coming, long before his sons suspected it; his doubt, for their sakes, was the only thing which made it unwelcome. It was "upon his mind" (as his Quaker neighbors would say) to speak to them of the future, and at last the proper moment came.

It was a stormy November evening. Wind and rain whirled and drove among the trees outside, but the sitting-room of the old farm-house was bright and warm. David and Jonathan, at the table, with their arms over each other's backs and their brown locks mixed together, read from the same book: their father sat in the ancient rocking-chair before the fire, with his feet upon a stool. The housekeeper and hired man had gone to bed, and all was still in the house.

John waited until he heard the volume closed, and then spoke.

"Boys," he said, "let me have a bit of talk with you. I don't seem to get over my ailments rightly, — never will, maybe. A man must think of things while there's time, and say them, when they *have* to be said. I don't know as there's any particular hurry in my case; only, we never can tell, from one day to another. When I die, everything will belong to you two, share and share alike, either to buy another farm with the money out, or divide this: I won't tie you up in any way. But two of you will need two farms for two fam-

ilies; for you won't have to wait twelve years, like your mother and me.

"We don't want another farm, father!" said David and Jonathan together.

"I know you don't think so, now. A wife seemed far enough off from me, when I was your age. You've always been satisfied to be with each other, but that can't last. It was partly your mother's notion; I remember her saying that our burden had passed into you. I never quite understood what she meant, but I suppose it must rather be the opposite of what *we* had to bear."

The twins listened with breathless attention while their father, suddenly stirred by the past, told them the story of his long betrothal.

"And now," he exclaimed, in conclusion, "it may be putting wild ideas into your two heads, but I must say it! *That* was where I did wrong, — wrong to her and to me, — in waiting! I had no right to spoil the best of our lives; I ought to have gone boldly, in broad day, to her father's house, taken her by the hand, and led her forth to be my wife. Boys, if either of you comes to love a woman truly, and she to love you, and there is no reason why God (I don't say man) should put you asunder, do as I ought to have done, not as I did! And, maybe, this advice is the best legacy I can leave you."

"But, father," said David, speaking for both, "we have never thought of marrying."

"Likely enough," their father answered; "we hardly ever think of what surely comes. But to me, looking back, it's plain. And this is the reason why I want you to make me a promise, and as solemn as if I was on my death-bed. Maybe I shall be, soon."

Tears gathered in the eyes of the twins. "What is it, father?" they both said.

"Nothing at all to any other two boys, but I don't know how *you* 'll take it. What if I was to ask you to live apart for a while?"

"O father!" both cried. They leaned together, cheek pressing cheek, and hand clasping hand, growing white and trembling. John Vincent, gazing into the fire, did not see their faces, or his purpose might have been shaken.

"I don't say *now*," he went on. "After a while, when — well, when I'm dead. And I only mean a beginning, to help you toward what *has* to be. Only a month; I don't want to seem hard to you; but that's little, in all conscience. Give me your word: say, 'For mother's sake!'"

There was a long pause. Then David and Jonathan said, in low, faltering voices, "For mother's sake, I promise."

"Remember that you were only boys to her. She might have made all this seem easier, for women have reasons for things no man can answer. Mind, within a year after I'm gone!"

He rose, and tottered out of the room.

The twins looked at each other: David said, "Must we?" and Jonathan, "How can we?" Then they both thought, "It may be a long while yet." Here was a present comfort, and each seemed to hold it firmly in holding the hand of the other, as they fell asleep side by side.

The trial was nearer than they imagined. Their father died before the winter was over; the farm and other property was theirs, and they might have allowed life to solve its mysteries as it rolled onwards, but for their promise to the dead. This must be fulfilled, and then — one thing was certain; they would never again separate.

"The sooner the better," said David. "It shall be the visit to our uncle and cousins in Indiana. You will come with me as far as Harrisburg; it may be easier to part there than here. And our new neighbors, the Bradleys, will want your help for a day or two, after getting home."

"It is less than death," Jonathan answered, "and why should it seem to be more? We must think of father and

mother, and all those twelve years; now I know what the burden was."

"And we have never really borne any part of it! Father must have been right in forcing us to promise."

Every day the discussion was resumed, and always with the same termination. Familiarity with the inevitable step gave them increase of courage; yet, when the moment had come and gone, when, speeding on opposite trains, the hills and valleys multiplied between them with terrible velocity, a pang like death cut to the heart of each, and the divided life became a chill, oppressive dream.

During the separation no letters passed between them. When the neighbors asked Jonathan for news of his brother, he always replied, "He is well," and avoided further speech with such evidence of pain that they spared him. An hour before the month drew to an end, he walked forth alone, taking the road to the nearest railway station. A stranger who passed him at the entrance of a thick wood, three miles from home, was thunderstruck on meeting the same person shortly after entering the wood from the other side; but the farmers in the near fields saw two figures issuing from the shade, hand in hand.

Each knew the other's month, before they slept, and the last thing Jonathan said, with his head on David's shoulder, was, "You must know our neighbors, the Bradleys, and especially Ruth." In the morning, as they dressed, taking each other's garments at random, as of old, Jonathan again said, "I have never seen a girl that I like so well as Ruth Bradley. Do you remember what father said about loving and marrying? It comes into my mind whenever I see Ruth; but she has no sister."

"But we heed not both marry," David replied, "that might part us, and this will not. It is for always, now."

"For always, David."

Two or three days later Jonathan said, as he started on an errand to the village: "I shall stop at the Bradleys

this evening, so you must walk across and meet me there."

When David approached the house, a slender, girlish figure, with her back towards him, was stooping over a bush of great crimson roses, cautiously clipping a blossom here and there. At the click of the gate-latch she started and turned towards him. Her light gingham bonnet, falling back, disclosed a long oval face, fair and delicate, sweet brown eyes, and brown hair laid smoothly over the temples. A soft flush rose suddenly to her cheeks, and he felt that his own were burning.

"O Jonathan!" she exclaimed, transferring the roses to her left hand, and extending her right, as she came forward.

He was too accustomed to the name to recognize her mistake at once, and the word "Ruth!" came naturally to his lips.

"I should know your brother David has come," she then said; "even if I had not heard so. You look so bright. How glad I am!"

"Is he not here?" David asked.

"No; but there he is now, surely!" She turned towards the lane, where Jonathan was dismounting. "Why, it is yourself over again, Jonathan!"

As they approached, a glance passed between the twins, and a secret transfer of the riding-whip to David set their identity right with Ruth, whose manner towards the latter innocently became shy with all its friendliness, while her frank, familiar speech was given to Jonathan, as was fitting. But David also took the latter to himself, and when they left, Ruth had apparently forgotten that there was any difference in the length of their acquaintance.

On their way homewards David said: "Father was right. We must marry, like others, and Ruth is the wife for us, — I mean for you, Jonathan. Yes, we must learn to say *mine* and *yours*, after all, when we speak of her."

"Even she cannot separate us, it seems," Jonathan answered. "We must give her some sign, and that will also be a sign for others. It will seem

strange to divide ourselves; we can never learn it properly; rather let us not think of marriage!"

"We cannot help thinking of it; she stands in mother's place now, as we in father's."

Then both became silent and thoughtful. They felt that something threatened to disturb what seemed to be the only possible life for them, yet were unable to distinguish its features, and therefore powerless to resist it. The same instinct which had been born of their wonderful spiritual likeness told them that Ruth Bradley already loved Jonathan: the duty was established, and they must conform their lives to it. There was, however, this slight difference between their natures, — that David was generally the first to utter the thought which came to the minds of both. So when he said, "We shall learn what to do when the need comes," it was a postponement of all foreboding. They drifted contentedly towards the coming change.

The days went by, and their visits to Ruth Bradley were continued. Sometimes Jonathan went alone, but they were usually together, and the tie which united the three became dearer and sweeter as it was more closely drawn. Ruth learned to distinguish between the two when they were before her: at least she said so, and they were willing to believe it. But she was hardly aware how nearly alike was the happy warmth in her bosom produced by either pair of dark gray eyes and the soft half-smile which played around either mouth. To them she seemed to be drawn within the mystic circle which separated them from others, — she, alone; and they no longer imagined a life in which she should not share.

Then the inevitable step was taken. Jonathan declared his love, and was answered. Alas! he almost forgot David that late summer evening, as they sat in the moonlight, and over and over again assured each other how dear they had grown. He felt the trouble in David's heart when they met.

"Ruth is ours, and I bring her kiss to you," he said, pressing his lips to David's; but the arms flung around him trembled, and David whispered, "Now the change begins."

"O, this cannot be our burden!" Jonathan cried, with all the rapture still warm in his heart.

"If it is, it will be light, or heavy, or none at all, as we shall bear it," David answered, with a smile of infinite tenderness.

For several days he allowed Jonathan to visit the Bradley farm alone, saying that it must be so, on Ruth's account. Her love, he declared, must give her the fine instinct which only their mother had ever possessed, and he must allow it time to be confirmed. Jonathan, however, insisted that Ruth already possessed it; that she was beginning to wonder at his absence, and to fear that she would not be entirely welcome to the home which must always be equally his.

David yielded at once.

"You must go alone," said Jonathan, "to satisfy yourself that she knows us at last."

Ruth came forth from the house as he drew near. Her face beamed: she laid her hands upon his shoulders and kissed him. "Now you cannot doubt me, Ruth!" he said, gently.

"Doubt you, Jonathan!" she exclaimed, with a fond reproach in her eyes. "But you look troubled; is anything the matter?"

"I was thinking of my brother," said David, in a low tone.

"Tell me what it is," she said, drawing him into the little arbor of woodbine near the gate. They took seats, side by side, on the rustic bench. "He thinks I may come between you: is it not that?" she asked. Only one thing was clear to David's mind,—that she would surely speak more frankly and freely of him to the supposed Jonathan than to his real self. This once he would permit the illusion.

"Not more than must be," he answered. "He knew all, from the very

beginning. But we have been like one person in two bodies, and any change seems to divide us."

"I feel that as you do," said Ruth. "I would never consent to be your wife, if I could really divide you. I love you both too well for that."

"Do you love me?" he asked, entirely forgetting his representative part.

Again the reproachful look, which faded away as she met his eyes. She fell upon his breast, and gave him kisses which were answered with equal tenderness. Suddenly he covered his face with his hands, and burst into a passion of tears.

"Jonathan! O Jonathan!" she cried, weeping with alarm and sympathetic pain.

It was long before he could speak; but at last, turning away his head, he faltered, "I am David!"

There was a long silence.

When he looked up she was sitting with her hands rigidly clasped in her lap: her face was very pale.

"There it is, Ruth," he said; "we are one heart and one soul. Could he love, and not I? You cannot decide between us, for one is the other. If I had known you first, Jonathan would be now in my place. What follows, then?"

"No marriage," she whispered.

"No!" he answered; "we brothers must learn to be two men instead of one. You will partly take my place with Jonathan; I must live with half my life, unless I can find, somewhere in the world, your other half."

"I cannot part you, David!"

"Something stronger than you or me parts us, Ruth. If it were death, we should bow to God's will: well, it can no more be got away from than death or judgment. Say no more: the pattern of all this was drawn long before we were born, and we cannot do anything but work it out."

He rose and stood before her. "Remember this, Ruth," he said; "it is no blame in us to love each other. Jonathan will see the truth in my face when we meet, and I speak for him also.

You will not see me again until your wedding-day, and then no more afterwards—but, yes! *once*, in some far-off time, when you shall know me to be David, and still give me the kiss you gave to-day.”

“Ah, after death!” she thought: “I have parted them forever.” She was about to rise, but fell upon the seat again, fainting. At the same moment Jonathan appeared at David’s side.

No word was said. They bore her forth and supported her between them until the fresh breeze had restored her to consciousness. Her first glance rested on the brother’s hands, clasping; then, looking from one to the other, she saw that the cheeks of both were wet.

“Now leave me,” she said, “but come to-morrow, Jonathan!” Even then she turned from one to the other with a painful, touching uncertainty, and stretched out both hands to them in farewell.

How that poor twin-heart struggled with itself is only known to God. All human voices, and, as they believed, also the Divine Voice, commanded the division of their interwoven life. Submission would have seemed easier, could they have taken up equal and similar burdens; but David was unable to deny that his pack was overweighted. For the first time their thoughts began to diverge.

At last David said: “For mother’s sake, Jonathan, as we promised. She always called you *her* child. And for Ruth’s sake, and father’s last advice: they all tell me what I must do.”

It was like the struggle between will and desire in the same nature, and none the less fierce or prolonged because the softer quality foresaw its ultimate surrender. Long after he felt the step to be inevitable, Jonathan sought to postpone it, but he was borne by all combined influences nearer and nearer to the time.

And now the wedding-day came. David was to leave home the same evening, after the family dinner under

his father’s roof. In the morning he said to Jonathan: “I shall not write until I feel that I have become other than now, but I shall always be here, in you, as you will be in me, everywhere. Whenever you want me, I shall know it; and I think I shall know when to return.”

The hearts of all the people went out towards them as they stood together in the little village church. Both were calm, but very pale and abstracted in their expression, yet their marvellous likeness was still unchanged. Ruth’s eyes were cast down, so they could not be seen; she trembled visibly, and her voice was scarcely audible when she spoke the vow. It was only known in the neighborhood that David was going to make another journey. The truth could hardly have been guessed by persons whose ideas followed the narrow round of their own experiences; had it been, there would probably have been more condemnation than sympathy. But in a vague way the presence of some deeper element was felt,—the falling of a shadow, although the outstretched wing was unseen. Far above them, and above the shadow, watched the Infinite Pity, which was not denied to three hearts that day.

It was a long time, more than a year, and Ruth was lulling her first child on her bosom, before a letter came from David. He had wandered westwards, purchased some lands on the outer line of settlement, and appeared to be leading a wild and lonely life. “I know now,” he wrote, “just how much there is to bear, and how to bear it. Strange men come between us, but you are not far off when I am alone on these plains. There is a place where I can always meet you, and I know that you have found it,—under the big ash-tree by the barn. I think I am nearly always there about sundown, and on moonshiny nights, because we are then nearest together; and I never sleep without leaving you half my blanket. When I first begin to wake, I always feel your breath, so we are never really parted for long. I do not know

that I can change much ; it is not easy ; it is like making up your mind to have different colored eyes and hair, and I can only get sunburnt and wear a full beard. But we are hardly as unhappy as we feared to be ; mother came the other night, in a dream, and took us on her knees. O, come to me, Jonathan, but for one day ! No, you will not find me ; I am going across the Plains ! ”

And Jonathan and Ruth ? They loved each other tenderly ; no external trouble visited them ; their home was peaceful and pure ; and yet, every room and stairway and chair was haunted by a sorrowful ghost. As a neighbor said after visiting them, “ There seemed to be something lost. ” Ruth saw how constantly and how unconsciously Jonathan turned to see his own every feeling reflected in the missing eyes ; how his hand sought another, even while its fellow pressed hers ; how half-spoken words, day and night, died upon his lips, because they could not reach the twin-ear. She knew not how it came, but her own nature took upon itself the same habit. She felt that she received a less measure of love than she gave, — not from Jonathan, in whose whole, warm, transparent heart no other woman had ever looked, but something of her own passed beyond him and never returned. To both their life was like one of those conjurer’s cups, seemingly filled with red wine, which is held from the lips by the false crystal hollow.

Neither spoke of this : neither dared to speak. The years dragged out their slow length, with rare and brief messages from David. Three children were in the house, and still peace and plenty laid their signs upon its lintels. But at last Ruth, who had been growing thinner and paler ever since the birth of her first boy, became seriously ill. Consumption was hers by inheritance, and it now manifested itself in a form which too surely foretold the result. After the physician had gone, leaving his fatal verdict behind him, she called to Jonathan, who, bewildered by his grief, sank down on his knees

at her bedside and sobbed upon her breast.

“ Don’t grieve, ” she said ; “ this is my share of the burden. If I have taken too much from you and David, now comes the atonement. Many things have grown clear to me. David was right when he said that there was no blame. But my time is even less than the doctor thinks : where is David ? Can you not bid him come ? ”

“ I can only call him with my heart, ” he answered. “ And will he hear me now, after nearly seven years ? ”

“ Call, then ! ” she eagerly cried. “ Call with all the strength of your love for him and for me, and I believe he will hear you ! ”

The sun was just setting. Jonathan went to the great ash-tree, behind the barn, fell upon his knees, and covered his face, and the sense of an exceeding bitter cry filled his heart. All the suppressed and baffled longing, the want, the hunger, the unremitting pain of years, came upon him and were crowded into the single prayer, “ Come, David, or I die ! ” Before the twilight faded, while he was still kneeling, an arm came upon his shoulder, and the faint touch of another cheek upon his own. It was hardly for the space of a thought, but he knew the sign.

“ David will come ! ” he said to Ruth.

From that day all was changed. The cloud of coming death which hung over the house was transmuted into fleecy gold. All the lost life came back to Jonathan’s face, all the unrestful sweetness of Ruth’s brightened into a serene beatitude. Months had passed since David had been heard from ; they knew not how to reach him without many delays ; yet neither dreamed of doubting his coming.

Two weeks passed, three, and there was neither word nor sign. Jonathan and Ruth thought, “ He is near, ” and one day a singular unrest fell upon the former. Ruth saw it, but said nothing until night came, when she sent Jonathan from her bedside with the words, “ Go and meet him ! ”

An hour afterwards she heard double



steps on the stone walk in front of the house. They came slowly to the door ; it opened ; she heard them along the hall and ascending the stairs ; then the chamber-lamp showed her the two faces, bright with a single, unutterable joy.

One brother paused at the foot of the bed ; the other drew near and bent over her. She clasped her thin hands around his neck, kissed him fondly, and cried, "Dear, dear David !"

"Dear Ruth," he said, "I came as soon as I could. I was far away, among wild mountains, when I felt that Jonathan was calling me. I knew that I must return, never to leave you more, and there was still a little work to finish. Now we shall all live again !"

"Yes," said Jonathan, coming to her other side, "try to live, Ruth !"

Her voice came clear, strong, and full of authority. "I *do* live, as never before. I shall take all my life with me when I go to wait for the one soul, as I shall find it there ! Our love unites, not divides, from this hour !"

The few weeks still left to her were a season of almost superhuman peace. She faded slowly and painlessly, taking the equal love of the twin-hearts, and giving an equal tenderness and gratitude. Then first she saw the myste-

rious need which united them, the fullness and joy wherewith each completed himself in the other. All the imperfect past was enlightened, and the end, even that now so near, was very good.

Every afternoon they carried her down to a cushioned chair on the veranda, where she could enjoy the quiet of the sunny landscape, the presence of the brothers seated at her feet, and the sports of her children on the grass. Thus, one day, while David and Jonathan held her hands and waited for her to wake from a happy sleep, she went before them, and, ere they guessed the truth, she was waiting for their one soul in the undiscovered land.

And Jonathan's children, now growing into manhood and girlhood, also call David "father." The marks left by their divided lives have long since vanished from their faces ; the middle-aged men, whose hairs are turning gray, still walk hand in hand, still sleep upon the same pillow, still have their common wardrobe, as when they were boys. They talk of "our Ruth" with no sadness, for they believe that death will make them one, when, at the same moment, he summons both. And we who know them, to whom they have confided the touching mystery of their nature, believe so too.

*Bayard Taylor.*

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## LEARNING.

THERE came to me from Nature's calm,  
From years of joy and sadness blent,  
Hidden in every prayer and psalm,  
A revelation of content.

A lesson from each bird and flower,  
From common life and common men,  
To teach the uses of the hour,  
The harmony of "now" and "then."

It bade my ancient sorrow cease,  
And taught my stubborn lips to say :  
"He was my friend ; my years increase,  
He died before his hair was gray.

"Although I cannot clasp his hand,  
Or see his smile, my prayers were wrong.  
Whoever seeks a better land  
In living, cannot live too long.

"Let me work on till I can earn —  
For my long past — a little leaven ;  
Let me stay in the world and learn  
To say the alphabet of Heaven.

"Why should I place my happiness  
In being equal with my friend ?  
Why fret if men accomplish less  
Than angels for the common end ?

"We are like two who sit and weave  
On the same fabric, day by day ;  
Why should the brother weaver grieve  
If one has learned an easier way ?

"Far better, with the earnest heart  
That makes the humblest labor grand,  
Study the secrets of his art,  
Until he, too, shall understand."

Capricious Autumn, here and there,  
Drops color with a careless hand ;  
The sunshine and the morning air  
Are freshening all the quiet land.

Gay asters fringe the garden walk ;  
Yonder the reddening apples fall ;  
Above the dahlia's ruined stalk  
The woodbine crimsons roof and wall.

I am content to sit and guide  
My needle, deftly as I may,  
Glad as the hour, and satisfied  
To merge to-morrow in to-day ;

To make my deeds and hopes agree,  
Whatever guise the days may wear,  
The sunlight of eternity  
Rests on the time and makes it fair.

*H. B. Hudson.*

## THE FIELD AND THE GARDEN.

IT must have been observed by every careful student of nature that our walks in the field and in the garden are not attended by the same sensations. Indeed, they always remind me of prose and verse, the one marked by uniformity, the other by variety. The words and images of prose are more ample and free, those of verse more select and condensed. We look for assorted profusion in the garden, for scattered multiplicity in the field. We can sustain our interest a longer time when rambling over the fields of prose; but the luxury of a few moments is greater when traversing the garden-walks of a short poem. We see more beauty, more splendor, more that gratifies the sense in the garden; we discover more of the picturesque, more sublimity, more that excites the imagination in the field. But the dreary monotony and artificial grandeur of a widely extended landscape garden must be as tiresome as a long poem; its serpentine paths, its rustic devices and shallow imitations of nature's wildness failing in their intentions, as the affected ruggedness and hobbling of the verse, and the frequent episodes of a long poem, are but a mockery of the freedom of prose.

Some people who have been confined a great part of their life to the town know very little of flowers, except as the ornaments of a garden, and have admired them chiefly as objects of art. Florist flowers are generally deprived of some of their specific characters: stamens are transformed into petals, as in roses; wheel-shaped flowers in the margin take the place of bell-shaped flowers in the centre, as in the snow-ball; or the florets of the disk are furnished with petals, as in the dahlia, and become in each case a "double flower." By this transformation they are rendered more valuable for bouquets and floral exhibitions, and are

more admirable as ornaments of the parterre. They have become more marketable, but less poetical; they are more the delight of the flower-girl, but they are prized in a less degree by the botanist and the poet, who prefer the objects of nature unsophisticated by art.

The field-flowers are praised by the poet Campbell, because they waft him to bygone summers, to birchen glades and Highland mountains, to the shores of lakes and their little islands; because they are associated with the notes of birds and the voices of streams. While admitting that they are eclipsed by the flowers of the garden, he gives these wildings of nature his preference, because they are allied with more pleasant memories and affections. He would cherish them that they may enliven his declining years with the sensations of youth, and hopes they may grow upon his tomb. The simple flowers of the garden, however, which have not been greatly modified by culture and retain their original characters, claim no less attention than we bestow upon the flowers of the field. The most ancient and common of these have acquired the greatest share of our affection, because they were our earliest friends. Such are the primrose, the pansy, the narcissus, the tulip, the lily of the valley, — perfectly primitive in its character, — and above all the white lily and the rose. We have become acquainted with these flowers, not only from our early intercourse with them in the garden, but from the frequent allusions to them in the poetry of all ages, and in Holy Writ. But they are not the favorites of florists. Fashion, who always impudently interferes with our tastes and our pleasures, has not failed to intermeddle with the flower-garden, and has often stamped a false value upon certain flowers of inferior beauty compared with others of a more simple

habit and deportment. We who have not been compelled to wear the yoke of this tyranny will continue to admire those which have been sanctified to our imagination by the poets of nature.

Many of our common garden-flowers are closely interwoven with the fabric of English literature ; and the frequent mention of them by the early poets, who treated them more in detail than their successors, has invested them with charms which are derived from their descriptions and the imagery that accompanies them. Others are commended to us by the memories of childhood, and by their frequency in the gardens of rustic cottages in the country. Such are the marigold, the larkspur, the morning-glory, the iris, the crocus, and the snowdrop. How vividly are the early scenes and events of our life called up by these simple flowers, and how greatly do they contribute to the cheerfulness and sacredness of the grounds they occupy ! Coming generations will be affected with less emotion by these particular flowers, because their childhood will make friendships with others that have taken their places. But I am persuaded that the introduction of such multitudinous species in our gardens is fatal to the poetic interest that might be felt in a smaller number. A few flowers take a stronger hold of our affections and our imaginations than a multitude. Thus people who live in retirement, with a small circle of friends, are more devoutly attached to them than those who have a crowd of them, whom they constantly meet in the social intercourse of fashion.

I will confess that I am not an admirer of floral exhibitions. I am offended when I see flowers degraded to a level with ribbons, laces, and jewelry, and prized according to some property that is appreciable only by a connoisseur. I am aware that such exhibitions are attended with certain public advantages, and contribute an innocent amusement to the inhabitants of towns and cities. But I should be more interested in looking over the dried spe-

cimens of some rustic botanist in the country than in viewing the most splendid assortment of show flowers ; and feel more respect for the zeal of a true lover of nature, who traverses the continent in quest of an unknown species, than for the ambition of a florist, who experiments half his lifetime to add one new tint to a dahlia.

I was invited some time since by an old lady of my acquaintance to come into her garden and see her flowers, of which she had gathered together a miscellaneous assemblage that reminded me of those we sometimes meet in a little opening in the woods. She was one who valued plants as the works of nature, not as the toys of ambition, and who held them all sacred as gifts of Providence. Every species was highly prized by her, and she had collected all such as her means enabled her to obtain, and planted them in her garden. This little enclosure I found to be stored with many plants which have been naturalized on our soil, and from time immemorial have been known and loved by the inhabitants both of England and America. Many of these were common in our gardens thirty years ago. Among them were several cordial and medicinal herbs, such as wormwood, balm, horehound, southernwood, basil, and thyme, growing side by side with pinks, jasmines, and primulus. She expatiated on the uses of these and the beauties of those ; but the principal objects of her admiration were some noble sunflowers, that maintained a sort of kingly presence among the inhabitants of her garden.

Not being affected by any prejudice against sunflowers, I sympathized with her admiration, and praised them heartily, without saying a word more than I felt. They were dotted about her grounds with great irregularity, not because the old lady had any of the prevailing affectation for what is termed picturesque arrangement, but wherever a seed had come up, there she allowed it to grow without molestation. There was an air of rustic cheerfulness about these sunflowers that captivated my

sight, and made me at the time a true convert to the views of my entertainer. This celebrated flower, which was dedicated to the sun, because it was made in the image of that deity, — the flower which was produced by the transformation of Clytie, and, still retaining her passion, is supposed to turn itself constantly toward his beams, — had found a modern admirer in my hostess. Though its colors are neither various nor beautiful, there is a halo of divinity in the border of petals surrounding the disk of the flower, and a look that reminded me of those charitable and honest people who live to do good. We shall perceive this analogy when we consider that the sunflower possesses many economical properties, and that, after the beauty of its prime is faded, it scatters abroad its seeds, and supplies a repast for many famishing birds. The good dame appreciated these frugal habits in her sunflowers, and fed her poultry in the autumn with their seeds.

While commenting on the beauties of the various occupants of her garden, she made an apology for the weeds which had overgrown and concealed many of her favorite flowers; her duties as a housekeeper had not left her time enough to be a good supervisor of her plants. I remarked that weeds are an important addition to a flower-garden; that they cause it to resemble the wilds of Nature, who is not careful to destroy weeds, but seems as desirous to protect them as the most beautiful lilies or daisies. It is pleasant when strolling in a garden to feel as if we were making discoveries, by gaining perhaps the first sight of a little blossom half hidden by some overtopping weed. She did not quite comprehend my philosophy, and thought it preferable that the beauties of the garden should be the most conspicuous objects. I replied that many of her weeds were as beautiful as her flowers; that the Roman wormwood, for example, generally despised, was nothing less than the *Ambrosia* which was served with nectar at the feasts of the gods; it is like a tree in its manner of

branching, and bears a leaf like that of a fern, — the proudest of all plants in the structure of its foliage.

On our way through the garden-path a large burdock in an angle of the fence obtruded itself upon our sight, covered with a splendid array of purple globular flowers. The burdock, she said, was allowed to occupy this obscure nook for the benefit of its seeds, which, if made into a tea, are a valuable remedy for weak nerves; and she often steeped its roots with certain aromatic herbs, to add a tonic bitter to her "diet drink." I added that it was once highly prized as a medicinal herb, and that, setting aside the beauty of its flowers, I should cherish this particular one for the protection it affords to a little creeping plant then luxuriating in its shade. This little creeper was the gill; though a weed, a very pretty labiate, displaying its blue and purple flowers in whorls, and the stem with anthers that meet and form a cross, and adorned with heart-shaped leaves very neatly corrugated. This plant had gained my admiration very early in life, among the weeds in my own garden, and on account of its delicate beauty I could not treat it as an outcast.

Among other curiosities of her garden, included in the denomination of weeds, was a delicate euphorbia, a flat spreading plant, lying so close upon the ground that it could hardly be touched by the foot that was placed upon it. It grew in the garden walk, forming circular patches, and covered with minute round leaves, having a purple spot in their centre, and bearing in their axils numerous white flowers. This plant had not attracted her attention, and she seemed pleased at having made so rare a discovery among her weeds. On the other hand, she had not failed to observe a beautiful sandwort, one of the most delicate of nature's productions, with a profusion of small pink flowers upon stalks and leaves as fine as moss. This had planted itself on a rude terrace near the walls of her cottage, where the sandy soil would not permit the growth

of more luxuriant plants that would overshadow and destroy it. She seemed to admire this little weed as much as her sunflowers, and had taken notice of the fine hues of its corolla, its branching stems, and its leaves terminating in fine bristles. Before we separated I remarked that her weeds required no apology, for after all they were not so numerous as to hold any more than their rightful share of the soil. I confessed that in the neglected parts of her garden I had obtained as much satisfaction as if it were a proud *parterre*. I thought there might be an excess of beauty and elegance in a garden as well as in a dwelling-house; that my visit had been an exceedingly pleasant one to me; and that I cared no more to see a garden where everything is kept in as nice a trim as the bald pate of a Chinaman, than to look at the pictures in a barber's shop.

I soon afterwards entered the grounds of an amateur florist, who showed me a fine array of the most recently imported florist's flowers. He discoursed eloquently on the superiority of certain improved dahlias, compared with other similar varieties that might seem identical to one who is not a connoisseur. He was particularly pleased with some beds of hollyhocks that displayed a great variety of colors and shades, which he had combined so as to produce a beautiful harmonic effect that reminded me of the colors of the rainbow. I could not help saying that I admired the splendor of this exhibition, and the ingenuity required for its arrangement; but I did not praise it sufficiently to gratify his ambition, and he expressed his surprise at my want of enthusiasm. I soon perceived that he was, in the most approved sense, a man of taste and of "æsthetic culture"; that he had a keen eye for any improvement in a flower as manifested in a new combination of hues or rare development of form, and great skill in the arrangement of his borders. More than all, he was so much of a scientific botanist, that I was instructed by his discourse no less than I had been delighted

by my interview with his humble neighbor.

He alluded to my visit in the old lady's garden, and spoke in a comical humor of her sunflowers and her admiration of them. I replied that whole nations had worshipped the sun; and why should not our pious friend worship the sunflower, which is typical of that luminary? This religion of hers was a proof of her admiration of greatness, in which she resembled the rest of the world. The public has never ceased to admire big trees and mammoth squashes; and a great sunflower seems to me as worthy of our idolatry as a great water-lily. I confessed that I could join heartily in the respect she paid even to her burdocks, that bear a profusion of flowers, consisting of little globular beads of the most exquisite finish, with tufts of rose-colored fringe, each one a gem fit to adorn the bosom of a sylph. These plants are also of a giant size, with a leaf as large as that of a fan palm. I added that I felt a homely regard for flowers, not in proportion as they were "far-fetched and dear-bought," but as they are adapted to certain important ends connected with our happiness, independent of our ambition. I left him in a state of surprise at my avowal of so many heresies which he thought disproved my sincerity. But I am not able to perceive the superiority of his taste compared with that of my female friend. I cannot understand why mere splendor is a thing to be admired, or simplicity a thing to be ridiculed. A true painter sees more to delight him in a laborer's cottage guarded by an old apple-tree, than in a palace surrounded by works of sculpture and shaded by cedars of Lebanon.

There is an inclination among men to carry their social prejudices into their observations of nature, to make price a criterion of beauty as well as of value, and to qualify their admiration of both scenes and flowers by their ideas of the expense which has been laid out upon them. This is the way to annihilate everything sacred and poetical in the character of flowers and

landscapes, and to degrade nature below art, or, rather, I should say, below fashion. The simple-hearted woman who cherishes with fondness a lilac-tree that bore flowers for her when she was a girl, manifests a sentiment that is entitled to respect, and her affection for it is a genuine theme for poetry. He who despises her attachment because her lilac-tree is out of date as a thing of fashion, and has lost its value in the flower-market, is himself the proper subject of satire. Let us save these fair objects of the field and the garden from being appraised like millinery goods! When I observe this venal criterion of taste as exemplified in the grounds of wealthy men and florists, I turn from the most splendid garden with indifference, to admire a little modest violet in the wildwood, hiding itself under the broad leaf of a fern, or trembling on the edge of a footpath in the meadow.

There have been some curious speculations about the forms and colors of flowers, in the works of certain fanciful writers. Some of them consider all the colors of the universe as typical of some divine attribute. In this way they would explain the agreeable impressions usually produced by certain colors. White is very obviously regarded by all nations as the symbol of purity. It also signifies cheerfulness, because it reflects the greatest quantity of light and yields a proportional vividness to our perceptions. The melancholy feelings, on the other hand, which are excited by black surfaces flow from their resemblance to darkness. But how shall we account for the sensations of vivid enjoyment produced by the different colors which we call beautiful? Why do the golden, orange, and purple tints that surround the declining sun cause more exquisite sensations than the white light reflected from the clouds at noonday? And why do the beautiful colors that grace the cup of an auricula or the cheek of a rose affect us with more pleasure than the simple whiteness of any similar flowers? Do they act upon the mind by producing

some definite emotion of which these colors are the type? We cannot explain all these effects by association.

But whether there be truth or not in the theory that assigns to colors some innate power of producing definite thoughts as well as sensations, none will deny that similar effects are produced by colors from association. Hence the varied hues of autumn have become, from their alliance with the close of the year, suggestive of melancholy trains of thought which are hardly subdued by their cheerful splendor. Colors less lively in the foliage of the vernal woods cheer, animate, and delight us, as signals of the revival of nature. These different tints have accordingly become emblematical of their respective seasons; and while the brilliant hues of autumn awaken a certain appreciable amount of sadness, the pale green hues of spring, with their dim shades of rose and lilac, dispose us to cheerfulness and pleasant memories of early life.

The custom of emblemizing flowers, which has prevailed among all nations, seems to be a passion of the human mind. In our imagination they are persons, objects of friendship and love, having the semblance of our virtues and affections. If we speak of them with a sort of passionate regard, it is because we thus personify them and clothe them with human and even divine qualities. The virtues we admire in the character of our fellow-beings we are delighted to behold symbolized in flowers; and hence we may explain why those representing modesty, humility, delicacy, and purity are our favorites, while we seldom long admire the gaudy and showy flowers. We prize them in proportion as they are suggestive of some agreeable moral sentiment; hence a white flower which is without any intrinsic beauty of color gains in many cases more of our admiration than another similar one of beautiful tints.

Wordsworth habitually views the minor works of nature in this moral aspect, and delights in speaking the



praises of the common and simple garden flowers. Like a true poet, he sees in them more to awaken pleasant and salutary thoughts than in those which are prized at floral exhibitions. He has woven many delightful emblematic images with flowers, and through them has conveyed important sentiments of a moral and religious kind. He considers the daisy, which is scattered widely in England over every field and near every footpath, and which is also cultivated at cottage-windows in many different countries, as a "pilgrim of nature," whose home is everywhere. He thinks there abides with this little plant some concord with humanity; and that those who are easily depressed may learn a lesson from it. It will teach them by its cheerful example how to find a shelter in every climate, and under all conditions of adversity, engaging the affections of all no less by its modest beauty than by its capacity of living and thriving, and remaining bright and cheerful under all circumstances of culture or neglect.

He also praises, in another poem, the small celandine. He greets it as the prophet of spring and its attractions; and speaks of the thrifty cottager who stirs seldom out of doors, and who is charmed with the sight of this humble flower by reason of its happy augury of the year. He commends it for its kindly and unassuming disposition. Careless of its neighborhood, we see its pleasant face in wood and meadow, in the rustic lane and in the stately avenue, on the princely domain and in the meanest place upon the highway. It is pleased and contented in all situations, and the poet glows in his description of its unpretending virtues. He rebukes the gaudy flowers that will be seen whether we would see them or not, and considers them as exemplifying the pride of worldlings; and again he extols the virtues of the small celandine.

In another poem he compares the ambitious, who, without more than ordinary talents or merit, aspire to some lofty station, to a tuft of fern on the

summit of a high rock. It is a miserable thing, "dry, withered, light, and yellow," that endeavors to soar with the tempest and expose itself to observation; but all its importance belongs to its position. We wonder how it came there, and how it is able to keep its place, while plants of superior qualities would be unable to transport themselves thither; and if by accident they should arrive at such a height, they could not sustain it. The fern by its meanness accomplishes what, if it possessed a nobler nature, would be impossible. Thus, he continues, mean men, never doubting their own merit or capacity, and unscrupulous of the means they use to elevate themselves or to keep their place, rise to eminences which men of genius and integrity could not attain, because they scorn the actions that would insure them success.

The rose, in all ages, has been regarded as the emblem of beauty and virtue, having in addition to its visual attractions a fragrance that always endures. The Hebrew and classical writers have associated this flower with certain divine qualities which are held up for our love and reverence. The lily is no less celebrated, being frequently mentioned in Holy Writ, to adorn a parable or to improve the force of some poetic image. Among all nations it is a chosen symbol of meekness and modesty, and it is more frequently celebrated in lyric poetry than any other flower, because it is the semblance, in the highest degree, of those qualities which are favorite themes of the poets. Its paleness is typical of delicacy, while its drooping habit renders it a true emblem of sorrow. It is the metaphorical image of the meek and passive virtues, while the perfume it sends abroad may be compared to the influence of a good man's life.

I have said nothing of the language of flowers, which seems in general to have only a slight foundation in nature. It is rather the result of an agreement to use certain flowers to signify certain words or ideas arbitrarily applied to them. It is indeed but an agreeable

form of writing by cipher. In some cases this language is founded on a legend or a poetic fable, in others on the emblematic characters of the flowers. Thus, the violet signifies modesty, because its colors are soft, and the flower seems to hide itself from observation. In like manner the sensitive-plant is expressive of purity, because it shrinks from the touch; and the balsam of impatience, because its capsules snap in the hand that is put forth to gather them. Let us not deride the harmless amusements that spring from this philological use of flowers, nor despise the ingenuity that invented them. A bouquet that conveys an affectionate message from a young lover to his mistress must possess a charm in her sight which genius could hardly express in the finest verses.

Flowers serve a more needful purpose in the economy of nature than we are prone to imagine; and they produce more effect on the duller minds than many even of the most susceptible would acknowledge. But it is not an uncommon habit, especially among the ignorant, to ridicule the study of flowers and those who are devoted to it. On the other hand, they do not despise the occupation of the florist, because it brings him money. Others consider botany a trifling pursuit, worthy the attention only of persons of effeminate habits; but I have never been able to learn that these objectors are contemners of any of those fashionable habits which are confessedly enervating and destructive of mental and physical power. Nothing can enervate that actively employs the mind and exercises the body at the same time, as may be said of the out-of-door study of botany or any other branch of natural history. They are the most invigorating of all intellectual pursuits. Nor is the study of flowers the less worthy of attention, though we admit that it exercises the imagination and fancy more than it stores the mind with knowledge. The same charge may be brought against the study of any of the fine arts.

The botanist, however, does not study flowers merely as beautiful objects. As a scientific observer, he finds in them the exponents of the laws of vegetation, which can be understood only by the keenest perceptions. Hence the fact that among botanists may be named some of the greatest men who have lived. As a moral and poetic observer, he discerns in flowers, not mere gems sparkling on the bosom of Nature, but so many living beings, looking up to him from the greensward, and down upon him from the trees and cliffs, and inspiring him with a feeling of sympathy with all the visible world. What can be more worthy of study than this beautiful assemblage of living things, whose relations to each other and to men and animals unfold a thousand singular mysteries, whose forms and colors produce the most delicate conceptions of art, and whose metaphorical characters have rendered them the very poetry of nature! Religion and virtue, science, painting, and poetry, all have their readings in these brilliant pets of the florist and toys of children. The stars of heaven do not convey to our minds a more vivid conception of the mysteries of the universe than the flowers that sparkle in the same countless numbers on the earth.

Let us imagine that the earth had been created without flowers; that the greensward was sprinkled with no violets in the opening of the year; and that May flung around her footsteps neither daisies nor cowslips; that summer called out no blossom upon the trees, and that autumn bound with his ripened sheaves neither asters nor golden-rods, and looked through his frosty eyelids upon neither gentians nor euphrasia! Let us imagine that the dews cherished nothing fairer than the green foliage of herbs and trees, and that the light of morning, which now unfolds the splendor of millions of tinted corols, sparkled only in the crystal dewdrops; that the butterfly looked in vain for its counterpart among the plants that now offer it their allurements, and that the bee was not

one of the living forms of nature, because the fields produced no flowers for its sustenance! Who would not feel that some unknown blessing was denied us? Who would not believe that there was some imperfection in the order of nature?

What fanciful image of happiness is not associated with flowers,—the delight of infant rambles in the sunshine of May; the reward of their searchings in the meadows among brambles and ferns; infantile honors and decorations for the brows of childhood; the types of their budding affections and the materials for their cheerful devices; the ornaments of young May-queens and the joy of their attendants; the fair objects of their quest in the sunny borders of fragrant woods; the pride of their simple ambition when woven into garlands of love! How blank would the earth be to childhood without flowers! How destitute the fields of beauty and nature of poetry!

But the Intelligence that set light in heaven, to beam with every imaginable hue, has not made us sensitive to beauty, without bestowing upon the earth those forms which, like the letters of a book, convey to the mind an infinity of delightful thoughts and conceptions. Hence flowers are made to spring up in wood and dell, by solitary streams, in moss-grown recesses; near every path that glides through the meadow, and in every green lane that wanders through the forest; and nature has given them an endless variety of forms, colors, and deportment, that by their different expressions they may awaken every agreeable passion of the

soul. There is no place where their light is not to be seen. The inhabitant of the South beholds them in trees looking down upon him like the birds; the man of the North sees them embossed in verdure, under the protection of trees and rocks. Insects sip from their honey-cups the nectar of their subsistence, during a life as ephemeral as that of the blossom they plunder; and the summer gales rejoice in their sweets with which they have laden their wings. Morning greets them when she wakes, and sees them spread out their petals to the light of the sun, all glowing with beauty when the dews that sleep nightly in their bosoms steal silently back to heaven; and every day is relieved of its weariness by the myriads that brighten when it approaches, and sweeten with their fragrance the transitory visits of each fleeting hour.

When is the mind so impassive that it is not animated by the presence of flowers and made hopeful by their gayety? Where is the eye that does not see them, and note their comeliness, and wish that they might never droop or decay? Where is the lover that does not view them as partaking of his own passion, and looking fair for the sake of her for whom they seem to be created? The young bride, when garlanded with their wreaths, feels that the virtues that should reside in her heart have shed their grace upon her through these fair symbols; and mourners, when they see them clustering round the tomb of a departed friend, worship them as lights of heaven, foreshowing in their sleep and resurrection the soul's immortality!

*Wilson Flagg.*

## V.—AMERICAN LIFE IN FRANCE.

1851.

SEPTEMBER 22d. — Yesterday we were at the Oratoire. We heard M. Adolphe Monod, a celebrated preacher. I like the French preaching very much. It is earnest, and keeps the attention constantly alive. French clergymen use no notes. I do not know whether their discourses are committed to memory or extemporaneous. If the latter, their command of language and power of arrangement are wonderful. But I think it impossible that this should be the case. Most of the sermons we have heard have been very finished productions.

The children came home Saturday as usual. They are well and happy. All my anxieties about Willie are over. They were very keen that first Monday morning, when we went away and left the little fellow to his fate. I seemed to be abandoning him to the cold outside world that day. Besides the thought of the strangeness and the loneliness and the homesickness, there was that of the dry, hard work, without help or praise or sympathy. Willie had never before been put to compulsory study. When we sent him to school in Boston, it was that he might be with other boys, and that he might imbibe something of general instruction. We made a stipulation that he was not to do anything which he did not do of his own accord, or bring any lesson home except by his own choice. I remember his bringing home one lesson. It was on ancient Egypt. He had thought beforehand he should like history. He grappled with the lesson obstinately, and mastered it, almost demolishing the leaf of Taylor's Manual, against which his efforts were directed. After all, he found himself indifferent to the ancient Egyptians. He thought their affairs did not concern him. We agreed that he should let history go until it came down some-

what nearer to him. We both thought that arithmetic would be convenient; so he chose arithmetic as his principal school study.

Willie kept up his little lessons at home with me. They were given chiefly to German and French. I began teaching him German when he was very young, thinking it important to a good knowledge of English. I began by telling him stories into which I introduced a German word which I made recur frequently; when he was familiar with this, I gave another word in German, and so on until the whole or nearly the whole story was told in German. When he already knew a number of common words, I let him begin to read very simple things in German. Whatever he read, he read over, day after day, until he knew it entirely by heart. He acquired in this way quite a stock of little poems and stories, which he had ready for recitation at school on the day when this exercise was called for, and which he had acquired without the slightest trouble; for I never hurried him. When he was ready to do without the book, he would push it away and recite his piece instead of reading it. Then I would tell him the titles of other tales and ballads, until he caught at one that hit his fancy. We would then begin on the new piece, and in the same way, by slow degrees, make it our own. He can read anything in German that interests him. I am afraid he will have to lose his German now. I had meant to keep it up by reading a very little with him two or three times a week. But it will be impossible. He will have as much laid upon him as he can bear; that I see; and it will not do to add a feather's weight.

He does not know as much of French as of German, for he did not begin it as early. As I wished chiefly to pre-

pare him for speaking it, I let him read stories in which there was a good deal of conversation. I found some nice little story-books at the Antislavery Fair. The children's talk in them was pretty and simple, without affectation.

I began with giving him a sketch of the story he was going to read, in order to awaken his interest without wholly satisfying it. Then I translated for him a single sentence, first freely, then word by word. When he asked to translate it himself, I let him do so, prompting him quickly, however, without leaving him time to hesitate or suggest a wrong meaning. This sentence perfectly learned, we added another, and so on until the whole story was familiar. After this he read the same story over and over, until he received the meaning directly from the French words without translating them into English.

Before he had been in France a fortnight, I observed that he followed perfectly a French conversation which passed in his presence. At school he talks with everybody, Alfred says. M. Gachotte is confident that the language will not be an impediment in his general studies. And yet Willie never studied French regularly with dictionary and grammar until he came here. He hardly knows how he got what French he has, any more than how he came by his English. One consequence of this is, that he has no false shame about speaking; no thought except how he shall bring his meaning to the light. The way in which he compasses this is sometimes truly surprising.

The approved principle of our time seems to be to make everything as hard as possible to children, in order to exercise their brains. I went on the plan of saving him all the trouble I could. I believe many a delicate brain is injured by early over-exercise and injudicious exercise. And in the end what has been gained? I have observed that some children who spend a vast deal of time over grammars, Latin

and other, never arrive at a knowledge of the language itself. If we are to have but one, surely it is better to have the language than an account of it. Not that I undervalue the study of grammar. It must have its place, but at a later period, when it is demanded by the student himself, as it certainly will be if he has not been disgusted with all study.

I am confident that the surest and most thorough way for children to learn a language, their own or another, is by the repeated hearing and reading of things pleasing in form and interesting in substance. They will not weary of this, if we do not. It is a mistake to suppose that children crave continual novelty. With them, what pleases once pleases always. Their familiar poems and tales are their familiar friends. They attach themselves to ideal personages as to real persons, and always welcome their appearance on the scene. My children would ask for the same ballads every twilight for years, and seemed only to grow fonder of them the oftener they heard them.

From children themselves we learn what is good for children, for they know. It is through a continued, habitual familiarity with beautiful things that the heart and mind are cultivated. This is a tranquil, an insensible work. The kingdom of Heaven cometh not with observation.

I do not believe in intellectual task-work for young children. We must only offer, not press our gifts. What is to profit them will win its way, and establish itself in the memory by a right of its own. Let us not be too solicitous to provide either occupation or entertainment for our children.

Everything is new to the young; every good and beautiful thing full of meanings, which unfold themselves, one after another, in a series of enchanting surprises. The emotions of children are so vivid, their pleasure in the reception of ideas so keen, that, if we do not try to do too much for them, if we only supply the proper material as it is called for, and leave them the

leisure to feel and to ponder, their own minds and imaginations will afford them perpetual pastime, and will carry on for them a work sure and perfect, as all the processes of nature are.

As poetry makes the earliest literature of a people, so poetry should, I believe, be the vehicle of the first deliberate instruction of a child. But I would never give a young child "a piece," as we say, to learn by rote alone. The least of the evils arising from this supposed labor-saving method are the faults in pronunciation, emphasis, and expression he will fall into, and which it will be hard to correct. The piece itself is fruitless to him at the time, and probably lost to him forever; so that the better the selection, the greater the sacrifice. It is probably connected in his mind thenceforth with a sense of annoyance and injury, and is discarded from among his mental stores. It might have been a possession for life in all its beauty, with the added associations of tenderness and sympathy, which transfigure the common things of life and invest the beautiful and rare with yet a sweeter and a more enduring charm.

Above all I would never make a task-book of the Bible. Those who prize the Bible most devoutly, and always more and more, are those who never sighed over it in childhood, casting longing glances towards the window, and longing thoughts towards the outer door; they are those who first heard it, not read in a conventional or in a didactic tone, but from fond lips, in the subdued voice of love and reverence.

I must believe that the mother is the best teacher for the child, at least until it is ten or twelve years old. I will only except those rare teachers who have a genius for their art, and that passion for it which people have for what they are born to. And yet, why should I except even these? Who can be so earnest for success as the mother? who so ingenious in finding out the way to it? Love, parental love, is so inspiring, so inventive, that it

supplies the place of genius and even of instruction.

And what does not the mother lose who foregoes this delightful work! Is there a pleasure equal to that of teaching a bright, affectionate child?

The little creatures are so fond of the company of their elders, so pleased and proud to have a common occupation with them! With what high contentment they establish themselves in the chair set as close as possible to yours! How they turn from time to time, to exchange a look of mutual felicitation!

It has been made an objection to the mother's being the teacher, that it obliges her to exercise too much restraint over the child, and thus weakens its love for her. This is an unfounded fear. The more mother and child are together, the more their interests are one, the closer will be the bond between them.

The mother who is associated in her child's mind with the truest gains of his life, who has awakened or developed tastes and susceptibilities which are his security against the dominion of inferior ones, who has opened avenues to pleasures from which no caprices of fortune can exclude him, insures, with the constancy of his gratitude, the permanence of her own influence.

There are those who think that the indulgence of the mother will render her instruction desultory and superficial. This danger must be thought of; yet I think it a less one than that of over-solicitude and undue requirement.

Children will not put up with superficial teaching unless they have been rigorously trained to it by an arrogant, meagre-minded teacher. There is no way of finding out one's own ignorance so sure as teaching a child. How many things we think we know because we have gone over them, yet find ourselves, on proof, possessed only of some vague and disordered notions! We are compelled to method and exactitude when we set ourselves to present a subject before a child's mind in a simple and perspicuous manner.

Our children train us quite as much as we train them.

A well-constituted child is orderly, patient, constant; enjoys the use of his faculties, takes delight in accomplishment. We have only to set him in the right direction, and not make the path unpleasant to him; he will walk forward as fast as is good for him.

The fault which we must guard ourselves against most watchfully is impatience to see results. We must not expect advance from day to day, hardly from month to month. If, on looking back six months or a year, we perceive a gain, it is enough. The mental growth, like the physical, is gradual and imperceptible. We ought always to keep this analogy in view. We do not cram children with food; why should we try to cram them with knowledge? We do not let them have indigestible things, or force them to take what they have a decided distaste for; why should we oppress or sicken them with heavy or repulsive studies?

What we have to do for children is to instil into them good principles and help them to form good habits. It is important very early to cultivate the habit of attention and of persevering pursuit. This must be done by keeping the interest engaged. We can interest them only by being interested ourselves, genuinely interested; not in the distant aim of their future advantage, but in their work of the hour, in all their little thoughts and emotions of every moment. Sympathy is the great power in the human world. This it is which works the miracles.

I could wish that the mother need not give up the charge of her children's education, even when they pass out of childhood, but could continue to be their guide and companion in what are called the higher studies.

I have had in my mind, of course, mothers whom their condition and the custom of our time relieve or deprive of the material work of the household, — an exemption which is a blessing or the reverse, according to their capacity for providing themselves with such sub-

stitutes for the discarded occupations, as shall be an equal discipline to themselves, and give them the same importance to their family that the practical housewife has to hers. It is true, that no American women are so unfortunate as to be entirely exempt from domestic cares. But even those who have many in the way of administration and superintendence can almost always find an hour or two in the day which they can give to reading and study, and they can, with this, easily keep in advance of their children. The hour so given will more than regain itself in the increased value of the others. It steadies the mind, composes the nerves. It is, in its effects, like a journey into another country. The return to customary scenes, after this short but complete withdrawal, finds them all fresh and charming. Things stand in their just proportions. Exaggerated troubles and anxieties have shrunk, leaving to the compensations and promises of life their just pre-eminence.

It would, I think, be an admirable thing if mothers of the same family or the same circle would associate themselves for the education of their children, each taking charge of the department for which she may have a special gift or taste. Thus, one could teach music, another drawing; one this language, another that. If it were necessary to have a teacher for some branch in which the circle had no proficient, mothers and children could take lessons together, and afterwards go over them together. This companionship would give a zest to study, would make it real and earnest. The acquisition of knowledge would become what it was meant to be, one of the chief joys of life, and especially of the life of the young, instead of being an imposition and a bugbear. If such a system could come into use, its success, even in the ordinary sense of the word, would be so great that it would lead to the certain renovation of our public institutions, still fearfully clogged by the monastic tradition.



September 23d. — At Montpellier, *Le Suffrage Universel* has been seized in the post and at its office. The article which has occasioned this seizure is one on martial law in Ardèche. I should like to see this article.

M. Chevreau, the prefect of Ardèche, has come out with a new decree in the cause of order. He has observed, he says, that certain individuals affect the color red, wearing this one a belt, that one a neckerchief, of the offensive color, while others permit themselves to exhibit it at the button-hole. He decrees, therefore, that henceforth red caps, red cravats, red belts, red ribbon, and so forth, are formally forbidden in the department of Ardèche. The "and so forth" probably covers the red carnation or the red rose, which the peasant may not put in his button-hole until further order.

As I am on the chapter of prohibitions, let me mention a few other instances.

General Castellane has prohibited, in the sixth military division, "the sale of engravings and lithographs representing the portraits of persons implicated in the Lyons Plot."

The five departments over which the sway of the general commanding the sixth military division extends seem to be of a most persistent and impracticable character. They keep him well on the *qui vive*, forcing him to be always prohibiting them, now this, now that. It is a picture; it is a medal; it is a pamphlet by Louis Blanc; it is a book by Esquiros. The very titles of some of the forbidden books are so suggestive of radicalism, that it must revolt this champion of order to be obliged to publish them himself, though only in a prohibited list. Think of a people more than two years under martial law, still having heart enough left to run risks for the sake of reading "The Martyrs of Liberty". Such a book was still read in these departments last summer; for General Castellane heard of it and prohibited it.

In the department of Nord, the col-

portage of the Bible has been prohibited by the prefect. A Protestant colporteur, who had applied for permission to carry round the Bible in this department received a refusal through the mayor of the village where he was when he made his application. Not wishing to give up his work at the first rebuff, he went to Cambrai, the chief place of the arrondissement, to renew his demand; but only to learn that the colportage of no religious book, whether Protestant or Catholic, was permitted in the department. Here is a prefect who goes to the root of the matter.

A Napoleonist journal attributes to the French people a habit of sympathizing with conspirators, and of blaming the government for the measures it takes to secure the public safety. When the people of a country sympathizes with conspirators, it must be either because it believes in their cause, or does not believe in their guilt. If the French people thought a conspiracy extended throughout the country, having for its object the extinction of all actual holders of property and its division among banditti, there would be very little sympathy felt for the conspirators. Fear is ruthless.

The complot Français-Allemand does not appear to have had a great success as an engine for working on the fears of the community. The Lyons trial did a great deal towards disabusing the public mind, and rendered a new appeal to this class of apprehensions a delicate experiment. There is an apparent sense of failure, and an abandonment of the expectations which may have been entertained of this conspiracy when its discovery was first announced. Foreigners are still imprisoned and exiled in its name, but many of the Frenchmen who were caught up in the first days of the alarm are obtaining their release; it being admitted that there is no evidence to be produced against them, or only, perhaps, their signature to an insignificant note found in a suspected house.

When the discovery of a conspiracy is in progress, the agents of the law pounce down upon the houses of the persons who are to be implicated in it, and sweep up all written papers. The signatures appended to notes and letters are put upon a suspected list which suggests new domiciliary visits productive in their turn. Such masses of documents were accumulated for use on the Lyons trial, that M. Michel (de Bourges) said, "If all these papers are to be read, we must make up our minds to pass the rest of our lives reading papers." M. Thourel, being a hospitable and social man, had probably a large correspondence; so many letters had been laid up on his account, that the prosecution itself proposed to pass the greater part of them over, if the defence did not object. The defence objected the less, inasmuch as the letters in question had nothing to do with the case.

The more ardent Republicans have sometimes repelled the counsel of the calmer and graver, and have chafed under the restraint imposed upon them by their leaders. At such times they have expressed their dissent and impatience, not only publicly in the journals of their party, but also and yet more unreservedly in letters to friends of their own shade of opinion. Such letters the prosecution takes a peculiar satisfaction in producing, and exults in the evidence of differences which it hopes to revive and embitter by these exposures. The republican leaders respond nobly by coming forward to defend and vindicate the men whom a too ardent patriotism may for a moment have misled, but who are frankly forgiven by those whose prudence they once assailed, since, though they struck, they heard.

The royalists are greatly disconcerted by the union and harmony which prevail among the Republicans of different parties, who lay down their differences in order to secure success in their great common aim, the rescue of the republic. The various royalist parties encourage each other to a similar abne-

gation, but no one seems yet ready to take the lead on this uninviting path.

*L'Union*, a legitimist journal, has recently had an article on this subject. "The republican parties," it says, "are preparing for the crises of 1852 by reconciliations, by manifestoes of union, by sacrifices of opinion and of resentment. They say and they demonstrate that their strength is in union." With this conduct, the royalist paper compares that of the royalist parties, "who insult, calumniate, vilify the servants of their own cause."

It is true that the Royalists of different views say very bitter things of each other. They agree fully only in their dread and hatred of the republic.

The *Union* is of opinion that, as soon as the Republicans have by their concerted action defeated the other parties and carried the elections of 1852, they will immediately fall apart again, and each particular sect court partisans on its own account.

Undoubtedly; and here precisely the value of popular institutions shows itself. No one of the different parties of Republicans — I have heard ten enumerated, and probably there are more — can hope to elect its own candidate. They must unite on one who represents the great principles in which they all agree. They must be satisfied with some honest man who respects the institutions of the country, and will not favor any illegal interference with them. This settled, the various parties are at liberty to propagate their several theories. What germs of truth there are in each will take root, and in due time will influence legislation.

The reaction has itself contributed to the good understanding which daily gains ground among the republicans. It has aided to level the barriers which divided them. It has called all Republicans Socialists, has called all republicans Reds; it has included in the Mountain republican members of the Assembly who would have disavowed that appellation, as well as those who accepted it. These words are thus acquiring new associations,

which displace the older injurious ones. And the Republicans proper are ceasing to protest against these names, and are beginning to protest against the calumnious meaning imputed to them. Again, the reaction, by justifying suspicions and apprehensions which might once have seemed chimerical, has forced the more sedate Republicans to admit the clear-sightedness of the more ardent; while the advanced school of liberals, seeing men whom they once decried as half-hearted tried as with fire, recognize their loyalty and disinterestedness, and, furling their separate banners, enlist under the common standard. This standard is that of the republic, the democratic republic, whose essential conditions are universal suffrage, a free press, free speech.

It is cheering to see the generous interest the people of England feel in the liberation of Kossuth. Many towns are preparing to give him a public reception. Poor France! no town of hers can offer him such an expression of sympathy.

*September 25th.* — Yesterday took place the trial of M. Vacquerie, of the *Avénement du Peuple*, for publishing Victor Hugo's letter with a commendatory article of his own. He was acquitted of an attempt to provoke civil war, but convicted of the other offences. He has been condemned to six months' imprisonment and one thousand francs' fine.

The author of the letter was not prosecuted. The consent of the National Assembly, not now in session, is necessary to the prosecution of one of its members. The trial must either have been postponed until November, or the Assembly convoked for the occasion. The debates would undoubtedly have been lively. A notoriety would have been given to the affair, and a circulation to the letter of Victor Hugo altogether undesirable.

The advocate-general did not spare the absent author. The guilt of the letter was aggravated by the deliberation with which it had been prepared,

— three days having, as the advocate-general surmised, been employed in its composition; "if, indeed, a longer time had not been taken, for the condemnation of the *Evénement* was foreseen in advance."

M. Desmarets, who defended M. Vacquerie, having referred to the alarm which the recent severities had awakened, even in a portion of the reactionary press, added: —

"But let it reassure itself. The Public Ministry reserves its rigors for the journals of a certain opinion. It does not maltreat its friends. Daily attacks, the most vehement, the most audacious, against the Constitution and the republic are tolerated. A journal which openly, without disguise, makes appeal to a *coup d'état*, to a new 18 Brumaire, has not been seized.

"This is what we find in a morning journal: 'We desire the maintenance of the law of the 31st May, the re-election of the President, and to prevent any Assembly whatever from erecting itself into a convention. In order to obtain these results, we are resolved to march against insurrection, and to trample under foot the articles by whose aid it is thought our will can be enchained. We shall not shrink from an 18 Brumaire, and we shall counsel Louis Napoleon Bonaparte to stifle the republic on the day when it shall try to realize a single one of its threats.'

"Neither the author of this article nor the conductor of the journal has been prosecuted."

This example of reactionist audacity is by no means singular. I have seen more than one article as bold in meaning, if not as lawless in language. The *Siècle* of some days ago, in an article on these condemnations of the liberal press, gives an instance of advice offered to the Assembly, which does not yield either in tone or in substance to the advice given to the President in the passage cited by M. Desmarets.

"When we are seized," says the *Siècle*, "we republicans, and brought before the jury, we are almost always accused of 'exciting to hatred and con-

tempt of the government of the republic'; not of the royal or of the imperial government, but of the government of the republic.

"The parquets recognize, then, the government of the republic. They insist on respect to this government, when Republicans are in question.

"Coming out of the court-house, we find, in the *Mémorial Bordelais*, an explicit declaration of war against the republic, a declaration in these terms: 'Sharing with M. de la Vallette the honor of loving neither the republic nor the constitution, believing with him that the day when both disappear will be a good day for France, it is natural that we should take part in the debate, and that we should say aloud that we are fully resolved to advise the Assembly to decide, notwithstanding the veto of the two hundred and seventy-eight, that the constitution shall be revised. Now, if our legislators, at twenty-five francs a day, wish to make barricades, to play at conventions, and offer their life to the republic which has so liberally endowed them, they are free to do so. Only their barricades will be thrown down, they will be treated as factious. The army, in whose ranks all the men of order will place themselves, will sweep away the Montagnards, who show themselves so menacing. M. de la Vallette is then right in saying that we shall break all the strings by the aid of which our adversaries pretend to chain us to legality.'

"In presence of this direct attack against the republic and against legality, of this announcement that we and all who defend the republic and the law are to be treated as factious, we naturally say, 'Here are people whom the magistrates of the Public Ministry, named, according to Article 86 of the Constitution, by the President of the republic, who is charged by Article 49 to watch over and secure the execution of the laws, — here are people whom the magistrates of the Public Ministry will certainly bring before the jury.' But not at all! These people can, without

being seized, say that they will counsel the Assembly to despise the law; they can outrage the constitution and prepare their plans of battle. If we did as much, we should have good reason to fear, judging by our own particular experiences. Why, then, this difference? Is it because we are Republicans?"

The experiment of prosecution for a real attack upon republican institutions has been tried, however, within a few months. The result justified the confidence of the party of order in the Paris jury. The case was indeed a mild one. M. Alfred Louis Troussel de Mirebeau was prosecuted for an article in his journal, *La Gazette des Communes*, containing an attack upon republican institutions and upon the constitution. The passages on which the accusation was founded were these: —

"The republic is anarchy in ideas and in facts; it is the revolution in permanence; it is the oppression of all by each and of each by all; it is disorder, distrust, misery, and death.

"The monarchy is order; it is liberty; it is respect for all rights; it is confidence, prosperity, force, and future.

"France is on the road to monarchy."

M. Suin, the advocate-general, in conducting the prosecution, beamed with candor, and with clemency. "*La Gazette des Communes*," said he, "is a legitimist journal. We respect legitimist opinion. We respect its souvenirs, its faith. We know that it exists in virtue of illustrious traditions; that it supports itself upon great names, and upon the principle of territorial property, which is one of the great foundations of society. But," continued the advocate-general, "what we must dispute to *La Gazette des Communes* is the right to attack, to wish to overthrow an established government. To say that 'the republic is anarchy,' that it is 'revolution in permanence,' is to make a violent, a passionate attack which no government can tolerate."

M. Suin was of opinion that politi-

cal questions should be left to the Assembly, whose concern they were. The Legislative Assembly would decide as to the necessity for a revision of the constitution; if this decision should be affirmative, the Constituent Assembly would decide between a partial and a radical revision, between republic and monarchy.

M. Suin overlooked the circumstance that, as the Constituent Assembly was to be elected by the people, it somewhat imported them to know which of the two, republic or monarchy, was anarchy and oppression; which of the two, order, liberty, and respect for the rights of all. Perhaps the advocate-general was not altogether unwilling to be refuted by the counsel for the defence.

M. de Laboulie maintained that his client, the author of the article in question, had not the least intention in the world of attacking the actual government. Was this government a republic? The Republicans themselves said it was not. General Cavaignac said it was a counterfeit republic. The republicans were waiting for 1852 to have a republic. For the rest, it was entirely proper for the press to treat of questions discussed in the Assembly. "M. de Falloux had just told us there that the monarchy ought to be re-established. He repeated with great talent and skill the very things which this writer has said in his journal, namely, that the monarchy alone could make the happiness, the glory, the prosperity of France. General Cavaignac, on the other hand, maintains that the day of monarchy has gone by; that France can only live as a republic. The right to discuss the question then exists. Let the Monarchists say that the republic is anarchy, let the Republicans say that monarchy is slavery. Be sure that free discussion will elicit truth."

M. Louis Troussel de Mirebeau was acquitted; and well that he was, if only the advocates of the republic were allowed the same impunity as its assailants. But the fact that free discussion elicits truth does not work in fa-

vor of free discussion with those whose hopes truth would rather confound than confirm.

About a fortnight after this trial, another took place before this same court of assizes of the Seine. It was that of a bookseller charged with having for sale a pamphlet entitled *Le Républicain des Campagnes*, in which, among other articles, was one by Félix Pyat, called *Toast aux Paysans*. This article was found to contain an offence to the person of the President of the republic, an attack upon republican institutions and the constitution, and an attempt to incite citizens to hatred and contempt of each other.

The prosecution was, as before, conducted by M. Suin, advocate-general. He found it very much amiss in the republicans that they had never made any appeals to the peasant until after 1848, which gave him a vote. "The peasants were despised before 1848. Not by us," he makes haste to add. "*We have always seen in them the veritable population of France; the most interesting population, the most patient, the most sober, the most patriotic.*"

One might ask why the magnanimous We, in whose name M. Suin speaks, never offered the most sober and patriotic part of the population that share in the affairs of the country which the despisers of this part of the population have been zealous in winning for it.

There is a remarkable conformity between the view of the peasants' character expressed by M. Suin and that taken by M. Félix Pyat. Only M. Pyat associates with them the ouvriers and illustrates the patriotism of workmen by some comparisons of their conduct with that of another class, — comparisons which jar somewhat with those "illustrious traditions," "in virtue of which," as M. Suin said, "legitimist opinion exists." He speaks of some circumstances attending the restoration; of foreign armies brought by Frenchmen into France; of feasting and dancing among nobles

and their allies in palaces, while, in cabin and in garret, the peasant and the workman mourned for their country.

The name of Félix Pyat is a word of fear in reactionist ears. In the view of many liberals he is an ultra-liberal. One with not more of conservative prepossession than remains to me might well begin to read the "especially incriminated passages" of a prosecuted pamphlet of his, with an expectation of pain and offence.

But what appeal does this man of extreme opinions make to this injured, this long-suffering class, so powerful if they only knew their power? He calls upon them to vote on the side of the republic!

"Peasants, it depends on yourselves never to see again those days of shame and sorrow. Your brothers of the city have delivered you from that odious *régime*. The people of Paris has delivered you from kings, has made you free citizens, has conquered for you universal suffrage. Ah, guard it well! The republic is in your hands. You are the most numerous. You are the strongest. Peasants, the country is again in danger; it is for you to save it still. *You will save it this time peacefully; no longer by armies, but by votes; by the sole force of numbers and of union. You will save the republic, France, and humanity.*"

For offering for sale *Le Républicain des Campagnes*, M. Carpentier, bookseller and man of letters, was condemned to six months' imprisonment and one thousand francs' fine.

September 26th. — The *National*, in an article on the political situation, speaks thus of the numerical force of the republican party: "In saying that the republican party embraces at least the half of France, and balances the party of the reaction, we do not speak our whole thought; for it is evident to us that the Republicans are in the majority, and that their number increases every day. More than this, it is evident even to our enemies, for they have made the law of the 31st

May. It is not, apparently, to punish them for not being republican enough that three millions of electors have been excluded from the polls by the Monarchists."

After speaking of the difficulties under which the other parties labor, — of the illegality of the Napoleonist candidature, which it considers fatal to his hopes; of the differences between the several parties of Royalists, — difficulties arising from contradictory principles and irreconcilable interests, — the *National* thus gives its view of the aims and prospects of the Republicans: —

"We, on the contrary, divided as regards the future on important points, have, for the coming year, one interest and one aim, to save the republic. Our candidate will be neither a prince nor a pretender. The day after the republican principle has triumphed in his election, he will sink into the secondary part which the Constitution assigns him. The representatives will discuss the affairs of the republic. It will be his to execute what shall have been resolved upon."

M. Dupin, making an address, about a fortnight ago, before the *comice agricole* of Clamecy, in the department of Nièvre, took occasion to offer some political advice to his audience, which consisted of some thousands of farmers and cultivators. He warned them of the dangers of 1852, "at which date," he said, "what I call the party of crime has given itself rendezvous." Impressing upon them the importance of their votes, he instructed them that it was of more consequence to have an Assembly of right views than a President.

"The essential is to have a good legislative Assembly, for, with a revolutionary Assembly, the best President would soon be devoured, while with an Assembly of firm, capable, proved men, a President, were he a Socialist, would be easily reduced and restrained."

M. Dupin's hints were as good for the Republicans among his listeners as for the others. With a patriotic As-

sembly, the most audacious President could not go far on a treasonable path. He can propose oppressive laws, but he cannot make them. He can declare martial law needful, but he cannot impose it. Great, too great perhaps, as is the power which the Constitution has bestowed on the President, it has not left the country helpless before a usurper. On the other hand, with an honest, republican President, the most reactionist Assembly could do little harm. It requires the co-operation of President and Assembly to enslave the country.

It is entirely lawful and suitable for a respectable man like M. Dupin to call the party whose principles he disapproves "the party of crime." All the newspapers in the country may report these words without being called to account for inciting citizens to hatred and contempt one of another, — a serious offence in these days when committed or supposed to be committed by a Republican.

It is perfectly in order for M. Dupin, a man of order, to discuss political topics before an agricultural meeting; but it would be a most unsuitable and seditious proceeding on the part of a Republican. An agricultural society has been dissolved before now only for listening to an address by a Republican, in which some vital questions were treated from the republican point of view.

An agricultural society, founded in the department of Gironde in 1840, and which had proved itself a very useful institution, had, last year, the imprudence to permit an address to be delivered before it by M. Pascal Duprat, who took occasion to elevate the arts of production above those of destruction; calling attention to the fact that the money squandered in unnecessary and unjust wars would, employed upon agriculture, render all the waste land in the country fertile. He instanced the expedition against Rome, and certainly did not spare the government which employed the money of the people in this work. It was the more ungrateful in the society to listen to this seditious

harangue, inasmuch as it had received governmental aid, that very year, to the amount of a thousand francs, or about two hundred dollars. The prefect pronounced the dissolution of the agricultural society. At the meeting held a few weeks ago by the council-general of the department of Gironde, one of the members proposed the re-establishment of the society, on the ground of the great services it had rendered to agriculture.

The prefect defended his act. "I had always supposed," he said, "that a *comice agricole* was founded to honor and glorify agriculture, and not to cultivate politics; but it seems that I was in error; the Montagnards would change all that. Last year, when the *comice* of the Landes held its agricultural festival, M. Pascal Duprat was designedly brought to this celebration by his political friends. No sooner arrived than he began to speak. Permit me to cite a passage from his discourse: 'The men who govern us know how to find money enough for slaughtering a people or immolating its liberty. Have they not found in the national treasury sixty millions for that deplorable expedition to Rome, which has made the republican standard the accomplice of European royalties? Why did they not reserve this money, raised upon the fruits of your toil, for the wants and necessities of agriculture?' This incendiary appeal to every bad passion," continued the prefect, "occasioned a great scandal among this excellent people of the Landes. The men of order were indignant. I received several remonstrances on the subject. A lesson was necessary. I pronounced the dissolution of the society. I maintain my decision."

We see, from time to time, reports of addresses made by the men of order to the electors of this or that place. The Republicans cannot, like their antagonists, take advantage of an agricultural meeting to open their views to their fellow-citizens; neither have they the same freedom to make opportunities for themselves.



The *Courrier de l'Eure* stated, not long ago, that M. Garnier-Pagès, who was "making a democratic tour" in the department of Orne, was sent for by the procureur of the republic, resident in the arrondissement of Mortagne, to receive "a severe reprimand, together with the advice to moderate the activity of his republican propagandism."

M. Garnier Pagès was a member of the Constituent Assembly; a member of the Executive Commission elected by that Assembly; the second on the list, coming next to Arago, in the number of votes he received. And this man, the compeer of men once at the head of the affairs of the French nation, is to be reprimanded by a procureur for presuming to speak on national affairs to the people of one of the departments of France!

The Constitution secures to the people the right of association and of peaceful assemblage. The National Assembly has found means to relieve the government of the inconveniences of these republican provisions by giving it the power to suppress the societies it disapproves, and to prohibit meetings which, in its opinion, are likely to be detrimental to the public interest.

Even the meetings preparatory to elections cannot be held without authorization. You can judge, from the general course of things, how easily republican meetings for the choice of candidates may be found detrimental to the public interest. If not absolutely prohibited, conditions may be imposed which are deadly to freedom of discussion. It is evident that, if the republicans would exchange ideas or form plans, they must proceed with precaution. Correspondence carried on with secrecy leads to accusations of conspiracy. Private meetings held with a view to political discussion or conversation are broken up as illegal,

and the participators in them are liable to prosecution.

*September 27th.*—The ignorance of the common people is continually brought forward as a reason why they should have no share in the government of the country. I am not sure that the ignorance of the higher classes is not greater and of a worse kind. But, in any case, ignorance, except that arrogant sort which is the result of false instruction, is not an incurable defect. It cannot be pretended that the common people have not the same aptitude for knowledge or the same faculty for employing it with the class that scorns them. We see men come out from this obscure crowd to take the highest places in the highest departments. We see men, the pride of the reactionary ranks, boasting their plebeian origin to enhance the value of their devotion to royalty and oligarchy. We see men, eminent in the national service, who, of the people, remain of the people, and the best representatives of their capacities are also the best exponents of their wants and hopes. What might not this intelligent people of France have learned in these three years, if political and social questions of universal interest had been discussed before them by competent men of different parties and sects! But this ignorance, which is made the reproach of the people, is their most precious attribute in the view of those who would still manage and make use of them. It is guarded with anxious care.

The people of France are ostensibly living under a Constitution which ordains for them all the means of political instruction and opportunities of political discussion enjoyed by the most favored nations; but the most essential of these privileges are as much out of their reach as if they were subjects of Austria or Russia.

M. L. P.

## IN THE LANE.

BY cottage walls the lilacs blow :  
Rich spikes of perfume stand and sway  
At open casements, where all day  
The warm wind waves them to and fro.  
Out of the shadow of the door,  
Into the golden morning air,  
Comes one who makes the day more fair  
And summer sweeter than before.  
The apple-blossoms might have shed  
Upon her cheek the bloom so rare ;  
The sun has kissed her bright brown hair,  
Braided about her graceful head.  
Lightly betwixt the lilacs tall  
She passes, — through the garden-gate,  
Across the road, — and stays to wait  
A moment by the orchard wall ;  
And then in gracious light and shade,  
Beneath the blossom-laden trees,  
'Mid song of birds and hum of bees  
She strays, unconscious, unafraid,  
Till swiftly o'er the grassy space  
Comes one whose step she fain would stay ;  
Glad as the newly risen day  
He stoops to read her drooping face.  
Her face is like the morning skies,  
Bright, timid, tender, blushing sweet ;  
She dares not trust her own to meet  
The steady splendor of his eyes.  
He holds her with resistless charm,  
With truth, with power, with beauty crowned,  
About her slender waist is wound  
The strong, safe girdle of his arm ;  
And up and down, in shade and light,  
They wander through the flying hours,  
And all the way is strewn with flowers,  
And life looks like one long delight.  
Ah happy twain ! no frost shall harm,  
No change shall reach your bliss so long  
As keeps its place the faithful, strong,  
Safe girdle of that folding arm.  
Could you this simple secret know,  
No death in life would be to fear,  
Ere in another fleeting year  
By cottage walls the lilacs blow !

*Celia Thaxter.*

## KATE BEAUMONT.

## CHAPTER XXVII.

NELLIE and Kate passed their twenty-four hours of detention in Brownville without disturbance from Randolph Armitage.

That high-flung gentleman had been stranded by his debauch on the outer reefs of that horrible country which is haunted by the afreets and rocs and serpents and apes of delirium tremens, remaining for several days so bruised and shaken with his shipwreck that he was content to lie in bed and submit to the nursing of Quash and Bentley. But the women, not knowing his wretched state, had no anxiety for him and much for themselves, expecting to see his inflamed visage from minute to minute. Consequently they sought a refuge from him, passing the day in the house of a venerable friend of the Beaumont race, and returning in the evening by back streets to the hotel.

"You shall not come with us," said Mrs. Armitage to her host, fearing yet lest her irrational husband might find her, and not willing to lead her old friend into an unpleasantness. "We shall do much the best without you. Only let us have your Cato."

As Cato marched behind at a decorous distance, the two women had a chance to commune together, and, being women, did commune. Nor is it any wonder either that their talk, after fluttering unsatisfied from subject to subject, should alight upon Frank McAlister. Kate did not mean to speak of him; indeed, she had made a resolve that she would never utter his name again; but there seemed to be a magical power about the man, and he would get himself mentioned. On the present occasion he made his entrance upon the scene by dint of that sorcery which is commonly called "an impression."

"I have such a strange feeling,"

said the girl, when her sister charged her with absent-mindedness and inattention. "It seems to me that we are about to meet—one of the McAlisters."

"Which one?" demanded Mrs. Armitage, crisply.

Kate hesitated; she did not like to expose her weakness; moreover, she found "Frank" a great word to utter.

"I know which one," added Nellie. "Ah, Kate, do you think a woman does n't understand such things? I have had just such impressions. O dear, how well I remember them yet! You make me sad; you make me think how happy I was once; it is dreadful to look back upon lost happiness. O yes, I can't help understanding you."

"I don't wish you to impute too much to me," said the girl, gently.

"Kate, let us be frank," returned Nellie. "If we are women, we are Beaumonts. Let us speak the whole truth as our race does."

"I have never failed to do that but two or three times in my life," murmured Kate, remembering with a flush of shame how she had once glided by the direct fact in prattling with Jenny Devine about Frank McAlister. "But is there any need of talking about this?"

"Perhaps there is," said Nellie, pensively. "It is hard to decide whether silence or talk is best. Don't you want to talk about it?"

Kate made no answer.

She needs sympathy, thought Nellie; she shall have a chance to demand it.

"I know that you like him," she went on aloud. "I know that it must pain you to find yourself separated from him for life. I don't blame you."

Still Kate spoke not. Denial and confession were both beyond her power; she walked on silently, with tears in her eyes.

"Ah well, Kate!" sighed Mrs. Armitage, fully comprehending this dumb suffering. "There is nothing left now but to bear bravely what is and must be. But if ever you want a heart to lean upon, here is mine for you, the whole of it."

Kate caught her sister's arm, bowed her head upon her shoulder, and walked thus for a few steps, still without speaking.

"O my poor darling!" exclaimed Mrs. Armitage, stopping and embracing the girl passionately. "It's lucky that life is n't very long. It's the best thing about it."

After some further walking she resumed: "He is better than most men, in spite of his treatment of Tom. But it is useless to talk of him. There is the feud. I suppose you must marry some one else when the time comes."

"I won't be married at all," whispered Kate, her mind suddenly reverting to that horror of a husband, Randolph Armitage. She was in a state of feeling to believe that all men were like him, except the one man from whom she was divided forever.

On reaching the hotel they went at once to their rooms to prepare for the early start of the morrow. But presently Kate missed her travelling-bag, guessed that she might have left it in the parlor, and went down in search of it. The room was deserted and darkling, for sojourners in that season were few, and watchful thrift had turned down the gas-jets. The girl found her bag, but there was something in the spacious gloom and lonesomeness which suited her feelings, and she lingered. There were two sets of windows; the front ones looked upon the street, and the rear ones upon a veranda and garden; outside, everything was illuminated and idealized by the abundant moonlight. Kate walked slowly to and fro, glancing first at one of the little landscapes and then at the other, and wondering that the world could seem so much more like an abode of happiness than she found it.

She remained thus for ten or fifteen minutes, unconscious that she was watched.

In the rear veranda a man lurked, trembling with agitation. The night was cool, but he did not notice it; if it had been freezing, he would not have noticed it. When Kate approached him, he slipped shamefacedly away, and when she receded he placed himself once more at one or other of the windows, there to gaze after her with an air of anxiety which was like the greediness of hunger. Occasionally he started, as if under some violent impulse, and moved towards a door which opened into the parlor; then as suddenly he checked himself, fell into a meditation and shook his head sadly; then hastened back to his spying-place. It was evident that he wished to speak to the girl inside, and that for some weighty reason he did not dare.

This man was Frank McAlister. We must explain how he came here. South Carolina had at last summoned him to prove his science; he had been commissioned to report upon an iron-mine in Saxonburg. Half sick and weakly dispirited, his first impulse had been to decline the job and continue to coddle his sorrows at home under the pitying eyes of his mother and within prompt reach of the sympathy of Jenny Devine. But he made out to remember that he was a metallurgist and that it was high time to magnify his calling. He bade a grateful good-by to Jenny (under the eyes of Major Lawson, as one happens to recollect), and left her without suspecting that he had won her fervent admiration, not to say a little, be it more or less, of her affection. Then he journeyed to his mine and collected specimens of the ore for analysis; and now here he was, waiting like the two ladies for the morning train eastward. The presence of Kate in the hotel parlor he had discovered while taking a sentimental walk in the moonlit veranda.

The one great question which at once occupied his mind was, should he speak to her. Of course he answered

it as a gentleman and a man of sense, saying over and over that it would be useless, that it could only do harm, that he ought not and would not. But on the other hand an impulse which cared for not reason or reproof insisted that he must. Only one word, pleaded this passionate impulse; what that word should be it did not suggest; simply that he must find and utter it. Rationality and sense of propriety fought their battle in vain against emotion. After advancing repeatedly to the door, and retreating from it as often, he opened it and was before her.

It will be remembered that she had had an impression that he was at hand. That impression, absurd as she believed it to be, had so prepared her for the meeting, that she was not surprised by his appearance, and recognized him at once in the obscurity. She did not, however, speak, further than to murmur, "Mr. McAlister."

"I beg your pardon," he said humbly. "I could not help entering."

It seemed for a moment as if these words must end the conversation, and he would have to retire ignominiously without uttering a syllable to any purpose. Kate did not answer him; she knew not what to say. She believed that he ought not to be there, and that she ought not to allow him to remain. At the same time it was quite impossible for her to bid him retire. Thus she stood looking at him, her face flushed with excitement, her lips parted as if to speak, but silent.

"I wish to ask your forgiveness, — yes, and that of your whole family," recommenced Frank, luckily remembering his difficulty with Tom, and so finding something to say. "I was a brute to tie your brother and a madman to go out with him. There must be some natural want of delicacy in me. I did not see it then, but I see it now. I see it just in time to repent of it uselessly."

"Mr. McAlister, I do not want to talk of this," replied Kate, pained at his humbling himself so.

"No. Of course not. I had no right to speak of it to *you*."

He would go on bowing in the dust; would prostrate himself unnecessarily.

"Don't!" she imposed with the simplicity and brevity of earnest feeling. "I am not angry at you. If I was angry, it is over."

"Is it possible?" he asked, so grateful for what he esteemed unmerited pardon, that he wanted to fall on his knees, as if to a forgiving deity. "This is more than I ever hoped to hear from you. I have hated myself for my folly, and believed that you hated me for it. I thought also that you must share the natural feelings of your family towards me. I have been in despair over it."

"Mr. McAlister, you don't know how you pain me," Kate could not help saying in reply to this supposition that she could hate him.

"O yes, I have done you injustice," he went on. "I suppose my thoughts have sprung from my fears. Well, I am greatly relieved; I am just a little satisfied. You at least forgive me."

"If I blamed you, it was for the duel."

"But I did not challenge, and I did not fire at him," he insisted, still bent on excusing himself. "I wanted to be shot."

"O, how could you!" shuddered Kate.

"I was in despair. You did not answer my letters."

"Perhaps I was wrong. I did not know what to do. There was this miserable quarrel, and all intercourse forbidden. I did not like to write, not even to say good by, unless my father knew it."

"I ought to have had more patience," confessed Frank, perpetually ready to condemn himself.

"It does seem to me that you ought, Mr. McAlister. I expected a great deal of patience and calmness from you."

"And it is, you who have shown all the patience and all the good sense," declared the young man, in a passion of humility. "And I have played the

part of a madman and an idiot. I am so much your inferior!"

"O no!" Kate could not help saying it, and could not help advancing a little towards him, she so wanted to console him under his burden of self-reproach.

Before she knew what he was about he had taken her hand and kissed it.

Meantime Mrs. Armitage, wishing to give some direction concerning the start in the morning, had gone to her sister's room in search of her, and thence descended to the parlor. She appeared just in time to see the hand raised and the kiss impressed upon it.

"Mr. McAlister, is this proper conduct?" she demanded, flaming at once into anger. "Is this keeping your promise to me?"

Frank's soul was in a confused whirl; but he tried to look down the maelstrom and discover the truth at the bottom of it; and he thought he saw that he had not broken his word in regard to paying court to Miss Beaumont without her sister's consent.

"I was asking her pardon," he said. "I asked her pardon for ill-treating her brother and for going out with him. She granted it, and I thanked her."

He spoke with such a manly self-respect and such a sincerity of tone, that Mrs. Armitage could not help believing him. Moreover, his voice and manner moved her; they were eloquent with uprightness of character and fervor of emotion; they made a music which she had heard and been well pleased with heretofore. Her confidence in him and her liking for him returned upon her with such force that she could not at once go on with her scolding.

"I ask your pardon also for those wrongs, Mrs. Armitage," he added presently.

"O, let them pass," she replied impatiently, vexed with herself for losing her anger at him. "That has all been cancelled in the proper way, I suppose. But what right have you here? Why did you come here?"

He told her how he happened to be

in Brownville, and added that he had discovered her sister by accident.

"Then you go down in the train with us to-morrow?" she inquired.

"If you object, I will wait over."

"I don't see that I have any right to object," mused Mrs. Armitage. "As things stand between our families, I have not the least authority over you."

"I concede the right and the authority," bowed the young man.

"I don't object. It would be asking a favor of you, — placing ourselves under an obligation."

"I assure you that I would not so consider it."

"I tell you that I do not object," repeated Nellie, a little annoyed by this bandying of courtesies with a man to whom she ought not to speak at all, as she believed. "But—" she added, and then checked herself.

Frank waited respectfully.

"I may as well say it," she went on, her vexation rising as she found the interview more and more embarrassing, "you should not have spoken to my sister. I am not blaming her; she could not well help listening; I am blaming you for speaking. You should not have done it."

"You are quite right," admitted Frank. "I should not have done it."

"No, and you certainly should not have done more," persisted the impulsive Nellie, unable to let well alone.

"I know it," the repelled lover burst forth. "But, Mrs. Armitage, are you no woman at all?" he continued in a whisper, — a whisper tremulous with passion, — a whisper which Kate overheard. "Can't you concede any latitude to misery? Just look at me," he added, turning his thin face to the light. "Am I the same man that I was? You at least ought to guess what this change in me means. I have borne wretchedness enough in the last month to make me lose my reason. Indeed, I have lost it; I have behaved like a madman; I have behaved so, I suppose, this evening. I never meant to speak to your sister until I saw her; and then I could not help it. I was

driven to ask her forgiveness, and driven to humble myself before her all the more because she forgave me. Why, don't you know, can't you understand, what has happened to me? Separated from her! separated for life! Can't you imagine what that all means to me? It means a broken heart, if there can be such a thing."

"O, stop!" begged Mrs. Armitage, as Kate fled to the other end of the room, threw herself on a sofa and covered her face. "O, these men! there is no doing anything with them. Don't you see what mischief you are making? You should n't have come here. Do go away."

"No, I should n't have come here," said Frank, recovering a little of his self-possession. "It has only made bad worse."

"Yes," sighed Nellie. "And here I am pitying you. How could you charge me with not being a woman?"

"O, if I said that, I did you great wrong. I did not know that I said it. I beg your pardon."

"It does n't matter. I am not angry with you. No, I am not angry with you about anything, though I suppose I ought to be. If you are really so wretched, how can I be angry with you? But come; all this talk is useless, worse than useless. As long as the quarrel between our families lasts you cannot be near to Kate, nor even to me. If it should ever end, then — perhaps —"

"So you will still be friendly to me, or at least not hostile?" he asked, his face so lighting up that it fascinated her.

"I must not say too much," she answered; but she could not help giving him her hand. He pressed it in both his, and barely stopped short of kissing it. Then turning a last long look upon the silent girl on the sofa, he left the parlor and went straight to his room, a lighter-hearted man than he had been for a month.

"Ah, Kate!" said Mrs. Armitage, taking her sister's arm and leading her away. "What with a crazy man and

an idiotic woman, you have had a wretched time. O, these lovers! I may as well say the word. He has told you all about it, — with my help. There is no stopping them. No woman really and heartily wants to stop them. I was fool enough to let him go on and provoke him to go on. I ought to suffer for it, and I do. For it was so useless! oh, it was so useless! Come, let us go to our rooms and go to sleep. I wish I could sleep all the while. I wish you could, my poor darling. The insensible hours are the happiest hours of one's life. Even nightmares are not so bad as realities. Here is one of the unhappiest women in the world talking nonsense to the next unhappiest. That is what waking life is. Let us get to sleep as quickly as possible. If we could sleep half the time, we should just balance accounts between wretchedness and pleasure. It is a poor consolation."

They were by this time at the door of Kate's room. Mrs. Armitage kissed her sister, lingered a moment on the threshold, and then entered.

"I can't leave you yet," she said. "It is only ten o'clock, although it seems late enough to be morning, to be the next world. You will sleep the quicker if we talk awhile. What a comfort talk is to women. How did our poor ancestresses get along before they learned how to do it, if there ever was such a time?"

"How are we to treat him to-morrow?" asked Kate, not even hearing her sister's prattle, though meant to divert her.

"Ah!" returned Mrs. Armitage. "That is true. Circumstances have changed since I allowed him to go in the train. Perhaps, when he told his story, I ought to have forbidden his coming."

"Are you going to forbid it?" inquired Kate so anxiously that Nellie could not reply, Yes.

"It does not seem to matter much," she said, after a moment of hesitation. "It surely cannot matter so very, very much. I shall leave him at liberty in



the question. I shall trust to his judgment."

Did it not occur to her that trusting to the judgment of a man in love, especially after what had happened during the evening, was leaning on a reed? The truth is that Nellie remembered her own time of loving; she guessed that these two must long beyond expression to look at each other, only to look; and in her sympathetic woman's heart she could not find the hardness to forbid it.

But half an hour later, as she went to her own room, she said to herself earnestly, "I do hope he will stay behind. Will he?"

## CHAPTER XXVIII.

WARM hearts, as you already know, had the Beaumonts; hearts quick to spring and demanding incessant activity; not, however, in the manner of lambs, kids, and other playful creatures; rather like blood horses, puissant for either good or evil.

Mrs. Armitage was like the rest of her kind; when she was not hating she was loving. By nature she was a woman of the marrying sort, disposed to rush into matrimony herself and to help others do the like. Even now, despite her sad experience in wedded life, she believed in making love and taking the consequences. It was impossible for her to conceive how a person of her own sex could have a heart and not use it. That a girl, under any circumstances, should become an old maid as a matter of preference, was a thing outside of her belief. Not to love and not to marry was in her eyes to be either a wilful monstrosity or a victim of horribly adverse circumstance. She was born to think thus, and could not for twenty-four hours together think otherwise, not even under the pressure of her hardest wifely troubles, not even when flying from her husband. It is no wonder that a woman of such an affectionate and sympathetic character should remember Kate's declaration

that she would never marry, and should revolt against it.

"See here," she began upon the girl early in the morning. "I don't like your saying that you will never take anybody at all. You mustn't get into that state of mind. It is unnatural in a woman. It can't lead to happiness. I don't believe there is any such thing as single-blessedness,—at least not for our sex. The phrase is ironical; it really means single misery. There are no contented and cheerful old maids; you never saw one, and you never will. An old maid is a complete failure. She is like a man who does not succeed in man's careers. Rather than be one, you had better marry a scoundrel, even if you get a divorce from him. You would at least have some short use of your affections; and you would, besides, occupy your mind and your time. Now that is the deliberate, serious opinion of a wife who has failed almost as completely as a wife can. I want you to lay it to heart."

"O, tell me about it some other time," sighed Kate, wearied of the subject of marriage, or fancying that she was so.

They reached the station without seeing Frank McAlister or learning whether he would be with them on the train. When the cars started he had not yet appeared, and they supposed that he had remained behind. Kate was disappointed; she had hoped to have him near her, though she might not even look at him; she had expected to draw just a little consolation from that unsocial propinquity. But, strange to say, Mrs. Armitage was also disappointed, in spite of her feeling that his absence was a relief, and that it was for the best.

"I did not expect such discretion," she said to herself; "he is not so manly a man as I took him to be; he is almost too gentlemanly a gentleman."

Turning presently to throw a shawl over her seat, she saw him standing on the rear platform of the car, and glancing sidelong through the window. She was so amused, and, in spite of her un-

easiness, so gratified, that she could scarce forbear laughing outright. "I might have known it," she thought; "he has got there to look at Kate undisturbed; just to look at the back of her bonnet."

She absolutely longed to beckon him in and offer him her own place. A few minutes later she discovered that he had slyly entered and was sitting on the rearmost seat, with his face settled straight to the front. "O dear!" she reflected, "how is this going to end? I am afraid I shall be wickedly weak about it. I have n't half hard-heartedness enough for a duenna."

She was so interested in this love imbroglio, that during most of the journey she forgot her own troubles. She was so bewildered by it that she could not remember her prejudices as a Beaumont, her sage deliberations as a woman who had seen life, and her anxieties as an elder sister. The near presence of strong love intoxicated a nature given to affection and full of sympathy for it. That man behind her, sending all his soul through his eyes at Kate's hat-ribbons, she could not help thinking of him continually, could not help wishing him success. "If it only could be!" she repeatedly said to herself; and presently she began to inquire, "Why should it not be?"

Her former fancy for the youngster came back upon her in full force; and from liking him the next step was to consider him unexceptionable as a match. After an hour or so of sympathizing with the longings of this faithful and fascinating lover, it seemed clear to her that Kate could not find another man who would make her so good a husband. As for the intervening family feud, could it not be got rid of by defying it? It had blocked the engagement; but if the engagement should be brought about by main force, that might block the feud; the initiative, the aggressive, counted for so much in these matters. She remembered two scolding negresses whom she had once seen, one of whom was pouring forth a stream of abuse, while the other listened with

an air of patient menace, merely muttering, "Ef you coughs, you's gone up." She smiled at the recollection and said to herself, "If the quarrel coughs, it is done." In spite of her conscientiousness, her manly sense of honor, and her strong family feeling, Nellie was soon dallying with the idea of a runaway match. Her principles were as high and solid as mountains, but her sympathies were as strong as the volcanic fires which devour mountains. Vigorous in every point of her character, she was all the more a changeable creature, a woman of the women.

At last — O, how impatiently Nellie had waited for it! — the younger sister rose, arranged her travelling-rug, looked about her and discovered Frank McAlister. He ventured to remove his hat as he caught her glance, and she just drooped her long lashes in acknowledgment of the salute. When she sat down again her cheeks were rose-beds of blushes, and her hazel eyes were full of flashes which blinded her.

"Ah, you saw," whispered Nellie, trembling with an excitement which was almost glee. "I knew an hour ago that he was there."

"O Nellie, what shall I do?" asked Kate, reeling between terror and an irresistible gladness.

"Jump out of the window," advised Nellie, fairly giggling. We must surely pardon her slightly hysterical frame, when we remember how little she had slept of late.

"Nellie, you are laughing at me," said Kate, piteously. "It is shabby and cruel of you."

"So it is. But I can't help laughing. He is actually browsing on your bonnet trimmings."

"Be still, Nellie," begged the girl, raising both hands to her cheeks, as if to push back the crowding blushes. "You shall not make us so ridiculous. O, I wish he had stayed away! Why did n't he?"

"It is too absurd," declared Mrs. Armitage, with a nervous start. "I can't have him there making an image

of himself and making everybody wonder what we are. I must bring him up here where he will have to behave himself."

"O, no!" pleaded Kate. "It will lead to misunderstanding and trouble of all sorts."

But, impelled by her nerves, Mrs. Armitage sprang to her feet, faced toward the young man, and beckoned him to approach. He obeyed her in great anxiety, expecting to be requested to leave the car, and fully prepared to make the rest of the journey with the baggage-master, or even to jump off the train if so ordered. This last feat, by the way, would not have been an eminently dangerous one, inasmuch as the railroad velocity of that region rarely surpassed ten miles an hour. It must be understood also that the train had only one passenger-car, and that one by no means full. Negroes travelled not at all, except as nurses, etc.; the low-down population travelled very little; high-toned people were scarce.

"I suppose that you have no provisions," said Mrs. Armitage to the youngster. "Since you are here, you must share in our basket. Would you mind turning over the seat in front and riding backward?"

"I am very grateful to you," replied Frank, who would have ridden on a rail to be near Miss Beaumont.

Then followed a conversation of several hours, — a conversation managed with good taste and discretion; not a word as to the family quarrel or the love affair; all about travelling, Europe, and other unimpassioned subjects. Sensible, full of information, and for the time in good spirits, the young man was fairly luminous, and more than ever dazzled Mrs. Armitage. By the time the party separated she had arrived at a solid resolve to break up the family feud if possible, and to bring about a match between these two, whether it were possible or not. Of course the male Beaumonts would not fancy her projects, and perhaps would oppose them domineeringly and angrily.

But she determined to fight them; her long contest with the brutalities of her husband had made her somewhat of a rebel against men; and besides, the law of the "survival of the fittest" had blessed her, as it had blessed all her breed, with abundant pugnacity.

"I am his sworn ally," she said to her sister as they drove homeward. "If he proposes, do you accept him. Then I will go to papa with the whole story, and if he is naughty, I will appeal to your grandpapa."

"I will neither do nor permit anything of the sort," replied the almost over-tempted Kate, with tears in her eyes.

"We will see," prophesied Nellie. "O, you good little cry-baby! Kiss me."

As there had been no time for advisory letters, the two ladies were their own heralds at the plantation. But while the father and brothers were surprised by their advent, they were all the more delighted. The family sympathy was so strong in this race, that in the matter of welcoming kinspeople the Beaumont men were more like women than like the generality of their own sex. Moreover, in the dull routine of plantation life, every event is a gratification, and especially every visit.

"Why, my babies!" trumpeted Peyton. "This is the blesseddest sight I have had in a month. So, Kate, you could n't stay away any longer from your old father? God bless you, my darling. And Nellie, — why, I had n't a hope of this, — this is too good. So you brought her down, did you? Nellie, you were always a wonderful girl; always doing some nice thing unexpectedly. And the little fellows, too! My God, what boys they are! what boys!"

When the brothers came in there was an incomprehensible clatter of talk. These eight Beaumonts, old and young, babbled in a way which would have done honor to their remotest and purest French ancestors. Despite the sad secrets lurking in some of these hearts, it was a scene of unmixed en-

joyment and *abandon*. In the gladness of meeting their relatives, even the women forgot their troubles.

Not till the next morning, not till Peyton Beaumont had had time to settle upon the fact that his daughters were paler and thinner than when they went away, were any unpleasant subjects broached. Drawing Nellie into his favorite solitude and sanctum, the garden (the old duelist loved flowers), he demanded, "What the — what is the matter with you two? Here I sent Kate up country to get rosy and hearty, and she has come back as pale as a lily. And you, too; why, I never saw you so broken down; why, I thought you had a constitution: what *is* the matter?"

"See here, papa," began Mrs. Armitage, and then for a breath was silent. "Well, it has come time to act, and of course it is time to talk," she resumed. "I have had to leave my husband, and I am excusable for telling why."

"Had to leave your husband!" echoed the father, his bushy eyebrows bristling and his saffron eyes turning bloodshot. "The infamous scoundrel!"

He was so much of a Beaumont that he never doubted for a moment that his own flesh and blood was in the right. He asked for no more than the fact that his daughter had felt herself compelled to leave her husband. On that he judged the case at once and forever.

Then came the wretched story; at least a part of it, enough of it.

"The infamous scoundrel!" repeated Beaumont, breathing hard, like a tiger scenting prey. "Be tranquil. Be perfectly easy. He won't live the month out."

"Have a care what you do," replied Nellie. "I don't want the whole world to know what I have suffered."

"Who is going to know it?" interrupted the old fire-eater. "By heavens, I'll shoot the man who dares to know it. If any man dares to look as though he knew it, I'll shoot him."

"You can't shoot the women," said Nellie.

"We can call out their men," was the reply of a gentleman who knew the customs of good society.

"And every stone thrown into the puddle will rile it the more," sighed Nellie. "Besides, I don't want blood spilt."

"But, good heavens, you don't mean that I shall hear this abuse of you in patience, — hear it as though I were a Yankee pedler or a Dunker preacher! It can't be borne."

"Father, here is what I want of you," declared Nellie, as emphatic as her parent. "Bear it as I do. You are surely the least sufferer of the two: All I want is to be allowed to live apart from my husband. Help me in that; protect me in that. I not only do not ask anything more, but I forbid anything more. In this matter I have a right to command. I want you to promise me that there shall be no challenging on my account. If you won't promise that, I will go back to him."

After a long argument, and after a good deal of bloodthirsty glaring and snuffing the air, Beaumont grumbled an ungracious and only partial assent.

"Let him keep away, then," he said, shaking his iron-gray mane. "If he wants to go on breathing, let him keep out of my sight."

"You won't tell the boys anything of this?" begged Nellie, remembering that her influence over her brothers was slighter than that over her father.

"Why not?" demanded Beaumont, who had half meant to tell the boys, knowing well their pugnacity.

"Father, you comprehend why of course. Do grant me this favor; do promise me. I want this whole matter in my own hands. Leave it to my judgment. Promise me not to tell them."

And so, unable to resist a child, and above all a daughter, Beaumont sulkily promised.

"But of course you will go on staying here," he insisted.

"I don't know where else to stay," groaned Nellie, suddenly wounded by a sense of dependence.

"My God, my child!" he exclaimed, throwing an arm around her waist and drawing her close to his side. "Where else should you stay?"

"And my children, too," added the mother, hardly able to keep from sobbing.

"I would like to see anybody get them away from here," returned Beaumont, squaring his broad chest as if to face a combatant, and thrusting his hands into his pockets with an air of drawing derringers.

Left to himself, he muttered a great deal about Armitage, shaking a clenched fist as if he had the brute before him, elevating his bushy eyebrows as a wild boar raises his bristles, halting abruptly to stare fiercely at vacancy, etc.

"After all, I fancy that her way of managing the scoundrel is the best," he finally decided. "What a woman she is, that daughter of mine! What fortitude and sense! In her place I should have made fifty scoundrels long ago. By heavens, these women amaze me, they do indeed. In their own business—that is to say, in matters that belong to—well in short, their own business, they are wonderful."

When he thus praised women he of course meant such as were born ladies, and more particularly such as were born Beaumonts, though he could hardly have been thinking of Mrs. Chester.

Nellie's next notable conversation with her father began with a reference to the controversy with the McAlisters.

"When does the election take place?" she asked.

"In about three weeks," calmly responded the veteran politician.

"And the misunderstanding with the Judge still continues."

"Humph," grunted papa. It occurred to him that in discussing his affairs of state she was getting beyond woman's business.

"It would be well to devise some plan to make him give up his opposition," continued Nellie.

"Humph," repeated Beaumont. He was determined not to talk with her on this subject; he preferred to be left to his own will and judgment in masculine matters.

"Could n't he be got to withdraw his candidature?" persisted the daughter.

"I don't want him to withdraw," snorted Beaumont, starting like an angered horse, and forgetting his purpose of reticence. "I prefer to have him run. I want to beat him."

"O," said Nellie, somewhat disappointed. "I had an idea that beating him was not so certain. Poinsett tells me that it is likely to be a very close contest."

"Did Poinsett say that?" asked the father, clearly a little alarmed. "Well, I must admit that the Judge is working very hard. There is a great deal of money being spent,—I don't know where it comes from,—but it does come. By heavens, if I get a hold on them!"

"It would be a capital thing, then, to induce him to withdraw," inferred Nellie.

"But how the deuce is it to be done?" answered Beaumont in a pet. "Do you know what you are talking about? I don't think you do."

"Perhaps not," assented Nellie, sagaciously; she was leading the way to a change of subject; she was devising a new approach.

"Then let us drop the matter," said the bothered candidate.

"I have something to say to you about Kate," resumed Nellie, opening her second parallel. "Did you ever know Bent Armitage is very fond of her?"

"Bent Armitage!" exclaimed the father in great wrath. "I'll have no more Armitages in my family. I won't have one in my house. It's a bad race. They run to drunkenness and brutality. One of them is enough and a thousand times too much. Bent Armitage may go to the Old Harry. He can't have my daughter. He sha'n't speak to her. He sha'n't come here."

"I thought you liked Bent pretty well."

"So I did, in a fashion. I liked his gabble and his stories well enough. I've no objection to hearing him talk now and then. But when it comes to his paying attention to Kate, that is quite another thing. Besides, I didn't fully know until now what a beast an Armitage can be. I didn't thoroughly understand the nature of the breed. Now that I do know all that, I don't want to see him at all. I don't want any of the crop on my place."

"Bent is better than some men," softly said Nellie, remembering his kindness to herself.

"I tell you I don't want to hear about him," insisted Beaumont. "The moment you talk of the possibility of his courting Kate, I hate him. No more Armitages."

"McAlisters would be better," suggested Nellie.

"Yes, even McAlisters," assented the father. Although his words were ungracious, his manner did not show much bitterness, for at the moment he thought of Frank, and how he had once felt kindly towards him.

"A good deal better," added Nellie.

Beaumont stared and bristled. "What are you talking about now? I can't always keep track of you."

"Frank McAlister is altogether the best of the family," said Nellie, picking a flower or two with a deceptive air of absent-mindedness.

The father stared in a puzzled way; but at last he gave a hump of assent.

"That's no great matter," he presently growled. "It doesn't take much of a man to be the best of the McAlisters."

"I don't see how the Judge could have such a noble fellow for a son," observed Nellie.

"Nor I either," declared Beaumont, thrown off his guard. "By heavens, he is a fine fellow, considering his surroundings. He is a perfect contrast to that sly old fox, his father. It's just as though a Roman should be the son of a Carthaginian. He has the making of a gentleman in him. To be sure, he did treat Tom — But never

mind about that, he did his best to make amends for it: he did very well. I must say, Nellie, that I was grieved to break with that young fellow. I had begun to like him."

"Ah, you liked him because he liked Kate," replied Nellie, insinuating the love affair into conversation with admirable dexterity.

"Nonsense!" denied Beaumont. "Well, of course I did," he immediately confessed, for he abhorred lying, even to white lies. "Naturally I like to have my children appreciated, and think well of people who do appreciate them. I admit, too, that I admire a man for exhibiting a proper perception of character, and especially of such a noble character as Kate undoubtedly has. But if you mean to say that I meant —"

"No, I don't mean to say that you meant anything," interrupted Nellie. "I will just say what I mean myself. I wish that match had come off."

"No, no," protested Beaumont. "I should have lost my daughter. We never can have a year's peace with that family. I can't have Kate married among people who would drag her away from me and set her up to fight me. I did think of it; I admit it. I was taken with that fellow, Frank, and I did think of letting him try his chance. But what has happened since then puts an end to the idea forever. No marriage with McAlisters. I can't allow it; I can't consider it. And if you mean to suggest that I ought to favor the match for the sake of getting rid of my political rival and assuring my seat in Congress, you are not the child that I have taken you for. Before I would sell one of my daughters in that way, I would let myself be shelved forever and I would step into my grave."

"Don't do me injustice," said Nellie. "If I hinted at that idea, I laid very little stress upon it, even in my own mind. But there is one thing that I want you to consider seriously. It is Kate's happiness. You must understand fully that she likes this young



man, and, as I believe, likes him very much. You must understand, too, that he is one of the best men that she can ever hope to have. She may never receive so good an offer again. He has n't a vice, not even of temper. You don't want her to marry an Armitage." (A growl from Beaumont.) "Well, there are plenty of Armitages who don't bear the name. To be sure, there are other young fellows as good perhaps as this one; there is Poindexter and Dr. Mattieson and our clergyman and so on; all nice fellows. But Kate does not care for them. And for *him* she does care."

"O Nellie!" groaned Beaumont. "Stop. I can't talk about this now. Some other time, when we get out of this fight, if ever we do. But I can't discuss it now. Do let me alone. Do you want to break my heart?"

"No, nor Kate's either," said Nellie.

#### CHAPTER XXIX.

THERE is a propensity in the human being when overtaken by trouble to want to know the worst.

If it were not for the awful mystery and the irrevocable decisiveness of the act of death, the man who is sweeping down rapids towards a cataract would undoubtedly long to reach the plunge. It may even be that to those who have gone over Niagara the moment of catastrophe has been a moment of relief.

Like most worried people, Peyton Beaumont proceeded to seek out the culmination of his worries; he stumbled on from his trying talk with Nellie about Kate to a still more trying talk with Kate about herself; he did it against his intention and desire, but he could not help doing it. It so tormented him to suspect that his pet daughter was sorrowing, that he could not rest until he had laid his finger on the pulse of her sorrow and made certain of its feverish throbbing.

First he watched her; he noted the unwonted paleness and the sad though

sweet seriousness of her face; he observed that, no matter how cheerily he might prattle to her, he could not make her gay. The smiles that came on her lips, and the sparkles that rose from the lucid depths of her eyes, were transitory. Her demeanor was similar to an overshadowed day, during which the sun steals forth again and again, but only by moments.

"My child, I can't bear this," he at last broke out; "you are unwell or unhappy, and you don't say why. You make me anxious and — and miserable."

Kate glanced at him with a surprised and frightened expression. Her feelings were of such a delicate nature, that to have them handled by a man, even by a father whom she loved and who worshipped her, was terrible. The Creator has seldom fashioned a being more sensitive, more maidenly modest, than was this girl. Excepting with those eyes of a scared fawn, she made no reply.

"What is it, my darling?" insisted Beaumont, taking her hands and drawing her against his shoulder. "Is it something unbearable?"

His manner was as tender as if he were a mother instead of a father. In view of the seeming paradox contained in the fact, we cannot too strenuously repeat that this warlike old chieftain, scarred with duels and stained with the heart's blood of more than one of his fellow-men, was a singularly affectionate parent. His children were a part of himself; indeed, he held them as the finest and most precious part; he would have risked fortune and life to right the wrong of any one of them. His parental feeling was all the stronger because of the spirit of family which possessed him, as it possessed all his race. His progeny were Beaumonts; he was the sheik, the patriarch of the Beaumont tribe; he was responsible for the welfare of every member of it. This family instinct, one of the most natural and beneficent of emotions, the germ from which human society first took its development, was a passion



with him. A noble passion, we must pause to declare; noble, not only on account of its manly, unselfish direction and beautiful results, but also on account of its fervor; for, as we have already said, and as far wiser men have said before us, the grandeur of a sentiment is measured not more by its purpose than by its force.

"Is it more than a Beaumont can endure?" he repeated gently, though with an appeal to the family pride.

"No, it is not more," answered Kate, quivering with her struggle to bear, as an overladen man quivers under his load.

The father was not satisfied; for he did not want his daughter to suffer at all, and she had tacitly confessed to suffering. His strongest impulse, however, was to justify himself.

"I did not seek this new quarrel," he said. "I can declare truly, that Judge McAlister forced it upon me. I could live with the man decently, if he would let me."

"O father, I have nothing to say about those matters. Why do you explain them to me?"

"Because I don't want you to blame me. I can't bear it. I say I could live with these people. As for the young man, — I mean Mr. Frank McAlister, — I respect him and like him."

Kate, in spite of her virginal modesty, gave him a glance of gratitude which stung him. He started, and then resigned himself; the girl did love that man; well, he must bear it.

"The deuce knows how it has all come about," he mumbled. "One thing has happened after another. We are all in a muddle of quarrelling. I wish we were out of it."

She made no answer, but he knew by the way she leaned against him that she echoed his wish with many times his earnestness.

"I must speak out," he declared. "It is my duty as a father. I know that this young man likes you and wishes to marry you. If your happi-

ness is concerned, I must know that. Then I will see what I can do."

Kate could endure no longer; she was fairly driven into a burst of tears and sobbing; she clutched her father and buried her face in his neck, all the while kissing him. It was the same as to say, "I am very miserable, but do not be unhappy about it and do not be vexed with me."

"O my poor child!" he repeated several times, patting her shoulder in a helpless way, the most discomfited of comforters.

At last she recovered her self-possession a little, gradually lifting her head until her lips touched his ear.

"Papa, I will tell you everything," she whispered. "I did love him, and O, I do! If you had let him propose to me, I should have taken him. But now it is different. Since I have seen how it must always be between our families, I have decided that I never will marry him, not even if you consent. I will not risk being put in hostility to my own family. And now let me go, quick. Let me run."

The instant he loosened his embrace she rustled out of the room and away to her own chamber, shutting the door upon herself with a noise of hurry which he could plainly hear.

Peyton Beaumont remained alone in a state of profound depression. After a while he exploded in a torrent of profane invective against Judge McAlister, making him alone responsible for breaking the peace between the two houses by his attempt to sneak into Congress, — the sly, perfidious, rascally old fox, the humbugging possum, the greedy raccoon! Finally, making a strong effort at self-control, an effort to crush his proudest aspirations, he exclaimed, "Hang the House of Representatives! I won't run for a seat. Let him have it. For once."

But the Honorable Beaumont had other business in the world besides that of being a vehicle for domestic and sentimental emotions. When he came to suggest to his sons and to his political confederates that he thought of

throwing up his candidature, he found that they did not look upon him merely in the light of his duty as a father, but expected of him knightly service as a champion of State Rights and Southern principles.

"Going to drop us, Beaumont!" exclaimed shining old General Johnson, his eloquent jaw falling so that he looked like the mummy of an idiot. "Why, good God, Beaumont, if our Alexander is to turn his back in the very moment of crossing the Granicus, what is to become of us?"

"General, I object to that expression, 'turning the back,'" responded the Honorable, his eyebrows ruffling until they made one think of two "fretful porcupines." "I must be allowed to say that I do not consider it a phrase which can be properly applied to any act of mine. General, I dislike the phrase."

"Metaphor, my dear Beaumont," bowed the General, restraining himself (pugnacious old tiger) for political reasons. "No offence intended, I do assure you. Mere poetical metaphor. Moreover, I withdraw it. Let us say prosaically and plainly, resigning your candidature. And now, the matter being thus posed, will you allow me to argue upon it?"

"Certainly, General, I shall be most happy to consider every suggestion you may have to offer."

"By God, I believe I'd fight him, if he did n't," thought Johnson. Then, speaking with unusual sententiousness by reason of the pressure of the crisis, he proceeded as follows: "Changing leaders in the moment of the shock of battle is equivalent to defeat. If we attempt to run any other candidate than yourself, particularly at this vital moment, we shall be beaten. A traitor to South Carolina will misrepresent South Carolina in the Federal Congress from this heretofore most truly and nobly represented district. The Southern phalanx will be broken in its very centre; and into the gap will rush the centralizing legions of the North. The sublime flag which our great Calhoun unfolded will be borne to the ground.

It will be defeat all along the line. States Rights will be trampled under foot. Southern principles will be scattered forever. Beaumont, my dear and revered Beaumont, you are standing on a tripod of the most fearful responsibility. Upon you rests the prediction of our future. Your action will be its prophecy and its creation."

In his "flight of eloquence" the minute old General trembled like a humming-bird.

"Pardon the emotion of a veteran who sees his flag in danger," he resumed, mastering his alcoholized nerves. "Excuse the earnestness of a legionary who has grown gray in the service of his State, and who now sees the fair fame and even the sovereign existence of that State imperilled. Hear me in patience and with solemn consideration, while I implore you not to leave our noble cause to its own unassisted strength in this hour of supreme trial. By those who conquered at Fort Moultrie, and by those who fell at Eutaw Springs and — ahem — at various other places, and by those who dropped from bloody saddles beside Marion and Sumter, I conjure you to hold fast the banner of South Carolina and lead her as heretofore onward to victory. Duncan McAlister to represent this district at Washington? What a downfall for us all! Duncan McAlister to stand in your place? What a downfall for you! Ah, my dear Beaumont, consider, before it is quite too late; con—sid—er!"

We must observe that Beaumont's speechifying was very unlike the Johnsonian; it was mere talk, plain and straightforward talk, somewhat disconnected and jerky, but earnest and often forcible; it consisted in saying outright what he thought and especially what he felt. But although he thus differed from the General in style, and although he knew in his secret mind that the eloquence of the latter was mainly flummery, he on the present occasion could not help being moved by it. Those magic names, Hartland District, South Carolina, Fort

Moultrie, Eutaw Springs, etc., always stirred him, no matter by whom pronounced or in what connection. He was a true son of the sacred soil of his State, and his veins thrilled at an allusion to his world-famous parentage. When "the old man eloquent" left the house, he shook hands with him cordially and thanked him for his friendly remonstrances.

"General, I will consider the matter further," he said. "If private affairs to which I cannot allude will permit, I will go on with my candidature. I will decide within two days, and let you know my decision at once. Meantime, not a word, I beg of you."

"Beaumont, I am the grave," solemnly responded the General, rising on the toes of his shabby boots; "I am a sarcophagus sealed in the centre of a pyramid. This secret is cemented in my breast; all I ask is, may it rot there; may it rot unexhumed and unsuspected. By those who fell at Fort Moultrie and Eutaw Springs," he was indistinctly heard to perorate as he descended the steps.

When Beaumont discussed his proposed demission with his sons, he encountered further earnest, though respectful opposition.

"It seems to me, sir, that our family honor is concerned in this matter," observed Vincent, more of a Beaumont even than a South-Carolinian.

"Our family honor!" repeated the father, reddening at the suggestion that he could be indifferent to that lofty consideration.

"I beg your pardon, sir, if I am offensive. It is out of respect for you and regard for your reputation that I speak so plainly. Here is the way in which I look at the affair. You have said, Follow me; all our friends have rallied to your call; now you propose to turn back."

"Vincent, this is monstrous severe," said Beaumont, half scowling and half cringing.

"I beg your pardon, sir, but I can't see it differently. If Poindexter, for instance, had offered himself as can-

didate, and had gone on at it until within ten days or so of the election, and then withdrawn without assigning cause, what should we have said of him? I won't suggest the answer."

Beaumont quailed before his son; but the next instant he thought of his suffering daughter; so he turned for help to the fat, lazy, indifferent Poinsett.

"Why not assign cause?" suggested this young gentleman.

"It is unassignable," and Beaumont shook his head.

Poinsett knew or guessed somewhat of the affair between Kate and Frank, and was not entirely devoid of sympathy with it, being slothfully good-hearted, like many fat people.

"Could you not say that you prefer peace with a neighbor above a seat in Congress?" he asked. "Men have done that sort of thing, and still been widely respected on earth, and found favor at last with St. Peter."

"I beg pardon; it is too late," broke in Vincent. "It should have been thought of before, or never. We can't afford to, buy the friendship of the McAlisters at such a price as must be paid now. Why, this very motive for resigning the candidature is condemnatory. Are we afraid of those people? Do we want to get a favor out of them? Suppose, after all, we should not get it? What would be said of our purpose? What would be said of our disappointment?"

In compactness and in power of rapid allusion, it seems to me that the young man's speech was somewhat Demosthenian, and gave promise that he might grow into that creature so much admired by the Southerners, an able orator. It was evident, moreover, that he guessed at the gentle motive which influenced his father, and that he did not sympathize with it. There was a hard and pitiless substratum to Vincent's character, — a substratum which frequently came to view in the form of irony or a sneering smile; not unlike volcanic trap or granite breaking through the softer materials of earth's surface.

Meantime Tom Beaumont, not very quick-witted, and understanding the discussion only in part, prowled about the group of talkers with a sort of showing of the teeth, like a bulldog who awaits a signal to fight.

"On reflection, I take courage to bow to Vincent's opinion," said Poinsett, waving away the smoke of his cigar as if it were so much demoralizing sentiment, "on reflection, I beg leave to concede that a withdrawal just now would be an error. I beg leave to add that it would be more than an error of conduct; it would be, if I may use the expression, an error of character; it would mark a man's reputation and future."

Beaumont was driven to the wall, and knew not how to defend himself. He could not say to his sons, your sister loves Frank McAlister. The declaration was too tender and too awful for Kate's father to utter even to Kate's brothers.

"Poinsett, you are harder than Vincent," he muttered, more in sorrow than in anger.

"I beg pardon, I was philosophizing," said Poinsett. "I have a habit of considering a thing from a general point of view. It is a result, I perhaps mistakenly suppose, of my Germanic education. It leads, I believe, to truth. I meant no offence, my very dear father. If I have annoyed you, please lay it to a system of thought, and not to my intention."

"All the same, none of you agree with me," grumbled Beaumont, feeling himself quite alone among men, and consequently much depressed. Notwithstanding his passionate nature, and, indeed, precisely because of it, he lived and moved by the breath of human beings, and especially by that of his own kin.

A weak man, the cold-blooded may say; but they would not be more than half right. Just because he was sympathetic, he easily got people to rally round him, and made a pretty good local leader for a party, and had the name of being a man of action. More-

over, it was only among those who had a strong hold upon his affections that he showed himself gentle and pliable. The generality of men chiefly knew him as headstrong and pugnacious; the Yankee congressmen at Washington considered him one of the frightfullest of Southern bugbears; and against him the "Tribune" felt bound to hurl some of its weightiest Free-Soil thunder. Really, it is amazing how little a great man may be in his own house. One dares to wonder sometimes whether George Washington was august in the eyes of Mrs. George Washington.

Well, within twenty-four hours, revolving in the same time with the earth, Peyton Beaumont swung completely round on his axis. As he had decided for the sake of Kate to give up his candidature, so he decided for the sake of his sons, his honor, his party, and his State, to stick to it. He let go, as it were, to get a better hold. He resolved that he would fight his very best; that he would beat and smash the McAlister utterly; that he would bring down his confidence and pride forever. When General Johnson called again on his political flag-bearer, he found him breathing forth brandy and battle.

"I was all wrong, my old friend," confessed Beaumont. "I had a strange moment of weakness, and I came near committing an error. An error of character," he repeated, quoting from Poinsett, whose subtle distinction he had much admired. "I came near forfeiting my own respect, and I fear yours and all men's. Bless my soul and body, what a muddle it would have been! Well, henceforth the motto is, Forward."

"Forward to victory, my dear young friend," cackled the General, who, being twenty years the senior of the two, and yet not feeling himself to be very old, naturally looked upon Beaumont as a man in the springtime of life.

Such was the issue at the Beaumont place of the struggle between "common doin's" and "chicken fixin's," or, in

other words, between the masculine and feminine views of life.

Meantime the same contest was being carried on in the abode of the rival family. Mrs. McAlister and Mary had discovered that Jenny Devine could not fill the aching void in Frank's heart, and had sorrowfully permitted that young lady to return to her own home. Then they had hoped that his job in mining analysis would divert him, that he would plunge into those mysteries of metallurgy and chemistry which they could not see the sense of, and pasture his hungry soul on a knowledge which to them was but dry husks. But this hope was a poor consolation to them ; for what woman can approve of a life without love ?

Furthermore, Frank returned from Saxonburg in a moody state ; working assiduously, indeed, over his blow-pipe, crucibles, and other infernal machines ; but abstracted, and, as his two adorers thought, more gloomy than ever. This last supposition, by the way, was a mistaken one, for the youngster had been much cheered by his meeting with Kate. But as jolly, sympathizing Jenny Devine was no longer at hand to make him laugh over whist and keep him prattling about the subject nearest his heart, he did appear unusually sombre.

Thus the McAlister ladies concluded that nothing would fill his needs but Kate Beaumont, and that without her he must perish from off the face of the earth, or lead only a blighted existence. Of course they were frantic to get hold of the damsel and thrust her into his bosom. But how to do it ? Such getting hold was impossible as long as the family quarrel lasted ; and the quarrel would endure while the Judge tried to oust Beaumont from Congress. To bring about their sweet purpose, they must controvert the awful will of their lord and master, and trip up his revered political heels. But this sacrilege was horrible to think of, and, what was worse, hard to execute.

"Oppose your father !" said Mrs. McAlister with a spiritual shudder.

"Not precisely that," replied Mary, courageous with the courage of an only daughter. "But you might represent the whole case to him. Perhaps he does not know anything about Frank. After all, Frank is his son."

"O, if it was only a family matter, I should deem it my duty not to quail," observed the wife. "But there are the Judge's political plans to be considered," she added with profound respect. "There is this great contest, — the interests of the country."

"It seems to me that the country might get along without us. The country is always in a crisis. It is ridiculous. I almost hate it."

"Mary, you must n't say such things. Your father would be shocked at you."

"But perhaps he has only looked at the political side of this matter. Why would n't it be well to show him both sides ? Why is n't it your *duty* ?" added Mary, using a word which was very potent with her mother.

And so at last Mrs. McAlister saw her duty, and, seeing it, went with a trembling heart and did it.

To her exposition of Frank's awful state, and of the only device which could pluck him out of it, the Judge listened with his usual bland patience, looking down upon her with the sagacious, benevolent air of an elephant.

"My dear, I am glad you have spoken to me of this matter," he said, precisely as if he had known nothing about it. "Frank's happiness and Frank's prospects," he added, thinking of the Kershaw estate, "certainly deserve my earnest consideration."

Then he meditated quite at his leisure, while his wife quivered with anxiety. He had already satisfied himself that he could not carry the election ; he had carefully counted noses on both sides, and come to that disagreeable conclusion. Such being the case, he had coolly and intelligently said to himself, "Can I not sell out my supposed chances to advantage ? Beaumont would pay handsomely to have me quit the course ; suppose I strike a bargain with him and get something

for nothing. I can trust him ; he is a straightforward honest brute ; much as I dislike him, I can trust him."

Finally, that very morning in fact, he had decided that he would be contented, at least for the present, with a certain vacant judgeship of the United States District Court, looking forward, of course, to quitting it whenever there should be a good chance to strike for something higher. This honor he believed the other party would puissantly recommend him for, on condition of his relinquishing his congressional candidature. As for his bargain with that Northern wirepuller, Mr. — Mr. — the Judge really could not remember his name at the moment, and as for the money of the Democratic National Committee, which had been received and spent, he did not care for such trifles a whiffet. The five thousand dollars had strengthened him in the district ; it was seed sown for a future harvest ; very good.

The only thing which troubled him was the difficulty of proposing his dicker to Beaumont, without sacrificing his personal dignity. Here, now, was an opportunity ; here were the women and the young people ready to aid him ; here were the domestic cares and the god of love at his service. He smiled very kindly upon his wife as he pronounced his decision.

"My dear, I will surprise you," he said. "In consideration of what you tell me, I am willing to give up my candidature and take the risk of its doing the good you hope."

Mrs. McAlister advanced to her husband, placed her thin arms about his ponderous shoulders, and gave him an embrace of honester gratitude than he deserved.

"Thank you, my dear," observed the Judge, always a model gentleman, always sensible to a politeness. "We understand one another," he added, as if in irony, but really quite serious. "And now please send Frank to me. Or Bruce. No, let it be Frank. I presume he is most likely to have influence with Beaumont. I will despatch him over there with my message."

An hour later Frank was on his way to the Beaumont house, bearing a letter which Peyton Beaumont was to read, reseal, and return by his hand, the said letter containing of course the Judge's offer, couched in the language of pure patriotism.

A little later still, after Frank had got beyond recall, Mrs. McAlister reappeared before her husband with an anxious face, asking, "My dear, do you think it is safe for him ? He is going among our bitter enemies. How could I let him ?"

*J. W. DeForest.*

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## TWENTY DOLLARS.

"WE'd rather not take that bill, if you please," said the clerk, handing me back the twenty-dollar note I had given him. "It may be all right, but the Detector says there are counterfeits on that issue. The bank will open in half an hour, and they will know there. If it is good, it will be all the same to you ; and if it is bad, why, as you are a stranger on the island, you might be gone before we could get it back to you."

"Very well," said I, "I'll leave the things and call for them when the bank opens and I get my bill changed."

This conversation took place in a small shop in the town of Nantucket, and "the things" were some South Sea carvings, whale's teeth with sailor drawings on them, and the like, which I had been buying. The bill was the only bill I had in my possession, and I had no doubt of its goodness, supposing

that I could tell just where it came from. I did not have so many twenties in my hands then as to be at any loss as to where I had taken them.

So I strolled down the sandy Main Street and out on the silent and grass-grown wharf, lined with decaying warehouses, looked at the solitary New York yacht lying at anchor in trim beauty, and then strolled up again, just as the town clock on the South Church tower was striking nine, so as to enter punctually the bank, the only bank which the island now maintains. I handed the bill to the cashier and asked for change. He took it, smoothed it professionally with a wave of his hand, and was about to drop it in the drawer, when something in it caught his eye. He held it up to the light, eyed me, eyed the bill again, and then, with a shake of the head, pushed it back over the counter. "Bad," said he, laconically.

"Bad?" replied I, interrogatively.

"Counterfeit," he rejoined; and then seeing by my blank look that I was really surprised, he kindly pointed out the marks by which to detect the cheat. I looked and listened, but was not much the wiser, for, to tell the truth, another train of thought was at work in my mind. What was I to do?

This was the situation which, as I pocketed the bill and walked away toward the Ocean House, came clearly before me. I was then a junior clerk in a Boston house, on a limited salary, and with but a trifle of income from other sources. I was an orphan, and had not many acquaintances and no relations near at hand. I had come to Nantucket on a fortnight's leave, and my time would be up the next day.

Now having been always careful about money matters, and feeling a horror of debt not always shared by young clerks at the age of nineteen, when I left home I had taken with me just the little balance I had saved up for my summer vacation, and had been enjoying a well-earned leisure in various cheap and innocent dissipations. I had been sailing, fishing, and bathing,

had driven out to "Sconset" and the South Shore, had passed two rainy days in the alcoves of the Athenæum, and had congratulated myself that I was keeping well within bounds. This twenty I had retained till the last. The night previous I had settled my hotel bill, expecting to leave that very morning in the boat, but she had started at six to go to a wreck, and her passengers had to choose between some extra hours of sailing or waiting over. I preferred the latter, especially as I could so well afford it, for even then I should get home with several dollars in my pocket. Now, instead of the comfortable capitalist I seemed, I was a wretched bankrupt. I went up to my room, pulled out my pocket memorandum of expenses, laid the unlucky bill upon the table, and sat down to think where I could have got it. There was just a chance that it might have been taken on the island; only I knew it was n't. I remembered but too well that I had kept it in an inner pocket of my *porte monnaie*, resolved to go home as soon as it became necessary to break it. But where could I have got it? My money was always paid me by our book-keeper, and he would have almost as soon have taken the safe-key to wind up his watch with as a doubtful note.

So I took up the bill and stared at it, as people do, blankly trying to waken a dormant memory. Then it all came to me.

The day before I left home I had been sent up State Street to make a deposit. Before I started, seeing that the sum was in 10's and 20's, and as my own *porte monnaie* was unpleasantly stuffed with 1's which I had been saving up against vacation-time, I had taken a 20 from the bank-book and put my own bills in its place.

How did I happen to have so many 1's? Young men, hope of the future commercial circles of the country, attend! Every week I paid my board bill, which was nine dollars (before the war, you know), and I earned every week fifteen, which I received Saturday night, in a 5 and a 10. The 5



went for various current expenses, the 10 I went to my landlady, the 1 I received in change was sacredly laid by for vacation. Then I had my dividend which came in July untouched, and was free to go where I liked. This year, too, I had earned something extra by doing other fellows' work for them, so that I don't think an easier-minded guest had been at the Ocean House that summer. I had chosen Nantucket as a place where I could do as I wanted to, where I need not bargain and plan for cheapness, and should not be cheated. I had found just what I wanted; I had had the best boatman, good teams, and no young gentleman of great expectations could have got more enjoyment out of his money than I out of mine. It had been a splendid financial success up to this last disagreeable episode.

But what was to be done now? There would be another day's board at the Ocean House; there was the fare to Boston; things ordered at the "Curiosity Shop," which I felt I ought to take, — and a counterfeit bill! Whether this bill was my loss or not, I could not quite tell.

I inclined to think that Penrose, our book-keeper, would put it on to me, saying that if I had deposited the bills I was sent with, it would have been detected at the counter of the bank.

However, that was not the question. I could stand the loss of the 20, — though before the war, to a junior clerk of nineteen, twenty dollars was not a trifle, — but how to get home! True, I could walk on board the boat, but they might refuse to let me land at Hyannis, and the railroad conductor would assuredly put me off before I got even to Sandwich; so what better should I be then? Suppose I wrote to Boston, whom could I write to? I did not know a soul to whom I dared apply. Beside that, writing would do no good, for I must leave the island the next day. Mr. Ellis, the second partner in our house, was to sail for Europe on Saturday. I had been specially charged before I could get my leave, that Fri-

day night at eight o'clock I was to be at his house to take charge of some papers of importance for the firm. I was sure that my situation would be gone if I failed.

Something must be done. I went down stairs and asked for the landlord. He had gone to New Bedford, and would not be back till next day. I took the clerk into my confidence, and tried to get a loan of him. He had no money of his own, and could not, in the absence of his "boss," take the funds of the hotel. Besides, he did not think my little valise adequate security. Neither did I, for that matter. There was no telegraph nearer than the mainland.

I went back to my room, feeling desperate, and all the while a craving propensity to strike out into the most expensive things I could do. If there had been a gaming-table on the island, I do believe (though I never went near anything of the kind in my life) I should have gone to it.

I drew out my watch to see what the hour was, and the thought of pawning it struck me. But Nantucket does not possess a "loan office." I made careful inquiry, but nothing of the sort was known. However, I went to a watchmaker's and laid my modest, but serviceable silver timepiece before him. He quietly declined to consider the question.

"Does thee know," he said (he was a Quaker), "that I have in that chist more'n a dozen of the best London chronometers and I can't sell one of them for what it's worth? I should like to help thee, especially as thee wants to be honest and not put off bad money, but I do *not* see my way clear to do so."

"But," said I, "I am not going to leave the watch long. I shall send for it in a week, perhaps in less time."

"So thee says, and no doubt thee thinks so, but thee will be off the island, and then how can I get at thee?"

"Yes, but you can tell whether that watch is worth more than twice twenty dollars or not." (It cost sixty.) "If it

is, can't you see that it is my interest to redeem it?"

"Well, thee knows best about that, but it would n't be worth that to me, for I might not sell it under a year, and thee 'll be off the island, where I can't get at thee."

This was the key to the whole matter. The ideas of the old gentleman were of a date when the whaling business was good, and when his sailor customers were in the habit of disappearing at "Turkeywoner," "Hilo," "Sidney," and other Pacific ports, and also of reappearing after many days to claim long-forgotten deposits. Time being a commodity of which there was a superabundance in Nantucket, the market was not brisk. Time was not money.

I went home to dinner. There is that comfort in a hotel, that the *vacuus viator* can feed equally well with King Cræsus until the landlord says, "Go." At the table I took my accustomed seat, opposite Miss Minnie P——. We had made acquaintance but a fortnight before, through her brother Fred, whom I had "rescued from a watery grave"; I mean, pulled into the boat from which he had tumbled overboard on a blue-fishing excursion. She was somewhat older than I, and that did not interfere with our rapidly getting acquainted.

She expressed great pleasure at finding me still on the island, and that we should be fellow-travellers the next day. "In fact, Mr. Woodbridge, I think, if I may take so great a liberty, I will put myself under your care, and let Fred stay another week." I acquiesced, though sorely doubtful whether I should have the pleasure. However, thought I, she will hand me her purse to get the tickets and things, and then I can pay for two, and return it when I get to Boston. I blushed as I thought it, but I would have given much for the privilege of waiting on Miss P——, a noted Boston beauty; and, moreover, I was madly in love with her, of course, though very much in doubt whether it would be prudent to tell her so. Then she went on: "I

have never been to the South Shore in all the three weeks' stay I have made." My impulse was, of course, to invite her to drive thither with me; but that bill in my pocket! She went on in the most aggravating way, "After yesterday's blow, they say the surf will be splendid, the finest this season." I was on the point of proposing that we should *walk* there, when she said, "Would it be too great a favor, if you are not otherwise engaged, for you to drive me out there? Fred has gone shark-fishing, but he promised to order a buggy before he left."

Of course I joyfully accepted, and I inwardly blushed as I thought what might not turn up. If, after all, I should find favor in the eyes of the daughter of a millionaire, all would be well; and if not, let me have what comfort I can. They let the fellows that are to be hanged call for what they like for their last breakfast, I believe! So I thought; and when Miss P—— went up to put on her things, I went to the front of the Ocean House to await the team. It came, but the stable help in charge seemed to have something on his mind. He looked uneasy, and then said, as I approached to look at the horse and inspect the harness, "Who shall this be put down to? Mr. P—— was over this morning and paid his bill, and said he was going off the island to-morrow, and did n't say nothing about his sister's having any team. She sent over about an hour ago, an' the boss says he s'poses it's all right, but wimmen is forgetful, and I must n't let the team go without knowing who was to have it." I gave my name; but my dealings having been with the other stable, it made less impression than it should have done. "Perhaps," said he, "you would n't mind settling now in advance; 'n fact, it's charged to me anyhow; and for the afternoon it 'll be three dollars. And then you can stay at the Shore 's long 's you like."

I saw Miss P—— at the top of the stairs, and felt I must act quickly. "Can you change this?" said I, tak-

ing out the twenty. "No, I see you can't. Very well, don't keep the lady waiting, but they'll pay you at the office." And, before he had time to accept the situation, I had put Miss P—— into the buggy and was driving away.

It is not exciting to drive in Nantucket unless over the trotting-course. The roads are a trifle sandy and are deeply rutted, so that your horse travels in a groove, and your wheels do the same. Dexter himself could hardly run away, and you are as fast tied to the track as if in a city street-car.

But once out on the broad, breezy downs, and it is very enjoyable. The air is fragrant with the warm and aromatic smell of the bayberry-bushes and the balsamic breath of the pine-trees, the tallest of which tower full seven feet in the air. Behind is the clean quiet town, and before a dark blue line on which here and there glitters the sunshine, while a white flash of surf springs up ever and anon above the low sand-drifts on which grow the sparse tufts of beach-grass.

Nobody can long feel blue on those plains of Nantucket; beside that, I had a project which was to put me all right.

So I chatted with Miss Minnie, and never had enjoyed myself so much. It might have been fancy, but I thought she was a little *distrait*. Could it be that I had made an impression? If so all will be well, thought I; and then I wished the Shore thirty miles off, instead of three. As it was, we reached the end of our drive before I felt quite certain enough to commit myself. It would be awkward to be refused and have to drive her home afterward.

A solitary stroll on the beach might — but it was *not* solitary. There was some one there. A man, a wretch with a long-handled white umbrella, like a huge mushroom, stuck in the sand, and under it he was sitting, sketching.

A little way from where my horse was to be tied was his horse and buggy. Somehow, he seemed to expect

Miss P——, for he rose up and came to meet her as soon as I had helped her to alight; and before I could secure my steed, Miss P—— and the stranger seemed to have got wondrously well acquainted. I did not remember to have seen him on the island, and he certainly did not come in the boat while I was there, for the event of the day was to see the passengers land; and beside that, where would he go but to the Ocean House?

Miss Minnie introduced me to her friend as I came up to them. It was Mr. C——, the artist. He *was* handsome, there was no denying that, with his broad wideawake and velvet coat and silky mustache; but I should have much preferred to see his beauty in the distance, say picturesquely half a mile off; but he was so pleasant and gentlemanly, that I could n't quarrel with him.

Presently Miss P—— begged him to go on with his work; and then she said, as she looked over his shoulder, that he ought to put in a figure or two; and how it came about I don't know, but I found myself standing at the edge of the surf (in imminent peril of wet feet) and pretending to throw a bluefish-line into the breakers.

It was hardly a consolation to think of being part of a famous picture, when that required one to stand with one's back to all that was of *immediate* interest. But it was much worse to be roused by a shout from the wretch, and to see my own horse walking leisurely away toward the town. I know I fastened him securely.

I hurried up the beach, and the ruffian met me with a look of pretended sympathy on his features.

"This is too bad," he said. "I am afraid you will have to leave Miss P—— to my care. I will stay with her while you bring your horse back. If you should n't overtake him," added the ogre, "I will see that she gets home; but really I can't leave just yet, I have got such a splendid chance which I have been waiting for all summer; such a surf and such a light on it!"

It did not occur to me then, though it did afterward, that the miscreant might have offered me his team. Instead of that he hurried me off, bidding me run, which I did. So did my horse, just quickening his pace till he got far enough away to graze, and then starting on as I got near him. I had to foot it the whole way to town. The beast went safely enough till he reached the stable; but there he pushed right into it, and, catching the buggy against the lintel, smashed the top completely. Twenty dollars would not make good the damage, the stable-folks said. I told them to send up to the hotel at half past nine and get their pay, after the loss had been properly estimated.

One thing seemed a little odd. I had unbuckled the check-rein to use as a hitching-strap. It was found buckled all right, but not checked, which makes me think that the horse had learned to unharness himself. They are knowing animals, the Nantucket horses.

Then I went to the clerk of the hotel. I told him I thought I would give a public reading that evening. Could I have the use of the dining-room? I would put the tickets at twenty-five cents, and at that rate would probably secure an audience. I had heard that one of the Harvard fellows had done the same thing in one of the rural districts, and netted one hundred dollars. The clerk said the dining-room could not well be spared and would not hold enough, but the Athenæum Hall was the place where such things usually were given. Would he engage it for me? He would send and get it right away, and would send the town-crier to announce the reading, as there was not time to print bills, and that was the usual custom, moreover.

Then I went to my room to prepare a programme. It did not seem ten minutes before I heard the voice of the herald proclaiming in vocal small caps that "THERE WILL BE A DRAMATIC READING THIS EVENING AT ATHENÆUM HALL. DOORS OPEN AT SEVEN

P'FORMANCE T' C'MENCE 'T EIGHT O'CLOCK. 'DMITTANCE TWENTY-FIVE CENTS. Then the ding ding of his bell died away up one street and was heard coming down the next. It was evident the town would be thoroughly canvassed. Could I read? Well, I had tried it in private circles. *Militavi non sine gloria*, and at the Public Latin School where I graduated had won the Hancock medal. The first thing was to get books. I asked the clerk, but he was a book-keeper, not a book-lender. However, he thought I might obtain the loan at the Athenæum, on depositing their valuation. As I only wanted them to go from the library-room to the hall up stairs I ventured on this, depositing with a bold front but beating heart my twenty-dollar bill, and receiving a Shakespeare, a Byron, and three volumes of Mrs. Browning. Also a copy of Handy Andy. This last, being doubtful of my skill in rendering the Irish tongue, I took to my room, unluckily. The others I thought I could manage at sight, especially as I meant to keep to the pieces I knew by heart, and wanted the books more for form than for use. By this time the tea-gong sounded, and I went to the table with an anxious breast and a sense of being the observed of all observers. Miss P—— was already there, but in my seat was the *fiend*, I mean the artist, in human shape. I expected to see Miss Minnie look embarrassed, but she only looked radiantly happy, and smiled sweetly upon me as I passed by to take my place at the foot of the table.

I could not eat; in fact, I had a doubt whether it would be well to attempt it before a public reading; so after bearing in silent torture the spectacle of the vampire helping Miss P—— to bluefish and blackberries, I retired to dress. That operation was limited to the putting on of a cloth coat in place of a tweed, my last clean collar, and taking my last ditto handkerchief, and at seven I started for the hall.

The streets were not inconveniently thronged, but "it is early yet," I said,

mentally. I had left Handy Andy in my room, not feeling quite up to the comic, but in a mood to which I was sure Othello would come in great force. I found the town-crier, who was also to be the money-taker and stage-manager, at the door, but no one else. He suggested that, as it was still daylight, it was n't worth while to light up yet, to which I agreed, and retired to the dressing-room with my volumes, a solitary candle, and a glass of water. I shut the door, so as not to be disturbed by the noise of the assembling throngs, and gave myself up to study. I had heroically determined *not* to look at my watch, lest I should get nervous, and when eight o'clock struck from the South Church tower, I confess I started with surprise. Seizing my books and giving myself no time for stage fright, I walked dignifiedly on to the platform, found my first place, and raised my eyes to survey my audience. There were two people in the hall, a ghoul and his victim, I mean the artist and Miss P——. The crier, that is, the ticket-taker, stood by the entrance, his hands in his pockets. My audience preserved a respectful silence, though there was a queer look on the face of the female portion, while the monster, I mean the male part, made a motion of the hands suggestive of applause. I sank back into a seat. The crier walked up the hall, putting out the lights as he went, and saying in a voice startlingly loud in the stillness: "'S no use waiting any longer t'night, and the sooner I shet up the less gas will be wasted. I'll jest hand them folks their money back, and you can settle with me." Then, as the company dispersed, one of whom, by the way, declined to receive his quarters, saying *sotto voce*, "I've had a delightful entertainment, and really I feel conscientious scruples at taking anything back." The crier proceeded to sum up, "The hall, well, we can't charge more 'n half-price under the circumstances, — the hall'll be ten; lights, well, say two 'n' half. My cryin' two 'n' half, ought to be five; 's jest as much work 's if the whole

island come. Sta'din' at the door" (he could *not* say taking tickets), "dollar; sixteen dollars jest. Then, there 's the books, Miss Coffin said I was to see 'em returned, here they be, no, there was six, and here 's only five."

I remembered that I had left Handy Andy at my room, and as that would give me a little more delay, I asked him to call at the hotel for the other volume, and strode away. I was tempted to turn toward the wharf and to keep straight on *from* the end of the pier, but for the sight of a couple slowly walking up the street. One was my solitary female au — spectator, and the other a demon in a velvet coat and wideawake.

When I reached my room again, the volume was gone, and must be paid for if not recovered; it was one of a set, but that was a trifle compared to the fact that my bill, my counterfeit, was a deposit.

My friend the crier was good-natured, however, and agreed to call in the morning. Moreover, it served me as an excuse for not settling that night, that I must return the book or know what it would cost me. Besides, he was secure that I could no more leave this island than Robinson Crusoe could leave his.

I sat down on the hotel balcony, in utter despair. From the parlor came a murmur of low-voiced conversation, and I fancied that the tones were those of a woman and a serpent, that is, a painter, but I cared not. What was I to do? My bill at the hotel; my afternoon's bad luck, twenty-three dollars; my evening's failure, say twenty more; my fare to Boston, where I must be by the next evening. It may seem a light matter, but to an inexperienced lad of nineteen it was no joke.

While I sat there, absorbed in my trouble, a hand was laid upon my shoulder which made me look up. It was Fred P——. "See here, my boy, I've been looking for you all the evening. Here's Minnie says she must go to-morrow, and — I don't like to trouble you, but she wants enough for her fare

to Boston, and I've lost my wallet to-day, I believe; I can't find it anywhere. Let me have that twenty I paid for the boat last week. I did not mean to ask you for it, as I supposed it might not be convenient till you got home, but I can't help myself." Here was a new complication. We had gone on a fishing party together, and Fred had paid the bill; but I had undertaken to get the other fellows' shares, and had done so. I had handed it all to Fred's roommate and college chum, who had since left the island. It was evident that Cunningham had forgotten to pay Fred. They were of course intimate friends, and I was comparatively a stranger, who had been kindly taken up by them. I felt awfully, for I hardly knew how to make the truth appear. Suppose Cunningham, a rich and careless young fellow, had forgotten all about it. Fred was out of sorts too over something, for he was usually very even-tempered. When I said, "I must have paid it," I could not for the moment remember that I *had* done so. He said roughly, "O bother, no; I could n't have had the money; beside, Cunningham would have told me, and he never said a word, only that I'd better get it before you spent all your money."

"Mr. P——," said I, "I will go up to your room and arrange with you; we will not dispute here on the steps."

Fred led the way, muttering something about "snobs picked up at watering-places," which made me furious. When we got to his chamber I was so angry that I forgot all about my bill deposited at the library, and pulled out my *porte monnaie*; and by the time he got the gas lit I was opening it, and feeling in the secret pocket. There was the bill, twenty dollars, and I slapped it down on the table, saying, "As I am to pay this twice over, I'll trouble you to leave a receipt at the office for me to-morrow morning. I don't wish to pay the *third* time." And then I went off to my own room raging. When I cooled off a little, it came to me that I had passed off a bad bill on Fred P——, but to that I answered

my conscience, that it was for an unjust claim. At any rate, I was quite ready to go to jail or anywhere else, and went to sleep thinking of an odd story I had heard, in consequence of which I dreamed that I was sent to the Nantucket prison for passing counterfeit money, and that every night I was in the habit of slipping out of my cell and prowling round the streets. Then I was giving a reading to a crowded house, but the books were all wrong. Whatever I took up turned to a dictionary or a spelling-book. Then I woke up and thought over two plans, one of which was to go off to sea in a whaler from New Bedford, the other was to get Fred to have me arrested for passing the counterfeit bill on him and sent to Boston for trial. Once there, I could get some one to help me. In the midst of working out these plans to a grand and triumphant tableau I got to sleep again, and this time dreamed that I was being marched up State Street in chains, and that I was stopped at each corner and rearrested on a new charge, when I was really awakened by a strange man in my room, who was shaking me by the shoulder. My first thought was, "It has come now, and I'm glad of it." It was the watchmaker. "I've come round to see thee," he began, "to look at thy watch once more. I've thought thee might be wanting money a good deal, and I don't mind letting thee have twenty dollars, if thee thinks thee can pay me in a week or so. I guess thee's pretty honest as folks go."

I was just putting the watch into his hands, when the door opened again, and in came Apollyon, I mean the artist.

"My dear young friend," he began, "what is all this about a broken buggy? I've just seen the stable fellow hanging round here, and of course you are not to pay a sixpence for the team or for the damage. I am afraid I was a little careless in letting your horse get away—in fact, I—well—I wanted—it was of the utmost importance for me to have an uninterrupted talk with Miss—with Miss

P——. Two years ago we were engaged. It was broken off by a most unlucky chance, and I have never had it in my power to explain matters till yesterday. So the stable bill, which I shall cut down considerably, is my business. For the other matter, I owe you an apology, which I tender now."

I was too bewildered to answer at once, but the artist, noticing my Quaker friend for the first time, drew himself up with mock solemnity, and added, "If you demand further satisfaction, there will be coffee for two down stairs in about ten minutes, and a friend of mine will be glad to see you." And out he went.

I had just exchanged my watch for the good Quaker's bills, and he had departed, when Fred bounced in, blushing up to the eyes.

"I say, old fellow," was his greeting, "I behaved abominably last night. This morning I found my money, you know; left it in my pantaloons pocket when I changed to go sharking. There was more than I cared to lose; and then I was awfully mad about Minnie, seeing that artist fellow with her; but he came up to my room last night and it is all right, — tell you some day. And I found a letter on my table from Cunningham, which I ought to have had three days ago, telling me about that boat money; you *did* pay twice, and here it is back, the bill you gave me. And I beg your pardon, heaps."

I don't know what I *said* as we shook hands, but I certainly *felt* on good terms with all creation, and all the more as Fred added, "Here's a book, by the way, I found in your room when I went to look for you, — where were you, by the way, all the evening? — and took up to my room to read. I luckily saw it this morning, and suppose you'd like to carry it back to the Athenæum." Then I remembered my bill which I had deposited, and rather astonished Fred by tearing out of bed and flinging on my clothes, and starting down street on the run.

I must have startled the amiable librarian by my breathless and some-

what dishevelled appearance; but like a true Nantucket woman, she was perfectly self-possessed and polite, and accepted my confused statement with entire composure, put Handy Andy on its shelf, and handed me my twenty in the envelope in which she had placed it, expressing a kind wish to meet me again another summer.

It is a religious belief with the islanders, that whosoever visits Nantucket once will surely return again, and I must say it is a well-founded belief. There is a spell in that balmy air, like that of the sweet waters of the fountain of Trevi at Rome, to lure back the traveller, and whoever eats of the chowder of Siasconset will long to eat it again.

When I got back to the hotel the clerk met me. "The crier's been after you," said he; "come to say that the Athenæum won't charge anything for room and lights, as there was no exhibition; and I told him that he mustn't charge but a dollar for his work; so if you'll leave that with me, he'll be satisfied."

I think I enjoyed my last breakfast at the Ocean House even more than any previous one, and that is saying a good deal. I had time, too, to stop and redeem my watch, with thanks to the good watchmaker, on my way to the boat. The bill I got back from Fred was unquestioned; it was one of our Boston bank-notes, and certainly came out of my pocket-book, however it got there. The counterfeit was safe in the envelope, just as I received it.

As I stepped aboard the steamer I saw Miss Minnie and at her side Moloch, that is, Mr. C——, who lost no time in making the *amende*. "I leave Miss P——," he said, "in your care. I did think of going across with her, but a stern sense of justice, which is the prevailing trait of my character, compels me to leave the field wholly to you. I owe you a *tête-à-tête* in place of that which I stole yesterday."

"Don't believe one word he says," was Minnie's, I mean Miss P——'s retort; "he is dying to be off to San-



coty Head sketching, and only came down to see me off, because I made him come and apologize to you for his trick."

"She put me up to it," the victim began, when the last bell sounded, and he was obliged to hurry ashore in the midst of his audacious fib, and I was left to enjoy one of the pleasantest journeys I ever made.

Of course Miss P—— asked me what put it into my head to give a reading, and I told her the whole story, and got sympathy enough and fun enough out of it to pay me twice over. When it was all finished she said, "One thing I don't understand, how you had *two* twenties, when you only thought you had one."

"I am sure I don't either. It is clear that the one I gave Fred last night was the same I laid away for reserve fund; where the other came from I cannot imagine."

"Let me look at it," said she, and I took it out of the envelope and gave it to her. She turned it over once or twice, and presently showed me a mark on one corner. "This is a lesson to me not to be so careless again. I might have injured you very seriously for life," she said. "Do you remember the day it rained, and you went over to the shell-shop to get me the basket I bought there; you paid two dollars for it, and I handed you the money when you returned. I remember thinking how polite it was of you that you took the bill without even looking at it, and put it in your *porte monnaie* at once. This is the bill. I just noticed the 'two,' and not the cipher. I got it at Benton's in Washington Street the day before I left; was told it was bad at Hovey's, and then I marked it, so as not to pass it away, meaning to ask father to return it. I forgot all about it, and having only fives in my purse, except this, gave it for a two."

The reader can skip the sequel if desirous to do so. I think it worth telling. I was kindly asked by Miss P—— to call upon her while she remained Miss P——, and on her return

from her summer travels was reminded of my promise by a note, specifying the evening. Somebody was there with a velvet coat and a mustache that was finer than ever; but really, as Miss Ellen P——, younger sister to Miss Minnie, was so good as to entertain me, I did not find the artist in the way. As we walked down Park Street together at the close of the evening he asked me to come to his studio the next day at twelve.

I managed to get off from the store; it was a dull time, and did so. I met some ladies at the studio, Mrs. P——, Miss P——, and Miss Ellen. They had come to see a picture which was upon the easel, just finished. It was a view of the South Shore at Nantucket. There was one figure in it, a young man in a graceful attitude gazing upon the surf. I think the figure was a little flattered, though Miss P—— said not; but she saw things through a very rosy atmosphere that day. What struck me most was, that a note addressed to me lay on top of the frame, and this I was desired by the ladies to read aloud. It was as follows:—

"Mr. Woodbridge will confer a real favor upon the artist by accepting this little memento of one of the happiest days in the life of the donors, which is offered as a slight reparation for the inconveniences brought upon Mr. Woodbridge by sitting for his portrait. With the best wishes of his friends,

"J. C——,  
MINNIE P——."

"I never had the pleasure of hearing Mr. Woodbridge read aloud before," said Miss P——, very demurely. "I have understood that he is quite an amateur."

I have heard the picture highly praised by competent judges. I hope to see it hanging on my parlor wall some day, and I may add that my chances of having a parlor and of calling Mrs. C——, *née* P——, sister-in-law have considerably increased since I became a junior partner in the house of P—— Brothers & Co., Boston, Mass.

## THE FLOWERING OF A NATION.

THE flowering of nations is the most interesting fact of their life. When all things accord and the hour has come, the stem seems to carry up the whole force of a particular race, the vigorous sap mounts, and behold, the flower. And like a flower, while force is implied in this flowering, it often overflows in beauty.

In Egypt the quality of the air where nothing decays seems to have moulded with eternity the thoughts of this nation, and their outward expression.

In Greece, tender as the skies of Ionia, this flower seemed the symmetrical blooming of man's longing for an ideal in literature and sculpture. The Greeks made an ideal for us all. Our best eyes see the world as Homer saw it, we ourselves seem to have built the Parthenon in some lucky dream. When in Greece and Egypt, a person of sensibility feels the influence which made them what they were still acting on him. In his single life then he apprehends something of the forces which went to make up the great life which we call Greece or Egypt. He understands with tingling surprise why under that delicate sky, above those great headlands of rock and seas of azure, arose the lowly but lovely temple of Theseus and the still lovelier Parthenon. Form there has a meaning it has nowhere else, every outline is majestic, and invites the mind to withdraw from the garishness of color to its pure control. For while this flowering of a race separates it from others and makes it national, the great human heart is still at home in all nations. They make but a province for its possession. What they were we also could have been in their place and with their advantages.

Every fresh year seems to bring the nations into more cosmopolitan relations. The world is spread out like a map before us, and time and space are

annihilated as we bend in sympathetic curiosity above it. The longing for the future is matched by the hunger for the past; and both shall be gratified. God does not disappoint his children, nor does he give them desires only to mock them. All our wishes are imperious predictions of a possession not far off. It is not without a reason that Herculeum is still sealed to us.

At the right moment the lost books of Livy will leap forth, and the lost poems of Sappho. Did not Nineveh keep its secret till the fit hour and the fitting man came? Do we not see its mystic bulls read by the text of Isaiah, as we should not have seen them till now? The confidence of so many that the Tiber shall yet, like the grave, give up its secrets, and the astonishing preservation of the bas-relief of the holy candlesticks on the arch of Titus (as if some unseen angel had had watch and ward over the place) be more than matched by the recovery of the august originals, — is this all in vain? No, the good Father keeps his toys from his children till their age best suits the use of them, and then, lo! an America, a California, a Japan.

Is not this the very hour when the wonderful flowering of the Japanese mind could best influence, and for most good, the Western mind? The bizarre thoughts, the picturesque, yet restrained art of Japan, have flowed like water into all Christendom, and left on a thousand mantel-pieces a waif of beauty. Even with us in our growing mental hospitality we too take up the isles of the sea as a very little thing. They accommodate themselves to us now as easily as Mexico or Texas did once. They give us a hint of how serene and at home we may be among the inconceivable wonders of the world to come.

This flowering of nations becomes at

the north, like its own flowers, a difficulty and a delight. Yet as the glacier will hide the Alpine harebell, so the heartbeat of a nation under the pole will not be denied its vital expression.

Lost in these forlorn latitudes, all that the Northern races had done was for long hidden in polar darkness.

Nor is the light about them too much now. When attentively considering the meaning of races, how each is fitted for its mission, and how it now strikes all that to the children of those Northern races is given and more yet in the future is to be given, the earth and its fulness, we are humiliated at our ignorance of them.

Not without meaning, at the head of that swarm which beats and buzzes upon this new continent, God has placed what we call the Anglo-Saxon race. And these mixed bloods, tempered in every way by movement and collision, owe their best qualities to the great North.

There were found the romantic soul, the adventurous spirit, the persistent strength, which has conquered the world.

You find them all in the brief story, "the short and simple annals of the poor" Icelanders and the kindred Northern nations. When Rollo, asked to do fealty at Rouen to the king of France by kissing his foot, said, "No, but I will shake hands with him," the seed was in him of republican simplicity; and when his lieutenant, instead of Rollo, agreed to kiss the king's foot, and in the act overturned the king, amid shouts of laughter, the fire was there, Rabelaisque and grim, in which in the future so many bawbles and shams should dissolve.

In the airy dancing of the northern lights of poesy, the melancholy outlook into a world where death seemed needed to give value even to sensuality, we have the strain which runs through the English verse. Thence came the Elegy of Gray and the unimpassioned mournfulness of Wordsworth. It is water of the same cup. It feeds our Northern souls, longing for immortality, and is worlds away from the sparkle and

worldliness of the Latin poets. Horace could not have written "To be or not to be," nor could even Shakespeare have given the Southern light which rests on the lyrics of Horace, as the Roman sun lies on grape clusters, or cuts into bright relief the flowers of the Pamfili Doria.

The Latin races are now being weighed in the balance and found wanting.

They crumble and dissolve. They are a swarm — They fight, pray or work around a head, and in the evil hour die like smoked-out bees. Individuality, the possession of one's self, is not theirs. The wave of a sword or the lifting of a cross does not make them abdicate their individuality. They had none to lose. They were slaves to the passion and prosperity of the hour from the beginning. The Anglo-Saxon does not abdicate to his priest or his governor the tranquil possession of himself which makes his own conscience and judgment the forum where the world is to be tried.

As a Frenchman visiting England once said: "England dead? No, not while each individual Englishman is so independent and free can it die. You can only kill him by making a slave or sycophant of him, and that he will not become."

Of course to us Americans the most interesting event in Icelandic history is the visit to America.

When in the year 961 Naddod, a Norwegian rover, stumbled upon Iceland, he planted the seed of one of these flowerings of nations of which we have been speaking; a small but robust plant which could face the polar blasts and drink life in the fugitive summer sun. A company of Norwegian nobles, restless with the *trop plein* of the North and in trouble at home, profited by the discovery and planted in Iceland a vigorous colony.

To this day their descendants are distinguished for their stature, strength, and valor. But secluded in the long winter, letters and scholarship developed as one could not have hoped.

Through their help the records of wonderful visits to an unknown Western continent have been preserved. They had been for a century in Iceland before Columbus went there. In so small an island, where nothing would be better understood than these visits to Vinland, could Columbus escape hearing of them? That the country was his country, the India he was seeking, it does not matter to know, but to him it proved the land beyond the sea, which he believed in, and made his suspicion certainty. Nor is it wonderful that an Italian should not speak of it. He had his point to gain, and frankness is not a Latin characteristic.

How we stare at the dates of these early visits, and fancy the strange slumbering silence of a continent before the coming of the Icelanders! And the scenery they hint at, the same that we know so well, how homelike it seems! How the vines of Vinland must have stooped to be plucked by the race, brothers to that one which should later sit under their pleasant branches! And the great Eirik, vast looming in his misty proportions, shows a fine figure against the background of the past. A sea-rover, a strong, fighting soul, one to delight the conscience of Thomas Carlyle, is seen there in Massachusetts Bay somewhere in the year 1000. It was a bud from the flowering of the Alpine rose.

During that century and its predecessor great waves of conquest beat upon the shores of England from Denmark, and finally in Rollo's successors from the South. These men become our blood relations. It is their energy which is filling California and the West. The "Jötuns of the West" is hardly a metaphor. Their clumsy horse-play, good humor, and endurance came from the North.

And to one speculating, it is striking that Christianity, the moral seed force of the successful Puritan colony, should divide Eirik's life with paganism. On his first visit to New England he was a pagan; he died in Massachusetts

Bay (as is supposed by many) a Christian. The Greenland colony seems to have had a fresh Christian life which reminds one of the Puritans.

Their large and well-built cathedral still remains to prove their sacrifices and their devotion. And they might have founded a successful colony in New England. The natives were too strong and many for them, and were not providentially thinned by pestilence as for the Puritans before their arrival. The nearest approach to a settlement was under Thorfinn, a rich and powerful noble, who on visiting Iceland married the daughter of Eirik; and perhaps she was the cause of the failure of the colony. Against the plan of Thorfinn, she was among those who came with him to Vinland.

There the colony must have at first thriven, for the company remained three years, and but for Freydisa might have secured a longer footing. But she introduced discord and bloodshed, getting the deaths of thirty men accomplished to slake her fury, and returning to Iceland to be shunned and hated, but permitted to live as Eirik's daughter,—a Lady Macbeth of a north still colder and sterner than that of Scotland.

It has been thought by many that some recognition of the first visitor from Europe to our New England should now be made,—a recognition so well deserved and so tardily bestowed.

A manly figure, clad in shirt of mail, and with the simple spiked helmet of the Norsemen, or unhelmeted and with his beard and hair streaming in the wind, while the wolf-skin flies from his shoulder, would be admirable in bronze. His legs should be wound with thongs, and with one foot leaving the boat the other should be planted on New England soil. A barberry or other peculiar New England plant could make the place of landing intelligible.

The yawning void of the place, where was Scollay's Building calls aloud for use and shelter from abuse.

A fountain there need not take up much space. It would make a centre to a formless square, and delight the eye and ear with the beauty of water; and this fountain could be surmounted with the picturesque figure of Eirik or his son Leif, who was the first to visit Vinland, as his father was first in Greenland.

The fountain would be befriended by

the Society for Animals, as man and beast droop in the dusty space there. It would make a shelter and gathering-place for the women using the horse-cars, and a centre worthy of a square which so many streets command and which some day will have a frontage worthy of the situation and worthy of the fountain which we hope to see placed there.

*T. G. Appleton.*

## FORESHADOWS.

BEAUTIFUL morning of light,  
Cloudless grace of the sky,  
Waters bathing the sight,  
Birds with their minstrelsy  
Singing the gladness of day,  
Making the fugitive sweet,—  
Till a red leaf drops at my feet,  
And summer has vanished away!

The maple-tree swings in ether,  
The ripples are washing the sand,  
Winds give the waves a white feather,  
And they fling them back to the land;  
While the black ducks watch their play;  
But the crowding swallows we see  
In the scarred old juniper-tree  
Say, Summer is wearing away.

Shadows lie dark on the hillside,  
Sunshine lies warm on the shore,  
But the Golden-Rod waves in his pride  
And the clover blooms no more;  
Gone are white blossoms of May,  
Their robe is a purple leaf;  
And the corn stands ripe in his sheaf,  
For summer is gliding away.

Turbulent mornings of prime,  
Joy of the first rude endeavor,  
Dawn of a blossoming time,  
Buds no October can sever!  
The violet days are done,  
But the lily flames in his strength,  
And the calm of autumn at length  
Shall be grand in the setting sun.

*A. W.*

## WATCH AND WARD.

## IN FIVE PARTS: PART SECOND.

## III.

ROGER'S journey was long and various. He went to the West Indies and to South America, whence, taking a ship at one of the eastern ports, he sailed round the Horn and paid a visit to Mexico. He journeyed thence to California, and returned home across the Isthmus, stopping awhile on his upward course at various Southern cities. It was in some degree a sentimental journey. Roger was a practical man; as he went he gathered facts and noted manners and customs; but the muse of observation for him was his little girl at home, the ripening companion of his own ripe years. It was for her sake that he used his eyes and ears and garnered information. He had determined that she should be a lovely woman and a perfect wife; but to be worthy of such a woman as his fancy foreshadowed, he himself had much to learn. To be a good husband, one must first be a wise man; to educate her, he should first educate himself. He would make it possible that daily contact with him should be a liberal education, and that his simple society should be a benefit. For this purpose he should be stored with facts, tempered and tested by experience. He travelled in a spirit of solemn attention, like some grim devotee of a former age, making a pilgrimage for the welfare of one he loved. He kept with great labor a copious diary, which he meant to read aloud on the winter nights of coming years. His diary was directly addressed to Nora, she being implied throughout as reader or auditor. He thought at moments of his vow to Isabel Morton, and asked himself what had become of the passion of that hour. It had betaken itself to the common limbo of our dead passions.

He rejoiced to know that she was well and happy; he meant to write to her again on his return and reiterate the assurance of his own happiness. He mused ever and anon on the nature of his affection for Nora, and wondered what earthly name he could call it by. Assuredly he was not in love with her: you could not fall in love with a child. But if he had not a lover's love, he had at least a lover's jealousy; it would have made him miserable to believe his scheme might miscarry. It would fail, he fondly assured himself, by no fault of hers. He was sure of her future; in that last interview at school he had guessed the answer to the riddle of her formless girlhood. If he could only be as sure of his own constancy as of her worthiness! On this point poor Roger might fairly have let his conscience rest; but to test his resolution, he deliberately courted temptation and on a dozen occasions allowed present loveliness to measure itself with absent. At the risk of a terrible increase of blushes, he bravely incurred the blandishments of various charming persons of the south. They failed signally, in every case but one, to quicken his pulses. He studied them, he noted their gifts and graces, so that he might know the range of the feminine charm. Of the utmost that women can be he wished to have personal experience. But with the sole exception I have mentioned, not a charmer of them all but shone with a radiance less magical than that dim but rounded shape which glimmered forever in the dark future, like the luminous complement of the early moon. It was at Lima that his poor little potential Nora suffered temporary eclipse. He made here the acquaintance of a young Spanish lady whose plump and full-blown innocence seemed to him divinely amiable. If ignorance

is grace, what a lamentable error to be wise! He had crossed from Havana to Rio on the same vessel with her brother, a friendly young fellow, who had made him promise to come and stay with him on his arrival at Lima. Roger, in execution of this promise, passed three weeks under his roof, in the society of the lovely *Señorita*. She caused him to reflect, with a good deal of zeal. She moved him the more because, being wholly without coquetry, she made no attempt whatever to interest him. Her charm was the charm of absolute *naïveté* and a certain tame, unseasoned sweetness,—the sweetness of an angel who is without mundane reminiscences; to say nothing of a pair of liquid hazel eyes and a coil of crinkled blue-black hair. She could barely write her name, and from the summer twilight of her mind, which seemed to ring with amorous bird-notes, twittering in a lazy Eden, she flung a scornful shadow upon Nora's prospective condition. Roger thought of Nora, by contrast, as a creature of senseless mechanism, a thing wound up with a key, creaking and droning through the barren circle of her graces. Why travel so far round about for a wife, when here was one ready made to his heart, as illiterate as an angel and as faithful as the little page of a mediæval ballad,—and with those two perpetual love-lights beneath her silly little forehead?

Day by day, at the *Señorita's* side, Roger grew better pleased with the present. It was so happy, so idle, so secure! He protested against the future. He grew impatient of the stiff little figure which he had posted in the distance, to stare at him with those monstrous pale eyes: they seemed to grow and grow as he thought of them. In other words, he was in love with Teresa. She, on her side, was delighted to be loved. She caressed him with her fond dark looks and smiled perpetual assent. Late one afternoon, at the close of a long hot day, which had left with Roger the unwholesome fancy of a perpetual *siesta*, troubled by a vague confusion of dreams, they as-

cended together to a terrace on the top of the house. The sun had just disappeared; the lovely earth below and around was drinking in the cool of night. They stood awhile in silence; at last Roger felt that he must speak of his love. He walked away to the farther end of the terrace, casting about in his mind for the fitting words. They were hard to find. His companion spoke a little English, and he a little Spanish; but there came upon him a sudden perplexing sense of the infantine rarity of her wits. He had never done her the honor to pay her a compliment, he had never really talked with her. It was not for him to talk, but for her to perceive! She turned about, leaning back against the parapet of the terrace, looking at him and smiling. She was always smiling. She had on an old faded pink morning-dress, very much open at the throat, and a ribbon round her neck, to which was suspended a little cross of turquoise. One of the braids of her hair had fallen down, and she had drawn it forward and was plaiting the end with her plump white fingers. Her nails were not fastidiously clean. He went towards her. When he next became perfectly conscious of their relative positions, he knew that he had passionately kissed her, more than once, and that she had more than suffered him. He stood holding both her hands; he was blushing; her own complexion was undisturbed, her smile barely deepened; another of her braids had come down. He was filled with a sense of pleasure in her sweetness, tempered by a vague feeling of pain in his all-too-easy conquest. There was nothing of poor Teresa but that you could kiss her! It came upon him with a sort of horror that he had never yet distinctly told her that he loved her. "Teresa," he said, almost angrily, "I love you. Do you understand?" For all answer she raised his two hands successively to her lips. Soon after this she went off with her mother to church.

The next morning, one of his friend's clerks brought him a package of letters



from his banker. One of them was a note from Nora. It ran as follows : —

DEAR ROGER : I want so much to tell you that I have just got the prize for the piano. I hope you will not think it very silly to write so far only to tell you this. But I'm so proud I want you to know it. Of the three girls who tried for it, two were seventeen. The prize is a beautiful picture called "Mozart à Vienne"; probably you have seen it. Miss Murray says I may hang it up in my bedroom. Now I have got to go and practise, for Miss Murray says I must practise more than ever. My dear Roger, I do hope you are enjoying your travels. I have learned lots of geography, following you on the map. Don't ever forget your loving

NORA.

After reading this letter, Roger told his host that he would have to leave him. The young Peruvian demurred, objected, and begged for a reason.

"Well," said Roger, "I find I'm in love with your sister." The words sounded on his ear as if some one else had spoken them. Teresa's light was quenched, and she had no more fascination than a smouldering lamp, smelling of oil.

"Why, my dear fellow," said his friend, "that seems to me a reason for staying. I shall be most happy to have you for a brother-in-law."

"It's impossible! I'm engaged to a young lady in my own country."

"You are in love here, you are engaged there, and you go where you are engaged! You Englishmen are strange fellows!"

"Tell Teresa that I adore her, but that I am pledged at home. I had rather not see her."

And so Roger departed from Lima, without further communion with Teresa. On his return home he received a letter from her brother, telling him of her engagement to a young merchant of Valparaiso, — an excellent match. The young lady sent him her salutations. Roger, answering his friend's

letter, begged that the Doña Teresa would accept, as a wedding-present, of the accompanying trinket, — a little brooch in turquoise. It would look very well with pink!

Roger reached home in the autumn, but left Nora at school till the beginning of the Christmas holidays. He occupied the interval in refurnishing his house, and clearing the stage for the last act of the young girl's childhood. He had always possessed a modest taste for upholstery; he now began to apply it under the guidance of a delicate idea. His idea led him to prefer, in all things, the fresh and graceful to the grave and formal, and to wage war throughout his old dwelling on the lurking mustiness of the past. He had a lively regard for elegance, balanced by a horror of wanton luxury. He fancied that a woman is the better for being well dressed and well domiciled, and that vanity, too stingily treated, is sure to avenge itself. So he took her into account. Nothing annoyed him more, however, than the fear of seeing Nora a precocious fine lady; so that while he aimed at all possible purity of effect, he stayed his hand here and there before certain admonitory relics of ancestral ugliness and virtue, embodied for the most part in hair-cloth and cotton damask. Chintz and muslin, flowers and photographs and books, gave their clear light tone to the house. Nothing could be more tenderly propitious and virginal, or better chosen to chasten alike the young girl's aspirations and remind her of her protector's tenderness.

Since his return he had designedly refused himself a glimpse of her. He wished to give her a single undivided welcome to his home and his heart. Shortly before Christmas, as he had even yet not laid by his hammer and nails, Lucinda Brown was sent to fetch her from school. If Roger had expected that Nora would return with any marked accession of beauty, he would have had to say "Amen" with an effort. She had pretty well ceased to be a child; she was still his grave, imper-

fect Nora. She had gained her full height, — a great height, which her young strong slimness rendered the more striking. Her slender throat supported a head of massive mould, bound about with dense auburn braids. Beneath a somewhat serious brow her large, fair eyes retained their collected light, as if uncertain where to fling it. Now and then the lids parted widely and showered down these gathered shafts; and if at these times a certain rare smile divided, in harmony, her childish lips, Nora was for the moment a passable beauty. But for the most part, the best charm of her face was in a modest refinement of line, which rather evaded notice than courted it. The first impression she was likely to produce was of a kind of awkward slender majesty. Roger pronounced her “stately,” and for a fortnight thought her too imposing by half; but as the days went on, and the pliable innocence of early maidenhood gave a soul to this formidable grace, he began to feel that in essentials she was still the little daughter of his charity. He even began to observe in her an added consciousness of this lowly position; as if with the growth of her mind she had come to reflect upon it, and deem it rather less and less a matter of course. He meditated much as to whether he should frankly talk it over with her and allow her to feel that, for him as well, their relation could never become commonplace. This would be in a measure untender, but would it not be prudent? Ought he not, in the interest of his final purpose, to force home to her soul in her sensitive youth an impression of all that she owed him, so that when his time had come, if imagination should lead her a-wandering, gratitude would stay her steps? A dozen times over he was on the verge of making his point, of saying, “Nora, Nora, these are not vulgar alms; I expect a return. One of these days you must pay your debt. Guess my riddle! I love you less than you think, — and more! A word to the wise.” But he was silenced by a saving sense

of the brutality of such a course, and by a suspicion that, after all, it was not needful. A passion of gratitude was silently gathering in the young girl’s heart: that heart could be trusted to keep its engagements. A deep conciliatory purpose seemed now to pervade her life, of infinite delight to Roger as little by little it stole upon his mind, like the fragrance of a deepening spring. He had his idea: he suspected that she had hers. They were but opposite faces of the same deep need. Her musing silence, her deliberate smiles, the childish keenness of her questionings, the growing womanly cunning of her little nameless services and caresses, were all alike redolent of a pious sense of suffered beneficence, which implied perfect self-devotion as a response.

On Christmas eve they sat together alone by a blazing log-fire in Roger’s little library. He had been reading aloud a chapter of his diary, to which Nora sat listening in dutiful demureness, though her thoughts evidently were nearer home than Cuba and Peru. There is no denying it was dull; he could gossip to better purpose. He felt its dulness himself, and closing it finally with good-humored petulance, declared it was fit only to throw into the fire. Upon which Nora looked up, protesting. “You must do no such thing,” she said. “You must keep your journals carefully, and one of these days I shall have them bound in morocco and gilt, and ranged in a row in my own bookcase.”

“That’s but a polite way of burning them up,” said Roger. “They will be as little read as if they were in the fire. I don’t know how it is. They seemed to be very amusing when I wrote them: they’re as stale as an old newspaper now. I can’t write: that’s the amount of it. I’m a very stupid fellow, Nora: you might as well know it first as last.”

Nora’s school had been of the punctilious Episcopal order, and she had learned there the pretty custom of decorating the house at Christmas-tide with garlands and crowns of evergreen and holly. She had spent the day in

decking out the chimney-piece, and now, seated on a stool under the mantel-shelf, she twisted the last little wreath, which was to complete her design. A great still snow-storm was falling without, and seemed to be blocking them in from the world. She bit off the thread with which she had been binding her twigs, held out her garland to admire its effect, and then: "I don't believe you're stupid, Roger," she said; "and if I did, I should n't much care."

"Is that philosophy, or indifference?" said the young man.

"I don't know that it's either; it's because I know you're so good."

"That's what they say about all stupid people."

Nora added another twig to her wreath and bound it up. "I'm sure," she said at last, "that when people are as good as you are, they can't be stupid. I should like some one to tell me you're stupid. I know, Roger; I know!"

The young man began to feel a little uneasy; it was no part of his plan that her good-will should spend itself too soon. "Dear me, Nora, if you think so well of me, I shall find it hard to live up to your expectations. I'm afraid I shall disappoint you. I have a little gimcrack to put in your stocking to-night; but I'm rather ashamed of it now."

"A gimcrack more or less is of small account. I've had my stocking hanging up these three years, and everything I possess is a present from you."

Roger frowned; the conversation had taken just such a turn as he had often longed to provoke, but now it was too much for him. "O, come," he said; "I have done simply my duty to my little girl."

"But, Roger," said Nora, staring with expanded eyes, "I'm not your little girl."

His frown darkened; his heart began to beat. "Don't talk nonsense!" he said.

"But, Roger, it's true. I'm no one's little girl. Do you think I've no mem-

ory? Where is my father? Where is my mother?"

"Listen to me," said Roger, sternly. "You must n't talk of such things."

"You must n't forbid me, Roger. I can't think of them without thinking of you. This is Christmas eve! Miss Murray told us that we must never let it pass without thinking of all that it means. But without Miss Murray, I have been thinking all day of things which are hard to name, — of death and life, of my parents and you, of my incredible happiness. I feel to-night like a princess in a fairy-tale. I'm a poor creature, without a friend, without a penny or a home; and yet, here I sit by a blazing fire, with money, with food, with clothes, with love. The snow outside is burying the stone-walls, and yet here I can sit and simply say, 'How pretty!' Suppose I were in it, wandering and begging, — I might have been! Would I think it pretty then? Roger, Roger, I'm no one's child!" The tremor in her voice deepened, and she broke into a sudden passion of tears. Roger took her in his arms and tried to soothe away her sobs. But she disengaged herself and went on with an almost fierce exaltation: "No, no, I won't be comforted! I have had comfort enough, I hate it. I want for an hour to be myself and feel how little that is, to be my poor, wicked father's daughter, to fancy I hear my mother's voice. I've never spoken of them before; you must let me to-night. You must tell me about my father; you know something I don't. You never refused me anything, Roger; don't refuse me this. He was n't good, like you; but now he can do no harm. You have never mentioned his name to me, but happy as we are here together, we should be poorly set to work to despise him!"

Roger yielded to the vehemence of this flood of emotion. He stood watching her with two helpless tears in his own eyes, and then he drew her gently towards him and kissed her on the forehead. She took up her work again, and he told her, with every min-

nutest detail he could recall, the story of his sole brief interview with Mr. Lambert. Gradually he lost the sense of effort and reluctance, and talked freely, abundantly, almost with pleasure. Nora listened with tender curiosity and with an amount of self-control which denoted the habit of constant retrospect. She asked a hundred questions as to Roger's impression of her father's appearance. Wasn't he wonderfully handsome? Then taking up the tale herself, she poured out a torrent of feverish reminiscence of her childhood and unpacked her early memories with a kind of rapture of relief. Her evident joy in this frolic of confidence gave Roger a pitying sense of what her long silence must have cost her. But evidently she bore him no grudge, and his present tolerance of her rambling gossip seemed to her but another proof of his tenderness and charity. She rose at last, and stood before the fire, into which she had thrown the refuse of her greenery, watching it blaze up and turn to ashes. "So much for past!" she said, at last. "The rest is the future. The girls at school used to be always talking about what they meant to do in coming years, what they hoped, what they wished; wondering, choosing, and longing. You don't know how girls talk, Roger; you'd be surprised! I never used to say much; my future is fixed. I've nothing to choose, nothing to hope, nothing to fear. I'm to make you happy. That's simple enough. You have undertaken to bring me up, Roger; you must do your best, because now I'm here, it's for long, and you'd rather have a wise girl than a silly one." And she smiled with a kind of tentative daughterliness through the traces of her recent grief. She put her two hands on his shoulders and eyed him with arch solemnity. "You shall never repent. I shall learn everything, I shall be everything! Oh! I wish I were pretty." And she tossed back her head in impatience of her fatal plainness, with an air which forced Roger to assure her that she would do

very well as she was. "If you are satisfied," she said, "I am!" For a moment Roger felt as if she were twenty years old, as if the future had flashed down on him and a proposal of marriage was at his tongue's end.

This serious Christmas eve left its traces upon many ensuing weeks. Nora's education was resumed with a certain added solemnity. Roger was no longer obliged to condescend to the level of her intelligence, and he found reason to thank his stars that he had laid up a provision of facts. He found use for all he possessed. The day of childish "lessons" was over, and Nora sought instruction in the perusal of various classical authors, in her own and other tongues, in concert with her friend. They read aloud to each other alternately, discussed their acquisitions and digested them with perhaps equal rapidity. Roger, in former years, had had but a small literary appetite; he liked a few books and knew them well, but he felt as if to settle down to an unread author were very like starting on a journey, — a case for farewells, a packing of trunks, and buying of tickets. His curiosity, now, however, imbued and quickened with a motive, led him through a hundred untrodden paths. He found it hard sometimes to keep pace with Nora's pattering step; through the flowery lanes of poetry, in especial, she would gallop without drawing breath. Was she quicker-witted than her friend, or only more superficial? Something of one, doubtless, and something of the other. Roger was forever suspecting her of a deeper penetration than his own, and hanging his head with an odd mixture of pride and humility. Her youthful brightness, at times, made him feel irretrievably dull and antiquated. His ears would tingle, his cheeks would burn, his old hope would fade into a shadow. "It's a —" he would declare. "How can I ever have for her that charm of infallibility, that romance of omniscience, that a woman demands of her lover? She has seen me scratching my head, she has seen me counting on my fin-

gers ! Before she's seventeen she'll be mortally tired of me, and by the time she's twenty I shall be fatally familiar and incurably stale. It's very well for her to talk about life-long devotion and eternal gratitude. She does n't know the meaning of words. She must grow and outgrow, that's her first necessity. She must come to woman's estate and pay the inevitable tribute. I can open the door and let in the lover. If her present sentiment *is* in its way a passion, I shall have had my turn. I can't hope to be the object of two passions. I must thank the Lord for small favors !" Then as he seemed to taste, in advance, the bitterness of disappointment, casting him about him angrily for some means of appeal : " I ought to go away and stay away for years and never write at all, instead of compounding ponderous diaries to make even my absence detestable. I ought to convert myself into a beneficent shadow, a vague tutelary name. Then I ought to come back in glory, fragrant with exotic perfumes and shod with shoes of mystery ! Otherwise, I ought to clip the wings of her fancy and put her on half-rations. I ought to snub her and scold her and bully her and tell her she's deplorably plain, — treat her as Rochester treats Jane Eyre. If I were only a good old Catholic, that I might shut her up in a convent and keep her childish and stupid and contented !" Roger felt that he was too doggedly conscientious ; but abuse his conscience as he would, he could not make it yield an inch ; so that in the constant strife between his egotistical purpose and his generous temper, the latter kept gaining ground and Nora innocently enjoyed the spoils of victory. It was his very generosity that detained him on the spot, by her side, watching her, working for her, and performing a hundred offices which in other hands would have lost their sweet precision. Roger watched intently for the signs of that inevitable hour when a young girl begins to loosen her fingers in the grasp of a guiding hand and wander

softly in pursuit of that sinuous silver thread of experience which deflects, through meadows of perennial green, from the dull gray stream of the common lot. She had relapsed in the course of time into the careless gaiety and the light immediate joys of girlhood. If she cherished a pious purpose in her heart, she made no indecent parade of it. But her very placidity and patience somehow afflicted her friend. She was too monotonously sweet, too easily obedient. If once in a while she would only flash out into petulance or rebellion ! She kept her temper so carefully : what in the world was she keeping it for ? If she would only bless him for once with an angry look and tell him that he bored her, that he worried and disgusted her !

During the second year after her return from school Roger began to fancy that she half avoided his society and resented his share in her occupations. She was fonder of lonely walks, readings and reveries. She had all of a young girl's passion for novels, and she had been in the habit of satisfying it largely. For works of fiction in general Roger had no great fondness, though he professed an especial relish for Thackeray. Nora had her favorites, but " *The Newcomes*," as yet, was not one of them. One evening in the early spring she sat down to a twentieth perusal of the classic tale of " *The Initials*." Roger, as usual, asked her to read aloud. She began and proceeded through a dozen pages. Looking up, at this point, she beheld Roger asleep. She smiled softly and privately resumed her reading. At the end of an hour, Roger, having finished his nap, rather startled her by his excessive annoyance at his lapse of consciousness. He wondered whether he had snored, but the absurd fellow was ashamed to ask her. Recovering himself finally : " The fact is, Nora," he said, " all novels seem to me stupid. They are nothing to what *I* can fancy ! I have in my heart a prettier romance than any of them."

"A romance?" said Nora, simply. "Pray let me hear it. You're quite as good a hero as this poor Mr. Hamilton. Begin!"

He stood before the fire, looking at her with almost funereal gravity. "My *dénouement* is not yet written," he said. "Wait till the story is finished; then you shall hear the whole."

As at this time Nora put on long dresses and began to arrange her hair as a young lady, it occurred to Roger that he might make some change in his own appearance and reinforce his waning attractions. He was now thirty-two; he fancied he was growing stout. Bald, corpulent, middle-aged — at this rate he would soon be shelved! He was seized with a mad desire to win back the lost graces of youth. He had a dozen interviews with his tailor, the result of which was that for a fortnight he appeared daily in a new garment. Suddenly amid this restless longing to revise and embellish himself, he determined to suppress his whiskers. This would take off five years. He appeared, therefore, one morning, in the severe simplicity of a mustache. Nora started and greeted him with a little cry of horror. "Don't you like it?" he asked.

She hung her head on one side and the other. "Well no — to be frank."

"Oh, of course to be frank! It will only take five years to grow them again. What's the trouble?"

She gave a critical frown. "It makes you look too — too fat; too much like Mr. Vose." It is sufficient to explain that Mr. Vose was the butcher, who called every day in his cart, and who recently — Roger with horror only now remembered, it — had sacrificed his whiskers to a greater singleness of effect.

"I'm sorry!" said Roger. "It was for you I did it!"

"For me!" And Nora burst into a violent laugh.

"Why, my dear Nora," cried the young man with a certain angry vehemence, "don't I do everything in life for you?"

She relapsed into sudden gravity. And then, after much meditation: "Excuse my unfeeling levity," she said. "You might cut off your nose, Roger, and I should like your face as well." But this was but half comfort. "Too fat!" Her subtler sense had spoken, and Roger never encountered Mr. Vose for three months after this without wishing to attack him with one of his own cleavers.

He made now an heroic attempt to scale the frowning battlements of the future. He pretended to be making arrangements for a tour in Europe, and for having his house completely remodelled in his absence; noting the while attentively the effect upon Nora of his cunning machinations. But she gave no sign of suspicion that his future, to the uttermost day, could be anything but her future too. One evening, nevertheless, an incident occurred which fatally confounded his calculations, — an evening of perfect mid-spring, full of warm, vague odors, of growing daylight, of the sense of bursting sap and fresh-turned earth. Roger sat on the piazza, looking out on things with an opera-glass. Nora, who had been strolling in the garden, returned to the house and sat down on the steps of the portico. "Roger," she said, after a pause; "has it never struck you as very strange that we should be living together in this way?"

Roger's heart rose to his throat. But he was loath to concede anything to her imagination, lest he should concede too much. "It's not especially strange," he said.

"Surely it *is* strange," she answered. "What are you? Neither my brother, nor my father, nor my uncle, nor my cousin, — nor even, by law, my guardian."

"By law! My dear child, what do you know about law?"

"I know that if I should run away and leave you now, you could n't force me to return."

"That's fine talk! Who told you that?"

"No one; I thought of it myself."



As I grow older, I ought to think of such things."

"Upon my word! Of running away and leaving me?"

"That's but one side of the question. The other is that you can turn me out of your house this moment, and no one can force you to take me back. I ought to remember such things."

"Pray what good will it do you to remember them?"

Nora hesitated a moment. "There is always some good in not losing sight of the truth."

"The truth! you're very young to begin to talk about it."

"Not too young. I'm old for my age. I ought to be!" These last words were uttered with a little sigh which roused Roger to action.

"Since we're talking about the truth," he said, "I wonder whether you know a tithe of it."

For an instant she was silent; then rising slowly to her feet: "What do you mean?" she asked. "Is there any secret in all that you've done for me?" Suddenly she clasped her hands, and eagerly, with a smile, went on: "You said the other day you had a romance. Is it a real romance, Roger? Are you, after all, related to me, — my cousin, my brother?"

He let her stand before him, perplexed and expectant. "It's more of a romance than that."

She slid upon her knees at his feet. "Dear Roger, do tell me," she said.

He began to stroke her hair. "You think so much," he answered; "do you never think about the future, the real future, ten years hence?"

"A great deal."

"What do you think?"

She blushed a little, and then he felt that she was drawing confidence from the steady glow of his benignant eyes. "Promise not to laugh!" she said, half laughing herself. He nodded. "I think about my husband!" she proclaimed. And then, as if she had, after all, been very absurd, and to forestall his laughter: "And about your wife!" she quickly added. "I want

dreadfully to see her. Why don't you marry?"

He continued to stroke her hair in silence. At last he said sententiously: "I hope to marry one of these days."

"I wish you'd do it now," Nora went on. "If only she'd be nice! We should be sisters, and I should take care of the children."

"You're too young to understand what you say, or what I mean. Little girls should n't talk about marriage. It can mean nothing to you until you come yourself to marry — as you will, of course. You'll have to decide and choose."

"I suppose I shall. I shall refuse him."

"What do you mean?"

But without answering his question: "Were you ever in love, Roger?" she suddenly asked. "Is that your romance?"

"Almost."

"Then it's not about me, after all?"

"It's about you, Nora; but, after all, it's not a romance. It's solid, it's real, it's truth itself; as true as your silly novels are false. Nora, I care for no one, I shall never care for any one, but you!"

He spoke in tones so deep and solemn that she was impressed. "Do you mean, Roger, that you care so much for me that you'll never marry?"

He rose quickly in his chair, pressing his hand over his brow. "Ah, Nora," he cried, "you're terrible!"

Evidently she had pained him; her heart was filled with the impulse of reparation. She took his two hands in her own. "Roger," she whispered gravely, "if you don't wish it, I promise never, never, never to marry, but to be yours alone — yours alone!"

#### IV.

The summer passed away; Nora was turned sixteen. Deeming it time she should begin to see something of the world, Roger spent the autumn in travelling. Of his tour in Europe he



had ceased to talk ; it was indefinitely deferred. It matters little where they went ; Nora vastly enjoyed the excursion and found all spots alike delightful. For Roger, too, it was full of a certain reassuring felicity. His remoter visions were merged in the present overflow of sympathy and pride, in his happy sense of her quickened observation and in the gratified vanity of possession. Whether or no she was pretty, people certainly looked at her. He overheard them a dozen times call her "striking." *Striking!* The word seemed to him rich in meaning ; if he had seen her for the first time taking the breeze on the deck of a river steamer, he certainly would have been struck. On his return home he found among his letters the following missive :—

MY DEAR SIR: I have learned, after various fruitless researches, that you have adopted my cousin. Miss Lambert, at the time she left St. Louis, was too young to know much about her family, or even to care much ; and you, I suppose, have not investigated the subject. You, however, better than any one, can understand my desire to make her acquaintance. I hope you'll not deny me the privilege. I am the second son of a half-sister of her mother, between whom and my own mother there was always the greatest affection. It was not until some time after it happened that I heard of Mr. Lambert's melancholy death. But it is useless to recur to that painful scene ! I resolved to spare no trouble in ascertaining the fate of his daughter. I have only just succeeded, after having fairly given her up. I have thought it better to write to you than to her, but I beg you to give her my compliments. I anticipate no difficulty in satisfying you that I am not a humbug. I have no hope of being able to better her circumstances ; but, whatever they may be, blood is blood, and cousins are cousins, especially in the West. A speedy answer will oblige

Yours truly,

GEORGE FENTON.

The letter was dated in New York, from a hotel. Roger was shocked. It had been from the first a peculiar satisfaction to him that Nora began and ended so distinctly with herself. But here was a hint of indefinite continuity ! Here, at last, was an echo of her past. He immediately showed the letter to Nora. As she read it, her face flushed deep with wonder and suppressed relief. She had never heard, she confessed, of her mother's half-sister. The "great affection" between the two ladies must have been anterior to Mrs. Lambert's marriage. Roger's own provisional solution of the problem was that Mrs. Lambert had married so little to the taste of her family as to forfeit all communication with them. If he had obeyed his immediate impulse, he would have written to his mysterious petitioner that Miss Lambert was sensible of the honor implied in his request, but that never having missed his society, it seemed needless that, at this time of day, she should cultivate it. But Nora had become infected by a huge curiosity ; the dormant pulse of kinship had been quickened ; it began to throb with delicious power. This was enough for Roger. "I don't know," he said, "whether he's an honest man or a scamp, but at a venture I suppose I must invite him down." To this Nora replied that she thought his letter was "lovely" ; and Mr. Fenton received a fairly civil summons.

Whether or no he was an honest man remained to be seen ; but on the face of the matter he appeared no scamp. He was, in fact, a person difficult to classify. Roger had made up his mind that he would be outrageously rough and Western ; full of strange oaths and bearded, for aught he knew, like the pard. In aspect, however, Fenton was a pretty fellow enough, and his speech, if not especially conciliatory to ears polite, possessed a certain homely vigor in which ears polite might have found their account. He was as little as possible, certainly, of Roger's *monde* ; but he carried about him the native fragrance of another

*monde*, beside which the social perfume familiar to Roger's nostrils must have seemed a trifle stale and insipid. He was invested with a loose-fitting cosmopolitan Occidentalism, which seemed to say to Roger that, of the two, *he* was provincial. Whether or no Fenton was a good man, he was a good American; though I doubt that he would, after the saying, have sought his Mahomet's Paradise in Paris. Considering his years, — they numbered but twenty-five, — Fenton's precocity and maturity of tone were an amazing spectacle. You would have very soon confessed, however, that he had a true genius for his part, and that it became him better to play at manhood than at juvenility. He could never have been a ruddy-cheeked boy. He was tall and lean, with a keen dark eye, a smile humorous, but not exactly genial, a thin, drawling, almost feminine voice and a strange Southwestern accent. His voice, at first, might have given you certain presumptuous hopes as to a soft spot in his tough young hide; but after listening awhile to its colorless monotone, you would have felt, I think, that though it was an instrument of one string, that solitary chord had been tempered in brine. Fenton was furthermore flat-chested and high-shouldered, but without any look of debility. He wore a little dead black mustache, which, at first, you would have been likely to suspect unjustly of a borrowed tint. His straight black hair was always carefully combed, and a small diamond pin adorned the bosom of his shirt. His feet were small and slender, and his left hand was decorated with a neat specimen of tattooing. You would never have called him modest, yet you would hardly have called him impudent; for he had evidently lived with people among whom the ideas of modesty and impudence, in their finer shades, had no great circulation. He had nothing whatever of the manner of society, but it was surprising how gracefully a certain shrewd *bonhomie* and smart good-humor enabled him to dispense with it. He

stood with his hands in his pockets, watching punctilio taking its course, and thinking, probably, what a d—d fool she was to go so far roundabout to a point he could reach with a single shuffle of his long legs. Roger, from the first hour of his being in the house, felt pledged to dislike him. He patronized him; he made him feel like a small boy, like an old woman; he sapped the roots of the poor fellow's comfortable consciousness of being a man of the world. Fenton was a man of twenty worlds. He had knocked about and dabbled in affairs and adventures since he was ten years old; he knew the American continent as he knew the palm of his hand; he was redolent of enterprise, of "operations," of a certain fierce friction with mankind. Roger would have liked to believe that he doubted his word, that there was a chance of his not being Nora's cousin, but a youth of an ardent swindling genius who had come into possession of a parcel of facts too provokingly pertinent to be wasted. He had evidently known the late Mr. Lambert — the poor man must have had plenty of such friends; but was he, in truth, his wife's nephew? Was not this shadowy nepotism excogitated over an unpaid hotel bill? So Roger fretfully meditated, but generally with no great gain of ground. He inclined, on the whole, to believe the young man's pretensions were valid, and to reserve his mistrust for the use he might possibly make of them. Of course Fenton had not come down to spend a stupid week in the country out of pure cousinly affection. Nora was but the means; Roger's presumptive wealth and bounty were the end. "He comes to make love to his cousin, and marry her if he can. I, who have done so much, will of course do more; settle an income directly on the bride, make my will in her favor, and die at my earliest convenience! How furious he must be," Roger continued to meditate, "to find me so young and hearty! How furious he would be if he knew a little more!" This line of argument was

justified in a manner by the frank assurance which Fenton was constantly at pains to convey, that he was incapable of any other relation to a fact than a desire to turn it to pecuniary account. Roger was uneasy, yet he took a certain comfort in the belief that, thanks to his early lessons, Nora could be trusted to confine her cousin to the precinct of cousinship. In whatever he might have failed, he had certainly taught her to know a gentleman. Cousins are born, not made; but lovers may be accepted at discretion. Nora's discretion, surely, would not be wanting. I may add also that, in his desire to order all things well, Roger caught himself wondering whether, at the worst, a little precursory love-making would do any harm. The ground might be gently tickled to receive his own sowing; the petals of the young girl's nature, playfully forced apart, would leave the golden heart of the flower but the more accessible to his own vertical rays.

It was cousinship for Nora, certainly; but cousinship was much, more than Roger fancied, luckily for his peace of mind. In the utter penury of her native gifts, her tardy kinsman acquired a portentous value. She was so proud of turning out to have a cousin as well as other folks, that she lavished on the young man all the idle tenderness of her primitive instincts, the savings and sparings, such as they were, of her girlish good-will. It must be said that Fenton was not altogether unworthy of her favors. He meant no especial harm to other people, save in so far as he meant uncompromising benefit to himself. The Knight of La Mancha, on the torrid flats of Spain, never urged his gaunt steed with a grimmer pressure of the knees than that with which Fenton held himself erect on the hungry hobby of success. Shrewd as he was, he had perhaps, as well, a ray of Don Quixote's divine obliquity of vision. It is at least true that success as yet had been painfully elusive, and a part of the peril to Nora's girlish

heart lay in this melancholy grace of undeserved failure. The young man's imagination was a trifle restless; he had a generous need of keeping too many irons on the fire. It had been in a kind of fanciful despair of doing better, for the time, that he had made overtures to Roger. He had learned six months before of his cousin's situation and had felt no great sentimental need of making her acquaintance; but at last, revolving many things of a certain sort, he had come to wonder whether these good people could not be induced to play into his hands. Roger's wealth (which he largely overestimated) and Roger's obvious taste for sharing it with other people, Nora's innocence and Nora's prospects—it would surely take a great fool not to pluck the rose from so thornless a tree. He foresaw these good things melting and trickling into the shallow current of his own career. Exactly what use he meant to make of Nora he would have been at a loss to say. Plain matrimony might or might not be a prize. At any rate, it could do a clever man no harm to have a rich girl foolishly in love with him. He turned, therefore, upon his charming cousin the sunny side of his genius. He very soon began to doubt that he had ever known so delightful a person, and indeed his growing sense of her sweetness bade fair to make him bungle his naughtiness. She was altogether sweet enough to be valued for herself. She made him feel that he had never encountered a really fine girl. Nora was a young lady: how she had come to it was one of the outer mysteries; but there she was, consummate! He made no point of a man being a gentleman; in fact, when a man was a gentleman you had rather to be one yourself, which didn't pay; but for a woman to be a lady was plainly pure gain. He had a fine enough sense to detect something extremely grateful in the half-concessions, the reserve of freshness, the fugitive dignity, of gently nurtured maidenhood. Women, to him, had seemed mostly as cut flowers,

blooming awhile in the waters of occasion, but yielding no second or rarer freshness. Nora was fast overtaking herself in the exhilarating atmosphere of her cousin's gallantry. She had known so few young men that she had not learned to be fastidious, and Fenton represented to her fancy that great collective manhood of which Roger was not. He had an irresistible air of action, alertness, and purpose. Poor Roger, beside him, was most prosaically passive. She regarded her cousin with something of the thrilled attention which one bestows on the naked arrow, poised across the bow. He had, moreover, the inestimable merit of representing her own side of her situation. He very soon became sensible of this merit, and you may be sure he entertained her to the top of her bent. He gossiped by the hour about her father, and gave her very plainly to understand that poor Mr. Lambert had been more sinned against than sinning. His wrongs, his sufferings, his ambitions and adventures, formed on Fenton's lips not only a most pathetic recital, but a standing pretext for Western anecdotes, not always strictly adapted, it must be confessed, to the melting mood. Of her mother, too, he discoursed with a wholesale fecundity of praise and reminiscence. Facts, facts, facts was Nora's demand: she got them, and if here and there a fiction slipped into the basket, it passed muster with the rest.

Nora was not slow to perceive that Roger had no love for their guest, and she immediately conceded him his right of judgment. She allowed for a certain fatal and needful antagonism in their common interest in herself. Fenton's presence was a tacit infringement of Roger's prescriptive right of property. If her cousin had only never come! It might have been, though she could not bring herself to wish it. Nora felt vaguely that here was a chance for tact, for the woman's peace-making art. To keep Roger in spirits, she put on a dozen unwonted graces; she waited on him, appealed to him,

smiled at him with unwearied iteration. But the main effect of these sweet offices was to deepen her gracious radiance in her cousin's eyes. Roger's rancorous suspicion transmuted to bitterness what would otherwise have been pure delight. She was turning hypocrite; she was throwing dust in his eyes; she was plotting with that vulgar Missourian. Fenton, of course, was forced to admit that he had reckoned without his host. Roger had had the impudence not to turn out a simpleton; he was not a shepherd of the golden age; he was a dogged modern, with prosy prejudices; the wind of his favor blew as it listed. Fenton took the liberty of being extremely irritated at the other's want of ductility. "Hang the man!" he said to himself, "why can't he trust me? What is he afraid of? Why don't he take me as a friend rather than an enemy? Let him be frank, and I'll be frank. I could put him up to things! And what does he want to do with Nora, any way?" This latter question Fenton came very soon to answer, and the answer amused him not a little. It seemed to him an extremely odd use of one's time and capital, this fashioning of a wife to order. There was in it a long-winded patience, a broad arrogance of leisure, which excited his ire. Roger might surely have found *his* fit ready-made! His disappointment, a certain angry impulse to rescue his cousin from this pitiful compression of circumstance, the sense finally that what he should gain he would gain from her alone, though indeed she was too confoundedly innocent to appreciate his fierce immediate ends; — these things combined to heat the young man's humor to the fever-point and to make him strike more random blows than belonged to plain prudence.

The autumn being well advanced, the warmth of the sun had become very grateful. Nora used to spend much of the morning in strolling about the dismantled garden with her cousin. Roger would stand at the window with

his honest face more nearly disfigured by a scowl than ever before. It was the old, old story, to his mind: nothing succeeds with women like just too little deference. Fenton would lounge along by Nora's side, with his hands in his pockets, a cigar in his mouth, his shoulders raised to his ears, and a pair of tattered slippers on his absurdly diminutive feet. Not only had Nora forgiven him this last breach of civility, but she had forthwith begun to work him a new pair of slippers. "What on earth," thought Roger, "do they find to talk about?" Their conversation, meanwhile, ran in some such strain as this:—

"My dear Nora," said the young man, "what on earth, week in and week out, do you and Mr. Lawrence find to talk about?"

"A great many things, George. We have lived long enough together to have a great many interests in common."

"It was a most extraordinary thing, his adopting you, if you don't mind my saying so. Imagine my adopting a little girl."

"You and Roger are very different men."

"We certainly are. What in the world did he expect to do with you?"

"Very much what he has done, I suppose. He has educated me, he has made me what I am."

"You're a very nice little person; but, upon my word, I don't see that he's to thank for it. A lovely girl can be neither made nor marred."

"Possibly! But I give you notice that I'm not a lovely girl. I have it in me to be, under provocation, anything but a lovely girl. I owe everything to Roger. You must say nothing against him. I won't have it. What would have become of me—" She stopped, betrayed by her glance and voice.

"Mr. Lawrence is a model of all the virtues, I admit! But, Nora, I confess I'm jealous of him. Does he expect to educate you forever? You seem to me to have already all the learning a

pretty woman needs. What does *he* know about women? What does he expect to do with you two or three years hence? Two or three years hence, you'll be—" And Fenton, breaking off, began to whistle with vehement gayety and executed with shuffling feet a momentary fandango. "Two or three years hence, when you look in the glass, remember I said so!"

"He means to go to Europe one of these days," said Nora, laughing.

"One of these days! One would think he expects to keep you forever. Not if I can help it. And why Europe, in the name of all that's patriotic? Europe be hanged! You ought to come out to your own section of the country, and see your own people. I can introduce you to the best people in St. Louis. It's a glorious place, worth a thousand of your dismal Bostons. I'll tell you what, my dear. You don't know it, but you're a regular Western girl."

A certain foolish gladness in being the creature thus denominated prompted Nora to a gush of momentary laughter, of which Roger, within the window, caught the soundless ripple. "You ought to know, George," she said, "you're Western enough yourself."

"Of course I am. I glory in it. It's the only place for a man of ideas! In the West you can do something! Round here you're all stuck fast in a Slough of Despond. For yourself, Nora, at bottom you're all right; but superficially you're just a trifle overstarched. But we'll take it out of you! It comes of living with stiff-necked—"

Nora bent for a moment her lustrous eyes on the young man, as if to recall him to order. "I beg you to understand, once for all," she said, "that I refuse to listen to disrespectful allusions to Roger."

"I'll say it again, just to make you look at me so. If I ever fall in love with you, it will be when you are scolding me. All I've got to do is to attack your papa—"

"He's not my papa. I have had

one papa; that's enough. I say it in all respect."

"If he's not your papa, what is he? He's a dog in the manger. He must be either one thing or the other. When you're very little older, you'll understand that."

"He may be whatever thing you please. I shall be but one, — his best friend."

Fenton laughed with a kind of fierce hilarity. "You're so innocent, my dear, that one does n't know where to take you. You expect, in other words, to marry him?"

Nora stopped in the path, with her eyes on her cousin. For a moment he was half confounded by their startled severity and the flush of pain in her cheek. "Marry Roger!" she said with great gravity.

"Why, he's a man, after all!"

Nora was silent a moment; and then with a certain forced levity, walking on: "I'd better wait till I'm asked."

"He'll ask you! You'll see."

"If he does, I shall be surprised."

"You'll pretend to be. Women always do."

"He has known me as a child," she continued, heedless of his sarcasm. "I shall always be a child, for him."

"He'll like that," said Fenton, with heat. "He'll like a child of twenty."

Nora, for an instant, was sunk in meditation. "As regards marriage," she said at last, with a slightly defiant emphasis, "I'll do what Roger wishes."

Fenton lost patience. "Roger be hanged!" he cried. "You're not his slave. You must choose for yourself and act for yourself. You must obey your own heart. You don't know what you're talking about. One of these days your heart will say its say. Then we'll see what becomes of Roger's wishes! If he wants to mould you to his will, he should have taken you younger — or older! Don't tell me seriously that you can ever love (don't play upon words: love, I mean, in the one sense that means anything!) such a solemn little fop as that! Don't protest, my dear girl; I must have my

say. I speak in your own interest; I speak, at any rate, from my own heart. I detest the man. I came here in all deference and honesty, and he has treated me as if I were n't fit to touch with a tongs. I'm poor, I've my way to make, I'm on the world; but I'm an honest man, for all that, and as good as he, take me altogether. Why can't he show me a moment's frankness? Why can't he take me by the hand and say, 'Come, young man, I've got capital, and you've got brains; let's pull together a stroke.' Does he think I want to steal his spoons or pick his pocket? Is that hospitality? If that's the way they understand it hereabouts, I prefer the Western article!"

This passionate outbreak, prompted in about equal measure by baffled ambition and wounded sensibility, made sad havoc with Nora's strenuous loyalty to her friend. Her sense of infinite property in her cousin — the instinct of free affection alternating more gratefully than she knew with the dim consciousness of measured dependence — had become in her heart a sort of boundless and absolute rapture. She desired neither to question nor to set a term to it: she only knew that while it lasted it was potentially sweet. Roger's mistrust was certainly cruel; it was crueller still that he should obtrude it on poor George's notice. She felt, however, that two angry men were muttering over her head and her main desire was to avert an explosion. She promised herself to dismiss Fenton the next day. Of course, by the very fact of this concession, Roger lost ground in her tenderness, and George acquired the grace of the persecuted. Meanwhile, Roger's jealous irritation came to a head. On the evening following the little scene I have narrated the young couple sat by the fire in the library; Fenton on a stool at his cousin's feet holding, while Nora wound them on reels, the wools which were to be applied to the manufacture of those invidious slippers. Roger, after grimly watching their mutual amenities for



some time over the cover of a book, unable to master his fierce discomposure, departed with a tell-tale stride. They heard him afterwards walking up and down the piazza, where he was appealing from his troubled nerves to the ordered quietude of the stars.

"He hates me so," said Fenton, "that I believe if I were to go out there he'd draw a knife on me."

"O George!" cried Nora, horrified.

"It's a fact, my dear. I'm afraid you'll have to give me up. I wish I had never seen you!"

"At all events, we can write to each other."

"What's writing? I don't know how to write! I will, though! I suppose he'll open my letters. So much the worse for him!"

Nora, as she wound her spool, mused intently. "I can't believe he really grudges me our friendship. It must be something else."

Fenton, with a clench of his fist, arrested suddenly the outflow of the skein from his hand. "It is something else," he said. "It's our possible — more than friendship!" And he grasped her two hands in his own. "Nora, choose! Between me and him!"

She stared a moment; then her eyes filled with tears. "O George," she cried, "you make me very unhappy." She must certainly tell him to go; and yet that very movement of his which had made it doubly needful made it doubly hard. "I'll talk to Roger," she said. "No one should be condemned unheard. We may all misunderstand each other."

Fenton, half an hour later, having, as he said, letters to write, went up to his own room; shortly after which, Roger returned to the library. Half an hour's communion with the starlight and the long beat of the crickets had drawn the sting from his irritation. There came to him, too, a mortifying sense of his guest having outdone him in civility. This would never do. He took refuge in imperturbable good-humor, and entered the room with a *bravado* of cool indifference. But even

before he had spoken, something in Nora's face caused this wholesome dose of resignation to stick in his throat. "Your cousin's gone?" he said.

"To his own room. He has some letters to write."

"Shall I hold your wools?" Roger asked, after a pause, with a rather awkward air of overture.

"Thank you. They are all wound."

"For whom are your slippers?" He knew, of course; but the question came.

"For George. Did n't I tell you? Are n't they pretty?" And she held up her work.

"Prettier than he deserves."

Nora gave him a rapid glance and miscounted her stitch. "You don't like poor George," she said.

"Poor George" set his wound throbbing again. "No. Since you ask me, I don't like poor George."

Nora was silent. At last: "Well!" she said, "you've not the same reasons as I have."

"So I'm bound to believe!" cried Roger, with a laugh. "You must have excellent reasons."

"Excellent. He's my own, you know."

"Your own — Oho!" And he laughed louder.

His tone forced Nora to blush. "My own cousin," she cried.

"Your own fiddlestick!" cried Roger.

She stopped her work. "What do you mean?" she asked gravely.

Roger himself began to blush a little. "I mean — I mean — that I don't half believe in your cousin. He does n't satisfy me. I don't like him. He's a jumble of contradictions. I have nothing but his own word. I'm not bound to take it. He tells the truth, if you like, but he tells fibs too."

"Roger, Roger," said Nora, with great softness, "do you mean that he's an impostor?"

"The word is your own. He's not honest."

She slowly rose from her little bench,



gathering her work into the skirt of her dress. "And, doubting of his honesty, you've let him take up his abode here, you've let him become dear to me?"

She was making him ten times a fool! "Why, if you liked him," he said. "When did I ever refuse you anything?"

There came upon Nora a sudden unpitied sense that then and there Roger was ridiculous: "Honest or not honest," she said with vehemence, "I *do* like him. Cousin or no cousin, he's my friend."

"Very good. But I warn you. I don't enjoy talking to you thus. But let me tell you, once for all, that your cousin, your friend, — your — whatever he is!" — He faltered an instant; Nora's eyes were fixed on him. "That he disgusts me!"

"You're extremely unjust. You've taken no trouble to know him. You've treated him from the first with small civility!"

"Good heavens! Was the trouble to be all mine? Civility! he never missed it; he does n't know what it means."

"He knows more than you think. But we must talk no more about him." She rolled together her canvas and reels; and then suddenly, with passionate inconsequence, "Poor, poor George!" she cried.

Roger watched her, rankling with that unsatisfied need, familiar alike to good men and bad when vanity is at stake, of smothering feminine right in hard manly fact. "Nora," he said, cruelly, "you disappoint me."

"You must have formed great hopes of me!" she cried.

"I confess I had."

"Say good by to them then, Roger. If this is wrong, I'm all wrong!" She spoke with a rich displeasure which transformed with admirable effect her habitual expression of docility. She had never yet come so near being beautiful. In the midst of his passionate vexation he admired her. The scene seemed for a moment a bad

dream, from which, with a start, he might awake into a declaration of love.

"Your anger gives an admirable point to your remarks. Indeed, it gives a beauty to your face. Must a woman be in the wrong to be charming?" He went on, hardly knowing what he said. But a burning blush in her cheeks recalled him to a kind of self-abhorrence. "Would to God," he cried, "your abominable cousin had never come between us!"

"Between us? He's not between us. I stand as near you, Roger, as I ever did. Of course George will leave immediately."

"Of course! I'm not so sure." He will, I suppose, if he's asked."

"Of course I shall ask him."

"Nonsense. You'll not enjoy that."

"We're old friends by this time," said Nora, with terrible malice. "I sha'n't in the least mind."

Roger could have choked himself. He had brought his case to this: Fenton a martyred proscrip, and Nora a brooding victim of duty. "Do I want to turn the man out of the house?" he cried. "Do me a favor, — I demand it. Say nothing to him, let him stay as long as he pleases. I'm not afraid! I don't trust him, but I trust you. I'm curious to see how long he'll have the hardihood to stay. A fortnight hence, I shall be justified. You'll say to me, 'Roger, you were right. George is n't a gentleman.' There! I insist."

"A gentleman? Really, what are we talking about? Do you mean that he wears a false diamond in his shirt? He'll take it off if I ask him. There's a long way between wearing false diamonds —"

"And stealing real ones! I don't know. I have always fancied they go together. At all events, Nora, he's not to suspect that he has been able to make trouble between two old friends."

Nora stood for a moment in irresponsible meditation. "I think he means to go," she said. "If you want him to stay, you must ask him." And without further words she marched out of the room. Roger followed her with

his eyes. He thought of Lady Castlewood in "Henry Esmond," who looked "devilish handsome in a passion."

Lady Castlewood, meanwhile, ascended to her own room, flung her work upon the floor, and, dropping into a chair, betook herself to weeping. It was late before she slept. She awoke with a keener consciousness of the burden of life. Her own burden certainly was small, but her strength, as yet, was untested. She had thought, in her many reveries, of a possible rupture of harmony with Roger, and prayed that it might never come by a fault of hers. The fault was hers now in that she had surely cared less for duty than for joy. Roger, indeed, had shown a pitiful smallness of view. This was a weakness; but who was she, to keep account of Roger's weaknesses? It was to a weakness of Roger's that she owed her food and raiment and shelter. It helped to quench her resentment that she felt, somehow, that, whether Roger smiled or frowned, George would still be George. He was not a gentleman: well and good; neither was she, for that matter, a lady. But a certain manful hardness like George's would not be amiss in the man one was to love. There was a discord now in that daily commonplace of happiness which had seemed to repeat the image of their mutual trust as a lucid pool reflects the cloudless blue. But if the discord should deepen and swell, it was sweet to think she might deafen her sense in that sturdy cousinship.

A simpler soul than Fenton's might have guessed at the trouble of this quiet household. Fenton read in it as well an omen of needful departure. He accepted the necessity with an acute sense of failure, — almost of injury. He had gained nothing but the bother of being loved. It was a bother, because it gave him a vague importunate sense of responsibility. It seemed to fling upon all things a gray shade of prohibition. Yet the matter had its brightness, too, if a man could but swallow his superstitions. He cared

for Nora quite enough to tell her he loved her; he had said as much, with an easy conscience, to girls for whom he cared far less. He felt gratefully enough the cool vestment of tenderness which she had spun about him, like a web of imponderous silver; but he had other uses for his time than to go masquerading through Nora's fancy. The defeat of his hope that Roger, like an ideal *oncle de comédie*, would shower blessings and bank-notes upon his union with his cousin, involved the discomfiture of a secondary project; that, namely, of borrowing five thousand dollars. The reader will smile: but such is the *naïveté* of "smart men." He would consent, now, to be put off with five hundred. In this collapse of his visions he fell a-musing upon Nora's financial value.

"Look here," he said to her, with an air of heroic effort, "I see I'm in the way. I must be off."

"I'm sorry, George," said Nora, sadly.

"So am I. I never supposed I was proud. But I reckoned without my host!" he said with a bitter laugh. "I wish I had never come. Or rather I don't. My girl of girls!"

She began to question him soothingly about his projects and prospects; and hereupon, for once, Fenton bent his mettle to simulate a pathetic incapacity. He set forth that he was discouraged; the future was a blank. It was child's play, attempting to do anything without capital.

"And you have no capital?" said Nora, anxiously.

Fenton gave a poignant smile. "Why, my dear girl, I'm a poor man!"

"How poor?"

"Poor, poor, poor. Poor as a rat."

"You don't mean that you're penniless?"

"What's the use of my telling you? You can't help me. And it would only make you unhappy."

"If you are unhappy, I want to be!"

This golden vein of sentiment might certainly be worked. Fenton took out his pocket-book, drew from it four

bank-notes of five dollars each, and ranged them with a sort of mournful playfulness in a line on his knee. "That 's my fortune."

"Do you mean to say that twenty dollars is all you have in the world?"

Fenton smoothed out the creases, caressingly, in the soiled and crumpled notes. "It's a great shame to bring you down to these sordid mysteries of misery," he said. "Fortune has raised you above them."

Nora's heart began to beat. "Yes, it has. I have a little money, George. Some eighty dollars."

Eighty dollars! George suppressed a groan. "He keeps you rather low."

"Why, I have little use for money, and no chance, here in the country, to spend it. Roger is extremely generous. Every few weeks he forces money upon me. I often give it away to the poor people hereabouts. Only a fortnight ago I refused to take any more on account of my having this unspent. It's agreed between us that I may give what I please in charity, and that my charities are my own affair. If I had only known of you, George, I should have appointed you my pensioner-in-chief."

George was silent. He was wondering intently how he might arrange to become the standing recipient of her overflow. Suddenly he remembered that he ought to protest. But Nora had lightly quitted the room. Fenton repocketed his twenty dollars and awaited her reappearance. Eighty dollars was not a fortune; still it was a sum. To his great annoyance, before Nora returned, Roger presented himself. The young man felt for an instant as if he had been caught in an act of sentimental burglary, and made a movement to conciliate his detector. "I'm afraid I must bid you good by," he said.

Roger frowned and wondered whether Nora had spoken. At this moment she reappeared, flushed and out of breath with the excitement of her purpose. She had been counting over her money and held in each hand a

little fluttering package of bank-notes. On seeing Roger she stopped and blushed, exchanging with her cousin a rapid glance of inquiry. He almost glared at her, whether with warning or with menace she hardly knew. Roger stood looking at her, half amazed. Suddenly, as the meaning of her errand flashed upon him, he turned a furious crimson. He made a step forward, but cautioned himself; then, folding his arms, he silently waited. Nora, after a moment's hesitation, rolling her notes together, came up to her cousin and held out the little package. Fenton kept his hands in his pockets and devoured her with his eyes. "What's all this?" he said, brutally.

"O George!" cried Nora; and her eyes filled with tears.

Roger had divined the situation; the shabby victimization of the young girl and her kinsman's fury at the disclosure of his avidity. He was angry; but he was even more disgusted. From so vulgar a knave there was little rivalry to fear. "I'm afraid I'm rather a marplot," he said. "Don't insist, Nora. Wait till my back is turned."

"I have nothing to be ashamed of," said Nora.

"You? O, nothing whatever!" cried Roger, with a laugh.

Fenton stood leaning against the mantel-piece, desperately sullen, with a look of vicious confusion. "It's only I who have anything to be ashamed of," he said at last, bitterly, with an effort. "My poverty!"

Roger smiled graciously, "Honest poverty is never shameful!"

Fenton gave him an insolent stare. "Honest poverty! You know a great deal about it."

"Don't appeal to poor little Nora, man, for her savings," Roger went on. "Come to me."

"You're unjust," said Nora. "He didn't appeal to me. I appealed to him. I guessed his poverty. He has only twenty dollars in the world."

"O, you poor little fool!" roared Fenton's eyes.

Roger was delighted. At a single

stroke he might redeem his incivility and reinstate himself in Nora's affections. He took out his pocket-book. "Let me help you. It was very stupid of me not to have guessed your embarrassment." And he counted out a dozen notes.

Nora stepped to her cousin's side and passed her hand through his arm. "Don't be proud," she murmured caressingly.

Roger's notes were new and crisp. Fenton looked hard at the opposite wall, but, explain it who can, he read their successive figures, — a fifty, four twenties, six tens. He could have howled.

"Come don't be proud," repeated Roger, holding out this little bundle of wealth.

Two great passionate tears welled into the young man's eyes. The sight of Roger's sturdy sleekness, of the comfortable twinkle of patronage in his eye, was too much for him. "I sha'n't give *you* a chance to be proud," he said. "Take care! Your papers may go into the fire."

"O George!" murmured Nora; and her murmur seemed to him delicious.

He bent down his head, passed his arm round her shoulders, and kissed her on her forehead. "Good by, dearest Nora," he said.

Roger stood staring, with his proffered gift. "You decline?" he cried, almost defiantly.

"'Decline' is n't the word. A man does n't decline an insult."

Was Fenton, then, to have the best of it, and was his own very generosity to be turned against him? Blindly, passionately, Roger crumpled the notes in his fist and tossed them into the

fire. In an instant they begun to blaze.

"Roger, are you mad?" cried Nora. And she made a movement to rescue the crackling paper. Fenton burst into a laugh. He caught her by the arm, clasped her round the waist, and forced her to stand and watch the brief blaze. Pressed against his side, she felt the quick beating of his heart. As the notes disappeared her eyes sought Roger's face. He looked at her stupidly, and then turning on his heel, he walked out of the room. Her cousin, still holding her, showered upon her forehead half a dozen fierce kisses. But disengaging herself: "You must leave the house!" she cried. "Something dreadful will happen."

Fenton had soon packed his valise, and Nora, meanwhile, had ordered a vehicle to carry him to the station. She waited for him in the portico. When he came out, with his bag in his hand, she offered him again her little roll of bills. But he was a wiser man than half an hour before. He took them, turned them over and selected a one-dollar note. "I'll keep this," he said, "in remembrance, and only spend it for my last dinner." She made him promise, however, that if trouble really overtook him, he would let her know, and in any case he would write. As the wagon went over the crest of an adjoining hill he stood up and waved his hat. His tall, gaunt young figure, as it rose dark against the cold November sunset, cast a cooling shadow across the fount of her virgin sympathies. Such was the outline, surely, of the conquering hero, not of the conquered. Her fancy followed him forth into the world with a tender impulse of comradeship.

H. James Jr.

## ENCYCLICALS OF A TRAVELLER.

## III.

VENICE, Sunday P. M., May 16, 1869.

DEAR PEOPLE: We came away. It was harder than you could imagine. Rome is a siren of sirens. It was so hot that we could scarcely breathe from ten o'clock till four, and there was nothing to eat except ices and strawberries with no flavor to them, but we clung to the very stones of that city. I went in from the beloved Albano, on Friday, the 7th, supposing that we should set out for Venice on the following Tuesday; but P—— and N—— were not ready, and we did not get off until Thursday. At first when they told me this I said, "I will go directly back to Albano. I will never stay in this ill-odored oven five days!" But I stayed, and when Wednesday came I privately hoped that some dresses, or marbles, or pictures would not come home at the last minute, so that we should be kept a day or two longer. There are still so many things in Rome that I have not seen. I feel as if I had made only a beginning, though I have been there more than four months; in those five last days, however, I made good use of the time; if I had been as industrious all winter, I should have accomplished more. Among other things I did, which had been inexplicably postponed in the winter, was the "Palace of the Cæsars." I could not tell you how many times the day had been set to go there. Once, as I wrote you, I stood at the gate, with the whole Archæological Society at my back, and could not get in. I had grown superstitious about it; but at last I really did get in, and then, O my countrymen and women, what a fall was there! I had all along anticipated seeing ruins grander than any other except the Coliseum. As I saw them from the distance they looked imposing, and

looked wild and overgrown, like the Baths of Caracalla, and as all ruins ought to look. But what do you think you see when the gate is first opened? (It is owned, you must know, by Napoleon, sold to him for \$40,000 by the king of Naples, "that very stoopid young man," as Signor L—— said, in telling me about it, "for \$40,000 this whole grand ruin; and the water privilege alone is worth more than that." So the Emperor has walled it in, and is carrying on excavations in a masterly manner, and the public only go in on Thursdays; but I went in with Signor L——, who has always the right to go anywhere on any day, so far as we can discover; and we went on a Saturday.) When the gate is opened, you see a broad walk and a sort of *café*-like building, and very much landscape garden, nice little beds, such as you might see in Brooklyn or Springfield, bushels of roses, and white thorn and box borders; if you are like me, you stand stock-still and burst out laughing, and say, "Where is the Palace of the Cæsars?" and then your archæologist leads you along, up and up, into great spaces, some of them floored with mosaic, some of them bare earth, but all cleaner and more swept and garnished and scrubbed than any old maid's parlor you ever saw; great columns set here and there, and grand bits of marble, fragments of acanthus, and legs and arms, etc., such as you see always in the ruins of Rome; but *here* they are all set by so neatly that, upon my word, you don't feel as if they were ever in any other place in their lives. Then, as I say (if you are like *me*), you laugh still more, in fact, you get positively irreverent; and you look round, expecting to see old women with pails and mops in every corner,

and there is nobody in sight, except workmen wheeling away things in wheelbarrows, and you think they must be carrying off the old women with pails and mops, for there does not seem to be anything else to carry off! All this time the archæologist is delivering a little lecture by your side; how this is the old audience chamber, and this was the dining-room, and this circular mosaic at the end is the place where the emperors used to sit, — and very likely *lie*, if they ever got “under the table,” — and this is the bath-room, and this is the academy where every day a poet read a poem, or a philosopher or historian an essay, before the emperor; and at last the archæologist sees that you are shaking with laughter, and, having previously found you more than sentimental enough on other occasions over other ruins, he thinks you are laughing at his English, and stops short and says, “What are you doing? what have you the matter?” And then you, that is I, sink down into a thicket of purple foxglove, and begin to sneeze violently (for rose cold happens in these days, because Italy is one great garden in blossom. Then I try to explain that I think it the funniest thing in life to see a ruin so scrubbed up and put in such horribly good order; that there is such an eminently French look about it all, that it seems to belong to the Rue St. Honoré, and to have nothing whatever to do with Rome either ancient or modern; and that I very much doubt if ever an emperor set his foot in it! Then the archæologist, being the gentlest little soul in the world, loses his temper, and says, “You are very provoking”; and that completes my nervous amusement, and all is “up” for that day. However, when I was fairly underground, walking along an old street, many feet beneath the landscape garden, and looking into stuccoed room after room, and up steep stone staircases, on one of which it seems to me quite probable that Caligula was killed, I found my usual faith and reverence reviving, and patched up a sort

of truce with my archæologist. But I shall never forget the comical effect of that first look at the palace of the Cæsars.

Among other good things of those last days in Rome was an illumination of the Venus of the Capitol: daytime too! It happened on this wise. We went to the room at just that one minute of noon, when the sun flooded in through the upper panes of the window on the right, and lit up the whole statue with a positively supernatural color. Even the *custode* exclaimed he had never, in all the years before, happened to hit that precise moment and such a sun. The face smiled, and the right arm trembled a little as the sunlight flickered over it. We stood breathless and silent, and it would not have surprised us in that instant to have heard a voice from the lips. On the left of the Venus stands a dear little girl in marble, looking like anybody's little girl in the next street, only that her gown is all one great square piece of something gathered up in what were folds in those days, but would look uncommonly bunchy, I think, if we were to try them now. She is holding a little bird up in her arms, to keep it safe from a snake which stretches up behind to reach it. We wanted to wait till the sun had come to the little girl's head, but we had not time; so we ran to take one more look at the black marble Centaurs, and the Infant Hercules, and then went home.

At the last, the leaving Rome was quite picturesque. We went at night; for of the two evils, to ride all night seemed less than to get up at four A.M. and ride all day in the heat. Poor little Marianina had haunted the hotel all day; running in and out to see if I did not want something done, and finally standing in the dining-room door while we took our tea, and looking at me with the piteous eyes of a dumb animal. Every now and then she would say, “Iddio mio! Iddio mio! O signora mia!” till I could not stand it, and had fairly to pretend to be stern,

and send her off, I said to her, though, "If I were rich, Marianina, I would take you with me." "O but you *are* rich, signora mia!" she said, with the tears in her eyes. Poor soul, I think nobody has ever been very kind to her before, and this one month with me (with good wages and nothing to do!) has been the one *festa* of her life. Giovanni, the girls' old courier, went with us to the station, and Marianina, who had insisted on carrying my bundle and bag, appeared with a cousin to carry the bundle; so we filed up past the little garden and the soldiers and out among the fire-flies, quite a procession. Marianina knelt on the step of the car till the bell struck and the guard pulled her off; then she kissed our hands and walked slowly away, looking over her shoulder at the guard out of one eye, and at me out of the other! The guard said something to his fellow-guard about her beauty and snapped the door, and we were off, — we three women, good friends, good travellers, — off for Venice, with Rome written on our hearts!

If there be any greater misery short of rheumatic fever than to ride all night in the cars, I do not know what it is. So long as there is daylight, and one can see that there are peace and dry land and homes and human beings to the right and left, railroad riding is bearable; but the minute I am in the dark, every whistle sounds like the shriek of fiends, every jolt and jar seem to me the wrenches of a rack on which I am being torn; and when people sleep on either side of my misery, I am aggravated to that degree that I am dangerous. Each time I spend such a night, I think I will never spend another, come what will; but by the time the next occasion arrives, I buy my ticket, and go on board as docilely as the best sleeper among you. And I dare say, before I see you again, I shall have spent a month, all told, in night railroading. It seems to be considered the thing to do here.

At Foligno the cocks crew, and the passengers got out and ate, and we

could see what color the fields were. Then began a royal progress through a garden; all the way to Ancona, four hours, nothing but wheat-fields and vineyards; in the wheat-fields, scarlet poppies and purple foxglove, and bright blue something, I don't know what, but as we dashed by it looked like bachelor's-buttons flying off in the air. Under the vines, which were trained on trees, were such fields of crimson clover as you would not believe in, if I were to tell you about them. Fields of crimson peonies set close as they could stand would not be more crimson. In Ancona I found some peasant-women who had walked into town with huge loads of this clover on their heads, and were resting by the roadside. I jumped out of the carriage, and asked them for one of the flowers. O, how brown and handsome the women were, and how they laughed when I broke off *one blossom* and laid it carefully in my book! I shall slip a bit of it in this letter, and you can see for yourself what fields would look like where such clover as this flowered in spikes three inches long! We liked Ancona, but did not see so much of it as we should if we had not gone straight into our beds at nine A. M. and slept till one P. M.! It is enough to make an engineer officer's mouth water for a war, to see such hills and such fortifications. From Trajan's day till now it seems somebody or other has always been building forts there, and somebody else firing at them. No wonder. The very sight of the place is a temptation, and the build of it is as much a proof of the divine intent of war, as flesh-teeth in animals. We saw Trajan's arch, and a statue to Cavour, and a cathedral up in the air at tiptop of hills and forts and town and all, and a gay-looking theatre where *Faust* was to be played that night, and ever so many nice shops with muslin waists and straw things, which we wanted to buy, and a man peddling boiled dinner round in a big iron pot in a handcart. Yes, really boiled beef and peas and potatoes, and it smelled savorily; and a poor ragged



creature came out of a forlorn house and bought a plateful, while we were looking on. Then we bundled into a little cockle-shell of a boat, we and our five trunks, and were rowed off to the steamer, where we found an American family at dinner in the cabin, as if they had lived there all their lives, — a thin, yellow mamma, with tight hair, which savored of sewing-societies and rigid principles; a papa who was all gray, grizzled good-nature; and a miss who did French for them both: and they had been on the Nile all winter, and were just from Corfu; and were in Madeira the winter before; and, dear me, for all that, how very inexperienced and uninformed they looked!

Almost as far as we could see the shores of Ancona, we could see the bright patches of the clover-fields. They gradually faded from crimson to claret, and then at last looked like dark woods in the dim distance. I remembered Mrs. Howe's "I stake my life on the red!" Wonderful color, which makes such road for itself through space.

Think of our not getting up in time to catch the first glimpse of Venice rising from the sea! It was stupid, but we might as well own up; we did n't do it. However, it looked odd and unreal enough when we did get on deck. We were squeezing along in water that felt thick, — piles all about us, as much land as water, and not enough of either to make it seem like anything set down in geographies; and the bell-towers and domes in sight like a gray mirage against the sky. Somehow I could not feel as I expected to. Generally you don't, I find. I felt more like Mrs. Partington than like Rogers, or any other man of them all who has touched bottom in Venetian romance. If I had opened my mouth, I am afraid I should have exclaimed, like the worthy female above named: "Laws sakes alive! What an awful freshet they must have had! And what on airth are these poor people going to do, supposin' they can get there, which seems no ways likely?" Then, when we began to be

surrounded by the dimmest black craft I ever saw, uncanny enough to have come straight from the Styx, and I was told exultantly by my companions, "There are the gondolas!" I was still more "taken down." I could n't say either that they looked unlike the photographs of them, and that was the most provoking part of it. I can't tell you how comical and melancholy they looked to me that morning, — and look still, for that matter. The body of a hearse set down low in the middle of a gigantic peaked snow-shoe, the whole black and sticky, and stamped with sepulchral designs. It is an understood thing now, that I am not to be expected to "ride in that kind of kerridge" again. Once I tried it, but I wriggled and stumbled out instantly, and told the girls if they were going with *me*, that hearse-top must be taken off. Rain or shine, I will take my chance with an umbrella. When this top is off, a gondola becomes the most fascinating of boats. I could glide about forever in them; and you have the feeling all the time here that the next minute the whole city may go under, and perhaps you can pick up a survivor or two. So it seems well to be on hand with your boat. I suppose I shall become accustomed to this miracle of a stone city at anchor. We are to stay a month, and I must begin to do something else besides try to *look under* the houses, which is all I have done yet. Even the floors seem to me to go up and down like the old "China" I came over in. If I were not an uncommonly good sailor, I should be seasick all the time; and when I am walking in what they call streets (Heaven save the mark; they are just cracks in the walls, that is all: a big soldier and I nearly got wedged trying to pass each other in one yesterday, and I had on no hoop at all), I half expect to "slump through" at every step. As for the Doge's palace, that's another blow! It may be imposing; I suppose Ruskin knows; but somehow it won't impose on me, and I can't get it to! It looks low and undignified, and the "edging" at top

is not half so good in effect as I have seen round summer-houses at home. And the windows are not in line, nor sufficiently out of line (like our dear old up-and-down windows in Rome) to be picturesque; and the colonnades look to me very shoppy; and then, you see, I am, and, like Martin Luther, "I can no more"; and I suppose you will think there is no fun at all in having such an unappreciative friend in Venice, especially if she does not know enough to keep quiet about the sacred things she is too ignorant to admire. I have been up and down the Grand Canal twice, and seen more old palace fronts than I can count. They are fantastic and gorgeous, and it all looks Arabian Nights-ish; but I cannot make it look to me otherwise than overloaded and mixed. All the time I find myself recalling the stern simplicity and beauty and grandeur of arches and walls and churches in Rome, and Venice seems to me tawdry. This is at end of the second day, however; so it is premature. We have begun to read aloud the "Stones of Venice," and we are going to be praiseworthy conscientious in attention to all that Ruskin tells us is admirable; so at the end of our month I may be as enthusiastic an admirer of the city as he. But the one thing I expect to be made really happy by, and to bear away with me to keep the rest of my life, is the color of Titian. Michael Angelo is the god of shape; I think Titian must be of col-

or; and no wonder, when he fed on such sunsets. Last night, beside all else, we had a rainbow over the sunset. It broke up and floated about in pieces; and the Doge's palace looked like amber in the yellow light; and on the three great scarlet flagstaffs in St. Marks were three huge flags, which floated from the tops of the staffs to the ground, — green and red and white, so that all things seemed turning to rainbow.

We are most comfortably established at the Hotel Vittoria, *not* on the Grand Canal, thank Heaven! When at first N—— said that she did not dare to stay on the Grand Canal, because she feared too much sea air, I was quite dismayed. But now I am thankful enough to have dry land; that is, a stone floor laid on piles, on *one* side of our house. I look down from my window into one of the cracks called streets; the people look as if they were being threaded into the Scriptural needle's eye, and a hand-organ looks like a barricade. Yesterday I threw down four *soldi* to a man who was grinding at one under my window, and made signs to him to go away, for I was almost frantic with the noise of seven different bells ringing at the same time. I am in mortal terror now to think of my indiscretion, for that man, having discovered the "valley of peace and quiet" to me, I presume will become a regular pensioner on my bounty for the rest of my stay.

H. H.

## THEIR WEDDING JOURNEY.

## IV.

## A DAY'S RAILROADING.

HAPPINESS has commonly a good appetite ; and the thought of the fortunately ended adventures of the night, the fresh morning air, and the content of their own hearts, gifted our friends, by the time the boat reached Albany, with a wholesome hunger, so that they debated with spirit the question of breakfast and the best place of breakfasting in a city which neither of them knew, save in the most fugitive and sketchy way.

They decided, at last, in view of the early departure of the train, and the probability that they would be more hurried at a hotel, to breakfast at the station, and thither they went and took places at one of the many tables within, where they seemed to have been expected only by the flies. The waitress plainly had not looked for them, and for a time found their presence so incredible that she would not acknowledge the rattling that Basil was obliged to make on his glass. Then it appeared that the cook would not believe in them, and did not send them till they were quite faint the peppery and muddy draught which impudently affected to be coffee, the oily slices of fugacious potatoes slipping about in their shallow dish and skilfully evading pursuit, the pieces of beef that simulated steak, the hot, hot, greasy biscuit, steaming evilly up into the face when opened, and then soddening into masses of condensed dyspepsia.

The wedding-journeymen looked at each other with eyes of sad amaze. They bowed themselves for a moment to the viands, and then by an equal impulse refrained. They were sufficiently young, they were happy, they were hungry : nature is great and strong, but art is greater, and before these triumphs of the cook at the Albany de-

pot appetite succumbed. By a terrible *tour de force* they swallowed the fierce and turbid liquor in their cups, and then speculated fantastically upon the character and history of the materials of that breakfast.

Presently Isabel paused, played a little with her knife, and, after a moment, looked up at her husband with an arch regard and said : " I was just thinking of a small station somewhere in the South of France where our train once stopped for breakfast. I remember the freshness and brightness of everything on the little tables, — the plates, the napkins, the gleaming half-bottles of wine. They seemed to have been preparing that breakfast for us from the beginning of time, and we were hardly seated before they served us with great cups of *café-au-lait*, and the sweetest rolls and butter ; then a delicate cutlet, with an unspeakable gravy, and potatoes — such potatoes ! Dear me, how little I ate of it ! I wish, for once, I'd had your appetite, Basil ; I do indeed."

She ended with a heartless laugh, in which, despite the tragical contrast her words had suggested, Basil finally joined. So much amusement had probably never been got before out of the misery inflicted in that place ; but their lightness did not at all commend them. The waitress had not liked it from the first, and had served them with reluctance ; and the proprietor did not like it, and kept his eye upon them as if he believed them about to escape without payment. Here, then, they had enforced a great fact of travelling, — that people who serve the public are kindly and pleasant in proportion as they serve it well. The unjust and the inefficient have always that consciousness of evil which will not let a man forgive his victim, or like him to be cheerful.

Our friends, however, did not heat themselves over the fact. There was already such heat from without, even at eight o'clock in the morning, that they chose to be as cool as possible in mind, and they placidly took their places in the train, which had been made up for departure. They had deliberately rejected the notion of a drawing-room car as affording a less varied prospect of humanity, and as being less in the spirit of ordinary American travel. Now, in reward, they found themselves quite comfortable in the common passenger-car, and disposed to view the scenery, into which they struck an hour after leaving the city, with much complacency. There was sufficient draught through the open window to make the heat tolerable, and the great brooding warmth gave to the landscape the charm which it alone can impart. It is a landscape that I greatly love for its mild beauty and tranquil picturesqueness, and it is in honor of our friends that I say they enjoyed it. There are nowhere any considerable hills, but everywhere generous slopes and pleasant hollows and the wide meadows of a grazing country, with the pretty brown Mohawk River rippling down through all, and at frequent intervals the life of the canal, now near, now far away, with the lazy boats that seem not to stir, and the horses that the train passes with a whirl, and leaves slowly stepping forward and swiftly slipping backward. There are farms that had once, or still have, the romance to them of being Dutch farms, — if there is any romance in that, — and one conjectures a Dutch thrift in their waving grass and grain. Spaces of woodland here and there dapple the slopes, and the cosey red farm-houses repose by the side of their capacious red barns. Truly, there is no ground on which to defend the idleness, and yet as the train strives furiously onward amid these scenes of fertility and abundance, I like in fancy to loiter behind it, and to saunter at will up and down the landscape. I stop at the farm-yard gates, and sit upon

the porches or thresholds, and am served with cups of buttermilk by old Dutch ladies who have done their morning's work and have leisure to be knitting or sewing; or if there are no old ladies, with decent caps upon their gray hair, then I do not complain if the drink is brought me by some red-cheeked, comely young girl, out of Washington Irving's pages, with no cap on her golden braids, who mirrors my diffidence, and takes an attitude of pretty awkwardness while she waits till I have done drinking. In the same easily contented spirit as I lounge through the barn-yard, if I find the old hens gone about their family affairs, I do not mind a meadow-lark's singing in the top of the elm-tree beside the pump. In these excursions the watch-dogs know me for a harmless person, and will not open their eyes as they lie coiled up in the sun before the gate. At all the places, I have them keep bees, and, in the garden full of worthy potherbs, such idlers in the vegetable world as hollyhocks and larkspurs and four-o'clocks, near a great bed in which the asparagus has gone to sleep for the season with a dream of delicate and vapory spray hanging over it. I walk unmolested through the farmer's tall grass, and ride with him upon the perilous seat of his voluble mowing-machine, and learn to my heart's content that his name begins with Van, and that his family has owned that farm ever since the days of the Patroon; which I dare say is not true. Then I fall asleep in a corner of the hay-field, and wake up on the tow-path of the canal beside that wonderfully lean horse, whose bones you cannot count only because they are so many. He never wakes up, but with a faltering under lip and half-shut eyes hobbles stiffly on, unconscious of his anatomical interest. The captain hospitably asks me on board, with a twist of the rudder swinging the stern of the boat up to the path, so that I can step on. She is laden with flour from the valley of the Genesee, and may have started on her voyage shortly after the canal was made. She is succinctly

manned by the captain, the driver, and the cook, a fiery-haired lady of imperfect temper; and the cabin, which I explore, is plainly furnished with a cook-stove and a flask of whiskey. Nothing but profane language is allowed on board; and so, in a life of wicked jollity and ease, we glide imperceptibly down the canal, unvexed by the far-off future of arrival.

Such, I say, are my own unambitious mental pastimes, but I am aware that less superficial spirits could not be satisfied with them, and I do not pretend that my wedding-journeymen were so. They cast an absurd poetry over the landscape; they invited themselves to be reminded of passages of European travel by it; and they placed villas and castles and palaces upon all the eligible building-sites. Ashamed of these devices, presently, Basil patriotically tried to reconstruct the Dutch and Indian past of the Mohawk Valley, but here he was foiled by the immense ignorance of his wife, who, as a true American woman, knew nothing of the history of her own country, and less than nothing of the barbarous regions beyond the borders of her native province. She proved a bewildering labyrinth of error concerning all the events which Basil mentioned; and she had never even heard of the massacres by the French and Indians at Schenectady, which he in his boyhood had known so vividly that he was scalped every night in his dreams, and woke up in the morning expecting to see marks of the tomahawk on the headboard. So, failing at last to extract any sentiment from the scenes without, they turned their faces from the window, and looked about them for amusement within the car.

It was in all respects an ordinary careful of human beings, and it was perhaps the more worthy to be studied on that account. As in literature the true artist will shun the use even of real events if they are of an improbable character, so the sincere observer of man will not desire to look upon his heroic or occasional phases,

but will seek him in his habitual moods of vacancy and tiresomeness. To me, at any rate, he is at such times very precious; and I never perceive him to be so much a man and a brother as when I feel the pressure of his vast, natural, unaffected dulness. Then I am able to enter confidently into his life and inhabit there, to think his shallow and feeble thoughts, to be moved by his dumb, stupid desires, to be dimly illumined by his stunted inspirations, to share his foolish prejudices, to practise his obtuse selfishness. Yes, it is a very amusing world, if you do not refuse to be amused; and our friends were very willing to be entertained. They delighted in the very precise, thick-fingered old ladies who bought sweet apples of the boys come aboard with baskets, and who were so long in finding the right change, that our travellers, leaping in thought with the boys from the moving train, felt that they did so at the peril of their lives. Then they were interested in people who went out and found their friends waiting for them, or else did not find them, and wandered disconsolately up and down before the country stations, carpet-bag in hand; in women who came aboard, and were awkwardly shaken hands with or sheepishly kissed by those who hastily got seats for them, and placed their bags or their babies in their laps, and turned for a nod at the door; in young ladies who were seen to places by young men (the latter seemed not to care if the train did go off with them), and then threw up their windows and talked with girl-friends on the platform without, till the train began to move, and at last turned with gleaming eyes and moist red lips, and panted hard in the excitement of thinking about it, and could not calm themselves to the dull level of the travel around them; in the conductor, coldly and inaccessibly vigilant, as he went his rounds, reaching blindly for the tickets with one hand while he bent his head from time to time, and listened with a faint, sarcastic smile to the questions of passen-

gers who supposed they were going to get some information out of him ; in the train-boy, who passed through on his many errands with prize-candies, gum-drops, pop-corn, papers and magazines, and distributed books and the police journals with a blind impartiality, or a prodigious ignorance, or a supernatural perception of character in those who received them.

A through train from East to West presents some peculiar features as well as the traits common to all railway travel; and our friends decided that this was not a very well-dressed company, and would contrast with the people on an express-train between Boston and New York to no better advantage than these would show beside the average passengers between London and Paris. And it seems true that on a westering line, the blacking fades gradually from the boots, the hat softens and sinks, the coat loses its rigor of cut, and the whole person lounges into increasing informality of costume. I speak of the undressful sex alone : woman, wherever she is, appears in the last attainable effects of fashion, which are now all but telegraphic and universal. But most of the passengers here were men, and they were plainly of the free-and-easy West rather than the dapper East. They wore faces thoughtful with the problem of buying cheap and selling dear, and they could be known by their silence from the loquacious acquaintance-making way-travellers. In these, the mere coming aboard seemed to beget an aggressively confidential mood. Perhaps they clutched recklessly at any means of relieving their *ennui*; or they felt that they might here indulge safely in the pleasures of autobiography, so dear to all of us ; or else, in view of the many possible catastrophes, they desired to leave some little memory of themselves behind. At any rate, whenever the train stopped, the wedding-journeymen caught fragments of the personal histories of their fellow-passengers which had been rehearsing to those that sat next the narrators. It was no more than fair

that these should somewhat magnify themselves, and put the best complexion on their actions and the worst upon their sufferings ; that they should all appear the luckiest or the unluckiest, the healthiest or the sickest, people that ever were, and should all have made or lost the most money. There was a prevailing desire among them to make out that they came from or were going to some very large place ; and our friends fancied an actual mortification in the face of a modest gentleman who got out at Penelope (or some other insignificant classical station, in the ancient Greek and Roman part of New York State), after having listened to the life of a somewhat rustic-looking person who had described himself as belonging *near* New York City.

Basil also found diversion in all the tender couples, who publicly comported themselves as if in a sylvan solitude, and, as it had been on the bank of some umbrageous stream, far from the ken of envious or unsympathetic eyes, reclined upon each other's shoulders and slept ; but Isabel declared that this behavior was perfectly indecent. She granted, of course, that they were foolish, innocent people, who meant no offence, and did not feel guilty of an impropriety, but she said that this sort of thing was a national reproach. If it were merely rustic lovers, she should not care so much, but you saw people who ought to know better, well-dressed, stylish people, flaunting their devotion in the face of the world, and going to sleep on each other's shoulders on every railroad train. It was outrageous, it was scandalous, it was really infamous. Before she would allow herself to do such a thing she would — well, she hardly knew what she would not do ; she would have a divorce, at any rate. She wondered that Basil could laugh at it ; and he would make her hate him if he kept on.

From the seat behind their own they were now made listeners to the history of a ten weeks' typhoid fever, from the moment when the narrator noticed that

he had not felt very well for a day or two back, and all at once a kind of shiver took him, till he lay fourteen days perfectly insensible, and could eat nothing but a little pounded ice; and his wife—a small woman, too—used to lift him back and forth between the bed and sofa like a feather, and the neighbors did not know half the time whether he was dead or alive. This history, from which not the smallest particular or the least significant symptom of the case was omitted, occupied an hour in recital, and was told as it seemed for the entertainment of one who had been five minutes before it began a stranger to the historian.

At last the train came to a stand, and Isabel wailed forth in accents of desperation the words, "O, disgusting!" The monotony of the narrative in the seat behind, fatally combining with the heat of the day, had lulled her into slumbers from which she awoke at the stopping of the train, to find her head resting tenderly upon her husband's shoulder.

She confronted his merriment with eyes of mournful rebuke; but as she could not find him, by the harshest construction, in the least to blame, she was silent.

"Never mind, dear, never mind," he coaxed, "you were really not responsible. It was fatigue, destiny, the spite of fortune, — whatever you like. In the case of the others, whom you despise so justly, I dare say it is sheer, disgraceful affection. But see that ravishing placard, swinging from the roof: 'This train stops twenty minutes for dinner at Utica.' In a few minutes more we shall be at Utica. If they have anything edible there, it shall never contract *my* powers. I could dine at the Albany station, even."

In a little while they found themselves in an airy, comfortable dining-room, eating a dinner, which it seemed to them France in the flush of her prosperity need not have blushed to serve; for if it wanted a little in the last graces of art, it redeemed itself in abundance, variety, and wholesome-

ness. At the elbow of every famishing passenger stood a beneficent, coal-black glossy fairy in a white linen apron and jacket, serving him with that alacrity and kindness and grace which make the negro waiter the master, not the slave of his calling, which disenthral it of servility, and constitute him your eager host, not your menial, for the moment. From table to table passed a calming influence in the person of the proprietor, who, as he took his richly earned money, checked the rising fears of the guests by repeated proclamations that there was plenty of time, and that he would give them due warning before the train started. Those who had flocked out of the cars, to prey with beak and claw, as the vulture-like fashion is, upon everything in reach, remained to eat like Christians; and even a poor, scantily-Englished Frenchman, who wasted half his time in trying to ask how long the cars stopped and in looking at his watch, made a good dinner in spite of himself.

"O Basil, Basil!" cried Isabel, when the train was again in motion, "have we really dined once more? It seems too good to be true. Cleanliness, plenty, wholesomeness, civility! Yes, as you say, they cannot be civil where they are not just; honesty and courtesy go together; and wherever they give you outrageous things to eat, they add indigestible insults. Basil, dear, don't be jealous; I shall never meet him again; but I'm in love with that black waiter at our table. I never saw such perfect manners, such a winning and affectionate politeness. He made me feel that every mouthful I ate was a personal favor to him. What a complete gentleman! There ought never to be a white waiter. None but negroes are able to render their service a pleasure and distinction to you."

So they prattled on, doing, in their eagerness to be satisfied, a homage perhaps beyond its desert to the good dinner and the decent service of it. But here they erred in the right direc-



tion, and I find nothing more admirable in their behavior throughout a wedding journey which certainly had its trials, than their willingness to make the very best of whatever would suffer itself to be made anything at all of. They celebrated its pleasures with magnanimous excess, they passed over its griefs with a wise forbearance. That which they found the most difficult of management was the want of incident for the most part of the time; and I who write their history might also sink under it, but that I am supported by the fact that it is so typical in this respect. I even imagine that ideal reader for whom one writes as yawning over these barren details with the life-like weariness of an actual travelling companion of theirs. Their own silence often sufficed my wedded lovers, or then, when there was absolutely nothing to engage them, they fell back upon the story of their love, which they were never tired of hearing as they severally knew it. Let it not be a reproach to human nature or to me if I say that there was something in the comfort of having well dined which now touched the springs of sentiment with magical effect, and that they had never so rejoiced in these tender reminiscences.

They had planned to stop over at Rochester till the morrow, that they might arrive at Niagara by daylight, and at Utica they had suddenly resolved to make the rest of the day's journey in a drawing-room car. The change gave them an added reason for content; and they realized how much they had previously sacrificed to the idea of travelling in the most American manner, without achieving it after all, for this seemed a touch of Americanism beyond the old-fashioned car. They reclined in luxury upon the easy-cushioned, revolving chairs; they surveyed with infinite satisfaction the elegance of the flying-parlor in which they sat, or turned their contented regard through the broad plate-glass windows upon the landscape without. They said that none but Americans or enchanted princes in the Arabian Nights ever travelled in

such state; and when the stewards of the car came round successively with tropical fruits, ice-creams, and claret-punches, — they felt a heightened assurance that they were either enchanted princes — or Americans. There were more ladies and more fashion than in the other cars; and prettily dressed children played about on the carpet; but the general appearance of the passengers hardly suggested greater wealth than elsewhere; and they were plainly in that car because they were of the American race, which finds nothing too good for it that its money can buy.

## V.

### THE ENCHANTED CITY, AND BEYOND.

THEY knew none of the hotels in Rochester, and they had chosen a certain one in reliance upon their handbook. When they named it, there stepped forth a porter of an incredibly cordial and pleasant countenance, who took their travelling-bags, and led them to the omnibus. As they were his only passengers, the porter got inside with them, and seeing their interest in the streets through which they rode, he descanted in a strain of cheerful pride upon the city's prosperity and character, and gave the names of the people who lived in the finer houses, just as if it had been an Old-World town, and he some eager historian expecting reward for his comment upon it. He cast quite a glamour over Rochester, so that in passing a body of water, bordered by houses, and overlooked by odd balconies and galleries, and crossed in the distance by a bridge upon which other houses were built, they boldly declared, being at their wit's end for a comparison, and taken with the unhoped-for picturesqueness, that it put them in mind of Verona. Thus they reached their hotel in almost a spirit of foreign travel, and very willing to verify the pleasant porter's assurance that they would like it, for everybody liked

it; and it was with a sudden sinking of the heart that Basil beheld presiding over the register the conventional American hotel clerk. He was young, he had a neat mustache and well-brushed hair; jewelled studs sparkled in his shirt-front, and rings on his white hands; a gentle disdain of the travelling public breathed from his person in the mystical odors of Ihlangi-ihlang. He did not lift his haughty head to look at the wayfarer who meekly wrote his name in the register; he did not answer him when he begged for a cool room; he turned to the board on which the keys hung, and, plucking one from it, slid it towards Basil on the marble counter, touched a bell for a call-boy, whistled a bar of Offenbach, and as he wrote the number of the room against Basil's name, said to a friend lounging near him, as if resuming a conversation, "Well, she's a mighty pooty gul, any way, Chawley!"

When I reflect that this was a type of the hotel clerk throughout the United States, that behind unnumbered registers at this moment he is snubbing travellers into the dust, and that they are suffering and perpetuating him, I am lost in wonder at the national meekness. Not that I am one to refuse the humble pie his jewelled fingers offer me. Abjectly I take my key, and creep off up stairs after the call-boy, and try to give myself the genteel air of one who has not been stepped upon. But I think homicidal things, all the same, and I rejoice that in the safety of print I can cry out against the despot, whom I have not the presence to defy. "You vulgar and cruel little soul," I say, and I imagine myself breathing the words to his teeth, "why do you treat a weary stranger with this ignominy? I am to pay well for all I get, and I shall not complain of that. But look at me, and own my humanity; confess by some civil action, by some decent phrase, that I have rights and that they shall be respected. Answer my proper questions; respond to my fair de-

mands. Do not slide my key at me; do not deny me the poor politeness of a nod as you give it in my hand. I am not your equal; few men are; but I shall not presume upon your clemency. Come, I also am human!"

Basil found that, for his sin in asking for a cool room, the clerk had given them a chamber into which the sun had been shining the whole afternoon; but when his luggage had been put in it seemed useless to protest, and like a true American, like you, like me, he shrank from asserting himself. When the sun went down it would be cool enough; and they turned their thoughts to supper, not venturing to hope that, as it proved, the handsome clerk was the sole blemish of the house.

Isabel viewed with innocent surprise the evidences of luxury afforded by all the appointments of a hotel so far west of Boston, and they both began to feel that natural ease and superiority which an inn always inspires in its guests, and which our great hotels, far from impairing, enhance in flattering degree; in fact, the clerk once forgotten, I protest, for my own part, I never am more conscious of my merits and riches in any other place. One has there the romance of being a stranger and a mystery to every one else, and lives in the alluring possibility of not being found out a most ordinary person.

They were so late in coming to the supper-room, that they found themselves alone in it. At the door they had a bow from the head-waiter, who ran before them and drew out chairs for them at a table, and signalled waiters to serve them, first laying before them with a gracious flourish the bill of fare. A force of servants flocked about them, as if to contest the honor of ordering their supper; one set upon the table a heaping vase of strawberries, another flanked it with flagons of cream, a third accompanied it with cates of varied flavor and device; a fourth obsequiously smoothed the table-cloth; a fifth, the youngest of the five, with folded arms stood by

and admired the satisfaction the rest were giving. When all these had been despatched for steak, for broiled white-fish of the lakes, — noblest and delicatest of the fish that swim, — for broiled chicken, for fried potatoes, for muffins, for whatever the lawless fancy and ravening appetites of the wayfarers could suggest, this fifth waiter remained to tempt them to further excess and vainly proposed some kind of eggs, — fried eggs, poached eggs, scrambled eggs, boiled eggs, omelette.

"O, you're sure, dearest, that this is n't a vision of fairy-land, which will vanish presently, and leave us empty and forlorn?" plaintively murmured Isabel, as the menial train reappeared, bearing the supper they had ordered, and set it smoking down.

Suddenly a look of apprehension dawned upon her face, and she let fall her knife and fork. "You *don't* think, Basil," she faltered, "that they *could* have found out we're a bridal party, and that they're serving us so magnificently because — because — O, I shall be miserable every moment we're here!" she concluded, desperately.

She looked, indeed, extremely wretched for a woman with so much broiled white-fish on her plate, and such a banquet array about her; and her husband made haste to reassure her. "You're still demoralized, Isabel, by our sufferings at the Albany depot, and you exaggerate the blessings we enjoy, though I should be sorry to undervalue them. I suspect it's the custom to use people well at this hotel; or if we are singled out for uncommon favor, I think I can explain the cause. It has been discovered by the register that we are from Boston, and we are merely meeting the reverence, affection, and homage which the name everywhere commands. It's our fortune to represent for the time being the intellectual and moral virtue of Boston. This supper is not a tribute to you as a bride, but as a Bostonian."

It was a cheap kind of raillery, to be sure, but it served. It kindled the local pride of Isabel to self-defence,

and in the distraction of the effort she forgot her fears; she returned with renewed appetite to the supper, and in its excellence they both let fall their dispute, — which ended, of course, in Basil's abject confession that Boston was the best place in the world, and nothing but banishment could make him live elsewhere, — and gave themselves up, as usual, to the delight of being just what and where they were. At last, the natural course brought them to the strawberries, and when the fifth waiter approached from the corner of the table at which he stood, to place the vase near them, he did not retire at once, but presently asked if they were from the West.

Isabel smiled, and Basil answered that they were from the East.

He faltered at this, as if doubtful of the result if he went further, but took heart, then, and asked, "Don't you think this is a pretty nice hotel?" — hastily adding as a concession of the probable existence of much finer things at the East — "for a *small* hotel?"

They imagined this waiter as new to his station in life, as perhaps just risen to it from some country tavern, and unable to repress his exultation in what seemed their sympathetic presence. They were charmed to have invited his guileless confidence, to have evoked possibly all the simple poetry of his soul; it was what might have happened in Italy, only there so much *naïveté* would have meant money; they looked at each other with rapture, and Basil answered warmly while the waiter flushed as at a personal compliment: "Yes, it's a nice hotel; one of the best I ever saw, East or West, in Europe or America."

Then they rose and left the room, and were bowed out by the head-waiter.

"How perfectly idyllic!" cried Isabel. "Is this Rochester, New York, or is it some vale of Arcady? Let's go out and see."

They walked out into the moonlit city, up and down streets that seemed

very stately and fine, amidst a glitter of shop-window lights; and then, less of their own motion than of mere error, they quitted the business quarter, and found themselves in a quiet avenue of handsome residences,—the Beacon Street of Rochester, whatever it was called. They said it was a night and a place for lovers, for none but lovers, for lovers newly plighted, and they made believe to bemoan themselves that, hold each other dear as they would, the exaltation, the thrill, the glory of their younger love was gone. Some of the houses had gardened spaces about them, from which stole, like breaths of sweetest and saddest regret, the perfume of midsummer flowers,—the despair of the rose for the bud. As they passed a certain house, a song fluttered out of the open window and ceased, the piano warbled at the final rush of fingers over its chords, and they saw *her* with her fingers resting lightly on the keys, and her graceful head lifted to look into his; they saw *him* with his arm still stretched across to the leaves of music he had been turning, and his face lowered to meet her gaze.

"Ah, Basil, I wish it was we, there!"

"And if they knew that we, on our wedding journey, stood outside, would not they wish it was they, here?"

"I suppose so, dearest, and yet, once-upon-a-time was sweet. Pass on; and let us see what charm we shall find next in this enchanted city."

"Yes, it is an enchanted city to us," mused Basil, aloud, as they wandered on, "and all strange cities are enchanted. What is Rochester to the Rochesterese? A place of a hundred thousand people, as we read in our guide, an immense flour interest, a great railroad *entrepot*, an unrivalled nursery trade, a university, two commercial colleges, three collegiate institutes, eight or ten newspapers, and a free library. I dare say any respectable resident would laugh at us sentimentalizing over his city. But Rochester is for us, who don't know it at all, a city of any time or country, moonlit,

filled with lovers hovering over pianofortes, of a palatial hotel with pastoral waiters and porters,—a city of handsome streets, wrapt in beautiful quiet and dreaming of the golden age. The only definite association with it in our minds is the tragically romantic thought that here Sam Patch met his fate."

"And who in the world was Sam Patch?"

"Isabel, your ignorance of all that an American woman should be proud of distresses me. Have you really, then, never heard of the man who invented the saying, 'Some things can be done as well as others,' and proved it by jumping over Niagara Falls twice? Spurred on by this belief, he attempted the leap of the Genesee Falls. The leap was easy enough, but the coming up again was another matter. He failed in that. It was the one thing that could not be done as well as others."

"Dreadful!" said Isabel, with the cheerfullest satisfaction. "But what has all that to do with Rochester?"

"Now, my dear! You don't mean to say you didn't know that the Genesee Falls were at Rochester? Upon my word, I'm ashamed. Why, we're within ten minutes' walk of them now."

"Then walk to them at once!" cried Isabel, wholly unabashed, and in fact unable to see what she had to be ashamed of. "Actually, I believe you would have allowed me to leave Rochester without telling me the falls were here, if you had n't happened to think of Sam Patch."

Saying this, she persuaded herself that a chief object of their journey had been to visit the scene of Sam Patch's fatal exploit, and she drew Basil with a nervous swiftness in the direction of the railroad station, beyond which he said were the falls. Presently, after threading their way among a multitude of locomotives, with and without trains attached, that backed and advanced, or stood still, hissing impatiently on every side, they passed through the station to a broad planking above the river on

the other side, and thence, after encounter of more locomotives, they found, by dint of much asking, a street winding up the hillside to the left, and leading to the German Bierhaus that gives access to the best view of the cataract.

The Americans have characteristically bordered the river with manufactures, making every drop work its passage to the brink; while the Germans have as characteristically made use of the beauty left over, and have built a Bierhaus where they may regale both soul and sense in the presence of the cataract. Our travellers might, in another mood and place, have thought it droll to arrive at that sublime spectacle through a Bierhaus, but in this enchanted city it seemed to have a peculiar fitness.

A narrow corridor gave into a wide festival space occupied by many tables, each of which was surrounded by a group of clamorous Germans of either sex and every age, with tall beakers of beaded lager before them, and slim flasks of Rhenish; overhead flamed the gas in globes of varicolored glass; the walls were painted like those of such haunts in the fatherland; and the wedding-journeymen were fain to linger on their way, to dwell upon that scene of honest enjoyment, to inhale the mingling odors of beer and of pipes, and of the pungent cheeses in which the children of the fatherland delight. Amidst the inspiring clash of plates and glasses, the rattle of knives and forks, and the hoarse rush of gutturals, they could catch the words *Franzosen*, *Kaiser*, *König*, and *Schlacht*, and they knew that festive company to be exulting in the first German triumphs of the war, which were then the day's news; they saw fists shaken at noses in fierce exchange of joy, arms tossed abroad in wild congratulation, and health-pouring goblets of beer lifted in air. Then they stepped into the moonlight again, and heard only the solemn organ stops of the cataract. Through garden-ground they were led by the little maid, their guide, to a small pavilion that stood on the edge

of the precipitous shore, and commanded a perfect view of the falls. As they entered this pavilion, a youth and maiden, clearly lovers, passed out, and they were left alone with that sublime presence. Something of definiteness was to be desired in the spectacle, but there was ample compensation in the mystery with which the broad effulgence and the dense unluminous shadows of the moonshine invested it. The light touched all the tops of the rapids, that seemed to writhe away from the brink of the cataract, and then desperately breaking and perishing to fall, the white disembodied ghosts of rapids, down to the bottom of the vast and deep ravine through which the river rushed away. Now the waters seemed to mass themselves a hundred feet high in a wall of snowy compactness, now to disperse into their multitudinous particles and hang like some vaporous cloud from the cliff. Every moment renewed the vision of beauty in some rare and fantastic shape; and its loveliness isolated it, in spite of the great town on the other shore, the station with its bridge and its trains, the mills that supplied their feeble little needs from the cataract's strength.

At last Basil pointed out the table-rock in the middle of the fall, from which Sam Patch had made his fatal leap; but Isabel refused to admit that tragical figure to the honors of her emotions. "I don't care for him!" she said fiercely. "Patch! What a name to be linked in our thoughts with this superb cataract."

"Well, Isabel, I think you are very unjust. It's as good a name as Leander, to my thinking, and it was immortalized in support of a great idea,—the feasibility of all things; while Leander's has come down to us as that of the weak victim of a passion. We shall never have a poetry of our own till we get over this absurd reluctance from facts, till we make the ideal embrace and include the real, till we consent to face the music in our simple common names, and put Smith

into a lyric and Jones into a tragedy. The Germans are braver than we, and in them you find facts and dreams continually blended and confronted. Here is a fortunate illustration. The people we met coming out of this pavilion were lovers, and they had been here sentimentalizing on this superb cataract, as you call it, with which my heroic Patch is not worthy to be named. No doubt, they had been quoting Uhland or some other of their romantic poets, perhaps singing some of their tender German love-songs, the tenderest, unearthliest love songs in the world. At the same time they did not disdain the matter-of-fact corporeity in which their sentiment was enshrined; they fed it heartily and abundantly with the banquet whose relics we see here."

On a table before them stood a pair of beer-glasses, in the bottoms of which lurked scarce the foam of the generous liquor lately brimming them; some shreds of sausage, some rinds of Swiss cheese, bits of cold ham, crusts of bread, and the ashes of a pipe.

Isabel shuddered at the spectacle, but made no comment, and Basil went on: "Do you suppose *they* scorned the idea of Sam Patch as they gazed upon the falls? On the contrary, I've no doubt that he recalled to her the ballad which a poet of their language made about him. It used to go the rounds of the German newspapers, and I translated it, a long while ago, when I thought that I too was in Arkadien geboren.

"In the Bierhausgarten I linger

By the Falls of the Genesee:

From the Table-Rock in the middle  
Leaps a figure bold and free.

\* Aloof in the air it rises

O'er the rush, the plunge, the death;  
On the thronging banks of the river  
There is neither pulse nor breath.

\* Forever it hovers and poises

Aloof in the moonlit air;  
As light as mist from the rapids,  
As heavy as nightmare.

\* In anguish I cry to the people,

The long-since vanished hosts;  
I see them stretch forth in answer,  
The helpless hands of ghosts.'

I once met the poet who wrote this.  
He drank too much beer."

"I don't see, that he got in the name of Sam Patch, after all," said Isabel.

"O, yes, he did; but I had to yield to our taste, and where he said, 'Springt der Sam Patsch kühn und frei,' I made it 'Leaps a figure bold and free.'"

As they passed through the house on their way out, they saw the youth and maiden they had met at the pavilion door. They were seated at a table; two glasses of beer towered before them; on their plates were odorous crumbs of Limburger cheese. They both wore a pensive air.

The next morning the illusion that had wrapt the whole earth was gone with the moonlight. By nine o'clock, when the wedding-journeymen resumed their way toward Niagara, the heat had already set in with the effect of ordinary midsummer's heat at high noon. The car into which they got had come the past night from Albany, and had an air of almost conscious shabbiness, griminess, and over-use. The seats were covered with cinders, which also crackled under foot. Dust was on everything, especially the persons of the crumpled and weary passengers of overnight. Those who came aboard at Rochester failed to lighten the spiritual gloom, and presently sank into the common bodily wretchedness. The train was somewhat belated, and as it drew nearer Buffalo they knew the conductor to have abandoned himself to that blackest of the arts, making time. The long irregular jolt of the ordinary progress was reduced to an incessant shudder and a quick lateral motion. The air within the cars was deadly; if a window was raised, a storm of dust and cinders blew in and quick gusts caught away the breath. So they sat with closed windows, sweltering and stifling, and all the faces on which a lively horror was not painted were dull and damp with apathetic misery.

The incidents were in harmony with



the abject physical tone of the company. There was a quarrel between a thin, shrill-voiced, highly dressed, much-bedizened Jewess, on the one side, and a fat, greedy old woman, half asleep, and a boy with large pink transparent ears that stood out from his head like the handles of a jar, on the other side, about a seat which the Hebrew wanted, and which the others had kept filled with packages on the pretence that it was engaged. It was a loud and fierce quarrel enough, but it won no sort of favor; and when the Jewess had given a final opinion that the greedy old woman was no lady, and the boy, who disputed in an ironical temper, replied, "Highly complimentary, I *must* say," there was no sign of relief or other acknowledgment in any of the spectators, that there had been a quarrel.

There was a little more interest taken in the misfortune of an old purblind German and his son, who were found by the conductor to be a few hundred miles out of the direct course to their destination, and were with some trouble and the aid of an Americanized fellow-countryman made aware of the fact. The old man then fell back in the prevailing apathy, and the child naturally cared nothing. By and by came the unsparing train-boy on his rounds, bestrewing the passengers successively with papers, magazines, fine-cut tobacco, and packages of candy. He gave the old man a package of candy, and passed on. The German took it as the bounty of the American people, oddly manifested in a situation where he could have had little other proof of their care. He opened it and was sharing it with his son when the train-boy came back, and metallically, like a part of the machinery, demanded, "Ten cents!" The German stared helplessly, and the boy repeated, "Ten cents! ten cents!" with tiresome patience, while all the passengers smiled. When it had passed through the alien's head that he was to pay for this national gift and he took with his tremulous fingers from the recesses of his pocket-book a

ten cent-note and handed it to his tormentor, some of the people laughed. Among the rest, Basil and Isabel laughed, and then looked at each other with eyes of mutual reproach.

"Well, upon my word, my dear," he said, "I think we've fallen pretty low. I've never felt such a poor, shabby ruffian before. Good heavens! To think of our immortal souls being moved to mirth by such a thing as this, — so stupid, so barren of all reason of laughter. And then the cruelty of it! What ferocious imbeciles we are! Whom have I married? A woman with neither heart nor brain!"

"O Basil, dear, pay him back the money, — do."

"I can't. That's the worst of it. He's money enough, and might justly take offence. What breaks my heart is that we could have the depravity to smile at the mistake of a friendless stranger, who supposed he had at last met with an act of pure kindness. It's a thing to weep over. Look at all these grinning wretches! What a fiendish effect their smiles have, through their cinders and sweat! O, it's the terrible weather; the despotism of the dust and heat; the wickedness of the infernal air. What a squalid and loathsome company!"

At Buffalo, where they arrived late, they found themselves with several hours' time on their hands before the train started for Niagara, and in the first moments of tedium, Isabel forgot herself into saying, "Don't you think we'd have done better to go directly from Rochester to the Falls, instead of coming this way?"

"Why certainly. I did n't propose coming this way."

"I know it, dear. I was only asking," said Isabel, meekly, "but I should think you'd have generosity enough to take a little of the blame, when I wanted to come out of a romantic feeling for you."

This romantic feeling referred to the fact that, many years before, when Basil made his first visit to Niagara, he had



approached from the west by way of Buffalo; and Isabel, who tenderly begrudged his having existed before she knew him, and longed to ally herself retrospectively with his past, was resolved to draw near the great cataract by no other route.

She fetched a little sigh which might mean the weather or his hard-heartedness. The sigh touched him, and he suggested a carriage-ride through the city; she assented with eagerness, for it was what she had been thinking of. She had never seen a lakeside city before, and she was taken by surprise. "If ever we leave Boston," she said, "we will not live at Rochester, as I thought last night; we'll come to Buffalo." She found that the place had all the picturesqueness of a seaport, without the ugliness that attends the rising and falling tides. A delicious freshness breathed from the lake, which lying so smooth, faded into the sky at last, with no line between sharper than that which divides drowsing from dreaming. But the color was the most

charming thing, that delicate blue of the lake, without the depth of the sea-blue, but infinitely softer and lovelier. The nearer expanses rippled with dainty waves, silver and lucent; the further levels made, with the sun-dimmed summer sky, a vague horizon of turquoise and amethyst, lit by the white sails of ships, and stained by the smoke of steamers.

"Take me away now," said Isabel, when her eyes had feasted upon all this, "and don't let me see another thing till I get to Niagara. Nothing less sublime is worthy the eyes that have beheld such beauty."

However, on the way to Niagara she consented to glimpses of the river which carries the waters of the lake for their mighty plunge, and which shows itself very nobly from time to time as you draw toward the cataract, with wooded or cultivated islands, and rich farms along its low shores, and at last flashes upon the eye the shining white of the rapids, — a hint, no more, of the splendor and awfulness to be revealed.

W. D. Howells.

## A GREYPORT LEGEND.

(1797.)

THEY ran through the streets of the seaport town,  
They peered from the decks of the ships where they lay.  
The cold sea-fog that came whitening down  
Was never as cold or white as they.

"Ho, Starbuck and Pinckney and Tenterden!

Run for your shallops, gather your men,

Scatter your boats on the lower bay."

Good cause for fear! In the thick midday

The hulk that lay by the rotting pier,

Filled with the children in happy play.

Parted its moorings and drifted clear.

Drifted clear beyond reach or call, —

Thirteen children there were in all, —

All adrift in the lower bay!

Said a hard-faced skipper, "God help us all!

She will not float till the turning tide!"

Said his wife, "My darling will hear my call,

Whether in sea or Heaven she bide."

And she lifted a quavering voice and high,  
Wild and strange as a sea-bird's cry,  
Till they shuddered and wondered at her side.

The fog drove down on each laboring crew,  
Veiled each from each and the sky and shore.  
There was not a sound but the breath they drew,  
And the lap of water and creak of oar;  
And they felt the breath of the downs, fresh blown  
O'er leagues of clover and cold gray stone,  
But not from the lips that had gone before.

They come no more. But they tell the tale  
That, when fogs are thick on the harbor reef,  
The mackerel fishers shorten sail,  
For the signal they know will bring relief, —  
For the voices of children, still at play  
In a phantom hulk that drifts away  
Through channels whose waters never fail.

It is but a foolish shipman's tale,  
A theme for a poet's idle page,  
But still when the mists of doubt prevail,  
And we lie becalmed by the shores of Age,  
We hear from the misty troubled shore  
The voice of the children gone before,  
Drawing the soul to its anchorage.

Bret Harte.

## OUR WHISPERING GALLERY.

### IX.

**B**EFORE we begin this morning to read a few more of Dickens's letters, let me dispose of the question, often asked me by correspondents, and lately renewed in many epistles, "*Was Charles Dickens a believer in our Saviour's life and teachings?*" Persons addressing to the writer of these papers such inquiries must be profoundly ignorant of the works of the great author, whom they endeavor, by implication to place among the "Unbelievers." If anywhere, out of the Bible, God's goodness and mercy are solemnly commended to the world's attention, it is in the pages of Dickens. I had supposed that these solemn

words of his which have been so extensively copied both in Europe and America, from his last will and testament, dated the 12th of May, 1869, would forever remain an emphatic testimony to his Christian faith: —

"I commit my soul to the mercy of God, through our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, and I exhort my dear children humbly to try to guide themselves by the teachings of the New Testament."

I wish it were in my power to bring to the knowledge of all who doubt the Christian character of Charles Dickens certain other memorable words of his, written years ago with reference to

Christmas. They are not as familiar as many beautiful things from the same pen on the same subject, for the paper, which enshrines them, has not as yet been collected among his authorized works. Listen to these loving words in which the Christian writer has embodied the life of his Saviour:—

“Hark! the Waits are playing, and they break my childish sleep! What images do I associate with the Christmas music as I see them set forth on the Christmas tree? Known before all others, keeping far apart from all the others, they gather round my little bed. An angel, speaking to a group of shepherds in a field; some travellers, with eyes uplifted, following a star; a baby in a manger; a child in a spacious temple, talking with grave men; a solemn figure with a mild and beautiful face, raising a dead girl by the hand; again, near a city gate, calling back the son of a widow, on his bier, to life; a crowd of people looking through the opened roof of a chamber where he sits, and letting down a sick person on a bed, with ropes; the same in a tempest, walking on the water to a ship; again, on a sea-shore, teaching a great multitude; again, with a child upon his knee, and other children round; again, restoring sight to the blind, speech to the dumb, hearing to the deaf, health to the sick, strength to the lame, knowledge to the ignorant; again, dying upon a cross, watched by armed soldiers, a thick darkness coming on, the earth beginning to shake, and only one voice heard,—‘Forgive them, for they know not what they do!’”

The writer of these pages begs to say here most respectfully and emphatically, that he will not feel himself bound in future to reply to any inquiries, from however well-meaning correspondents, as to whether Charles Dickens was an “Unbeliever,” or a “Unitarian,” or an “Episcopalian,” or whether “he ever went to church in his life,” or “used improper language,” or “drank enough to hurt him.” He

was human, very human, but he was no scoffer or doubter. His religion was of the heart, and his faith beyond questioning. He taught the world, said Dean Stanley over his new-made grave in Westminster Abbey, great lessons of “the eternal value of generosity, of purity, of kindness, and of unselfishness,” and by his fruits he shall be known of all men.

Let me commend to the attention of my numerous nameless correspondents, who have attempted to soil the moral character of Dickens, the following little incident, related to me by himself, during a summer-evening walk among the Kentish meadows, a few months before he died. I will try to tell the story, if possible, as simply and naturally as he told it to me.

“I chanced to be travelling some years ago,” he said, “in a railroad carriage between Liverpool and London. Beside myself there were two ladies and a gentleman occupying the carriage. We happened to be all strangers to each other, but I noticed at once that a clergyman was of the party. I was occupied with a ponderous article in the ‘Times,’ when the sound of my own name drew my attention to the fact that a conversation was going forward among the three other persons in the carriage with reference to myself and my books. One of the ladies was perusing ‘Bleak House,’ then lately published, and the clergyman had commenced a conversation with the ladies by asking what book they were reading. On being told the author’s name and the title of the book, he expressed himself greatly grieved that any lady in England should be willing to take up the writings of so vile a character as Charles Dickens. Both the ladies showed great surprise at the low estimate the clergyman put upon an author whom they had been accustomed to read, to say the least, with a certain degree of pleasure. They were evidently much shocked at what the man said of the immoral tendency of these books, which they seemed never before to have suspected; but

when he attacked the author's private character, and told monstrous stories of his immoralities in every direction, the volume was shut up and consigned to the dark pockets of a travelling-bag. I listened in wonder and astonishment, behind my newspaper, to stories of myself, which if they had been true would have consigned any man to a prison for life. After my fictitious biographer had occupied himself for nearly an hour with the eloquent recital of my delinquencies and crimes, I very quietly joined in the conversation. Of course I began by modestly doubting some statements which I had just heard, touching the author of 'Bleak House,' and other unimportant works of a similar character. The man stared at me, and evidently considered my appearance on the conversational stage an intrusion and an impertinence. 'You seem to speak,' I said, 'from personal knowledge of Mr. Dickens. Are you acquainted with him?' He rather evaded the question, but, following him up closely, I compelled him to say that he had been talking, not from his own knowledge of the author in question; but he said he knew for a certainty that every statement he had made was a true one. I then became more earnest in my inquiries for proofs, which he arrogantly declined giving. The ladies sat by in silence, listening intently to what was going forward. An author they had been accustomed to read for amusement had been traduced for the first time in their hearing, and they were waiting to learn what I had to say in refutation of the clergyman's charges. I was taking up his vile stories, one by one, and stamping them as false in every particular, when the man grew furious, and asked me if I knew Dickens personally. I replied, 'Perfectly well; no man knows him better than I do; and all your stories about him from beginning to end, to these ladies, are unmitigated lies.' The man became livid with rage, and asked for my card. 'You shall have it,' I said, and coolly taking out one, I presented it to him without bowing. We were just then nearing the station in London, so that I was spared a longer interview with my *truthful* companion; but, if I were to live a hundred years, I should not forget the abject condition into which the narrator of my crimes was instantly plunged. His face turned white as his cravat, and his lips refused to utter words. He seemed like a wilted vegetable, and as if his legs belonged to somebody else. The ladies became aware of the situation at once, and bidding them 'good day,' I stepped smilingly out of the carriage. Before I could get away from the station the man had mustered up strength sufficient to follow me, and his apologies were so nauseous and craven, that I pitied him from my soul. I left him with this caution, 'Before you make charges against the character of any man again, about whom you know nothing, and of whose works you are utterly ignorant, study to be a seeker after Truth, and avoid Lying as you would eternal perdition.'"

I never ceased to wonder at Dickens's indomitable cheerfulness, even when he was suffering from ill health, and could not sleep more than two or three hours out of the twenty-four. He made it a point never to inflict on another what he might be painfully enduring himself, and I have seen him, with what must have been a great effort, arrange a merry meeting for some friends, when I knew that almost any one else under similar circumstances would have sought relief in bed.

One evening at a little dinner given by himself to half a dozen friends in Boston, he came out very strong. His influenza lifted a little, as he said afterwards, and he took advantage of the lull. Only his own pen could possibly give an idea of that hilarious night, and I will merely attempt a brief reference to it. As soon as we were seated at the table, I read in his lustrious eye, and heard in his jovial voice, that all solemn forms were to be dis-

pensed with on that occasion, and that merriment might be confidently expected. To the end of the feast there was no let up to his magnificent cheerfulness and humor. J—— B——, ex-minister plenipotentiary as he was, went in for nonsense, and he, I am sure, will not soon forget how undignified we all were, and what screams of laughter went up from his own uncontrollable throat. Among other tomfooleries, we had an imitation of scenes at an English hustings, Dickens bringing on his candidate (his friend D——), and I opposing him with mine (the ex-minister). Of course there was nothing spoken in the speeches worth remembering, but it was Dickens's *manner* that carried off the whole thing. D—— necessarily now wears his hair so widely parted in the middle, that only two little capillary scraps are left, just over his ears, to show what kind of thatch once covered his jolly cranium. Dickens pretended that *his* candidate was superior to the other, *because* he had no hair; and that mine, being profusely supplied with that article, was in consequence disqualified in a marked degree for an election. His speech, for volubility and nonsense, was nearly fatal to us all. We roared and writhed in agonies of laughter, and the candidates themselves were literally choking and crying with the humor of the thing. But the fun culminated when I tried to get a hearing in behalf of my man, and Dickens drowned all my attempts to be heard with imitative jeers of a boisterous election mob. He seemed to have as many voices that night as the human throat is capable of, and the repeated interrupting shouts, among others, of a pretended husky old man bawling out at intervals, "Three cheers for the bald 'un!" "Down with the hairy aristocracy!" "Up with the little shiny chap on top!" and other similar outbursts I can never forget. At last, in sheer exhaustion, we all gave in, and agreed to break up and thus save our lives, if it were not already too late to make the attempt.

The extent and variety of Dickens's tones were wonderful. Once he described to me in an inimitable way a scene he witnessed many years ago at a London theatre, and I am certain no professional ventriloquist could have reproduced it better. I could never persuade him to repeat the description in presence of others; but he did it for me several times during our walks into the country, where he was, of course, unobserved. His recital of the incident was irresistibly droll, and no words of mine can give the *situation* even, as he gave it. He said he was once sitting in the pit of a London theatre, when two men came in and took places directly in front of him. Both were evidently strangers from the country, and not very familiar with the stage. One of them was stone deaf, and relied entirely upon his friend to keep him informed of the dialogue and story of the play as it went on, by having bawled into his ear, word for word, as near as possible what the actors and actresses were saying. The man who could hear became intensely interested in the play, and kept close watch of the stage. The deaf man also shared in the progressive action of the drama, and rated his friend soundly, in a loud voice, if a stitch in the story of the play were inadvertently dropped. Dickens gave the two voices of these two spectators with his best comic and dramatic power. Notwithstanding the roars of the audience, for the scene in the pit grew immensely funny to them as it went on, the deaf man and his friend were too much interested in the main business of the evening to observe that they were noticed. One bawled louder, and the other, with his elevated ear-trumpet, listened more intently than ever. At length the scene culminated in a most unexpected manner. "Now," screamed the hearing man to the deaf one, "they are going to elope!" "*Who* is going to elope?" asked the deaf man, in a loud, vehement tone. "Why, them two, the young man in the red coat and the girl in a white gown, that's a talking together now, and just going off the

stage!" "Well, then, you must have missed telling me something they've said before," roared the other in an enraged and stentorian voice; "for there was nothing in their conduct all the evening, as you have been representing it to me, that would warrant them in such a proceeding!" At which the audience could not bear it any longer, and screamed their delight till the curtain fell.

Dickens was always planning something to interest and amuse his friends, and when in America he taught us several games arranged by himself, which we played again and again, he taking part as our instructor. While he was travelling from point to point he was cogitating fresh charades to be acted when we should again meet. It was at Baltimore that he first conceived the idea of a walking-match, which should take place on his return to Boston, and he drew up a set of humorous "articles," which he sent to me with this injunction, "Keep them in a place of profound safety, for attested execution, until my arrival in Boston." He went into this matter of the walking-match with as much earnest directness as if he were planning a new novel. The articles, as prepared by himself, are thus drawn up:—

"Articles of agreement entered into at Baltimore, in the United States of America, this third day of February in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-eight, between ———, British subject, *alias* the Man of Ross, and ———, American citizen, *alias* the Boston Bantam.

"Whereas, some Bounce having arisen between the above men in reference to feats of pedestrianism and agility, they have agreed to settle their differences and prove who is the better man, by means of a walking-match for two hats a side and the glory of their respective countries; and whereas they agree that the said match shall come off, whatsoever the weather, on the Mill Dam Road outside Boston, on Saturday, the 29th day of this present

month; and whereas, they agree that the personal attendants on themselves during the whole walk, and also the umpires and starters and declarers of victory in the match shall be ——— of Boston, known in sporting circles as Massachusetts Jemmy, and Charles Dickens of Falstaff's Gad's Hill, whose surprising performances (without the least variation) on that truly national instrument, the American catarrh, have won for him the well-merited title of the Gad's Hill Gasper:—

"1. The men are to be started, on the day appointed, by Massachusetts Jemmy and The Gasper.

"2. Jemmy and The Gasper are, on some previous day, to walk out at the rate of not less than four miles an hour by the Gasper's watch, for one hour and a half. At the expiration of that one hour and a half they are to carefully note the place at which they halt. On the match's coming off they are to station themselves in the middle of the road, at that precise point, and the men (keeping clear of them and of each other) are to turn round them, right shoulder inward, and walk back to the starting-point. The man declared by them to pass the starting-point first is to be the victor and the winner of the match.

"3. No jostling or fouling allowed.

"4. All cautions or orders issued to the men by the umpires, starters, and declarers of victory to be considered final and admitting of no appeal.

"5. A sporting narrative of the match to be written by The Gasper within one week after its coming off, and the same to be duly printed (at the expense of the subscribers to these articles) on a broadside. The said broadside to be framed and glazed, and one copy of the same to be carefully preserved by each of the subscribers to these articles.

"6. The men to show on the evening of the day of walking, at six o'clock precisely, at the Parker House, Boston, when and where a dinner will be given them by The Gasper. The Gasper to occupy the chair, faced by Massachu-



setts Jemmy. The latter promptly and formally to invite, as soon as may be after the date of these presents, the following guests to honor the said dinner with their presence; that is to say [here follow the names of a few of his friends, whom he wished to be invited].

"Now, lastly. In token of their accepting the trusts and offices by these articles conferred upon them, these articles are solemnly and formally signed by Massachusetts Jemmy and by the Gad's Hill Gasper, as well as by the men themselves."

"Signed by the Man of Ross, otherwise ————"

"Signed by the Boston Bantam, otherwise ————"

"Signed by Massachusetts Jemmy, otherwise ————"

"Signed by the Gad's Hill Gasper, otherwise Charles Dickens."

"Witness to the signatures, ————."

When he returned to Boston from Baltimore he proposed that I should accompany him over the walking-ground "at the rate of not less than four miles an hour, for one hour and a half." I shall not soon forget the tremendous pace at which he travelled that day. I have seen a great many walkers, but never one with whom I found it such hard work to keep up. Of course his object was to stretch out the space as far as possible for our friends to travel on the appointed day. With watch in hand, Dickens strode on over the Mill Dam toward Newton Centre. When we reached the turning-point, and had established the extreme limit, we both felt that we had given the men who were to walk in the match excellent good measure. All along the road people had stared at us, wondering, I suppose, why two men on such a blustering day should be pegging away in the middle of the road as if life depended on the speed they were getting over the ground. We had walked together many a mile before this, but never at such a rate as on this day. I had

never seen his full power tested before, and I could not but feel great admiration for his walking pluck. We were both greatly heated, and, seeing a little shop by the roadside, we went in for refreshments. A few sickly looking oranges were all we could obtain to quench our thirst, and we seized those and sat down on the shop door-steps, tired and panting. After a few minutes' rest we started again and walked back to town. Thirteen miles' stretch on a brisk winter day did neither of us any harm, and Dickens was in great spirits over the match that was so soon to come off. We agreed to walk over the ground again on the appointed day, keeping company with our respective men. Here is the account that Dickens himself drew up, of that day's achievement, for the broadside.

#### "THE SPORTING NARRATIVE.

##### "THE MEN.

"The Boston Bantam (*alias* Bright Chanticleer) is a young bird, though too old to be caught with chaff. He comes of a thorough game breed, and has a clear though modest crow. He pulls down the scale at ten stone and a half and add a pound or two. His previous performances in the pedestrian line have not been numerous. He once achieved a neat little match against time in two left boots at Philadelphia; but this must be considered as a pedestrian eccentricity, and cannot be accepted by the rigid chronicler as high art. The old mower with the scythe and hour-glass has not yet laid his mauley heavily on the Bantam's frontispiece, but he has had a grip at the Bantam's top feathers, and in plucking out a handful was very near making him like the great Napoleon Bonaparte (with the exception of the victualling department), when the ancient one found himself too much occupied to carry out the idea, and gave it up. The Man of Ross (*alias* old Alick Pope, *alias* Allourpraiseswhyshouldlords, etc.) is a thought and a half too fleshy, and, if he accidentally sat down



upon his baby, would do it to the tune of fourteen stone. This popular codger is of the rubicund and jovial sort, and has long been known as a piscatorial pedestrian on the banks of the Wye. But Izaak Walton had n't pace,—look at his book and you'll find it slow,—and when that article comes in question, the fishing-rod may prove to some of his disciples a rod in pickle. However, the Man of Ross is a lively ampler, and has a smart stride of his own.

#### "THE TRAINING.

"If vigorous attention to diet could have brought both men up to the post in tip-top feather, their condition would have left nothing to be desired. But both might have had more daily practice in the poetry of motion. Their breathings were confined to an occasional Baltimore burst under the guidance of The Gasper, and to an amicable toddle between themselves at Washington.

#### "THE COURSE.

"Six miles and a half, good measure, from the first tree on the Mill Dam Road, lies the little village (with no refreshments in it but five oranges and a bottle of blacking) of Newton Centre. Here Massachusetts Jemmy and The Gasper had established the turning-point. The road comprehended every variety of inconvenience to test the mettle of the men, and nearly the whole of it was covered with snow.

#### "THE START

was effected beautifully. The men taking their stand in exact line at the starting-post, the first tree aforesaid, received from The Gasper the warning, "Are you ready?" and then the signal, "One, two, three. Go!" They got away exactly together, and at a spinning speed, waited on by Massachusetts Jemmy and The Gasper.

#### "THE RACE.

"In the teeth of an intensely cold and bitter wind, before which the snow flew fast and furious across the road from

right to left, the Bantam slightly led. But the Man responded to the challenge, and soon breasted him. For the first three miles each led by a yard or so alternately; but the walking was very even. On four miles being called by The Gasper the men were side by side; and then ensued one of the best periods of the race, the same splitting pace being held by both through a heavy snow-wreath and up a dragging hill. At this point it was anybody's game, a dollar on Rossius and two half-dollars on the member of the feathery tribe. When five miles were called, the men were still shoulder to shoulder. At about six miles The Gasper put on a tremendous spirit to leave the men behind and establish himself as the turning-point at the entrance of the village. He afterwards declared that he received a mental knock-downer on taking his station and facing about, to find Bright Chanticleer close in upon him, and Rossius steaming up like a locomotive. The Bantam rounded first; Rossius rounded wide; and from that moment the Bantam steadily shot ahead. Though both were breathed at the town, the Bantam quickly got his bellows into obedient condition, and blew away like an orderly blacksmith in full work. The forcing-pumps of Rossius likewise proved themselves tough and true, and warranted first-rate, but he fell off in pace; whereas the Bantam pegged away with his little drumsticks, as if he saw his wives and a peck of barley waiting for him at the family perch. Continually gaining upon him of Ross, Chanticleer gradually drew ahead within a very few yards of half a mile, finally doing the whole distance in two hours and forty-eight minutes. Ross had ceased to compete three miles short of the winning-post, but bravely walked it out and came in seven minutes later.

#### "REMARKS.

"The difficulties under which this plucky match was walked can only be appreciated by those who were on the

ground. To the excessive rigor of the icy blast and the depth and state of the snow must be added the constant scattering of the latter into the air and into the eyes of the men, while heads of hair, beards, eyelashes, and eyebrows were frozen into icicles. To breathe at all, in such a rarefied and disturbed atmosphere, was not easy; but to breathe up to the required mark was genuine, slogging, ding-dong, hard labor. That both competitors were game to the backbone, doing what they did under such conditions, was evident to all; but to his gameness the courageous Bantam added unexpected endurance and (like the sailor's watch that did three hours to the cathedral clock's one) unexpected powers of going when wound up. The knowing eye could not fail to detect considerable disparity between the lads; Chanticleer being, as Mrs. Cratchit said of Tiny Tim, "very light to carry," and Roscius promising fair to attain the rotundity of the Anonymous Cove in the Epigram:—

'And when he walks the streets the paviors cry,  
"God bless you, sir!"—and lay their rammers by.'

The dinner at the Parker House, after the fatigues of the day, was a brilliant success. The Great International Walking-Match was over; America had won, and England was nowhere. The victor and the vanquished were the heroes of the occasion, for both had shown great powers of endurance and done their work in capital time. We had no set speeches at the table, for we had voted eloquence a bore before we sat down. David Copperfield, Hyperion, Hosea Biglow, the Autocrat, and the Bad Boy were present, and there was no need of set speeches. The ladies present, being all daughters of America, smiled upon the champion, and we had a great, good time. The banquet provided by Dickens was profusely decorated with flowers, arranged by himself. The master of the feast was in his best mood, albeit his country had lost; and we all declared, when we bade him good

night, that none of us had ever enjoyed a festival more.

Soon after this Dickens started on his reading travels again, and I received frequent letters from him from various parts of the country. On the 8th of March, 1868, he writes from a Western city:—

Sunday, 8th March, 1868.

MY DEAR FIELDS: We came here yesterday most comfortably in a "drawing-room car," of which (Rule Britannia!) we bought exclusive possession. — is rather a depressing feather in the eagle's wing, when considered on a Sunday and in a thaw. Its hotel is likewise a dreary institution. But I have an impression that we must be in the wrong one, and buoy myself up with a devout belief in the other, over the way. The awakening to consciousness this morning on a lop-sided bedstead facing nowhere, in a room holding nothing but sour dust, was more terrible than the being afraid to go to bed last night. To keep ourselves up we played whist (double dummy) until neither of us could bear to speak to the other any more. We had previously supped on a tough old nightmare named buffalo.

What do you think of a "Fowl de poulet"? or a "Paettie de Shay"? or "Celary"? or "Murange with cream"? Because all these delicacies are in the printed bill of fare! If Mrs. Fields would like the recipe, how to make a "Paettie de Shay," telegraph instantly, and the recipe shall be purchased. We asked the Irish waiter what this dish was, and he said it was "the Frinch name the steward giv' to oyster pattie." It is usually washed down, I believe, with "Movseaux," or "Table Madeira," or "Abasinthe," or "Curraco," all of which drinks are on the wine list. I mean to drink my love to — after dinner in Movseaux. Your rugged nature shall be pledged in Abasinthe.

Ever affectionately,

CHARLES DICKENS.

Dolby's regard, and he is out of spirits.

On the 19th of March he writes from Albany: —

ALBANY, 19th March, 1868.

MY DEAR —: I should have answered your kind and welcome note before now, but that we have been in difficulties. After creeping through water for miles upon miles, our train gave it up as a bad job between Rochester and this place, and stranded us, early on Tuesday afternoon, at Utica. There we remained all night, and at six o'clock yesterday morning were ordered up to get ready for starting again. Then we were countermanded. Then we were once more told to get ready. Then we were told to stay where we were. At last we got off at eight o'clock, and after paddling through the flood until half past three, got landed here, — to the great relief of our minds as well as bodies, for the tickets were all sold out for last night. We had all sorts of adventures by the way, among which two of the most notable were: —

1. Picking up two trains out of the water, in which the passengers had been composedly sitting all night, until relief should arrive.

2. Unpacking and releasing into the open country a great train of cattle and sheep that had been in the water. I don't know how long, and that had begun in their imprisonment to eat each other. I never could have realized the strong and dismal expressions of which the faces of sheep are capable, had I not seen the haggard countenances of this unfortunate flock as they were tumbled out of their dens and picked themselves up and made off, leaping wildly (many with broken legs) over a great mound of thawing snow, and over the worried body of a deceased companion. Their misery was so very human that I was sorry to recognize several intimate acquaintances conducting themselves in this forlornly gymnastic manner.

As there is no question that our friendship began in some previous state of existence many ages ago, I am now going to make bold to mention

a discovery we have made concerning Springfield. We find that by remaining there next Saturday and Sunday, instead of coming on to Boston, we shall save several hours' travel, and much wear and tear of our baggage and camp-followers. Ticknor reports the Springfield hotel excellent. Now will you and Fields come and pass Sunday with us there? It will be delightful, if you can. If you cannot, will you defer our Boston dinner until the following Sunday? Send me a hopeful word to Springfield (Massasoit House) in reply, please.

Lowell's delightful note enclosed with thanks. Do make a trial for Springfield. We saw Professor White at Syracuse, and went out for a ride with him. Queer quarters at Utica, and nothing particular to eat; but the people so very anxious to please, that it was better than the best cuisine. I made a jug of punch (in the bedroom pitcher), and we drank our love to you and Fields. Dolby had more than his share, under pretence of devoted enthusiasm.

My dear —,

Ever affectionately yours,

CHARLES DICKENS.

His readings everywhere were crowned with enthusiastic success, and if his strength had been equal to his will, he could have stayed in America another year and occupied every night of it with his wonderful impersonations. I regretted extremely that he felt obliged to give up visiting the West. Invitations which greatly pleased him came day after day from the principal cities and towns, but his friends soon discovered that his health would not allow him to extend his travels beyond Washington.

He sailed for home on the 19th of April, 1868, and we shook hands with him on the deck of the Russia as the good ship turned her prow toward England. He was in great spirits at the thought of so soon again seeing Gad's Hill, and the prospect of a rest after all his toilsome days and nights

in America. While at sea he wrote the following letter to me : —

ABOARD THE RUSSIA, BOUND FOR LIVERPOOL,  
Sunday, 26th April, 1863.

MY DEAR FIELDS: In order that you may have the earliest intelligence of me, I begin this note to-day in my small cabin, purposing (if it should prove practicable) to post it at Queens-town for the return steamer.

We are already past the Banks of Newfoundland, although our course was seventy miles to the south, with the view of avoiding ice seen by Judkins in the Scotia on his passage out to New York. The Russia is a magnificent ship, and has dashed along bravely. We had made more than thirteen hundred and odd miles at noon to-day. The wind, after being a little capricious, rather threatens at the present time to turn against us, but our run is already eighty miles ahead of the Russia's last run in this direction, — a very fast one. . . . To all whom it may concern, report the Russia in the highest terms. She rolls more easily than the other Cunard Screws, is kept in perfect order, and is most carefully looked after in all departments. We have had nothing approaching to heavy weather; still, one can speak to the trim of the ship. Her captain, a gentleman; bright, polite, good-natured, and vigilant. . . .

As to me, I am greatly better, I hope. I have got on my right boot to-day for the first time; the "true American" seems to be turning faithless at last; and I made a Gad's Hill breakfast this morning, as a further advance on having otherwise eaten and drunk all day ever since Wednesday.

You will see Anthony Trollope, I dare say. What was my amazement to see him with these eyes come aboard in the mail tender just before we started! He had come out in the Scotia just in time to dash off again in said tender to shake hands with me, knowing me to be aboard here. It was most heartily done. He is on a special mission of convention with the United States post-office.

We have been picturing your movements, and have duly checked off your journey home, and have talked about you continually. But I have thought about you both, even much, much more. You will never know how I love you both; or what you have been to me in America, and will always be to me everywhere; or how fervently I thank you.

All the working of the ship seems to be done on my forehead. It is scrubbed and holystoned (my head — not the deck) at three every morning. It is scraped and swabbed all day. Eight pairs of heavy boots are now clattering on it, getting the ship under sail again. Legions of ropes'-ends are flopped upon it as I write, and I must leave off with Dolby's love.

Thursday, 30th.

Soon after I left off as above we had a gale of wind, which blew all night. For a few hours on the evening side of midnight there was no getting from this cabin of mine to the saloon, or *vice versa*, so heavily did the sea break over the decks. The ship, however, made nothing of it, and we were all right again by Monday afternoon. Except for a few hours yesterday (when we had a very light head wind), the weather has been constantly favorable, and we are now bowling away at a great rate, with a fresh breeze filling all our sails. We expect to be at Queens-town between midnight and three in the morning.

I hope, my dear Fields, you may find this legible, but I rather doubt it; for there is motion enough on the ship to render writing to a landsman, however accustomed to pen and ink, rather a difficult achievement. Besides which, I slide away gracefully from the paper, whenever I want to be particularly expressive. . . .

—, sitting opposite to me at breakfast, always has the following items: A large dish of porridge, into which he casts slices of butter and a quantity of sugar. Two cups of tea. A steak. Irish stew. Chutnee, and marmalade. Another deputation of two has solicited

a reading to-night. Illustrious novelist has unconditionally and absolutely declined.

More love, and more to that, from your ever affectionate friend,

C. D.

His first letter from home gave us all great pleasure, for it announced his complete recovery from the severe influenza that had fastened itself upon him so many months before. Among his earliest notes I find these paragraphs:—

"I have found it so extremely difficult to write about America (though never so briefly) without appearing to blow trumpets on the one hand, or to be inconsistent with my avowed determination *not* to write about it on the other, that I have taken the simple course enclosed. The number will be published on the 6th of June. It appears to me to be the most modest and manly course, and to derive some graceful significance from its title. . . .

"Thank my dear — from me for her delightful letter received on the 16th. I will write to her very soon, and tell her about the dogs. I would write by this post, but that Wills's absence (in Sussex, and getting no better there as yet) so overwhelms me with business that I can scarcely get through it.

"Miss me? Ah my dear fellow, but how do I miss *you*! We talk about you both at Gad's Hill every day of our lives. And I never see the place looking very pretty indeed, or hear the birds sing all day long and the nightingales all night, without restlessly wishing that you were both there.

"With best love, and truest and most enduring regard, ever, my dear Fields,

"Your most affectionate,

"C. D."

". . . . I hope you will receive by Saturday's Cunard a case containing:

"1. A trifling supply of the pen-knibs that suited your hand.

"2. A do. of unfailing medicine for cockroaches.

"3. Mrs. Gamp, for —.

"The case is addressed to you at Bleecker Street, New York. If it should be delayed for the knibs (or nibs) promised to-morrow, and should be too late for the Cunard packet, it will in that case come by the next following Inman steamer.

"Everything here looks lovely, and I find it (you will be surprised to hear) really a pretty place! I have seen No Thoroughfare twice. Excellent things in it; but it drags, to my thinking. It is, however, a great success in the country, and is now getting up with great force in Paris. Fechter is ill, and was ordered off to Brighton yesterday. Wills is ill too, and banished into Sussex for perfect rest. Otherwise, thank God, I find everything well and thriving. You and my dear Mrs. F—— are constantly in my mind. Procter greatly better. . . ."

On the 25th of May he sent off the following from Gad's Hill:—

MY DEAR —: As you ask me about the dogs, I begin with them. When I came down first, I came to Gravesend, five miles off. The two Newfoundland dogs coming to meet me, with the usual carriage and the usual driver, and beholding me coming in my usual dress out at the usual door, it struck me that their recollection of my having been absent for any unusual time was at once cancelled. They behaved (they are both young dogs) exactly in their usual manner; coming behind the basket phaeton as we trotted along, and lifting their heads to have their ears pulled, — a special attention which they receive from no one else. But when I drove into the stable-yard, Linda (the St. Bernard) was greatly excited; weeping profusely, and throwing herself on her back that she might caress my foot with her great fore-paws. M——'s little dog too, Mrs. Bouncer, barked in the greatest agitation on being called down and asked by M——, "Who is this?"

and tore round and round me, like the dog in the Faust outlines. You must know that all the farmers turned out on the road in their market-chaises to say, "Welcome home, sir!" that all the houses along the road were dressed with flags; and that our servants, to cut out the rest, had dressed this house so, that every brick of it was hidden. They had asked M——'s permission to "ring the alarm-bell (!) when master drove up"; but M——, having some slight idea that that compliment might awaken master's sense of the ludicrous, had recommended bell abstinence. But on Sunday, the village choir (which includes the bell-ringers) made amends. After some unusually brief pious reflection in the crowns of their hats at the end of the sermon, the ringers bolted out and rang like mad until I got home. (There had been a conspiracy among the villagers to take the horse out, if I had come to our own station, and draw me here. M—— and G—— had got wind of it and warned me.)

Divers birds sing here all day, and the nightingales all night. The place is lovely, and in perfect order. I have put five mirrors in the Swiss Chalet (where I write), and they reflect and refract in all kinds of ways the leaves that are quivering at the windows, and the great fields of waving corn, and the sail-dotted river. My room is up among the branches of the trees; and the birds and the butterflies fly in and out, and the green branches shoot in, at the open windows, and the lights and shadows of the clouds come and go with the rest of the company. The scent of the flowers, and indeed of everything that is growing for miles and miles, is most delicious.

Dolby (who sends a world of messages) found his wife much better than he expected, and the children (wonderful to relate!) perfect. The little girl winds up her prayers every night, with a special commendation to Heaven of me and the pony, — as if I must mount him to get there! I dine with Dolby (I was going to write "him," but found

it would look as if I were going to dine with the pony) at Greenwich this very day, and if your ears do not burn from six to nine this evening, then the Atlantic is a non-conductor. We are already settling — think of this! — the details of my farewell course of readings. I am brown beyond belief, and cause the greatest disappointment in all quarters by looking so well. It is really wonderful what those fine days at sea did for me! My doctor was quite broken down in spirits when he saw me, for the first time since my return, last Saturday. "Good Lord!" he said, recoiling. "Seven years younger!"

It is time I should explain the otherwise inexplicable enclosure. Will you tell Fields, with my love, (I suppose he has n't used *all* the pens yet?) that I think there is in Tremont Street a set of my books, sent out by Chapman, not arrived when I departed. Such set of the immortal works of our illustrious, etc., is designed for the gentleman to whom the enclosure is addressed. If T., F., & Co. will kindly forward the set (carriage paid) with the enclosure to ——'s address, I will invoke new blessings on their heads, and will get Dolby's little daughter to mention them nightly.

"No Thoroughfare" is very shortly coming out in Paris, where it is now in active rehearsal. It is still playing here, but without Fechter, who has been very ill. The doctor's dismissal of him to Paris, however, and his getting better there, enables him to get up the play there. He and Wilkie missed so many pieces of stage effect here, that, unless I am quite satisfied with his report, I shall go over and try my stage-managerial hand at the Vaudeville Theatre. I particularly want the drugging and attempted robbing in the bedroom scene at the Swiss inn to be done to the sound of a waterfall rising and falling with the wind. Although in the very opening of that scene they speak of the waterfall and listen to it, nobody thought of its mysterious music. I could make it, with a



good stage carpenter, in an hour. Is it not a curious thing that they want to make me a governor of the Foundling Hospital, because, since the Christmas number, they have had such an amazing access of visitors and money?

My dear love to Fields once again. Same to you and him from M—— and G——. I cannot tell you both how I miss you, or how overjoyed I should be to see you here.

Ever, my dear ——,

Your most affectionate friend,

C. D.

Excellent accounts of his health and spirits continued to come from Gad's Hill, and his letters were full of plans for the future. On the 7th of July he writes from Gad's Hill as usual:—

GAD'S HILL PLACE, Tuesday, 7th July, 1868.

MY DEAR FIELDS: I have delayed writing to you (and ——, to whom my love) until I should have seen Longfellow. When he was in London the first time he came and went without reporting himself, and left me in a state of unspeakable discomfiture. Indeed, I should not have believed in his having been here at all, if Mrs. Procter had not told me of his calling to see Procter. However, on his return he wrote to me from the Langham Hotel, and I went up to town to see him, and to make an appointment for his coming here. He, the girls, and —— came down last Saturday night, and stayed until Monday forenoon. I showed them all of the neighboring country that could be shown in so short a time, and they finished off with a tour of inspection of the kitchens, pantry, wine-cellar, pickles, sauces, servants' sitting-room, general household stores, and even the Cellar Book, of this illustrious establishment. Forster and Kent (the latter wrote certain verses to Longfellow, which have been published in the "Times," and which I sent to D——) came down for a day, and I hope we all had a really "good time." I turned out a couple of postilions in the old red jacket of the old

red royal Dover road, for our ride; and it was like a holiday ride in England fifty years ago. Of course we went to look at the old houses in Rochester, and the old cathedral, and the old castle, and the house for the six poor travellers who, "not being rogues or proctors, shall have lodging, entertainment, and four pence each."

Nothing can surpass the respect paid to Longfellow here, from the Queen downward. He is everywhere received and courted, and finds (as I told him he would, when we talked of it in Boston) the workmen at least as well acquainted with his books as the classes socially above them. . . .

Last Thursday I attended, as sponsor, the christening of Dolby's son and heir, — a most jolly baby, who held on tight by the rector's left whisker while the service was performed. What time, too, his little sister, connecting me with the pony, trotted up and down the centre aisle, noisily driving herself as that celebrated animal, so that it went very hard with the sponsorial dignity.

—— is not yet recovered from that concussion of the brain, and I have all his work to do. This may account for my not being able to devise a Christmas number, but I seem to have left my invention in America. In case you should find it, please send it over. I am going up to town to-day to dine with Longfellow. And now, my dear Fields, you know all about me and mine.

You are enjoying your holiday? and are still thinking sometimes of our Boston days, as I do? and are maturing schemes for coming here next summer? A satisfactory reply to the last question is particularly entreated.

I am delighted to find you both so well pleased with the Blind Book scheme. I said nothing of it to you when we were together, though I had made up my mind, because I wanted to come upon you with that little burst from a distance. It seemed something like meeting again when I remitted the money and thought of your talking of it.



The dryness of the weather is amazing. All the ponds and surface wells about here are waterless, and the poor people suffer greatly. The people of this village have only one spring to resort to, and it is a couple of miles from many cottages. I do not let the great dogs swim in the canal, because the people have to drink of it. But when they get into the Medway, it is hard to get them out again. The other day Bumble (the son, Newfoundland

dog) got into difficulties among some floating timber, and became frightened. Don (the father) was standing by me, shaking off the wet and looking on carelessly, when all of a sudden he perceived something amiss, and went in with a bound and brought Bumble out by the ear. The scientific way in which he towed him along was charming.

Ever your loving

C. D.

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## THE ROMANCE OF MADROÑO HOLLOW.

THE latch on the garden gate of the Folinsbee Ranch clicked twice. The gate itself was so much in shadow that lovely night, that "old man Folinsbee," sitting on his porch, could distinguish nothing but a tall white hat and beside it a few fluttering ribbons, under the pines that marked the entrance. Whether because of this fact, or that he considered a sufficient time had elapsed since the clicking of the latch for more positive disclosure, I do not know; but after a few moments' hesitation he quietly laid aside his pipe and walked slowly down the winding path toward the gate. At the *Ceanothus* hedge he stopped and listened.

There was not much to hear. The hat was saying to the ribbons that it was a fine night, and remarking generally upon the clear outline of the Sierras against the blue-black sky. The ribbons, it so appeared, had admired this all the way home, and asked the hat if it had ever seen anything half so lovely as the moonlight on the summit? The hat never had; it recalled some lovely nights in the South in Alabama ("in the South in Ahlabahm" was the way the old man heard it), but then there were other things that made this night seem so pleasant. The ribbons could not pos-

sibly conceive what the hat could be thinking about. At this point there was a pause, of which Mr. Folinsbee availed himself to walk very grimly and crouchingly down the gravel-walk toward the gate. Then the hat was lifted, and disappeared in the shadow, and Mr. Folinsbee confronted only the half-foolish, half-mischievous, but wholly pretty face of his daughter.

It was afterward known to Madroño Hollow that sharp words passed between "Miss Jo" and the old man, and that the latter coupled the names of one Culpepper Starbottle and his uncle, Colonel Starbottle, with certain uncomplimentary epithets, and that Miss Jo retaliated sharply. "Her father's blood before her father's face boiled up and proved her truly of his race," quoted the blacksmith, who leaned toward the noble verse of Byron. "She saw the old man's bluff and raised him," was the director comment of the college-bred Masters.

Meanwhile the subject of these animadversions proceeded slowly along the road to a point where the Folinsbee mansion came in view, — a long, narrow, white building, unpretentious, yet superior to its neighbors, and bearing some evidences of taste and refinement in the vines that clambered over its porch, in its French windows,

and the white muslin curtains that kept out the fierce California sun by day, and were now touched with silver in the gracious moonlight. Culpepper leaned against the low fence, and gazed long and earnestly at the building. Then the moonlight vanished ghost-like from one of the windows, a material glow took its place, and a girlish figure, holding a candle, drew the white curtains together. To Culpepper it was a vestal virgin standing before a hallowed shrine; to the prosaic observer, I fear it was only a fair-haired young woman, whose wicked black eyes still shone with unfilial warmth. Howbeit, when the figure had disappeared he stepped out briskly into the moonlight of the high road. Here he took off his distinguishing hat to wipe his forehead, and the moon shone full upon his face.

It was not an unprepossessing one, albeit a trifle too thin and lank and bilious to be altogether pleasant. The cheekbones were prominent, and the black eyes sunken in their orbits. Straight black hair fell slantwise off a high but narrow forehead, and swept part of a hollow cheek. A long black mustache followed the perpendicular curves of his mouth. It was on the whole a serious, even Quixotic face, but at times it was relieved by a rare smile of such tender and even pathetic sweetness, that Miss Jo is reported to have said that, if it would only last through the ceremony, she would have married its possessor on the spot. "I once told him so," added that shameless young woman; "but the man instantly fell into a settled melancholy, and has n't smiled since."

A half-mile below the Folinsbee Ranch the white road dipped and was crossed by a trail that ran through Madroño Hollow. Perhaps because it was a near cut-off to the settlement, perhaps from some less practical reason, Culpepper took this trail, and in a few moments stood among the rarely beautiful trees that gave their name to the valley. Even in that uncertain light the weird beauty of these harlequin

masqueraders was apparent; their red trunks — a blush in the moonlight, a deep blood-stain in the shadow — stood out against the silvery green foliage. It was as if Nature in some gracious moment had here caught and crystallized the gypsy memories of the transplanted Spaniard, to cheer him in his lonely exile.

As Culpepper entered the grove he heard loud voices. As he turned toward a clump of trees, a figure so bizarre and characteristic that it might have been a resident Daphne, — a figure overdressed in crimson silk and lace, with bare brown arms and shoulders, and a wreath of honeysuckle, — stepped out of the shadow. It was followed by a man. Culpepper started. To come to the point briefly, he recognized in the man the features of his respected uncle, Colonel Starbottle; in the female, a lady who may be briefly described as one possessing absolutely no claim to an introduction to the polite reader. To hurry over equally unpleasant details, both were evidently under the influence of liquor.

From the excited conversation that ensued, Culpepper gathered that some insult had been put upon the lady at a public ball which she had attended that evening; that, the Colonel, her escort, had failed to resent it with the sanguinary completeness that she desired. I regret that, even in a liberal age, I may not record the exact and even picturesque language in which this was conveyed to her hearers. Enough that at the close of a fiery peroration, with feminine inconsistency she flew at the gallant Colonel, and would have visited her delayed vengeance upon his luckless head, but for the prompt interference of Culpepper. Thwarted in this, she threw herself upon the ground, and then into unpicturesque hysterics. There was a fine moral lesson, not only in this grotesque performance of a sex which cannot afford to be grotesque, but in the ludicrous concern with which it inspired the two men. Culpepper, to whom woman was more or less angelic, was pained and sympathetic;

the Colonel, to whom she was more or less improper, was exceedingly terrified and embarrassed. Howbeit the storm was soon over, and after Mistress Dolores had returned a little dagger to its sheath (her garter), she quietly took herself out of Madroño Hollow, and happily out of these pages forever. The two men, left to themselves, conversed in low tones. Dawn stole upon them before they separated: the Colonel quite sobered and in full possession of his usual jaunty self-assertion; Culpepper with a baleful glow in his hollow cheek, and in his dark eyes a rising fire.

The next morning the general ear of Madroño Hollow was filled with rumors of the Colonel's mishap. It was asserted that he had been invited to withdraw his female companion from the floor of the Assembly Ball at the Independence Hotel, and that failing to do this both were expelled. It is to be regretted that in 1854 public opinion was divided in regard to the propriety of this step, and that there was some discussion as to the comparative virtue of the ladies who were not expelled, but it was generally conceded that the real *casus belli* was political. "Is this a dashed Puritan meeting?" had asked the Colonel, savagely. "It's no Pike County shindig," had responded the floor manager, cheerfully. "You're a Yank!" had screamed the Colonel, profanely qualifying the noun. "Get! you border ruffian," was the reply. Such at least was the substance of the reports. As, at that sincere epoch, expressions like the above were usually followed by prompt action, a fracas was confidently looked for.

Nothing, however, occurred. Colonel Starbottle made his appearance next day upon the streets with somewhat of his usual pomposity, a little restrained by the presence of his nephew, who accompanied him, and who, as a universal favorite, also exercised some restraint upon the curious and impertinent. But Culpepper's face wore a look of anxiety quite at variance with his

usual grave repose. "The Don don't seem to take the old man's set-back kindly," observed the sympathizing blacksmith. "P'raps he was sweet on Dolores himself," suggested the sceptical expressman.

It was a bright morning, a week after this occurrence, that Miss Jo Folinsbee stepped from her garden into the road. This time the latch did not click as she cautiously closed the gate behind her. After a moment's irresolution, which would have been awkward but that it was charmingly employed, after the manner of her sex, in adjusting a bow under a dimpled but rather prominent chin, and in pulling down the fingers of a neatly fitting glove, she tripped toward the settlement. Small wonder that a passing teamster drove his six mules into the wayside ditch and imperilled his load, to keep the dust from her spotless garments; small wonder that the "Lightning Express" withheld its speed and flash to let her pass, and that the expressman, who had never been known to exchange more than rapid monosyllables with his fellow-man, gazed after her with breathless admiration. For she was certainly attractive. In a country where the ornamental sex followed the example of youthful Nature, and were prone to overdress and glaring efflorescence, Miss Jo's simple and tasteful raiment added much to the physical charm of, if it did not actually suggest a sentiment to, her presence. It is said that Euchre-deck Billy, working in the gulch at the crossing, never saw Miss Folinsbee pass but that he always remarked apologetically to his partner, that "he believed he *must* write a letter home." Even Bill Masters, who saw her in Paris presented to the favorable criticism of that most fastidious man, the late Emperor, said that she was stunning, but a big discount on what she was at Madroño Hollow.

It was still early morning, but the sun, with California extravagance, had already begun to beat hotly on the little chip hat and blue ribbons, and

Miss Jo was obliged to seek the shade of a by-path. Here she received the timid advances of a vagabond yellow dog graciously, until, emboldened by his success, he insisted upon accompanying her, and, becoming slobberingly demonstrative, threatened her spotless skirt with his dusty paws, when she drove him from her with some slight acerbity, and a stone which haply fell within fifty feet of its destined mark. Having thus proved her ability to defend herself, with characteristic inconsistency she took a small panic, and, gathering her white skirts in one hand, and holding the brim of her hat over her eyes with the other, she ran swiftly at least a hundred yards before she stopped. Then she began picking some ferns and a few wild-flowers still spared to the withered fields, and then a sudden distrust of her small ankles seized her, and she inspected them narrowly for those burrs and bugs and snakes which are supposed to lie in wait for helpless womanhood. Then she plucked some golden heads of wild oats, and with a sudden inspiration placed them in her black hair, and then came quite unconsciously upon the trail leading to Madroño Hollow.

Here she hesitated. Before her ran the little trail, vanishing at last into the bosky depths below. The sun was very hot. She must be very far from home. Why should she not rest awhile under the shade of a madroño?

She answered these questions by going there at once. After thoroughly exploring the grove, and satisfying herself that it contained no other living human creature, she sat down under one of the largest trees, with a satisfactory little sigh. Miss Jo loved the madroño. It was a cleanly tree; no dust ever lay upon its varnished leaves; its immaculate shade never was known to harbor grub or insect.

She looked up at the rosy arms interlocked and arched above her head. She looked down at the delicate ferns and cryptogams at her feet. Something glittered at the root of the tree. She picked it up; it was a bracelet. She

examined it carefully for cipher or inscription; there was none. She could not resist a natural desire to clasp it on her arm, and to survey it from that advantageous view-point. This absorbed her attention for some moments; and when she looked up again she beheld at a little distance Culpepper Starbottle.

He was standing where he had halted, with instinctive delicacy, on first discovering her. Indeed, he had even deliberated whether he ought not to go away without disturbing her. But some fascination held him to the spot. Wonderful power of humanity! Far beyond jutted an outlying spur of the Sierra, vast, compact, and silent. Scarcely a hundred yards away a league-long chasm dropped its sheer walls of granite a thousand feet. On every side rose up the serried ranks of pine-trees, in whose close-set files centuries of storm and change had wrought no breach. Yet all this seemed to Culpepper to have been planned by an all-wise Providence as the natural background to the figure of a pretty girl in a yellow dress.

Although Miss Jo had confidently expected to meet Culpepper somewhere in her ramble, now that he came upon her suddenly, she felt disappointed and embarrassed. His manner, too, was more than usually grave and serious, and more than ever seemed to jar upon that audacious levity which was this giddy girl's power and security in a society where all feeling was dangerous. As he approached her she rose to her feet, but almost before she knew it he had taken her hand and drawn her to a seat beside him. This was not what Miss Jo had expected, but nothing is so difficult to predicate as the exact preliminaries of a declaration of love.

What did Culpepper say? Nothing, I fear, that will add anything to the wisdom of the reader; nothing, I fear, that Miss Jo had not heard substantially from other lips before. But there was a certain conviction, fire-speed, and fury in the manner that was de-

liciously novel to the young lady. It was certainly something to be courted in the nineteenth century with all the passion and extravagance of the sixteenth; it was something to hear, amid the slang of a frontier society, the language of knight-errantry poured into her ear by this lantern-jawed, dark-browed descendant of the Cavaliers.

I do not know that there was anything more in it. The facts, however, go to show that at a certain point Miss Jo dropped her glove, and that in recovering it Culpepper possessed himself, first of her hand and then her lips. When they stood up to go Culpepper had his arm around her waist, and her black hair, with its sheaf of golden oats, rested against the breast-pocket of his coat. But even then I do not think her fancy was entirely captive. She took a certain satisfaction in this demonstration of Culpepper's splendid height, and mentally compared it with a former flame, one Lieutenant McMirk, an active, but under-sized Hector, who subsequently fell a victim to the incautiously composed and monotonous beverages of a frontier garrison. Nor was she so much preoccupied but that her quick eyes, even while absorbing Culpepper's glances, were yet able to detect, at a distance, the figure of a man approaching. In an instant she slipped out of Culpepper's arm, and, whipping her hands behind her, said, "There 's that horrid man!"

Culpepper looked up and beheld his respected uncle panting and blowing over the hill. His brow contracted as he turned to Miss Jo: "You don't like my uncle!"

"I hate him!" Miss Jo was recovering her ready tongue.

Culpepper blushed. He would have liked to enter upon some details of the Colonel's pedigree and exploits, but there was not time. He only smiled sadly. The smile melted Miss Jo. She held out her hand quickly, and said with even more than her usual effrontery, "Don't let that man get you into any trouble. Take care of yourself,

dear, and don't let anything happen to you."

Miss Jo intended this speech to be pathetic; the tenure of life among her lovers had hitherto been very uncertain. Culpepper turned toward her, but she had already vanished in the thicket.

The Colonel came up panting. "I've looked all over town for you, and be dashed to you, sir. Who was that with you?"

"A lady." (Culpepper never lied, but he was discreet.)

"D—m 'em all! Look yar, Culp, I've spotted the man who gave the order to put me off the floor" ("flo" was what the Colonel said) "the other night!"

"Who was it?" asked Culpepper, listlessly.

"Jack Folinsbee."

"Who?"

"Why, the son of that dashed nigger-worshipping, psalm-singing Puritan Yankee. What 's the matter, now! Look yar, Culp, you ain't goin' back on your blood, ar' ye? You ain't goin' back on your word? Ye ain't going down at the feet of this trash, like a whipped hound?"

Culpepper was silent. He was very white. Presently he looked up and said quietly, "No."

Culpepper Starbottle had challenged Jack Folinsbee, and the challenge was accepted. The cause alleged was the expelling of Culpepper's uncle from the floor of the Assembly Hall by the order of Folinsbee. This much Madroño Hollow knew and could swear to; but there were other strange rumors afloat, of which the blacksmith was an able expounder. "You see, gentlemen," he said to the crowd gathered around his anvil, "I ain't got no theory of this affair, I only give a few facts as have come to my knowledge. Culpepper and Jack meets quite accidental like in Bob's saloon. Jack goes up to Culpepper and says, 'A word with you.' Culpepper bows and steps aside in this way, Jack standing about

*here.*" (The blacksmith demonstrates the position of the parties with two old horseshoes on the anvil.) "Jack pulls a bracelet from his pocket and says, 'Do you know that bracelet?' Culpepper says, 'I do not,' quite cool-like and easy. Jack says, 'You gave it to my sister.' Culpepper says, still cool as you please, 'I did not.' Jack says, 'You lie, G—d—mn you,' and draws his derringer. Culpepper jumps forward about here" (reference is made to the diagram) "and Jack fires. Nobody hit. It's a mighty cur'o's thing, gentlemen," continued the blacksmith, dropping suddenly into the abstract, and leaning meditatively on his anvil,—"it's a mighty cur'o's thing that nobody gets hit so often. You and me empties our revolvers sociably at each other over a little game, and the room full and nobody gets hit! That's what gets me."

"Never mind, Thompson," chimed in Bill Masters, "there's another and a better world where we shall know all that and—become better shots. Go on with your story."

"Well, some grabs Culpepper and some grabs Jack, and so separates them. Then Jack tells 'em as how he had seen his sister wear a bracelet which he knew was one that had been given to Dolores by Colonel Starbottle. That Miss Jo would n't say where she got it, but owned up to having seen Culpepper that day. Then the most cur'o's thing of it yet, what does Culpepper do but rise up and takes all back that he said, and allows that he *did* give her the bracelet. Now my opinion, gentlemen, is that he lied; it ain't like that man to give a gal that he respects anything off of that piece, Dolores. But it's all the same now, and there's but one thing to be done."

The way this one thing was done belongs to the record of Madroño Hollow. The morning was bright and clear; the air was slightly chill, but that was from the mist which arose along the banks of the river. As early as six o'clock the designated ground—a little opening in the madroño grove—was

occupied by Culpepper Starbottle, Colonel Starbottle, his second, and the surgeon. The Colonel was exalted and excited, albeit in a rather imposing, dignified way, and pointed out to the surgeon the excellence of the ground, which at that hour was wholly shaded from the sun, whose steady stare is more or less discomposing to your duellist. The surgeon threw himself on the grass and smoked his cigar. Culpepper, quiet and thoughtful, leaned against a tree and gazed up the river. There was a strange suggestion of a picnic about the group, which was heightened when the Colonel drew a bottle from his coat-tails, and, taking a preliminary draught, offered it to the others. "Cocktails, sir," he explained with dignified precision. "A gentleman, sir, should never go out without 'em. Keeps off the morning chill. I remember going out in '53 with Hank Boompirater. Good ged, sir, the man had to put on his overcoat, and was shot in it. Fact."

But the noise of wheels drowned the Colonel's reminiscences, and a rapidly driven buggy, containing Jack Folinsbee, Calhoun Bungstarter, his second, and Bill Masters, drew up on the ground. Jack Folinsbee leaped out gayly. "I had the jolliest work to get away without the governor's hearing," he began, addressing the group before him with the greatest volubility. Calhoun Bungstarter touched his arm, and the young man blushed. It was his first duel.

"If you are ready, gentlemen," said Mr. Bungstarter, "we had better proceed to business. I believe it is understood that no apology will be offered or accepted. We may as well settle preliminaries at once, or I fear we shall be interrupted. There is a rumor in town that the Vigilance Committee are seeking our friends the Starbottles, and I believe, as their fellow-countryman, I have the honor to be included in their warrant."

At this probability of interruption, that gravity which had hitherto been wanting fell upon the group. The pre-



liminaries were soon arranged and the principals placed in position. Then there was a silence.

To a spectator from the hill, impressed with the picnic suggestion, what might have been the popping of two champagne cocks broke the stillness.

Culpepper had fired in the air. Colonel Starbottle uttered a low curse. Jack Folinsbee sulkily demanded another shot.

Again the parties stood opposed to each other. Again the word was given, and what seemed to be the simultaneous report of both pistols rose upon the air. But after an interval of a few seconds all were surprised to see Culpepper slowly raise his unexploded weapon and fire it harmlessly above his head. Then throwing the pistol upon the ground, he walked to a tree and leaned silently against it.

Jack Folinsbee flew into a paroxysm of fury. Colonel Starbottle raved and swore. Mr. Bungstarter was properly shocked at their conduct. "Really, gentlemen, if Mr. Culpepper Starbottle declines another shot, I do not see how we can proceed."

But the Colonel's blood was up, and Jack Folinsbee was equally implacable. A hurried consultation ensued, which ended by Colonel Starbottle taking his nephew's place as principal, Bill Masters acting as second, *vice* Mr. Bung-

starter, who declined all further connection with the affair.

Two distinct reports rang through the Hollow. Jack Folinsbee dropped his smoking pistol, took a step forward, and then dropped heavily upon his face.

In a moment the surgeon was at his side. The confusion was heightened by the trampling of hoofs, and the voice of the blacksmith bidding them flee for their lives before the coming storm. A moment more, and the ground was cleared, and the surgeon, looking up, beheld only the white face of Culpepper bending over him.

"Can you save him?"

"I cannot say. Hold up his head a moment, while I run to the buggy."

Culpepper passed his arm tenderly around the neck of the insensible man. Presently the surgeon returned with some stimulants.

"There, that will do, Mr. Starbottle, thank you. Now my advice is to get away from here while you can. I'll look after Folinsbee. Do you hear?"

Culpepper's arm was still round the neck of his late foe, but his head had drooped and fallen on the wounded man's shoulder. The surgeon looked down, and catching sight of his face, stooped and lifted him gently in his arms. He opened his coat and waistcoat. There was blood upon his shirt, and a bullet-hole in his breast. He had been shot unto death at the first fire.

*Bret Harte.*

## RECENT LITERATURE.

*Pink and White Tyranny.* A Society Novel.

By MRS. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.  
Boston: Roberts Brothers.

MRS. STOWE fairly warns her readers at the outset that her story is but a sermon in disguise; and no one has a right to complain if it falls below her other novels in the proper interest of a fiction. Of course one may doubt if a little more lifelikeness in some of the people doing duty for firstly,

fifthly, and fourteenthly, and the other heads, might not have helped the effect of the discourse; and for our own part, we feel that the declared moral is rather forced out of it than naturally evolved; but Mrs. Stowe could not make a dull or meaningless sermon, and this, even as a story, can be read with profit tempered in high degree by pleasure.

The story is simply that of a commonish young lady, very pretty and very stylish,



with little heart and little brain, who marries good, kind, earnest, loving John Seymour, the only son of a rich old New England family, and the head of a large New England manufacturing house. He takes Lillie home from whatever city she lives in to the family mansion in the quiet town where the Seymours have always lived; and what remains is the history of how Lillie, who has never loved him, and has a soul only for the delights of Newport in summer and New York in winter, transforms his house into a French palace in the Pompadour taste, forces into the retirement of a small cottage his sister Grace, with whom he has always lived in a tender, almost romantic friendship, horrifies all his old friends to whom she introduces her own fast, vulgar set, skirts the ruinous brink of an intrigue, tries to shun maternity by excesses that wreck her health, pleads with her husband to retrieve his financial failure by tricks with which the history of many successful bankruptcies has familiarized her, and dies at last with some light of conscience breaking in upon her little heathenish soul. She is throughout as unlovely a person as it has been our fortune to know in a novel; and the reader is never tempted to share her husband's weak fondness for her. On the contrary, he feels, — or if the reader is a woman, all the more intensely, no doubt, *she* feels, that she would have very soon put an end to Lillie's selfish disorders, and reduced her to some sense of her entire worthlessness. John does not, and perhaps Mrs. Stowe is right, and Americans do abominably indulge and spoil their wives; but it does not appear to us, for all this, that the chief moral of the story is that there should not be any greater freedom of divorce, or else men will put away such wives as Lillie, and let them go wherever their bad instincts lead them.

Much weightier lessons than this enforce themselves in "Pink and White Tryanny," which we should commend more for the good purpose characteristic of it all, than for its strength of exegesis or for the dramatic impersonation of its ideas. Many of the characters are overcharged with the peculiar qualities they are intended to present to our admiration or abhorrence, and this, as we have hinted, weakens the ethical effect; but enough of truth and force remain to make the book a most useful one to the Lillies and the Follingsbees and Ferrolas, — if they will read it. Yes, even the Seymours and the Fergusons, who will prob-

ably read it, may be benefited by it; for they owe it to society, as rich, well-educated people, to keep on living simply and sanely in the tradition of their ancestry. They may be a thought dull, if they must; they may be as exclusive as they like, if only they will impress the fact that the highest social position implies virtue, sobriety, and culture.

The pictures in the book are rather droll. On one page Mr. Carryl Etheridge is represented with a mustache only. Ten minutes afterwards he appears in the next illustration with a goatee. The artist has made him look twenty years older, but still we feel it is too sudden for the additional beard.

*At Last: A Christmas in the West Indies.*

By CHARLES KINGSLEY. With Illustrations. London and New York.

WE find something curiously unluminous and unshapely in this mass of details. Personal experiences and adventures, observations, statistics, history, tropical vegetation, and tropical men, occur and recur haphazard throughout, and the reader is often quite abandoned to his fate amongst them. The formlessness of Mr. Kingsley's novels is order and symmetry beside the formlessness of his book of travel, if one may so call it. One turns from it with the impression that the author could have told nearly all that is worth knowing of the West Indies, if he had been willing to tell less than he knew, and that a few general ideas clearly presented would outvalue the greater part of his instances, which, also, if they were properly ordered and subordinated, would be valuable. Yet, for all this, the book is very entertaining, and one can hardly open it without coming upon some glowing picture of tropical life, or some novel fact concerning a state of things of which we are almost wholly ignorant. Of course, you happen likewise upon Kingsleyan affectation, and the Kingsleyan wrongheadedness and aimlessness; but the feeling seems for the most part good and wise.

The author spent the greater number of his seven weeks in the West Indies on the island of Trinidad, and his book is mainly a study of men and nature there. The nature is pretty much that of the tropics everywhere; but humanity offers some new and experimental phases. It seems as if all possible problems for the association of differ-

ent races, the reconciliation of different creeds, the assimilation of different civilizations, which we are perhaps one day to solve on a vaster scale, were already presented there. The politically dominant English, and their social equals, the Spaniards and Frenchmen, who ruled the land before them, form the upper classes, where the lower classes are negroes and colored people of various admixture, Hindoo Coolies, Chinese laborers, and such remnants of the aboriginal population as still linger in the mountain districts. The English are Protestants of all sects; the Spanish and French, and very many of the negroes, are Catholics; the Hindoos retain their own religion, and the Chinamen theirs. The question before the government is how to mould all these various materials into a harmonious nationality. Mr. Kingsley, while not shutting his eyes to the worst, likes to look upon the best side of the motley picture. He is inclined to think that the Church of Rome, with its confessional, and its imposing ritual, is quite as good as the Church of England for the negroes, who in one respect at least — an aggressive sort of independence — are like the Irish, whom we have to reconcile to equality with us. He tells us that their women are physically and mentally more on a level with the men than those of any other race. On the other hand, the Hindoo women are singularly inferior in all respects to their husbands. But the Coolies are better parents than the negroes, and it is probable that the future industry in the islands will rest with them and the Chinamen. The government throws all possible safeguards around these immigrants, and offers them many inducements to make the land to which they have come their permanent home. At the end of eight years they are entitled to a return passage, or to ten acres of land each, and many of the Coolies accept the latter. Their women, especially those of the Hindoos, adopt the bonnet and the hoop-skirt of our civilization, with the advancing fortunes of their husbands, and the children are educated in the English schools. Still, we do not understand from Mr. Kingsley that to any great degree they have been converted to Christianity.

The negro, in a climate where it costs little or nothing to live, will only work enough to sustain life; but the Hindoo and the Chinaman are more ambitious, and, Mr. Kingsley thinks, may be induced to engage in the small farming or gardening

which he declares the true method of cultivation in the West Indies. He says nothing, so far as we remember, of the Chinaman's final habit of going home, alive or dead; and we are quite confident that he records no such cruelties and injustice as are practised upon them in California. In fact, all classes, races, and religions seem as yet to live in perfect peace, if not perfect friendship, though we learn nothing of ill-feeling amongst them. As Trinidad is a crown colony, the ignorant and helpless classes are not vexed with the problem of self-government, which no doubt accounts for much of their tranquillity.

Our author invites immigration to the West Indies of such young English people as cannot support gentility upon their means at home, and assures them of prosperity and elegance in the tropics. The small degree to which the resources of the country are developed amazes him, and he believes it a most advantageous field for enterprise and intelligent industry. He has great hope for the future of these islands, and he makes you feel that his hope is reasonable.

*The Story of my Life.* By HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN. New York: Hurd and Houghton.

"MY life is a lovely story, happy and full of incident," says our poet, as he begins to tell it, and truly it seems the *Mährchen* that he calls it. In 1805 he was born of the lowliest parentage (his father was a shoemaker and his mother a peasant) in Odense, Denmark, and in 1867 he was, with all public ceremony, made a citizen of his native place, which was illuminated in his honor and held a great festival for him, — "just as it did for the king and queen," said the poor old woman who had known him as a babe, and who now wept over him in her pride and joy. If in many ways Andersen was favored by fortune, he was sharply persecuted in others. It was his fate to have influential and affectionate patrons from the moment when, a simple-hearted boy, he set out from Odense for the capital, and to be persecuted by the harshest criticism from the beginning of his literary efforts. Kings and nobles were his friends, but they could not protect him against the newspapers, and he was known and loved throughout Europe before his genius was fairly acknowledged by the reviewers of his

own country. At last the cumulative effect of his foreign repute, and the sort of personal affection with which a generation born since he began to write regarded the poet in gratitude for the pleasure his stories had given its youth, created a criticism all in his interest, and called out public honors, of which the greatest was the festival at Odense. This, indeed, Andersen considers the crowning glory of his life; and in the chapters which he adds to his autobiography, for the complete American edition of his works, he dwells proudly and gratefully upon it.

"The Story of my Life" formerly ended with the record of the year 1855, but it is here brought down to 1867, and the whole is now for the first time translated into English. It might be better translated, for it has the faults which mar nearly all the versions of Andersen's books since the Howitts ceased to make them; it seems done by one not native to English, and it not only abounds in Danish idioms, but has here and there grotesque infelicities of expression that seem due to the translator's ignorance of English. Much of the flavor of the original must be lost in this awkward process, and we suspect that the author's meaning suffers at times. The book is exceedingly entertaining, as autobiography always is, and the author makes us thoroughly acquainted with his character as well as his fortunes. We do not think that for the sake of the tender regard we all have for him, we could have desired to know him quite so well, and yet the truth about men of genius is no doubt the best after all, as it is about everything else. Andersen's character, tried by our Anglo-Saxon standard, is not what we should call a manly one; though here there may be some fault in our standard, which we ought not to apply too freely to the emotional people of Continental Europe. An American or an Englishman of Andersen's character we should have no scruple in describing as a sentimental snob. He is everywhere bursting into tears of grief or joy; he regards himself with wonder and awe on account of the personal friendship borne him by the great; he basks in the condescension of nobles, and hugs himself upon the favor of kings. He is not altogether to blame for this, for royalty and aristocracy stood by him when the reviews and the theatres would none of him. But he must always have been difficult to manage by those who could not pat-

ronize him, and the reader feels that for much of his suffering at the hands of critics and people he had himself to thank. When we have said all this, however, we feel that we have done him a tacit injustice, and we must acknowledge that, in spite of his obsequiousness, there is a sturdy sympathy with the people of his own origin, and a hatred of aristocratic pretension, of which there can be no more doubt than of his genius or his vanity. He affects you very often as a man grown conscious of his own simplicity of nature, and resolved to make the most of it; his *naïveté* appears studied, his emotions premeditated, only his humor and his ideal-ity seem at all times unstrained. You weary of his meek diligence in recording the honors and the compliments paid him, and wish that he had either more modesty or not so much.

The earlier and the latter parts of his book are the most entertaining, especially the former; and the first pages are exquisitely humorous and tender in their description of his child-life before the death of his romantic, ambitious father, and while they all dwelt together in their poor home at Odense. Nothing can be more amusing or more touching than the description of the bed in which the poet was born, and which his father had ingeniously fashioned out of the catafalque of a deceased nobleman, leaving the funeral trappings of black velvet still on it.

The book is useful in making known the literary world of Denmark, with its surprising treasures of poetry and drama, and its not at all surprising jealousies and enmities. This is done in a more fragmentary way, of course, than could have been wished, but Andersen is essentially sketchy, and what he cannot indicate by a few touches must remain obscure. It is right to say, however, that upon his own griefs from the Copenhagen literati he dwells very fully, and presents a very finished picture of the sufferings a tender-hearted, vain, weak man of genius endures at the hands of a sarcastic and critical public. Andersen's lamentations are not very respectable, but on the other hand it is not creditable to the Danes that his recognition was in a manner forced upon them by outside pressure.

*More Happy Thoughts, etc., etc.* By F. C. BURNAND. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

MR. BURNAND has already made himself a very pretty reputation as one of the light-

est sort of humorists, in his book called "Happy Thoughts," and he naturally follows up his good fortune with something more of the same kind. Something more in quantity is very apt to be something less in quality, and it may surprise the admirers of his first book to find this quite as good. It is quite as good, and very amusing. It is even more than amusing, and shows a fine feeling for human nature as one finds it through one's self in one's friends. The book opens with a little about the Happy Thinker's married life, then some adventures in his efforts to get his work on Typical Developments published in London, and for the rest is made up of sketches of Englishmen and other invalids, native and foreign, at Aix-la-Chapelle. Most of the sketches are decidedly caricatured, and none of them are so neat as the little episode with Miss Millar at the Royal Academy. The manner of all and the flavor of a great deal of the book can be given in some passages of this best part of it:—

".... I see two ladies whom I know. Miss Millar and her Mamma.

"*Happy Thought.* — Offer Mamma a seat, and walk with Miss Millar. Opportunity for artistic conversation. Clever girl, Miss Millar, and pretty. 'Do I like pictures?' Yes, I do, I answer, with a reservation of 'Some, — not all.' 'Have I been here before?' I've not. Pause. Say, 'It's very warm, though.' (Why 'though'? Consider this.) Miss Millar, looking at a picture, wants to know 'Whose that is?' I say, off-hand (one really ought to know an artist's style without referring to the Catalogue), 'Millais.' I add, 'I think.' I refer to Catalogue. It is n't. We both say, 'Very like him, though.'

"Miss Millar observes there are some pretty faces on the walls.

"*Happy Thought.* — To say, 'Not so pretty as those off it.' I don't say this at once, because it does n't appear to me at the moment well arranged as a compliment; and, as it would sound flat a few minutes afterwards, I don't say it at all. Stupid of me. Reserve it. It will come in again for somebody else, or for when Miss Millar gives me another opportunity.

"*Portrait of a Lady.* — The opportunity, I think. Don't I admire that? 'Not so much as —' If I say, 'As you,' it's too coarse, and, in fact, not wrapped up enough. She asks — 'As what?' I refer to Catalogue, and reply, at a venture, 'As Storey's

*Sister.*' Miss Millar wants to know who she is? I explain — a picture of '*Sister*,' by G. A. Storey.

".... As we are squeezing through the door, we come upon Mrs. and Miss Millar again. Meeting for the third time, I don't know what to do.

"*Happy Thought.* — Safest thing to smile and take off my hat. Miss Millar acknowledges it gravely. Pity people can't be hearty. She might have twinkled up and nodded. ....

"Meet Mrs. and Miss Millar again. Awkward. Don't know whether to bow, or smile, or nod, or what this time. I say, as we pass, 'Not gone yet?' I don't think she likes it. I did n't say it as I should like to have said it, or as I would have said it, if I had the opportunity over again. I daresay it sounded rude. ....

"*Happy Thought.* — 'We met: 't was in a crowd.' Old song.

"I say this so as to give a pleasant turn to the apology and the introduction. I don't think Miss Millar is a good-tempered girl. Somebody is nudging me in the back, and somebody else is wedging me in on either side. As she is almost swept away from me by one current, and I from her by another, I say, hurriedly, 'Miss Millar, let me introduce my friend, Mr. Dilbury, — an Academician.' She tries to stop: I turn, and lay hold of some one who ought to be Dilbury, in order to bring him forward. It is n't Dilbury at all, but some one else, — a perfect stranger, who is very angry, and wants to kick or hit, I don't know which (but he can't, on account of the crowd), and I am carried on, begging Miss Millar's pardon and his pardon, and remonstrating with a stout, bald-headed man in front, who *will* get in the way."

*Calvinism: an Address delivered at St. Andrew's, March 17, 1871.* By JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE. Scribner & Co.

ALL who know Mr. Froude as an historian know the limited nature of his sympathies, his incapacity to discern any universal ends in history, and his disposition to make himself an out-and-out partisan, in every controversy, of one side or the other. This characteristic limitation of his appears in the discussion by which he inaugurates his Rectorship of St. Andrew's University. He takes for his theme Calvinism, not with any

view to commend it as a theologic system, but because it conveniently symbolizes a tendency of the mind, which he prizes very highly in all its historic manifestations, to revolt against established religions, when these religions have lapsed into mere ritualism, and so become a cloak to all manner of hypocrisy in the heart and life of their votaries. He thinks, evidently, that we are just now in an historic crisis verging upon revolution. That is to say, Mr. Froude himself feels a lively instinct of revolt against the two main religious and scientific tendencies of his era, — the tendency of religion to disown all moral substance, and sink into mere picturesque form, and the tendency of science to degrade God out of human proportions, and imprison him in the brute mechanism of nature. And how can he better fulfil his rectoral duty than by giving voice to this fervent instinct of his own soul, and warning his youthful hearers against the perpetually recurring vice of history, which consists in giving human frivolity and corruption the prestige of religion, and exalting men's ignorance and conceit to the dignity of science? Accordingly, Mr. Froude sets out upon a very rapid run through history, to show his hearers what he finds there of menace and encouragement to our own time, namely, the antagonism of two forces, each hotly contending with the other for the mastery of human life: one negative, or ritualistic, disposing us to rely for acceptance with God upon an instituted priesthood and other apparatus of worship, and to be content with the formal righteousness thus conveyed; the other positive, or Calvinistic, disposing us to approach God without any ceremonial mediation, or in our proper persons, and to be content with nothing short of a real or substantial righteousness, identical with our own virtuous life or unblemished morality. And the counsel he gives his pupils is, of course, to side with the positive or manlier tendency, and lend all their personal force to the impoverishment of superstition.

The sons of John Knox, if any survive among the students of St. Andrew's, must have been amused at their new rector's attempt to interpret Calvinism into a symbol of human dignity, or make it an historic voucher of man's moral or personal worth. Nothing was ever so dear to the heart of John Calvin, nothing has ever been so faithfully maintained by his intellectual descendants, as the dogma of man's natural deprav-

ity, or moral worthlessness, and his consequent utter dependence upon a righteousness foreign to himself, yet graciously imputed to him as his own, on condition of his renouncing all faith in himself, and believing only in Christ. In a word, Calvinism, if it mean anything, means, notoriously, that man is hopefully related to God, not by anything in himself, but exclusively by a fund of merit stored up in his attorney, or vicar, Jesus Christ, who consents to a putative identification with the sinner in the divine sight, in order that the sinner, in gratefully accepting such identification, may forego his proper hideousness in that sight, and so become invested with Christ's righteousness.

But the wrong which Mr. Froude's hasty generalization does to Calvinism as an intellectual symbol is after all much less serious than the wrong he does the religious instinct of mankind, in associating as he does the religious destiny of the race with our moral life, or the interests of civilization. What religion in its purest (or Christian) form has always imported is the ultimate apotheosis of man, or the eventual divinization of human nature. But as human nature is a moral, not a physical quantity, as it claims only a conscious, not a material reality, only a subjective, not an objective truth, this great prophecy and promise of religion can only become realized in so far as our human life or consciousness becomes spiritualized; that is, enlarged out of individual into race proportions, or converted from isolated personal dimensions into unitary social form and order. And Mr. Froude, in ignoring this truth, and identifying religion with the interests of the merely moral or personal consciousness, obscures its spiritual lustre, and betrays it afresh to misconception. Religion, spiritually regarded, has at heart the broadest, most abject interests of human nature itself, and never ducks consequently to any of the subservient *persons* of that nature, however eminent, but cheerfully tramples Socrates and Xantippe, Confucius and Caligula, Calvin and Brigham Young, into the equal dust of its disregard. The only name eternally dear to it, because spiritually identified with it, is that of the only man in history whose character aspires to mythologic proportions, in that he alone of men *laid down his life in spontaneous homage to the enemies of his proper race and person*; these enemies being *human nature itself*, or uni-

versal man. How idle, therefore, to conceive of religion as concerned with any dogmatic symbols, or as legitimating any of the frivolous controversies which men continue to wage between reason and authority! Its aims are transcendently practical; and no one can spiritually ally himself with it who is not ready to renounce all the honors and emoluments of the world, and wed himself exclusively to the interests of universal justice.

*A Terrible Temptation.* By CHARLES READE. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.

MR. READE opens for us a question which we have been in the habit of thinking closed. We had often been told that the vast enlargement of the reading public by the addition of women had purified literature, and we had come to believe it. Such novelists as Scott, Dickens, and Thackeray were contrasted with Smollett and Fielding, greatly to the disadvantage of the latter as far at least as concerned the company to which they introduced us; and there was rejoicing at the reformation of Bulwer in his later novels, which were found much purer and loftier in aim than his earlier ones. Perhaps we were somewhat deceived and self-deceived in all this. The characters in Dickens's romances have been by no means exemplary in calling, yet his books were declared over and over again such as could be read aloud in mixed companies, and partaken of by ladies and young persons, not only without injury, but with benefit. Thackeray, so far from being considered immoral, has been held up as a moralist. Yet Dickens makes us weep for a thief's mistress, and Thackeray amuses us with the adventurousness, to call it no worse, of Becky Sharp. In fact, if we look over the fiction of our own time, shall we really find it improved as regards the morals of the persons figuring in it? We do not speak of the lady novelists on both sides of the Atlantic, and the long train of bigamists, murderesses, adulteresses, and dubiousities whom they have brought into being, but of the best writers of the sex which has, on the whole, kept clearest of these contaminating presences.

The fact being as it is, then, why should such large numbers of people have been shocked at the appearance of *La Somerset* in polite fiction? Why should "A Terri-

ble Temptation" be thought less adapted for the family circle than "Oliver Twist" or "Vanity Fair"? Is it something in Mr. Reade's tone or manner? Certainly no one can be less insinuating than he, and it cannot be said that he "makes vice attractive," which is supposed to be the aim of wicked novelists. On the contrary, we should say that Rhoda Somerset is as disagreeable a person, both before and after her conversion, as one could well meet; and her half-sister, though more interesting, is not a bit more charming. What, then, is the trouble? Is it a certain rudeness in handling facts from which there is, by the consent of civilization, a general shrinking? Is it a robust indifference to the feeling with which most people regard topics relating to the most intimate affairs of life? Must the warmest admirer of the book acknowledge that it is really wanting in delicacy, while he utterly denies that it is immoral? Would he or would he not have it placed amongst the *fruit defendu* in the bookcase of which papa keeps the key, while all other novels of our generation are scattered broadcast about the house? Does it appeal more than any recent work of any great English writer to the native reluctance and doubt good people have about letting young people read everything?

Concerning its literary character we have no misgiving. It seems to us one of the best of the author's works, and it requires no greater allowance for his caprices and eccentricities than faultier books. Of course, we are rather tired of the insane-hospital business, and of the boat-race business, and the universal knowledge of the author upon all topics, from horsemanship and millinery up; and of course we feel that the introduction of Mr. Rolfe is something rather to be suffered than enjoyed. That author's apparatus and manœuvres are in droll disproportion to the effects he produces, and his habit of keeping so many scrap-books and indexing them so thoroughly, and then indexing their indexes, however surprising in itself, is of no great use in the story, and it is all injurious, we should say, to the artistic conceptions of Mr. Reade; while the knowingness and conceit of the former gentleman interfere sadly with our enjoyment of the genius of the latter. He is a very minor personage, however, amongst the people of the book, of whom the most important are the women. Perhaps the men seem all a little feeble because of the greater



strength with which the characters of the other sex are portrayed. We get no very deep sense of either of the Bassetts, though Richard Bassett is the better of the two, and neither is unnatural.

The story, as we suppose nearly all our readers know already, turns upon Lady Bassett's terrible temptation to pass off another's child as her own, and thus rescue her husband from the despondency and danger of insanity into which he has fallen. Before her marriage she was loved by both the cousins, by Sir Charles, the rich Bassett, who wins her, and by Richard, the poor Bassett, who loses her. They hate each other as much as they love her, because of the entail which was barred in favor of Sir Charles's father at the expense of Richard's. A sister of Rhoda Somerset's takes service with Lady Bassett, and Richard, in his constant desire to possess himself of some fact injurious to his enemy, tampers with her. It is this woman's child and his which Lady Bassett passes off upon Sir Charles, neither Richard nor herself knowing his share of the parentage. The boy turns out bad, and makes all the misery that could be expected for Lady Bassett and her husband, and the matter grows worse and worse when her ladyship comes to have children of her own. We will not give a sketch of the whole plot. From what we have said it can be conjectured how a profounder psychologist than Mr. Reade would have used the matter of this terrible temptation. One imagines, for instance, what effects Auerbach or Hawthorne would have produced with it. But Mr. Reade chooses rather to regard its external aspects. He makes us see rather the havoc wrought in Lady Bassett's health than the agony of her soul, and he delights in tracing the complication in which it involves all these friends and foes. No doubt this is well, and he chose wisely for himself. Perhaps he is even truer to life than the deeper poet would have been.

Lady Bassett has the feline and secretive characteristics which Mr. Reade likes to find coexisting with the most angelic unselfishness in women. She sins not for herself, but for her husband in her deceit, and she is always sublimely generous. Of course she is charming, but she does not compare as a creation with Reginald's real mother, Mary Wells. She is the most triumphant figure in the book. She has

never had any conscience, and has always managed to turn her falseness to the best account. When she discovers her state, it is she who suggests to Lady Bassett the idea of passing off Reginald upon Sir Charles as his son; and when the child is born, she becomes its nurse and remains the boy's fast friend and ally in his wickedness and unruliness. It is impossible to hint all the slyness and duplicity of such a nature, and the reader must turn to the book for a full conception of it. We must make it understood, however, that Mary Wells never has any serious purpose of evil nor any sense of sinning. Her half-sister, Rhoda Somerset, whose elaborate presentation in the early chapters of the book is not quite justified by her share in the action afterwards, marries and becomes a devoted wife and a very aggressive Christian. She goes about preaching and converting sinners; and when time brings Mary Wells's iniquities to her knowledge, she tries the effect of her exhortations upon that tough soul. We must not present the result in any words less satisfying and delicious than Mr. Reade's own: "La Marsh set herself to convert Mary, and often exhorted her to penitence. She bore this pretty well for some time, being overawed by old reminiscences of sisterly superiority, but at last her vanity rebelled. 'Repent! and repent!' cried she. 'Why you be like a cuckoo, all in one song. One would think I'd been and robbed a church.' 'Tis all very well for you to repent, as led a fastish life at starting; but I never done nothing as I'm ashamed on.'"

Mr. Reade moralizes upon the facts or people of his story very little; and it is no doubt this which has done him injury with a large class of readers who cannot understand the difference between the artistic reluctance to enforce a lesson that ought to teach itself, and callousness to the sins described. We wish for his own sake he had moralized still less, and spared us the wisdom which he derives from it all: "You men and women who judge this Bella Bassett be firm, and do not let her amiable qualities or her good intentions blind you in a plain matter of right and wrong; be charitable and ask yourselves how often in your lives you have seen yourselves or any other human being resist a terrible temptation. My experience is that we resist other people's temptations nobly and succumb to our own."



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THE INTERMINGLING OF RELIGIONS.

IN the November number of the Atlantic for 1870 some striking resemblances were pointed out between the Buddhist and Roman Catholic religions. This similarity, which has long been recognized, can be accounted for only in two ways: either Roman Catholics must have borrowed from Buddhists or Buddhists must have borrowed from them. The latter supposition has been generally adopted; the coincidences being traced to the teaching of Nestorian missionaries in India. Some say the Apostle Thomas carried Christianity into India, and that the resemblances are the fruits of his preaching. But there are many reasons why both these conclusions seem improbable.

Early in the fifth century Christians began to call Mary the "Mother of God." Nestorius, Patriarch of Constantinople, objected to the phrase, saying she had never been so considered by the Apostles, and that such a title was calculated to remind people of the genealogy of the heathen gods. This brought him into a very warm controversy; and he, being a devout believer in the divinity of Jesus, though

opposed to the adoration of Mary, took the ground that Jesus had two natures, one human, the other divine, and that Mary was mother only of the human portion. A Council of Bishops was called at Chalcedon to settle the disputed question, and they decided that Mary was the Mother of God. Nestorius and his followers maintained the ground they had taken, and were so hotly persecuted as heretics, that they fled to countries beyond the jurisdiction of the Christian Church. Many of them settled on the coast of Malabar, where over two hundred thousand of their descendants still remain, and are called Nazarenes by the Hindoos. One sect of them is known by the name of Christians of Saint Thomas, which probably gave rise to the idea that they were founded by the Apostle Thomas. Some have stated that his tomb is to be seen there; but many scholars say that the inscription indicates the burial-place of a Nestorian missionary named Thomas. But whoever was the original teacher of this ancient sect, there is certainly nothing in their customs or worship to remind one of the elaborate ceremonials of the

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Buddhist or of the Catholic Church. Living isolated from the Christian world, they have not been affected by the immense changes that have passed over Christianity in an interval of time certainly embracing more than a thousand years. They retain the primitive habits of the early centuries. They still celebrate the Love Feasts, called Agapæ, said to have been introduced in the time of the Apostles. There are no monasteries among them, and their priests are allowed to marry. With regard to the administration of the Lord's Supper, they incline to the ideas of Protestants. The cross is the only symbol in their churches, and they have an extreme hostility to pictures and images. When some Jesuit missionaries offered them an image of the Virgin Mary, they replied, "We are Christians, not idolaters."

If the Apostle Thomas ever travelled into India, it is difficult to imagine what could have induced him to teach the people to prostrate themselves before images, to establish monasteries, to say their prayers on rosaries, and believe in miracle-working relics. The Jews, among whom Thomas was educated, were accustomed to none of these things. They formed no part of the teaching of Jesus, in which we find none of the characteristic features of Oriental asceticism. His enemies reproached him that he "came eating and drinking," and that he did not impose frequent fasts upon his disciples. He sanctioned a wedding with his presence, and said nothing to indicate that celibacy was essential to holiness. We have no means of knowing whether his disciples were generally married men; but that Peter had a wife is implied by the Scripture, which informs us that her mother "lay sick of a fever."

It also seems unlikely that Nestorians, of any sect, should have introduced monasteries, rosaries, etc., into India, for they were separated from the Christian Church early in the fifth century, and the first monastery in Christendom was established by Saint Bene-

dict full a hundred years later; and this was followed by the introduction of rosaries to facilitate the recitation of prayers. In brief, these and many other customs of the Catholic Church cannot be historically traced to the Jews, or to Jesus, or to the Apostles, or to the Christian churches in the first centuries, or to Nestorius, who was cut off from the Christian Church because he objected to the worship of the Virgin.

But in ancient Hindostan, ages before the birth of Jesus, we do find models for these things. Their earliest Sacred Books teach that the soul of man, by entering a mortal body, had become separated from the Supreme Soul of the Universe, and that the only way to become one with God again was to mortify and abuse the body, and keep the soul constantly occupied with the contemplation of divine things. Some of the Hindoo devotees stood for years on one foot; others lived sunk up to their chins in deep narrow holes of the ground, dependent upon charity for the food that kept them alive. Simeon Stylites, the Christian devotee, made his body about as uncomfortable, by living thirty-seven years on the top of a high pillar that afforded merely room enough to stand upon. Long before our era there were communities of Hindoo hermits who took vows of celibacy, fasted to extremity, and spent their lives repeating prayers on strings of beads. Some of them were vowed to perpetual silence, and kept skulls constantly before them, to remind them of the emancipation of the soul by the dissolution of the body. They had very close imitators in the Catholic monks of La Trappe, who daily dug their own graves, and never spoke, except to salute each other, as they passed, with the words, "We must die."

An historical glance backward will help to explain many things that might otherwise seem unaccountable. At the time that Christianity began to assume the form of a distinct religion the world was in an unprecedented

state of activity, intercommunication, and change. The conquests of Julius Cæsar and Alexander the Great had brought remote nations into contact. The pathway of commerce was immensely extended, and philosophers and devotees from all points of the compass followed in her train. Two new forces were beginning to agitate the world, both of them animated by the zeal which characterizes reformers before their ideas become established. Buddha had striven to teach his countrymen that their religious ideas were too narrow and exclusive; that the road to holiness was open to all classes and conditions; to women as well as men, to foreign nations as well as to Hindoos. Expelled from Hindostan by reason of these doctrines, his disciples had spread over various Asiatic countries, and eighty thousand of their missionaries were perambulating the world. Among the Jews, who considered themselves the chosen people of Jehovah, in whose sight all other nations were unclean, had arisen a great reformer, who held communication with despised Samaritans and publicans, and taught that all men were brethren. His disciples were also driven from their native land, and spread into the neighboring kingdoms of Asia, among the Grecians in Europe, and throughout the Roman Empire, where their countrymen were already more numerous than in Palestine. And wherever these missionaries went they proclaimed the doctrine that God was equally the Father of all; that in his sight there was "neither Jew nor Gentile, bond or free, men or women; but all were one in Christ Jesus." To those who look upon all mankind as brethren, there is something beautiful in both these great tides of reform, enlarging the scope of human sympathies, and sweeping away the ancient barriers that had separated classes and peoples.

Antioch, where the first church of Christians was gathered in Gentile lands, was on the high road between Europe and Asia. Ephesus, one of the earliest head-quarters of the Christians,

was always swarming with foreigners, especially with Orientals. Rome, where a Christian church was very early gathered, was full of the spoils of many conquered nations, and of their theories also. Alexander the Great had built the new Egyptian city of Alexandria, to which he was very desirous to attract the learning and commerce of the world. For that purpose he encouraged the greatest freedom of discussion, and unbounded toleration of opinions. Thither flocked zealots and philosophers from all quarters, eager for controversy. Such a seething caldron of doctrines the world had never witnessed. Dion Chrysostom, who wrote in the beginning of the second century, informs us that Greeks and Romans, Syrians, Ethiopians, Arabians, Persians, and travellers from India were always to be found in that cosmopolitan city. In this focus of diverse ideas the Christians early planted a church. Jewish converts to Christianity were for a long time extremely tenacious of their old Hebrew traditions and customs; while Gentile converts, from various nations, manifested a great tendency to amalgamate the teaching of Jesus with the old ideas and ceremonies in which they had been educated. In the conflict of sects arising from this state of things it was almost inevitable that the teaching of Jesus and his Apostles should become more or less largely interfused with ideas from various religions; especially with those from Hindostan and Persia, which prevailed so extensively at that period.

These Oriental ideas have had such a very important influence, not only on the faith, but on the social conditions of men, that it is worth while to trace them briefly to their abstract source. Orientals conceived of the Supreme as the Central Source of Being, dwelling in passionless repose in regions of resplendent light. He did not create anything; but all spirits radiated from him, in successive series of emanations, from the highest seraphs down to the souls of men. Coeternal with

him was an antagonistic principle called Matter; a dark, inert mass, which gave birth to the Devil and all forms of evil. When some of the lower series of Spirits of Light approached the region of Matter, the Spirits of Darkness were attracted by their splendor and sought to draw them down among themselves. They succeeded; and thus mankind came into existence, with ethereal souls derived from God and material bodies derived from the Devil. The only way for these Spirits of Light, imprisoned in Matter, to get back to the Divine Source whence they emanated was to subdue the body by all sorts of abstinence and tormenting penance, while the soul was kept in steadfast contemplation on spiritual things.

The Jews had quite a different theory of creation. They conceived of God as an active Being, who made the body of man with his own hands and then breathed a soul into it. Thus regarding the body as divine workmanship, they had no contempt for it and did not consider its senses sinful.

When these different ideas, coming from afar, met front to front in the Christian churches, they gave rise to a motley amalgamation of doctrines. The most conspicuous specimen of this is to be found in the numerous sects classed under the general denomination of Gnostics. The name is derived from the Greek word "Gnosis," signifying wisdom; and it was bestowed on them because, however they might differ on other points, they all believed that by subjugation of the senses human souls might be restored to their original oneness with God, and thus become recipients of intuitive wisdom directly emanating from him. With few exceptions, all these Gnostics were of Gentile origin, and their doctrines bear the obvious stamp of Hindostan and Persia; though it is likely that they derived them from various intermediate sources. Many of their leaders were men of uncommon talent and learning, wedded to ancient theories, but sincerely attracted by the teaching

of Jesus. They troubled the Christian churches as early as the time of Paul, who alludes to them as "seducing spirits, forbidding to marry and commanding to abstain from meats." Their theories proved very attractive, especially to scholars prone to abstract speculations. The celebrated Saint Augustine was for several years a Gnostic, and Christian converts were not unfrequently drawn aside into their erratic paths. They increased with such rapidity, that at one time their flood of Oriental ideas threatened to sweep away the Jewish foundations of Christianity. In the middle of the fifth century, the Bishop of Cyprus records that he found a million of them in his diocese, and succeeded in bringing them all within the fold of his church. How much it was necessary to compromise with their ideas in order to accomplish that object he does not inform us.

The different elements that were jostled into contact during this transition state of the world gave rise to much controversy that sounds odd enough to modern ears. The Jews were such an exclusive people, that Gentile nations had very little opportunity to become acquainted with their religious views, till they met together on the common ground of reverence for Jesus. Jehovah was to them an altogether foreign God; and having no traditional reverence for his name, they discussed his character as freely as we do that of Jupiter. It was a revolting idea to them that the Supreme Being could have formed anything out of Matter, which in their minds was associated with everything evil and unclean. And believing that all Spirits were evolved, without effort, from the Central Source, by the mere necessity of outflowing, they ridiculed the idea that God worked six days to make the world, and then had to rest from his labors. They declared that if Jehovah confined his care to one people, and was jealous when they gave glory to other gods, if his anger waxed hot when they disobeyed him, if he commanded them to slaughter their ene-

mies, and promised them mere earthly rewards for obedience to his laws, he could not possibly be the Supreme Being, for he was altogether free from passion. Some of the Gnostics admitted that Jehovah might belong to one of the inferior orders of Spirits, evolved from the Source of Light; others maintained that he must be an Evil Spirit, and that the Scriptures said to be inspired by him were obviously the work of the Devil. They all believed Jesus to be one of the Spirits of Light; but their ideas concerning the inherent wickedness of Matter led them to reject the idea that he could be born of a woman. They said he merely appeared to have a body, for the purpose of performing on earth the benevolent mission of helping Spirits out of the prison-house of Matter, and restoring them to their original oneness with God. Paul probably aimed a shaft at this doctrine, when he said, "Every spirit that confesseth not that Jesus is Christ come in the *flesh* is not of God." Asceticism, in a greater or less degree, characterized all the Gnostic sects. They despised all luxuries, ornaments, shows, and amusements; everything, in fact, which contributed to the pleasure of the senses. They abstained from wine and animal food, and ate merely sufficient to sustain life. They all regarded matrimony as incompatible with holiness; and some thought it a great sin, inasmuch as the reproduction of human bodies was entering into a league with Spirits of Darkness to help them to incarcerate Spirits of Light in the prison-house of Matter.

These ascetic ideas, so conspicuous in very ancient Hindoo writings, were, in one form or another, afloat almost everywhere at the time the Christian Church was in the process of formation out of a great variety of nations. By early emigration, or otherwise, they had come to prevail extensively in Egypt, where the deserts swarmed with hermits vowed to celibacy and severe mortification of the senses. In Grecian mythology, copied by the

Romans, there was no antagonism between Spirit and Matter. Those nations had never been taught that their bodies came from the Devil, and consequently they had no contempt for the senses. They revelled in physical enjoyment, and ascribed the same tendencies to their gods. Bacchus was their jovial companion, and Venus adored as the beautifier of life. But though the people were on such gay and sociable terms with their deities, philosophers had introduced from Egypt the sombre ideas of the Orient. Plato taught that Matter was the original Source of Evil, antagonistic to the Principle of Good. Plotinus, the most celebrated of his later followers, was ashamed of his body, though it is said to have been a remarkably beautiful one. He blushed for his parents that they had given birth to it, and any allusion to physical instincts or necessities was deeply mortifying to him. While Egyptian zealots and Grecian philosophers were strewing abroad the seed of ancient asceticism, Buddhist missionaries were also industriously propagating it. We are told that travellers from India were always in Alexandria, which was the great focus of Gnostic sects. Bardesanes, one of the leaders of the Gnostics in the second century, wrote an account of religious communities in India, the members of which merely endured life as an inevitable bondage, and sought, by devout contemplation and severe mortification of the senses, to rise above the prison-house of the body. Mani, who lived in the third century, and was perhaps the most remarkable of all the Gnostics, studied a book called "The Treasury of Mysteries, by Buddha, said to have been born of a Virgin." And it was a common doctrine with these sects that Zoroaster, Buddha, and Jesus were the same Spirit of Light appearing on earth in different places and forms, for the benevolent purpose of bringing back to oneness with God those stray Spirits which had become separated from him by being shut up in material bodies. These sects, standing between

the old religions and the new, were hotly persecuted by both. They finally vanished from the scene; but for several centuries their theories, under various modifications, reappeared to trouble the churches.

Every one knows that the Roman Catholic Church abounds in ceremonies and traditions of which no trace can be found in the Old Testament or the New. The teachers of that church say they are derived from the Christian Fathers, whose authority they deem sacred. The prominent preachers of Christianity during the first three centuries, called Fathers of the Church, were, almost without exception, converts from the Gentile religions, mostly Greek and Roman. The rejection of foreign customs had been religiously inculcated upon Jews; and those of them who accepted Jesus as their promised Messiah retained that extreme aversion to innovation which characterized them as a people. But Gentile converts, who were far more numerous, had received quite a different training. Grecians easily adopted the festivals and the gods of other nations; and Romans manifested still greater facility in that respect. They never attempted to convert the numerous nations they conquered. If they found among them religious festivals which seemed useful or agreeable, they adopted them; and if they took a liking to any of their deities, they placed their images in the Pantheon with their own gods.

These elastic habits of mind may have had considerable influence in producing that system of politic adaptation to circumstances observable in the Christian Church, especially after Constantine had made Christianity the established religion of the state. I believe it is Mosheim, who, in allusion to this process of adaptation to the customs of converted nations, says: "It is difficult to determine whether the heathen were most Christianized, or Christians most heathenized."

The Emperor Constantine was for forty years a worshipper of Apollo,

God of the Sun, whom he regarded as his tutelary deity, his own especial guardian and benefactor. Many things show that this long habit of trust and reverence was never quite obliterated from his mind. One of the earliest acts of his reign was to require the universal observance of the Sun's Day; for which purpose he issued a proclamation: "Let all the people rest on the venerated Day of the Sun." Saturday, the seventh day of the week, was the Sabbath of the Jews, and converts from Judaism to Christianity long continued to observe that as their holy day; but Christians were accustomed to meet together on the first day of the week, in memory of the resurrection of Jesus; and as that harmonized with the proclamation of the Emperor, and with an old custom in Grecian and Roman worship, the Sabbath of the Apostles was superseded by Sun-Day.

Festivals that were universally observed, and endeared to the populace by long habit and as occasions for social gatherings, were generally retained by the Christian Church, though the old forms were consecrated to new ideas. Almost all the ancient nations hailed the return of the sun from the winter solstice by a great festival on the 25th of December, during which they performed religious ceremonies in honor of the sun, feasted each other, and interchanged gifts. To have abolished this day would have been as unpopular among the masses of Gentile proselytes as the abolition of Thanksgiving day would be in New England. It was accordingly retained as the birthday of the "Sun of Righteousness," concerning whose real birthday history leaves us entirely in the dark.

The ancient Germans observed in the early spring a festival in honor of Ostera, who was probably their Goddess of Nature, or of the Earth. Scholars derive her name from Oster, which signifies rising. The festival was to hail the rising of Nature from her winter sleep. Oster-fires were kindled in honor of the returning warmth, and Oster-eggs were exchanged; the egg

being an ancient and very common symbol of fecundity, or germinating life. Teutonic converts to Christianity were allowed to keep up their old festival, but they were taught to do it in honor of the rising of Jesus, instead of the rising of Nature. Easter-fires are still kindled, and Easter-eggs, variously ornamented, are still exchanged in several Catholic countries. Almost all ancient nations had a great festival in the spring. The Jewish Passover occurred at that season. Converts from all nations were well satisfied to keep up their old holiday and accept its new significance.

Religious ceremonies in honor of departed ancestors were universal in the ancient world. Beside the prayers and offerings at tombs by private families, the Romans annually set apart a day for religious ceremonies in memory of all their deceased ancestors. This custom was perpetuated by the Catholic Church under the name of All Souls' day. The day kept by Romans in honor of their departed heroes and benefactors was transferred to the honor of the Christian martyrs under the name of All Saints' day.

Mortals, finding themselves surrounded by solemn mysteries, feeling the need of constant protection, and unable to comprehend the Infinite Being from whom existence is derived, have always manifested a strong tendency to bring God nearer to themselves by means of intermediate spiritual agents. Almost every ancient nation had some Mother Goddess, whose favor they sought to propitiate by prayers and offerings. As Osiris and Isis were believed to take especial care of Egypt, so other countries had each some spiritual protector especially devoted to its interests. It was the same with cities; each was presided over by some deity, as Athens was by Pallas. Trades and individuals had each a tutelary deity, on whose care they especially relied, as the Emperor Constantine did on the God of the Sun. To us these ideas have become mere poetic imagery, mere playthings

of the fancy; but it was quite otherwise with our brethren of the ancient world. They verily believed that Naiads did take care of the rivers, and Oreads of the mountains; that Neptune did regulate the waves and storms of the ocean; that Apollo did inspire poets and orators; that Bacchus did fill the grapes with exhilarating juice; that Pan did watch over shepherds and their flocks. To propitiate these numerous Guardian Spirits they placed their images and altars in temples and houses, vineyards and fields, and sought to secure their favor by sacrifices, oblations, and prayers. Gratitude for benefits received was expressed by offerings suited to the occasions. Warriors who had conquered in battle dedicated to Pallas or Bellona spears and shields made of brass or gold. Those who escaped from shipwreck placed in the temple of Neptune oars and models of ships made of wood, ivory, or gold. Beautiful drinking-vessels were dedicated to Bacchus, as thank-offerings for productive vineyards. Successful poets and orators adorned the temples of Apollo and the Muses with crowns and harps of ivory inlaid with gold. Individuals commemorated the birth of children, or recovery from sickness, or escape from danger, by offerings to their tutelary deities, more or less costly according to their wealth, such as garlands, cups of gold or silver, sculptured images, embroidered mantles, and other rich garments. Every five years the people of Athens expressed their gratitude to Pallas for protecting their city by carrying to her temple, in grand procession, a white robe embroidered all over with gold. Pictures were often hung in the temples representing some scene or event which excited peculiar thankfulness to the gods. When people changed their employments or modes of life, it was customary to dedicate implements or articles of furniture to some appropriate deity. When beautiful women grew old, they placed their mirrors in the temple of Venus. Shepherds dedicated to Pan the pipes with



which they had been accustomed to call their flocks, and fishermen offered their nets to the Nereids. The particular occasion which induced the offering was sometimes inscribed on the article; and where that was not convenient, the story was written on a tablet and hung up with it. The pillars and walls of the temples were covered with these votive tablets.

When Christianity superseded the old religions, the ancient ideas and forms took new names. By a gradual process of substitution, the Saints of the Catholic Church glided into the place of the old guardian deities. Nations that had been accustomed to worship the Goddess of Nature as a Mother Goddess easily transferred their offerings and prayers to the Virgin Mary, their Spiritual Mother. Every country had its own tutelary Saint, as Saint George of England, Saint Denis of France, Saint James of Spain, and Saint Patrick of Ireland. Each city also had its chosen protector, as Saint Genevieve of Paris, Saint Mark of Venice, and Saint Ambrose of Milan. Every class and trade was under the care of some Saint. Saint Nicholas, whose name has been shortened to Santa Claus, took care of children and of the helpless generally; Saint Martha, of cooks and housekeepers; Saint Eloy, of goldsmiths and workers in metals; Saint Crispin, of shoemakers; Saint Blaise, of wool-combers; Saint Jerome, of scholars and learned men; Saint Ursula, of schools and teachers; Saint Magdalen, of frail and penitent women; and Saint Martin, of penitent drunkards. Families and individuals were also under special guardianship. The Medici family were under the protection of Saint Cosmo and Saint Damian. Children in Catholic countries generally receive the name of the Saint on whose Festival-Day they are born; and that Saint is ever after honored by them as their especial protector through life.

The walls and pillars of Catholic churches are as much covered with votive offerings and tablets as were

the ancient temples. The jewels and rich garments thus dedicated could not be easily counted. Ferdinand, king of Spain, embroidered a petticoat for the Virgin with his own royal hands; and so elaborately was it ornamented, that it occupied him several years. Wealthy people who wish to propitiate this "Queen of Heaven," or to thank her for some benefit received, often present her with robes and mantles of silk or velvet, richly embroidered, and sometimes adorned with precious gems. But the most common gifts are dresses glittering with tinsel and spangles; while the poorest peasants bring her their simple offerings of ribbons and garlands. Some images of the Virgin are all ablaze with the offerings of her wealthy worshippers, such as golden coronets, diamond rings, costly necklaces and bracelets, and jewelled belts.

Pictures are a common form of votive offerings. In these paintings the donor is usually represented as kneeling before the Virgin, with his own Patron Saint near him, while other Saints, appropriate to the occasion, introduce him to her notice. Pictures intended to express thanks for military success are dedicated to the Madonna under her title of "Our Lady of Victory"; and the kneeling worshipper is introduced to her notice by Saint Michael, Saint George, and Saint Maurice, who are the Patron Saints of soldiers. Pictures to avert epidemic diseases are dedicated to the Madonna under her title of "Our Lady of Mercy." In such cases the suppliant is introduced by Saint Sebastian and Saint Roch, they being protectors against pestilence, and guardians of hospitals. In chapels dedicated to prayers for the dead are many votive pictures representing angels pleading with the Virgin for mercy to the deceased, while lower down are seen other angels drawing liberated souls out of purgatory.

The numerous deities of Greece and Rome were distinguished by symbols, signifying their characters or achievements. Jupiter was represented with a thunderbolt, Neptune with a trident,

Minerva with an owl, Apollo with a lyre, and Mercury with a rod twined with serpents. The host of Christian Saints are also distinguished by emblems indicating well-known traditions. Saint Peter is represented with two keys, Saint Agnes with a lamb, Saint John with a sacramental cup, Saint Catherine with a wheel, Saint Lucia with a lamp. Some of these Saints are of universal popularity, others are local favorites. In various subordinate degrees they share the honors paid to the Virgin. Churches and chapels are dedicated to them, adorned with their pictures and symbols, and with their images in marble or ivory, clay or chalk. The walls are hung with votive tablets, written or printed, describing their miraculous intervention to avert dangers or cure diseases. If a cripple has had the use of a limb restored, he hangs up in the church of some Saint a written record of the miracle, often accompanied by an image of an arm or a leg, made of marble, ivory, or wax. Saint Agnes, who is the guardian of youth and innocence, has her altars covered with votive garlands and images of lambs. Saint Margaret, who presides over birth, shares with the Madonna many votive offerings of baby-dolls, more or less richly dressed.

Thus is human life in all its phases presented to the notice and protection of tutelary saints, as it formerly was to tutelary deities. It is curious to trace the manner in which the multifarious traditions of these saints have grown up.

Professor Max Müller, in one of his lectures, describes a singular migration from the records of Eastern Saints into those of the Western. Johannes Damascenus, who was a famous Christian theologian a thousand years ago, had passed his youth in the court of the Caliph Almanzor, where his father held a position of trust. There he stored his mind with Asiatic lore, and the Life of Buddha was among the books he read. His imagination was captivated by the account of that prince, whose tenderness of heart had led him to renounce his rank and de-

vote himself to prayers for his fellow-creatures and to the alleviation of their misery. Damascenus wove the main points of the story into a religious novel entitled "Balaam and Josaphat." A later age accepted it as the veritable history of a Christian Saint; and thus Buddha became regularly canonized under the name of Saint Josaphat, whose festival is observed by the Greek Church on the 16th of August, and by the Roman Catholic Church on the 27th of November.

Whether there was the same facility in adopting widely extended and deeply rooted doctrines, that was manifested in the adoption of old customs and legends, is an open question. In ambitious minds, a desire to extend the power and increase the wealth of the Church would prove a very strong temptation to compromise with the preconceived ideas of influential converts; and even devout, unselfish men might be drawn into it by a benevolent wish to bring peoples into a better form of religion by such processes as were readiest at hand. Paul, whose life was spent in Gentile lands, seems to have lost much of Jewish exclusiveness, and to have acquired something of Grecian and Roman facility of adaptation to circumstances. To the church at Corinth he wrote: "Unto the Jews I became as a Jew, that I might gain the Jews; to them that are without the Law [of Moses] as without the Law, that I might gain them that are without the Law. To the weak became I as weak, that I might gain the weak: I am made all things to all men, that I might by all means save some."

Such intermingling of various elements is by no means peculiar to the Christian Church. It is according to the laws of human nature. The same mosaic of patterns and colors can be found throughout the world's history, in all changes of Church or State, by whomsoever seeks the separate stones that form the picture. The modern theory that nothing is created entirely new, but that every form of being is the development of some antecedent

form, may or may not be true in natural science, but it is certainly true of all spiritual progress.

When mortals find a kernel of truth, they seek to appropriate it as exclusively their own; and whatsoever kernel is picked up by others is declared to be a stone, from which no bread of life can ever be produced. But the great harvest-field of the world is managed on different principles by the Father of All. While men are planting in narrow enclosures, he sends forth seed upon the winds; he scatters them on great floods, whose waters subside and leave them in rich alluvial soil; and birds of the air, unconscious of anything but their own subsistence, are his agents to scatter them abroad all over the earth. And when we think we have the harvest all to ourselves, lo! we find the same grain waving in far-off fields.

Undeniably there *is* a strong resemblance between the Buddhist and Roman Catholic churches; and whether India is the borrower or the lender does not affect the assertion that John Chinaman and Patrick O'Dublin have an equal right to the free exercise of their religion under our impartial laws. All we have to do, in either case, is to spread abroad as much light as possible, that all men may have a chance to distinguish between the true and the spurious. Having done this duty, we must leave the result to time.

Enlightened travellers would doubtless find in Buddhist countries a vast deal that seemed like very puerile and absurd superstitions and gross immorality under the garb of religion; but a similar impression would be produced on their minds by a sojourn in Italy or Spain. The Catholic Church abounds in holy sayings and examples, and because it is a Christian church they do not excite our surprise; but when we find similar things among the Buddhists, we ask with astonishment whence they could possibly have come; forgetful that "God is the Father of *all*," and that "*every* good gift cometh from him." The Commandments of

the Buddhists are very similar to our own. There are commands not to kill, not to steal, not to lie, not to be licentious, and not to utter slanders; and to these are added, "Thou shalt not drink wine, nor any intoxicating liquors." "Thou shalt not excite quarrels by repeating the words of others." "Thou shalt not speak of injuries." The following are among the maxims of Buddhist Saints: "Glory not in thyself, but rather in thy neighbor." "Be lowly in thy heart, that thou mayest be lowly in thy acts." "Judge not thy neighbor." "Be equally kind to all men." "Use no perfumes but the sweetness of thy thoughts." In some respects Buddhism can show a cleaner record than Christianity. It has had no such institution as the Inquisition, and has never put men to death for heretical opinions. They treat with reverence whatsoever is deemed holy by other men. When the king of Siam was told that an image in his court was Saint Peter, he immediately said to his little boy, "Do obeisance to it, my son; it is one of the holy men." When the Jesuit missionaries Huc and Gabet explained to one of the Lamas that they were from France, he replied: "What matter where you are from? All men are brothers. Men of prayer belong to all countries. They are strangers nowhere. Such is the doctrine taught by our Holy Books." He took up their breviary; and when they informed him what it was, he raised it reverentially to his forehead, saying, "It is your book of prayer. We ought always to honor and respect prayer."

Though the Founder of Christianity preached a Gospel of Peace, the religion that took his name was far from being peaceful in its progress, after the first three centuries. Into Armenia, Norway, and Germany Christianity was introduced at the point of the sword. Conquered armies had no alternative but baptism or slaughter. And the number of Jews, Romans, and heretics who were slain to bring about the unity of the Christian Church is too large for calculation. Though Buddh-

ism spread through many countries, I have found no record that it was in a single instance established by force.

The fact is, the more we know of our brethren in the East, the more the conviction grows upon us that Buddha was a great reformer and a benevolent, holy man. The present state of the world is in some respects similar to its condition at the commencement of our era. Electricity and steam bring remote countries into acquaintance with each other. Old traditions are everywhere relaxing their hold upon the minds of men. From all parts of the world come increasing manifestations of a tendency toward eclecticism. Men find there are gems hidden among all

sorts of rubbish. These will be selected and combined in that Church of the Future now in the process of formation. We shall not live to see it; but we may be certain that, according to the laws of spiritual growth, it will retain a likeness to all the present, as the present does to all the past. But it will stand on a higher plane, be larger in its proportions, and more harmonious in its beauty. Milan Cathedral, lifting its thousand snow-white images of saints into the clear blue of heaven, is typical of that Eclectic Church, which shall gather forms of holy aspiration from all ages and nations, and set them on high in their immortal beauty, with the sunlight of heaven to glorify them all.

*L. Maria Child.*

## TWO.

LAST night I dreamed that there were two  
Lithe, golden-hearted girls like you, —  
And loved them both. What could I do?

They both had just this wavy hair,  
This pretty dress, looped here and there,  
Your tone of voice, laugh, gesture, air.

One drew me with your modest eyes,  
The other with your sweet replies;  
And both were full of sorceries,

And so alike I could not guess,  
When one had gone, which loveliness  
Lingered to deepen my distress,

But her I loved, and nothing loth  
Whichever one! and pledged my troth;  
And so was true and false to both.

Awaking, it was well to find  
Nature had not, howe'er inclined,  
Made two of your distracting kind!

*T. B. Aldrich.*

## KAWEAH'S RUN.

AFTER trying hard to climb Mount Whitney without success, and having returned to the plains, I enjoyed my two days' rest in hot Visalia, where were fruits and people, and where I at length thawed out the last traces of alpine cold, and recovered from hard work and the sinful bread of my fortnight's campaign. I considered it happiness to spend my whole day on the quiet hotel veranda, accustoming myself again to such articles as chairs and newspapers, and watching with unexpected pleasure the few village girls who flitted about during the day, and actually found time after sunset to chat with favored fellows beneath the wide oaks of the street-side. Especially interesting seemed the rustic sister of whom I bought figs at a garden gate, thinking her, as I did, *comme il faut*, though recollecting later that her gown was of forgotten mode, and that she carried a suggestion of ancient history in the obsolete style of her back hair. Everybody was of interest to me, not excepting the two Mexican mountaineers who monopolized the agent at Wells, Fargo, & Co.'s office, causing me delay. They were transacting some little item of business, and stood loafing by the counter, mechanically jingling huge spurs and shrugging their shoulders as they chatted in a dull, sleepy way. At the door they paused, keeping up quite a lively dispute, without apparently noticing me as I drew a small bag of gold and put it in my pocket. There was no especial reason why I should remark the stolid, brutal cast of their countenances, as I thought them not worse than the average Californian greaser; but it occurred to me that one might as well guess at a geological formation as to attempt to judge the age of mountaineers, because they get very early in life a fixed expression; which is deepened by continual rough weathering and undisturbed ac-

cumulations of dirt. I observed them enough to see that the elder was a man of middle height, of wiry, light figure and thin hawk visage; a certain angular sharpness making itself noticeable about the shoulders and arms, which tapered to small, almost refined, hands. A mere fringe of perfectly straight black beard followed the curve of his chin, tangling itself at the ear with shaggy unkempt locks of hair. He wore an ordinary stiff-brimmed Spanish sombrero, and the inevitable greasy red sash performed its rather difficult task of holding together flannel shirt and buckskin breeches, besides half covering with its folds a long narrow knife.

His companion struck me as a half-breed Indian, somewhere about eighteen years of age, his beardless face showing deep brutal lines, and a mouth which was a mere crease between hideously heavy lips. Blood stained the rowels of his spurs; an old felt hat, crumpled and ragged, slouched forward over his eyes, doing its best to hide the man.

I thought them a hard couple, and summed up their traits as stolidity and utter cruelty.

I was pleased that the stable-man who saddled Kaweah was unable to answer their inquiry as to where I was going, and annoyed when I heard the hotel-keeper inform them that I started that day for Millerton.

Leaving behind people and village, Kaweah bore me out under the grateful shade of oaks, among rambling settlements and fields of harvested grain, whose pale Naples-yellow stubble and stacks contrasted finely with the deep foliage, and served as a pretty groundwork for stripes of vivid green which marked the course of numberless irrigating streams. Low cottages, overarched with boughs and hemmed in with weed jungles, margined my

road. I saw at the gate many children who looked me out of countenance with their serious, stupid stare; they were the least self-conscious of any human beings I have seen.

Trees and settlements and children were soon behind us, an open plain stretching on in front without visible limit,—a plain slightly browned with the traces of dried herbaceous plants, and unrelieved by other objects than distant processions of trees traced from some cañon gate of the Sierras westward across to the middle valley, or occasional bands of restless cattle, marching solemnly about in search of food. It was not pleasant to realize that I had one hundred and twenty miles of this lonely sort of landscape ahead of me, nor that my only companion was Kaweah; for with all his splendid powers and rare qualities of instinct, there was not the slightest evidence of response or affection in his behavior. Friendly toleration was the highest gift he bestowed on me, though I think he had great personal enjoyment in my habits as a rider. The only moments that we ever seemed thoroughly *en rapport* were when I crowded him down to a wild run, using the spur and shouting at him loudly, or when in our friendly races homeward toward camp, through the forest, I put him at a leap where he even doubted his own power. At such times I could communicate ideas to him with absolute certainty. He would stop, or turn, or gather himself for a leap, at my will, as it seemed to me, by some sort of magnetic communication; but I always paid dearly for this in long, tiresome efforts to calm him.

With the long level road ahead of me, I dared not attack its monotony by any unusual riding, and having settled him at our regular travelling trot,—a gait of about six miles an hour,—I forgot all about the dreary expanse of plain, and gave myself up to quiet reverery. About dusk we had reached the King's River Ferry.

An ugly, unpainted house, perched upon the bluff, and flanked by barns

and outbuildings of disorderly aspect, overlooked the ferry. Not a sign of green vegetation could be seen, except certain half-dried willows standing knee-deep along the river's margin, and that dark pine zone lifted upon the Sierras in the eastern distance.

It is desperate punishment to stay through a summer at one of these plain ranches, there to be beat upon by an unrelenting sun, in the midst of a scorched landscape, and forced to breathe sirocco and sand; yet there are found plenty of people who are glad to become master of one of these ferries or stage stations, their life for the most part silent, and as unvaried as its outlook, given over wholly to permanent and vacant loafing.

Supper was announced by a business-like youth, who came out upon the veranda and vigorously rung a tavern bell, although I was the only auditor, and, likely enough, the only person within twenty miles.

I envy my horse at such times; the graminiverous have us at a disadvantage, for one revolts at the *cuisine*, although disliking to insult the house by quietly shying the food out the window. I arose hungry from the table, remembering that some eminent hygeist has averred that by so doing one has achieved sanitary success.

As I walked over to see Kaweah at the corral, I glanced down the river, and saw, perhaps a quarter of a mile below, two horsemen ride down our bank, spur their horses into the stream, swim to the other side, and struggle up a steep bank, disappearing among bunches of cottonwood-trees near the river.

So dangerous and unusual a proceeding could not have been to save the half-dollar ferriage. There was something about their seat, and the cruel way they drove home their spurs, that, in default of better reasons, made me think them Mexicans.

The whole Tulare plain is the home of nomadic ranchers, who, as pasturage changes, drive their herds of horses and cattle from range to range; and

as the wolves prowl about for prey, so a class of Mexican highwaymen rob and murder the ranchers from one year's end to the other.

I judged the swimmers were bent on some such errand, and lay down on the ground by Kaweah to guard him, rolling myself in my soldier's great-coat, and slept with saddle for a pillow.

Once or twice the animal waked me up by stamping restively, but I could perceive no cause for alarm, and slept on comfortably until a little before sunrise, when I rose, took a plunge in the river, and hurriedly dressed myself for the day's ride; the ferryman, who had promised to put me across the river at dawn, was already at his post, and after permitting Kaweah to drink a deep draught, I rode him out on the ferry-boat, and was quickly at the other side.

The road for two or three miles ascends the right bank of the river, approaching in places quite closely to the edge of its bluffs. I greatly enjoyed my ride, watching the Sierra sky-line high and black against a golden circle of dawn, and seeing it mirrored faithfully in still reaches of river, and pleasing myself with the continually changing foreground, as group after group of tall motionless cottonwoods were passed. The willows, too, are pleasing in their entire harmony with the scene, and the air they have of protecting bank and shore from torrent and sun. The plain stretched off to my left into dusky distance, and ahead, in a bare smooth expanse, dreary by its monotony, yet not altogether repulsive in the pearly obscurity of the morning. In midsummer these plains are as hot as the Sahara through the long blinding day; but after midnight there comes a delicious blandness upon the air, a suggestion of freshness and upspringing life, which renews vitality within you.

Kaweah showed the influence of this condition in the sensitive play of ears and toss of head, and in his free, spirited stride. I was experimenting on

his sensitiveness to sounds, and had found that his ears turned back at the faintest whisper, when suddenly his head rose, he looked sharply forward toward a clump of trees on the river-bank, one hundred and fifty yards in front of us, where a quick glance revealed to me a camp-fire and two men hurrying saddles upon their horses, — a gray and a sorrel.

They were Spaniards, — the same who had swum King's River the afternoon before, and, as it flashed on me finally, the two whom I had studied so attentively at Visalia. Then I at once saw their purpose was to waylay me, and made up my mind to give them a lively run. The road followed the bank up to their camp in an easterly direction, and then, turning a sharp right angle to the north, led out upon the open plain, leaving the river finally.

I decided to strike across, and threw Kaweah into a sharp trot.

I glanced at my girth and then at the bright copper upon my pistol, and settled myself firmly in the saddle.

Finding that they could not saddle quickly enough to attack me mounted, the older villain grabbed a shotgun, and sprung out to head me off, his comrade meantime tightening the cinches.

I turned Kaweah farther off to the left, and tossed him a little more rein, which he understood and sprung out into a gallop.

The robber brought his gun to his shoulder, covered me, and yelled in good English, "Hold on, you —!" At that instant his companion dashed up leading the other horse. In another moment they were mounted, and after me, yelling, "Hu-hla" to the mustangs, plunging in the spurs, and shouting occasional volleys of oaths.

By this time I had regained the road, which lay before me traced over the blank objectless plain in vanishing perspective. Fifteen miles lay between me and a station; Kaweah and pistol were my only defence, yet at that moment I felt a thrill of pleas-



ure, a wild moment of inspiration, almost worth the danger to experience.

I glanced over my shoulder and found that the Spaniards were crowding their horses to the fullest speed; their hoofs rattling on the dry plain were accompanied by inarticulate noises, like the cries of bloodhounds. Kaweah comprehended the situation. I could feel his grand legs gather under me, and the iron muscles contract with excitement; he tugged at the bit, shook his bridle-chains, and flung himself impatiently into the air.

It flashed upon me that perhaps they had confederates concealed in some ditch far in advance of me, and that the plan was to crowd me through at fullest speed, giving up the chase to new men and fresh horses; and I resolved to save Kaweah to the utmost, and only allow him a speed which should keep me out of gunshot. So I held him firmly, and reserved my spur for the last emergency. Still, we fairly flew over the plain.

For the first twenty minutes the road was hard and smooth and level; after that gentle, shallow undulations began, and at last, at brief intervals, were sharp narrow *arroyos* (ditches eight or nine feet wide). I reined Kaweah in, and brought him up sharply on their bottoms, giving him the bit to spring up on the other side; but he quickly taught me better, and gathering, took them easily, without my feeling it in his stride.

The hot sun had arisen. I saw with anxiety that the tremendous speed began to tell painfully on Kaweah. Foam tinged with blood fell from his mouth, and sweat rolled in streams from his whole body, and now and then he drew a deep-heaving breath. I leaned down and felt of the cinch to see if it had slipped forward, but, as I had saddled him with great care, it kept its true place, so I had only to fear the greasers behind or a new relay ahead. I was conscious of plenty of reserved speed in Kaweah, whose powerful run was already distancing their fatigued mustangs.

As we bounded down a roll of the plain a cloud of dust sprung from a ravine directly in front of me, and two black objects lifted themselves in the sand. I drew my pistol, cocked it, whirled Kaweah to the left, plunging by and clearing them by about six feet; a thrill of relief came as I saw the long white horns of Spanish cattle gleam above the dust.

Unconsciously I restrained Kaweah too much, and in a moment the Spaniards were crowding down upon me at a fearful rate. On they came, the crash of their spurs and the clatter of their horses' feet distinctly heard; and as I had so often compared the beats of chronometers, I unconsciously noted that while Kaweah's breath, although painful, came with regular power, the mustang's respiration was quick, spasmodic, and irregular. I compared the intervals of the two mustangs, and found that one breathed better than the other, and then upon counting the best mustang with Kaweah, found that he breathed nine breaths to Kaweah's seven. In two or three minutes I tried it again, finding the relation ten to seven; then I felt the victory, and I yelled to Kaweah. The thin ears shot back flat upon his neck; lower and lower he lay down to his run; I flung him a loose rein, and gave him a friendly pat on the withers. It was a glorious burst of speed; the wind rushed by and the plain swept under us with dizzying swiftness. I shouted again, and the thing of nervous life under me bounded on wilder and faster, till I could feel his spine thrill as with shocks from a battery. I managed to look round, — a delicate matter at speed, — and saw, far behind, the distanced villains, both dismounted, and one horse fallen.

In an instant I drew Kaweah in to a gentle trot, looking around every moment, lest they should come on me unawares. In a half-mile I reached the station, and I was cautiously greeted by a man who sat by the barn door, with a rifle across his knees. He had seen me come over the plain, and had

also seen the Spanish horse fall. Not knowing but he might be in league with the robbers, I gave him a careful glance before dismounting, and was completely reassured by an expression of terror which had possession of his countenance.

I sprung to the ground and threw off the saddle, and after a word or two with the man, who proved to be the sole occupant of this station, we fell to work together upon Kaweah, my cocked pistol and his rifle lying close at hand. We sponged the creature's mouth, and, throwing a sheet over him, walked him regularly up and down for about three quarters of an hour, and then, taking him upon the open plain, where we could scan the horizon in all directions, gave him a thorough grooming. I never saw him look so magnificently as when we led him down to the creek to drink; his skin was like satin, and the veins of his head and neck stood out firm and round like whip-cords.

In the excitement of taking care of Kaweah I had scarcely paid any attention to my host, but after two hours, when the horse was quietly munching his hay, I listened attentively to his story.

The two Spaniards had lurked round his station during the night, guns in hand, and made an attempt to steal a pair of stage-horses from the stable, but, as he had watched with his rifle, they finally rode away.

By his account, I knew them to be my pursuers; they had here, however, ridden two black mustangs, and had doubtless changed their mount for the sole purpose of waylaying me.

About eleven o'clock, it being my turn to watch the horizon, I saw two horsemen making a long *détour* round the station, disappearing finally in the direction of Millerton. By my glass I could only make out that they were men riding in single file on a sorrel and a gray horse; but this, with the fact of the long *détour* which finally brought them back into the road again, convinced me that they were my enemies. The uncomfortable probability of their

raising a band, and returning to make sure of my capture, filled me with disagreeable foreboding, and all day long, whether my turn at sentinel duty or not, I did little else than range my eye over the valley in all directions.

Twice during the day I led Kaweah out and paced him to and fro, for fear his tremendous exertion would cause a stiffening of the legs; but each time he followed close to my shoulder with the same firm, proud step, and I gloried in him.

Shortly after dark I determined to mount and push forward to Millerton, my friend, the station-man, having given me careful directions as to its position; and I knew from the topography of the country, that, by abandoning the road and travelling by the stars, I could not widely miss my mark; so about nine o'clock I saddled up Kaweah, and, mounting, bade good by to my friend.

The air was bland, the heavens cloudless and starlit; in the west a low arch of light out of which had faded the last traces of sunset color; in the east a silver dawn shone mild and pure above the Sierras, brightening as the light in the west faded, till at last one jetty crag was cut upon the disk of rising moon.

Upon the light gray tone of the plain every object might be seen, and as I rode on the memory of danger passed away, leaving me in full enjoyment of companionship with the hour and with my friend Kaweah, whose sturdy, easy stride was in itself a delight. There is a charm peculiar to these soft, dewless nights. It seems the perfection of darkness, in which you get all the rest of sleep while riding, or lying wide awake on your blankets. Now and then an object, vague and unrecognized, loomed out of dusky distance, arresting our attention, for Kaweah's quick eye usually found them first; dead carcasses of starved cattle, a blanched skull, or stump of aged oak, were the only things seen, and we gradually got accustomed to these, passing with no more than a glance.

At last we approached a region of low rolling sand-hills, where Kaweah's tread became muffled, and the silence so oppressive that I was glad to arrive at the summit of the zone of hills, and looking out upon the wide, shallow valley of the San Joaquin, a plain dotted with groves, and lighted here and there by open reaches of moonlit river.

I looked up and down, searching for lights which should mark Millerton. I had intended to strike the river above the settlement, and should now, if my reckoning was correct, be within half a mile of it.

Riding down to the river-bank I dismounted, and allowed Kaweah to quench his thirst. The cool mountain water, fresh from the snow, was delicious to him. He drank, stopped to breathe, and drank again and again. I allowed him also to feed a half-moment on the grass by the river-bank, and then remounting headed down the river, and rode slowly along under the shadow of trees, following a broad, well-beaten trail which led, as I believed, to the village.

While in a grove of oaks jingling spurs suddenly sounded ahead, and directly I heard voices. I quickly turned Kaweah from the trail, and tied him a few rods off, behind a thicket, then crawled back into a bunch of buckeye bushes, disturbing some small birds, which took flight. In a moment two horsemen, talking Spanish, neared, and as they passed I recognized their horses and then the men. The impulse to try a shot was so strong that I got out my revolver, but upon second thought put it up. As they rode on into the shadow, the younger, as I judged by his voice, broke out in a delicious melody, — one of those passionate Spanish songs with a peculiar throbbing cadence, which he emphasized by sharply ringing his spurs.

These Californian scoundrels are invariably light-hearted; crime cannot overshadow the exhilaration of outdoor life, remorse and gloom are banished like clouds before this perennially sunny climate.

As the soft full tones of my bandit died in distance, I went for Kaweah, and rode rapidly westward in the opposite direction, bringing up soon in the outskirts of Millerton, just as the last gamblers were closing up their little games, and about the time the drunk were conveying one another home. Kaweah being stabled, I went to the hotel, an excellent and orderly establishment, where a colored man of mild manners gave me supper and made me at home by gentle conversation, promising at last to wake me early, and bidding me good night at my room door with the tones of an old friend. I think his soothing spirit may partly account for the genuinely profound sleep into which I quickly fell, and which held me fast bound, until his hand on my shoulder and "Half past four, sir," called me back, and renewed the currents of consciousness.

After we had had our breakfast, Kaweah and I forded the San Joaquin, and I at once left the road, determined to follow a mountain trail which led toward Mariposa. The trail proved a good one to travel, of smooth, soft surface, and pleasant in its diversity of ups and downs, and with rambling curves which led through open regions of brown hills, whose fern and grass were ripened to a common yellow-brown, then among park-like slopes, crowned with fine oaks, and occasional pine woods, the ground frequently covering itself with clumps of such shrubs as chaparral, and the never-enough-admired manzanita. Yet I think I never saw such facilities for an ambuscade. I imagined the path went out of its way to thread every thicket, and the very trees grouped themselves with a view to highway robbery.

I soon, though, got tired looking out for my Spaniards, and became assured of having my ride to myself when I studied the trail, and found that Kaweah's were the first tracks of the day.

Riding thus in the late summer along the Sierra foot-hills, one is constantly impressed with the climatic peculiarities of the region. With us in the

East, plant life seems to continue until it is at last put out by cold, the trees appear to grow till the first frosts; but in the Sierra foot-hills growth and active life culminate in June and early July, and then follow long months of warm, stormless autumn, wherein the hills grow slowly browner, and the whole air seems to ripen into a fascinating repose, a rich, dreamy quiet, with distance lost behind pearly hazes, with warm tranquil nights, dewless and silent. This period is opulent in yellows and russets and browns, in great overhanging masses of oak, whose olive hue is warmed into umber depth, in groves of serious pines, red of bark, and cool in the dark greenness of their spires. Nature wears an aspect of patient waiting for a great change; ripeness, existence beyond the accomplishment of the purpose of life, a long, pleasant, painless waiting for death,—these are the conditions of the vegetation; and it is vegetation more than the peculiar appearance of the air which impresses the strange character of the season. It is as if our August should grow rich and ripe, through cloudless days and glorious warm nights, on till February, and then wake as from sleep, to break out in the bloom of May.

I was delighted to ride thus alone and expose myself, as one uncovers a sensitized photographic plate, to be influenced; for this is a respite from scientific work, when through months you hold yourself accountable for seeing everything, for analyzing, for instituting perpetual comparison, and as it were sharing in the administering of the physical world. No tongue can tell the relief to simply withdraw scientific observation, and let Nature impress you in the dear old way with all her mystery and glory, with those vague, indescribable emotions which tremble between wonder and sympathy.

Behind me in distance stretched the sere plain where Kaweah's run saved me. To the west, fading out into warm blank distance, lay the great valley of San Joaquin, into which, de-

scending by sinking curves, were rounded hills, with sunny brown slopes softened as to detail by a low clinging bank of milky air. Now and then out of the haze to the east indistinct rosy peaks, with dull, silvery snow-marblings, stood dimly up against the sky, and higher yet a few sharp summits lifted into the clearer heights seemed hung there floating. Quite in harmony with this was the little group of Dutch settlements I passed, where an antique-looking man and woman sat together on a veranda sunning their white hair, and silently smoking old porcelain pipes.

Nor was there any element of incongruity at the *rancheria*, where I dismounted to rest shortly after noon. A few sleepy Indians lay on their backs dreaming; the good-humored stout squaws, nursing papposes, or lying outstretched upon red blankets. The agreeable harmony was not alone from the Indian summer in their blood, but in part as well from the features of their dress and facial expression. Their clothes, of Caucasian origin, quickly fade out into utter barbarism, toning down to warm dirty umbers, never failing to be relieved, here and there, by ropes of blue and white beads, or head-band and girdle of scarlet cloth. I saw one woman, of splendid mould, soundly sleeping upon her back, a blanket covering her from the waist down in ample folds, her bare body and large full breasts kindled into bronze under streaming light; the arms flung out wide and relaxed; the lips closed with grave compression, and about the eyes and full throat an air of deep, eternal sleep. She might have been a casting in metal but for the rich hot color in her lips and cheeks.

Toward the late afternoon, trotting down a gentle forest slope, I came in sight of a number of ranche buildings grouped about a central open space. A small stream flowed by the outbuildings, and wound among chaparral-covered spurs below. Considerable crops of grain had been gathered into a corral, and a number of horses were quiet-

ly straying about. Yet with all the evidences of considerable possessions, the whole place had an air of suspicious mock-repose. Riding into the open square, I saw that one of the buildings was a store, and to this I rode, tying Kaweah to the piazza post.

I thought the whole world slumbered when I beheld the sole occupant of this country store, a red-faced man in pantaloons and shirt, who lay on his back upon a counter fast asleep, the handle of a revolver grasped in his right hand. It seemed to me if I were to wake him up a little too suddenly he might misunderstand my presence and do some accidental damage; so I stepped back and poked Kaweah, making him jump and clatter his hoofs, and at once the proprietor sprung to the door, looking flustered and uneasy.

I asked him if he could accommodate me for the afternoon and night, and take care of my horse; to which he replied, in a very leisurely manner, that there was a bed, and something to eat, and hay, and that if I was inclined to take the chances I might stay.

Being in mind to take the chances, I did stay, and my host walked out with me to the corral, and showed me where to get Kaweah's hay and grain.

I loafed about for an hour or two, finding that a Chinese cook was the only other human being in sight, and then concluded to pump the landlord. A half-hour's trial thoroughly disgusted me, and I gave it up as a bad job. I did, however, learn that he was a man of Southern birth, of considerable education, which a brutal life and depraved mind had not sufficed fully to obliterate. He seemed to care very little for his business, which indeed was small enough, for during the time I spent there not a single customer made his appearance. The stock of goods I observed on examination to be chiefly fire-arms, every manner of gambling apparatus, and liquors; the few pieces of stuffs, barrels, and boxes of groceries appeared to be disposed rather as ornaments than for actual sale.

From each of the man's trousers

pockets protruded the handle of a deringer, and behind his counter were arranged in convenient position two or three double-barrelled shot-guns.

I remarked to him that he seemed to have a handily arranged arsenal, at which he regarded me with a cool, quiet stare, polished the handle of one of his derringers upon his trousers, examined the percussion-cap with great deliberation, and then with a nod of the head intended to convey great force, said, "You don't live in these parts," — a fact for which I felt not unthankful.

The man drank brandy freely and often, and at intervals of about half an hour called to his side a plethoric old cat named "Gospel," stroked her with nervous rapidity, swearing at the same time in so *distrail* and unconscious a manner that he seemed mechanically talking to himself.

Whoever has travelled on the West Coast has not failed to notice the fearful volleys of oaths which the oxen-drivers hurl at their teams, but for ingenious flights of fancy profanity I have never met the equal of my host. With the most perfect good-nature and unmoved countenance he uttered florid blasphemies, which, I think, must have taken hours to invent. I was glad when bedtime came, to be relieved of his presence, and especially pleased when he took me to the little separate building in which was a narrow single bed. Next this building on the left was the cook-house and dining-room, and upon the right lay his own sleeping apartment. Directly across the square, and not more than sixty feet off, was the gate of the corral, which, when moved, creaked on its rusty hinges in the most dismal manner.

As I lay upon my bed I could hear Kaweah occasionally stamp; the snoring of the Chinaman on one side, and the low mumbled conversation of my host and his squaw on the other. I felt no inclination to sleep, but lay there in half-doze, quite conscious, yet withdrawn from the present.

I think it must have been about eleven o'clock when I heard the clatter of a couple of horsemen, who galloped up to my host's building and sprang to the ground, their Spanish spurs ringing on the stone. I sat up in bed, grasped my pistol, and listened. The peach-tree next my window rustled. The horses moved about so restlessly that I heard but little of the conversation, but that little I found of personal interest to myself.

I give as nearly as I can remember the fragments of dialogue between my host and the man whom I recognized as the elder of my two robbers.

"When did he come?"

"Wall, the sun might have been about four hours."

"Has his horse give out?"

I failed to hear the answer, but was tempted to shout out, "No!"

"Gray coat, buckskin breeches."  
(My dress.)

"Going to Mariposa at seven in the morning."

"I guess I would n't, round here."

A low muttered soliloquy in Spanish wound up with a growl.

"No, Antone, not within a mile of the place."

"'Sta buen'."

Out of the compressed jumble of the final sentence I got but the one word, "buckshot."

The Spaniards mounted, and the sound of their spurs and horses' hoofs soon died away in the north, and I lay for half an hour revolving all sorts of plans. The safest course seemed to be to slip out in the darkness and fly on foot to the mountains, abandoning my good Kaweah; but I thought of his noble run, and it seemed to me so wrong to turn my back on him, that I resolved to unite our fate. I rose cautiously, and, holding my watch up to the moon, found that twelve o'clock had just passed, then taking from my pocket a five-dollar gold piece, I laid it upon the stand by my bed, and in my stocking-feet, with my clothes in my hands, started noiselessly for the corral. A fierce bull-dog, who had shown

no disposition to make friends with me, bounded from the open door of the proprietor to my side. Instead of tearing me, as I had expected, he licked my hands and fawned about my feet.

Reaching the corral gate, I dreaded opening it at once, remembering the rusty hinges, so I hung my clothes upon an upper bar of the fence, and, cautiously lifting the latch, began to push back the gate, inch by inch, an operation which required me eight or ten minutes; then I walked up to Kaweah and patted him. His manger was empty; he had picked up the last kernel of barley. The creature's manner was full of curiosity, as if he had never been approached in the night before. Suppressing his ordinary whinnying, he preserved a motionless, statue-like silence. I was in terror lest by a neigh, or some nervous movement, he should waken the sleeping proprietor and expose my plan.

The corral and the open square were half covered with loose stones, and when I thought of the clatter of Kaweah's shoes I experienced a feeling of trouble, and again meditated running off on foot, until the idea struck me of muffling the iron feet. Ordinarily Kaweah would not allow me to lift his fore-feet at all. The two blacksmiths who shod him had done so at the peril of their lives, and whenever I had attempted to pick up his hind feet he had warned me away by dangerous stamps; so I approached him very timidly, and was surprised to find that he allowed me to lift all four of his feet without the slightest objection. As I stooped down he nosed me over, and nibbled playfully at my hat. In constant dread lest he should make some noise, I hurried to muffle his fore-feet with my trousers and shirt, and then, with rather more care, to tie upon his hind feet my coat and drawers.

Knowing nothing of the country ahead of me, and fearing that I might again have to run for it, I determined at all cost to water him. Groping about the corral and barn, and at



last finding a bucket, and descending through the darkness to the stream, I brought him a full draught, which he swallowed eagerly, when I tied my shoes on the saddle-pommel, and led the horse slowly out of the corral gate, holding him firmly by the bit, and feeling his nervous breath pour out upon my hand.

When we had walked perhaps a quarter of a mile I stopped and listened. All was quiet, the landscape lying bright and distinct in full moonlight. I unbound the wrappings, shook from them as much dust as possible, dressed myself, and then mounting, started northward on the Mariposa trail with cocked pistol.

In the soft dust we travelled noiselessly for a mile or so, passing from open country into groves of oak and thickets of chaparral.

Without warning, I suddenly came upon a smouldering fire close by the trail, and in the shadow descried two sleeping forms, one stretched on his back snoring heavily, the other lying upon his face, pillowing his head upon folded arms.

I held my pistol aimed at one of the wretches, and rode by without wakening them, guiding Kaweah in the thickest dust.

It keyed me up to a high pitch. I turned around in the saddle, leaving Kaweah to follow the trail, and kept my eyes riveted on the sleeping forms, until they were lost in distance, and then I felt safe.

We galloped over many miles of trail, enjoying a sunrise, and came at last to Mariposa, where I deposited my gold, and then went to bed and made up my lost sleep.

*Clarence King.*

## JUNE DAYS IN VENICE.

VENICE, Wednesday, June 2, 1869.

DEAR PEOPLE: There is so much to tell you about, here, that I see plainly, my only way will be to keep a sort of journal; and if, so doing, I make my letter into a book, I hope enough of the color of the days will get into its pages to repay you for struggling through them. We finished up our May with a christening! Venetian twins, in the church of San Giovanni e Paolo, called in the guide-book vernacular (if there be such a thing as vernacular for men who write guide-books, bless them!) "the Westminster Abbey of Venice."

We had wandered about among the tombs of the Doges, and the statues of generals, and the altars, and the candles, and the pictures, and the scaffoldings, and the workmen with mortar, and the begging men and boys and old women, till we were perfectly exhausted, and did not care whether Venice ever had a Doge or not, or if the

beggars died of starvation at our feet; and we were just going off, when we saw a woman hurrying into the church with a glass box in her arms. P——, who had seen them before, exclaimed, "O! O! there is to be a baby baptized!" and we almost ran towards the woman. A baby indeed! there were two babies, rolled up tight, like mummies, to their very throats; little knit caps on their heads, which were about as big and red as baldwin apples, and rolled about from side to side as if the stems would n't last long. The box was, perhaps, a foot and a half or two feet long, and a foot high; a wooden framework with knobs at the corners, like bed-post tops; the sides of glass, and holes around the edges in the wood-work to let in the air. The babies were twins and were just one day old! The woman set the box down on a bench by the wall as indifferently as if it had been a bundle of old clothes, and walked away. There they lay, the two poor little gasping



things, all alone, in this huge church with effigies of dead Doges and great equestrian statues all about them. I never supposed anything so uncanny could happen to one in the first forty-eight hours after getting into the world, even if one had the luck to land in Venice! P—— and I stood and watched the poor little creatures; they hardly seemed human, though their eyes were really bright, and they were unusually wide-awake looking babies for their time of life. One of them was quite uncomfortable, and gasped often as if it would cry, if the bandages were not too tight; the other, which had a red string in its cap, and by that token I thought was the older of the two, seemed to look upon the grimaces of his brother with positive philosophical scorn. He would look him steadily in the eye for a minute, and his mouth seemed quite pursed up with contempt for such babyishness. Presently the woman came back, and with her a priest, slouchy and unneat, with a purple vestment slipped on over his old coat, a little ragged boy carrying a candle, and a stout, handsome fellow, evidently a workman, whom I took to be the father. It turned out afterward that he was only the godfather, which relieved my mind of some anxiety, because I did not at all like the stolid uninterested way in which he looked down on the baby's face while he held it. The father was in the sacristy through the whole ceremony, and did not so much as peep out. The woman who brought the babies was evidently a servant, and there was no attempt at holiday attire about her; in fact the whole atmosphere of the thing would have led you to suppose that baptism of twins was an every-day thing to them all, and it was as much as ever they could do to spare time for it. Fancy the group,—the priest, the little boy with the candle, the heavy godfather holding the baby, the listless servant, and two eager and horrified American women looking on! An old beggar-woman hobbled up too, and stood near. The other poor baby,

meantime, was left alone in its glass-walled bed, half-way down the church, the door ajar, and nobody to watch! Such a chance to steal a baby! The priest mumbled and galloped over a Latin service; once in a few minutes the little boy said something, which sounded like “Nan! Nan!” the priest put a great pinch of salt into the poor little thing's mouth, breathed on it, put oil in its ears, on its breast, and on the back of its neck; the godfather holding it bolt upright with the poor little one-day-old spine bending and lopping in all directions! The sacristan spilt some of the oil, and the priest almost laughed out; then they all laughed; and the servant took twin No. 1 back to the case, and brought up No. 2. But we did not stay to see the ceremony over again, it was too horrible.

To-day we have had a picturesque day; first the school of San Rocco, three rooms full of Tintoretto's pictures, about which, since I do not like many of them and am not competent to speak, I hold my tongue.

Next we went to the church of San Crisostomo; and here is a picture by Giovanni Bellini, with which one can form an intimate friendship. I should like to spend mornings with these saints; Saint Jerome, high up on a rock, with his book; poor harassed Saint Augustine, in his mitre and vestments on the right; and on the left Saint Christopher, with the loveliest baby boy astride on his shoulders, holding on tight by one little hand to Christopher's black hair. O, it is delicious! but then it won't sound so, and it is stupid to take up your time with empty names of things.

When we left San Crisostomo we supposed we were going directly home. Surely, we had seen enough for one day; but as we turned into a narrow canal, we found all the houses decorated with flags, and the flags trimmed with black. “O Signora,” said Luigi, “there is a great funeral in the church on that street!” Now a funeral was the very thing we had wanted to see!

We had seen how Venetians began, and we had curiosity as to their end ! We had asked Luigi, the day before, if he could not find a funeral for us, and he had replied, quite sadly, that funerals were just now out of season. Nobody died in Venice in the spring ! We did not wonder that nobody wanted to ; but still it seemed a little queer, looked at from a statistical point of view, that nobody did.

However, here was a funeral, ready to his hand, and a grand one too. We hurried down the little street ; every house had the national flag hanging from a window, and the staff wreathed with crape. People were all hurrying in the same direction ; in a few moments we saw a bridge crowded with men and women, all looking eagerly down the canal. "O," said we, "we are just in time ; the funeral *cortège* is coming up in gondolas !" So we pushed and elbowed in among them, and looked down the canal too. Nothing to be seen, and while we were looking, the crowd dissolved and left us. That is the most mysterious thing about an Italian crowd ; it gathers dense and black and resolute, in five seconds, from nowhere ; and in five seconds more it has gone like a cloud, and no trace of it is left ; and why it went or why it came you will never know ; neither does it know itself.

Again and again I have asked a man or a woman why they were waiting, and they have answered with a laugh, "Because there are many people here !"

The church was near, and we ran there, hoping to catch the funeral yet. The walls were hung with black ; great pyramids of white flowers on the altar, a mass going on, and many people kneeling ; so we sat down. In a few minutes two men came behind us, with a ladder, and began to take down the black hangings. This looked unpromising, and at last we did what it would have been sensible to do at first, — asked if there were a funeral to take place there. It had happened at nine o'clock in the morning, and now, I suppose, they were saying masses for the

soul. The men flew about, tearing down the black cambric with most unseemly haste, and scattering dust on everybody's head ; and we walked away quite crestfallen.

It was a most picturesque little street, about six feet wide, and set thick with stores on each side ; there were bread stores, with piles of all imaginable shapes and colors of bread on the open window-sills (everybody keeps store on the window-sill or the doorstep here), and provision stores, with great baskets of boiled beets, round and flat like pancakes, and young potatoes, size of nutmegs, also boiled ready to eat ; were on every corner. Stockings and lace collars and china toys and yellow handkerchiefs hung and swung and stood and waved to right and left of the beets and potatoes. A big butcher was asleep in his little cupboard of a store, and on his window-sill stood six round earthen cups of what I think must have been the dreadful blood puddings I have heard of ; it looked simply like blood cooled, with stiffened bubbles on top. It made you faint to think that it could be put there to sell to human beings. Then came a fish *trattoria*, a scene for Rembrandt to paint, a dark cavern of a shop, lit only from one door and window in front ; a stone furnace in the rear, from which came a fiery glow ; two men with arms bared to the shoulder, standing in this fire-light frying fish. Crockery plates set up in rows, on stone ledges above the fire ; and flat wicker-work platters of fish, round, long, flat, whole, sliced, curled, straight, floured, and peppered, ready to fry, standing in tottering piles in the window. This was a picture, and I stayed so long to look at it I nearly got lost going back to the gondola alone. Then I bought out of another window a big round cracker, which I hoped was made out of unbolted wheat, but it proved sour and uneatable, like everything else we find here, except the dazzling white fine bread of the hotels, which is sweet simply because it is lifeless, and has no more nutrition in it than so much cobweb.

As we rowed home, Luigi told us all about the funeral. He had been gossiping with the street in our absence, and had found out that it was the funeral of a Countess Somebody, who had been very patriotic, had run great risks in the times of the wars, had been three times in the Austrian prisons, and had lost most of her property in consequence. She was much beloved by the people; hence the flags and the kneeling crowds at the mass. Some day he is to take us to see the house in which she died; though why we want to see it I cannot imagine.

*Sunday, the 6th.* — O, if I could but catch these swift days and clip their wings! Dear people, will you not all come to Venice in spring, some year of your years, and have our Luigi for gondolier, and be as content as we? All I can write you is dusty, dry. You do not know in the least what I have seen. For instance, on the Thursday which followed the Wednesday of the good Countess's funeral, did I not spend a whole forenoon in the rooms of Rieti, a Jew, with spectacles, who hires a palace to keep store in, and who fattens on the decay of Venetian families, buying up every shred of thing which they have to sell, and setting the relics, one above another, in these palace rooms, to be sold again to American men and women? And would not the catalogue of the beautiful and weird and uncanny old things I saw there fill a volume? Chairs and tables and chests and sideboards and mirrors, from time of Doges down! Glass and china and tapestry, work-boxes and crickets and candlesticks and fans and busts and gravestones! Yes, old gravestones there were; and hall lamps, and an old medicine-chest out of which came dusty scent of poisons which helped to thin out the eleventh century, I am sure! The old leather-case was dropping and crumbling to pieces, and the green baize lining seemed half turned to fungus. It was most curiously studded with silver nails, and surely belonged to a physician of degree.

There are six of these stores of antiquity and works of art here, and we have been to four of them; for my lucky friends have a house, and a room to be refurnished. I feel now as if I had had "the run" of all the Venetian palaces from the tenth to the sixteenth century. I have lifted off the lids of their soup-tureens, tried the hinges and handles of their sideboards, and pulled out all their secret drawers. I only wish I had a thousand dollars to spend to-morrow morning in small articles which would never be missed out of these bewildering confusions. I would buy for one of you a stool whose seat should be crimson, and should be held up by a black Moor, a cunning little fellow six years old, called Abdallah, I "calculate," and clothed as to the loins in a tunic of green and silver. Should you mind sitting on him? He looks very happy, and shows all his teeth. For another, you who give little dinners, I would buy a fish, a china fish, to hold your salmon; the platter is gay with flowers; the fish is purple, — mullet, perhaps; at any rate it is purple and silver, and a lemon at top of him, for a handle, and by the lemon you lift off his upper half, and there will be your salmon; and what Doge ever had so good a fish out of it before you? For you who have made a million since I came away, — ah! for you, my dear, there is a set of furniture in ebony inlaid with white ivory tablets, and the tablets covered with fantastic designs and patterns, like fine etchings. Such a little wardrobe of drawers as stands on a table of this set, three feet high, doors always to be kept open, and twenty little drawers ready to hold all your letters! If you like it better, there is a set of brown nutwood inlaid more elaborately with ivory, not an inch left plain, and all sorts of carved ivory figures set in the impossible places. These are four things out of thousands; but I can tell you no more, because in the afternoon we went to Torcello, and that is better worth talking over.

I am tempted to put in a little guide-

book about Torcello, because I knew so little about it myself before coming here, that I think some of you may be equally ignorant. But I remember that I promised never to do guide-book at all, and so I will not yield to the temptation. You will know that it is an island, and that before Venice was Torcello, and had churches and bishoprics and palaces; it will be easier for you to believe all this than it is for me, though, to be sure, I have seen the cathedral and one church and a bit of one palace; but for all the rest I find no real faith in my heart. Nothing in all Rome, not even the loneliest old aqueduct-stones in the farthest silence of the Campagna, ever gave me such sense of desolation, of forgotten life, as the atmosphere of this little island. We sailed to it through sunshine, swiftly too, for we had taken an extra rower. The lagoon was astir with fishing-people, and the smoke of work went up from Murano as we passed it, and bells rang from old towers on two other islands as we drew near Torcello. We had been told that many of the great barges which we had seen at sunset coming down the Grand Canal, loaded with cherries and salads and artichokes and all sorts of good garden things, were bringing vegetables from Torcello; so we thought we were going to a thrifty suburb of Venice, to find some old churches we knew, and we supposed to breathe the air of to-day.

We had not glided ten steps into the silent Torcello canal, before we felt the hush of a burial-place. So low lay the fields, lapping up the slow green water, that it seemed as if we might slip over at any minute, and be floating above the grass. The silence was indescribable. Old stone bridges spanned the canal; and as we rowed under them, the grass nodded down to us from the sides and the top. Had human feet ever brushed it? We grew afraid. The white honeysuckle was in blossom, and raspberry-bushes with pink flowers made long thickets of hedge over which here and there a scarlet pome-

granate looked, as if holding court; bits of old stone-work gleamed out among these wild growths, hardly more than a doorstep at a time, a corner-stone, or a few inches of wall, all so sunk, so bedded in the green, that, but for knowing that a city and palaces had stood there, we should have thought them no more than natural stones. After a time we found a house or two; then an old bell-tower rising up suddenly and ghost-like in the waste, walled in, as if it were the keep of the powers and principalities of the air. Then we came on a little brood of ducklings; they looked more human than you could conceive; and then, after another turn, on a custom-house. This took our breath away. I do not know yet what it meant. If I were the right sort of traveller, I should have found out. But its stone steps answered for us to land on, and nobody stopped either us or the ducks, who stepped on shore with us; and we all crept along together. I felt somehow as if they were so much safer than we.

An old woman whom I *almost* believe to have been alive showed us the old church of Santa Fosca and the cathedral. I can't tell you about them. Nobody could. The church is a dome on top of a Greek cross, and a portico with tumbling pillars all around it. The cathedral stands close by,—almost joins the church, and has a floor of mosaic, which makes St. Mark's look new; high marble reading-desks, and around the semicircular apse, behind the high altar, marble seats rising up in tiers, one above the other, like the Coliseum. In the middle is the bishop's chair, and all so old that it looked crumbling, though it never can crumble; and it is not so very old, after all, not more than a thousand years; but it feels, for some inexplicable reason, older than anything I ever saw. Fresh annunciation lilies were on every altar; their odor filled the air, and drowned out the smell of fungus; the old woman's shoes clapped, clapped at the heel with every step she took, and echoed in the dark corners.

Down in the crypt there was a poor old wooden Christ, all cobwebs and dust,—a most pitiful thing. As we walked by she kissed it, and drew her withered hands down the legs to the feet, with a lingering touch of tenderness and passionate devotion, which I never saw equalled, and which made my eyes wet for some minutes. It must be that which has kept her alive in Torcello,—this haggard, hungry old soul. The air is poison there. It was that which drove the people away, and put this melancholy end to the city; only a few people live there now, who are too poor to live anywhere else, and cannot perhaps resist the temptation of ground to cultivate; for green things thrive and produce in Torcello, though all the children look as if they had just left their beds for the first time after some terrible illness. They crowded round us and begged, more by their hollow eyes than by their words. I sat down in a great rough stone chair, which stands in an open space before the cathedral, and in front of the old bit of a stone house in which the bishop lived, and gave all the children bon-bons which I had cribbed from our hotel dinner. A questionable charity, I know, but I had no pennies; and beggars have such digestions in Italy, one feels less scruple about giving them unwholesome sweets.

One little girl, six or seven years old, with great gaunt brown eyes and a weight of tangled auburn-black hair, grasped hers firm in her little hand, and never opened it. The other children were tearing open the bright papers and munching down the candy like monkeys. She looked at them wistfully, but did not offer to touch hers. I explained to her that it was good to eat, and tried to make her taste it; at last, after I had asked her a dozen times why she did not eat it, she whispered so I could but just catch the words, she was so frightened, that she kept it for her little brother. Did n't I turn my pocket wrong side out, and find one more for

that little angel? and did n't she bite into it in about the shortest second? And do you think I believe in original depravity? As I turned back for my last look at the desolate, grass-grown piazza and the cathedral and the church and the bell-tower, the children were all scrambling to get up into the stone chair (they call it Attila's chair, because he never sat in it, I suppose); three were already in, two more climbing up, and a poor little two-year-old tugging away at one of the six legs hanging down in front, and trying in vain to lift himself up by it.

Yesterday I was heroic, stayed in the house, and wrote all the forenoon. In the afternoon we rowed over to the Enchanted Island, that is, the Lido; the girls and Mrs. and Miss T—went into the water in Venetian bathing-dresses, hired for two francs, and swam about as if they had been Brides of the Adriatic all their lives. I sat on an upper stair and watched them and the sea; mostly the sea, which was pale soft gray in the distance, and green close at my feet. There were many people rowing back and forth on it, and some of their sails were orange, and some looked rose-pink against the sky. Why do not all sailors have orange and pink sails, I wonder? it is all a sail needs to make it as beautiful as a cloud, and it signifies so much more.

*Sunday, 13th.*—This Sunday was the anniversary of the adoption of the Constitution by Italy, and all the houses were bright with flags; the square of Saint Mark's was gay with red and green and white, and in the evening there was to be music on the canal. We commissioned Luigi to buy an Italian flag for our gondola, to show our sympathy with freedom, and anticipated a fine night on the water. Alas! At six o'clock the sky was black, and it thundered mutteringly in the east; however, we would not be kept in, even by its beginning to sprinkle as we took our seats in the gondola; actually under umbrellas we rowed up to the Rialto, and displayed our

flag. Some of the gondoliers saluted us as we passed, and they all looked pleased and smiled.

The band was playing on a great barge in front of the prefect's house, and a few determined people were creeping about under umbrellas as we were; but it was a failure. The sky grew blacker and the drops bigger, and against our wills we went home. To be out in the rain, in Venice, is too much to be borne by the stoutest soul. To be between two fires is always accounted a bad thing in battle; but to be between two waters is as bad. Going home we passed a grave-looking American family, singing psalm-tunes in their gondola. It sounded very pleasant, but I could not resist the suspicion that it was a kind of a sop to their consciences for being out on the Grand Canal so near sunset of a Sunday.

Last Wednesday went for looking over photographs in the morning, and for three or four not especially interesting churches in the afternoon, but you know, without my taking time to say it, that simply to go from one place to another, in this wonderful sea-city, is a delight in itself. If it waited for me to say where we should go, we should never go anywhere. It never seems to me to make the least difference. I feel as if the gondola knew and would go of itself. I should sink down if I were alone and give no orders to the invisible Luigi. Luckily for me, N—— and P—— are more wise. N—— is our guide, and has always something to propose for each day, which is just the best thing to do. Thanks to her, we have in this four weeks seen Venice most thoroughly. On Thursday we spent the whole morning in the Academy, with the beloved pictures. I feel that I am so entirely ignorant of art, that I have hardly right to say what I think about any picture. But I am sure of one thing, — pictures and poems are one. All the pictures I have seen, which have impressed me, are poems; and I see that even to my ignorance it becomes clearer and clearer in what measure

they are written. Also, I see, that it is as silly to like, or even to be ready to like, *all* the pictures painted by one man, simply because they are his, as it is to believe that one's favorite poet could not write a poor thing.

I am wondering about many things in these days, of which I have nobody here to ask, and no books to help me. I am sure that if one knew literature and art well enough, close parallels could be drawn out between poems and pictures; and I wonder if there would not be historical agreements too? Some of you who know, write and tell me what you think about this. Now I find Carpaccio to be a man who painted ballads! All his pictures have the ring and the movement, with the light touch. There is a series of them in the Academy which tells the story of Saint Ursula. I sit and read it over and over and over, as you can "How they brought the good News to Ghent." He does not forget what the little page said, nor that on that day the maiden was ill at ease; or that while the ambassadors asked the king for the hand of his daughter, outside of the gate sat an old stern woman who liked not these foreign wooings, and muttered that ill would come. Every picture is a complete ballad in itself; as you look at them you involuntarily walk with steps set to the sound of a singer.

Then there is Bellini, whose pictures are gentle and tender and are like quaint sacred songs. Always he puts at base of the pictures little angels or babies sitting with crossed legs, and playing on lutes the accompaniment to the song. Most of his pictures are called "Madonna with two Saints," "Madonna with four Saints," "Madonna and Child," etc., etc. I always think of them as "The true Song of the Day when Catharine and Agatha met Mary and the child Jesus," or "The Greeting of Saint Agnes to the Infant Lord," or "The Words of Saints Jerome and Christopher to Augustine the Monk." But for all this, Bellini has painted many Madonnas whose faces are like faces of wood; and one



frightful picture of his has in the clouds over the Madonna's head, seven cherub heads of fiery scarlet-like lobster ! There are two pictures in the Academy by a Martino da Udine, a rare man of Bellini's day and school, who has left only few things. One of these is the "Angel of the Annunciation," the other is a Madonna, both single figures, severe, alone, no accessories, but an air of Heaven about the one, and of sanctified earth in the other, which it is good to see. I know lines in George Herbert which are like these pictures. Titian's single heads and single figures are like sonnets, either solemn and slow, with the whole of the man's life concentrated into that day's voice, or vivid, fiery like the passionate outpouring of one moment ! His "Presentation of the little Virgin at the Temple" is the picture I like best of all the pictures I have seen yet (except the "Last Communion of Saint Jerome," by Domenichino, in Rome). It is a grand epic poem. There is the whole of Jerusalem and the worship of the Temple in the figures of the high-priests—all Jewry in the crowd below, and all Christianity and redemption in the figure of the little Virgin. All my life, blue will be more sacred to me by reason of this little Virgin's gown ! And as for red, it has always been to me like the key-note of a universe of hidden things ; like a very spell in the air ; and now I know that Titian had been taken inside of its mystery and signed with its sign. Every day I see men in the Academy sitting down calmly to copy Titian's red ! and I wonder at their being suffered to go about without keepers.

From the Academy we went to the house of two old Venetian ladies, sisters of an artist whom P—— and N—— knew when they were here before, and who made a copy of one of Bellini's pictures for them. She was sick and deformed and poor, but had great talent as a copyist, and had worked with great industry, for all the rooms of the little house were hung with her drawings and paintings. She

died some two years ago ; and these two poor old sisters were so gratified and touched at her being remembered and sought out by strangers for whom she had painted, that it was hard to know what to say to them, (especially if you did not know many words of their language !) But the sight of the house, and their way of living, was most interesting. After all, one such interior picture is worth scores of common outside views ; they must once have "seen better days," everything in their manner and surroundings showed this. They have now no servant, and one sister could not see us this morning. We knew by the stir and the odors that she was cooking their dinner ; and who but she could it have been who snatched and hid the string of onions which, when we arrived, was hanging on the hat-rack in the front hall, by side of an old cotton umbrella, and when we went away was no longer there ? The sister we saw was seventy years old ; her eyes were faded and her lips very shaky : but she must once have been handsome ; and the woman had not by any means died out of her old heart, for when I recognized, as her portrait, the face of a handsome woman of not more than thirty-five, among her sister's paintings on the walls of the little parlor, her wrinkled cheeks flushed with pleasure, and she smiled, a little as she might have smiled the day the picture was painted.

She wore, just as such pitiful "genteel" old ladies do at home, and I suppose all the world over, skimpy black clothes, gray with age, and a forlorn dusty black lace thing on the back of her head ; they always look more like palls than like caps, on that kind of old lady. They asked high prices for their sister's pictures, and I am afraid they will not sell all of them. The girls bought a lovely little picture of a picturesque Palace on the Grand Canal, at which we look almost every afternoon. They could hardly have found a more vivid bit of Venice, to carry away with them, than this little sketch by the poor dead Raffaella.



In the afternoon we went into the house of another Venetian family. Such a contrast! This family's name is Giovanelli; and the Prince Giovanelli married a Contarini; and of the Contarinis, five have been Doges! and the house in which this Giovanelli and Contarini live is the most splendid palace in Venice. Did we not do well to go to the poor old sisters first? It was like the one bit of red which Titian throws in at last in the distance of his pictures which brings all the other colors out. But you see plainly that of this palace I cannot tell you much, because there is a limit to a letter, though you may think I don't know it; neither did I half tell you about the other little home. I shall remember it quite as long as the grand one. Mrs. Contarini Giovanelli is the only palace-owning lady that I have envied. I would not have taken one of the superb palaces in Genoa as a gift, if I were to be compelled to stay in their great ghostly rooms. But this Giovanelli palace, superb as it is, is cosey. Think of that! a cosey palace! a boudoir of blue, blue damask from ceiling to floor, and a ceiling like a hollow shell, and a rounding blue satin sofa, on which she sits and mends her husband's shirts. How do I know? By this token, that in a costly glass toy, on a little table before the sofa, and among a thousand dollars or so worth of other trifles in the way of baskets and statuettes and boxes, were three old shirt-bosom buttons! close to her work-basket, which might have been yours or mine, it was so neat and simple. Their bedroom is regal,—ebony and yellow damask: but—ah, the but, even in a palace! On this gorgeous ebony stood, in easy reach from one of the yellow satin beds, *cold cream* and a bottle of *magnesia*! Heartburn, you see, even for a descendant of Doges, in this dream of a palace. I, who never had heartburn, and would die before I took *magnesia*, chuckled and passed on.

A crimson room, satin tapestry, on walls with raised velvet figures; a yel-

low and white room, the tapestry woven to fit, with the coat of arms wrought in here and there, a picture-gallery hung with claret velvet, and holding rare pictures. Titian, and Veronese, and Bellini, and Dürer, and Van Dyck, and Rembrandt; a dining-room with carvings and purple velvet, and china which was a study in itself; a sitting-room with a grand piano, and a marvellous bird-cage of gay lattice-work alternating with transparencies on which were painted morning-glories and honeysuckles! In the cage, seven little Japanese birds, drab and scarlet and gray; on the piano, cigars of several sorts, ready for the prince after dinner. This is a skeleton glimpse for you of the Giovanelli's ways of living.

I shall never forget the glow on the faces of some of Titian's portraits of Doges, which hang in the crimson room: not all the heat of the red tapestry of Lyons can dull the glow of the orange and red mantles, or approach the kindling fire in the faces.

"Is there a library?" said we.

"No," said the courteous and elegant creature, called servant, who had showed us his master's house. And somehow I instantly felt as if it had been quite impertinent to ask, and as if, perhaps, after all, books were a superfluous indulgence. The prince must read, for he is "Syndic of Venice" and "Senator of Italy"; but not a book did we see, except some ornamental ones to match the crimson furniture.

Yesterday, two more churches,—San Zaccaria, which is the first church in Venice I have liked; and San Giorgio degli Schiavoni, a little one-room, upper-chamber sort of a church, in an out-of-the-way quarter, where are nine quaint old pictures by my favorite ballad-man Carpaccio; sung when he was young; with too many adjectives, but ringing, ringing like all the rest. I shall grow to remember his things better than any others if I study them much more; that also is like the hold a ballad gets on you; it haunts your downsitting and uprising as no other verse can.

H. H.

## MARBLE OR DUST?

A CHILD, beside a statue, said to me,  
With pretty wisdom very sadly just,  
"That man is Mr. Lincoln, mamma. He  
Was made of marble: we are made of dust."

One flash of passionate sorrow trembled through  
The dust of which I had been dimly made,  
One fierce, quick wish to be of marble too, —  
Not something meaner, that must fall and fade.

"To be forever fair and still and cold,"  
I faintly thought, with faint tears in my sight,  
"To stand thus face to face with Time, and hold  
Between us that uncrumbling charm of white ;

"To see the creatures formed of slighter stuff  
Waver in little dead-leaf whirls away,  
Yet know that I could wait and have enough, —  
Enough of frost and dew, of dark and day.

"I would be marble? Wherefore? Just to miss  
The tremors of glad pain that dust must know?  
The grief that settles after some dead kiss?  
The frown that was a smile not long ago?

"Do I forget the stone's long loneliness?  
The dumb impatience all wan watching brings?  
The looking with blind eyes, in vague distress,  
For Christ's slow Coming, and the End of Things?

"No, boy of mine, with your young yellow hair,  
Better the dust you scatter with your feet  
Than marble, which can see not you are fair, —  
Than marble, which can feel not you are sweet.

"Ay, or than marble which must meet the years  
Without my light relief of murmurous breath,  
Without the bitter sweetness of my tears,  
Without the love which dust must have for Death."

*Mrs. S. M. B. Piatt.*

## WATCH AND WARD.

## IN FIVE PARTS: PART THIRD.

## V.

ROGER'S quarrel with his young companion, if quarrel it was, was never repaired. It had scattered its seed; they were left lying, to be absorbed in the conscious soil or dispersed by some benignant breeze of accident, as destiny might appoint. But as a manner of clearing the air of its thunder, Roger, a week after Fenton's departure, proposed she should go with him for a fortnight to town. Later, perhaps, they might arrange to remain for the winter. Nora had been longing vaguely for the relief of a change of circumstance; she assented with great good-will. They lodged at a hotel,—not the establishment at which they had made acquaintance. Here, late in the afternoon, the day after their arrival, Nora sat by the window, waiting for Roger to come and take her to dinner, and watching with the intentness of country eyes the hurrying throng in the street; thinking too at moments of a certain blue bonnet she had bought that morning, and comparing it, not uncomplacently, with the transitory bonnets on the pavement. A gentleman was introduced; Nora had not forgotten Hubert Lawrence. Hubert had occupied for more than a year past a pastoral office in the West, and had recently had little communication with his cousin. Nora he had seen but on a single occasion, that of his visit to Roger, six months after her advent. She had grown in the interval, from the little girl who slept with the "Child's Own Book" under her pillow and dreamed of the Prince Avenant, into a stately maiden who read the "Heir of Redcliffe," and mused upon the loves of the clergy. Hubert, too, had changed in his own degree. He was now thirty-one years of age and his character had

lost something of a certain boyish vagueness of outline, which formerly had not been without its grace. But his elder grace was scarcely less effective. Various possible half-shadows in his personality had melted into broad, shallow lights. He was now, distinctly, one of the light-armed troops of the army of the Lord. He fought the Devil as an irresponsible skirmisher, not as a sturdy gunsman planted beside a booming sixty-pounder. The clerical cloth, as Hubert wore it, was not unmitigated sable; and in spite of his cloth, such as it was, humanity rather than divinity got the lion's share of his attentions. He loved doubtless, in this world, the heavenward face of things, but he loved, as regards heaven, the earthward. He was rather an idler in the walks of theology and he was uncommitted to any very rigid convictions. He thought the old theological positions in very bad taste, but he thought the new theological negations in no taste at all. In fact, Hubert believed so vaguely and languidly in the Devil that there was but slender logic in his having undertaken the cure of souls. He administered his spiritual medicines in homœopathic doses. It had been maliciously said that he had turned parson because parsons enjoy peculiar advantages in approaching the fair sex. The presumption is in their favor. Our business, however, is not to pick up idle reports. Hubert was, on the whole, a decidedly light weight, and yet his want of spiritual passion was by no means in effect a want of motive or stimulus; for the central pivot of his being continued to operate with the most noiseless precision and regularity,—the slim, erect, inflexible *Ego*. To the eyes of men, and especially to the eyes of women, whatever may have been the moving cause, the outer man-

ifestation was supremely gracious. If Hubert had no great firmness of faith, he had a very pretty firmness of manner. He was gentle without timidity, frank without arrogance, clever without pedantry. The common measure of clerical disallowance was reduced in his hands to the tacit protest of a generous personal purity. His appearance bore various wholesome traces of the practical lessons of his Western pastorate. This had been disagreeable; he had had to apply himself, to devote himself, to compromise with a hundred aversions. His talents had been worthless to him than he expected, and he had been obliged, as the French say, to *payer de sa personne*, — that person for which he entertained so delicate a respect, — in a peculiarly unsympathetic medium. All this had given him a slightly jaded, overworn look, certain to deepen his interest in female eyes. He had actually a couple of wrinkles in his fair seraphic forehead. He secretly rejoiced in his wrinkles. They were his crown of glory. He had suffered, he had worked, he had been bored. Now he believed in earthly compensations.

"Dear me!" he said, "can this be Nora Lambert?"

She had risen to meet him, and held out her hand with girlish frankness. She was dressed in a light silk dress; she seemed altogether a young woman. "I have been growing hard in all these years," she said. "I have had to overtake those *pieds énormes*." The readers will not have forgotten that Hubert had thus qualified her lower members. Ignorant as she was, at the moment, of the French tongue, her memory had instinctively retained the words, and she had taken an early opportunity to look out *pied* in the dictionary. *Enorme*, of course, spoke for itself.

"You must have caught up with them now," Hubert said, laughing. "You're an enormous young lady. I should never have known you." He sat down, asked various questions about Roger, and adjured her to tell him, as

he said, "all about herself." The invitation was flattering, but it met only a partial compliance. Unconscious as yet of her own charm, Nora was oppressed by a secret admiration of her companion. His presence seemed to open a sudden vista in the narrow precinct of her young experience. She compared him with her cousin, and wondered that he should be at once so impressive and so different. She blushed a little, privately, for Fenton, and was not ill-pleased to think he was absent. In the light of Hubert's good manners, his admission that he was no gentleman acquired an excessive force. By this thrilling intimation of the diversity of the male sex, the mental pinafore of childhood seemed finally dismissed. Hubert was so frank and friendly, so tenderly and gallantly patronizing, that more than once she felt herself drifting toward an answering freedom of confidence; but on the verge of effusion, something absent in the tone of his assent, a vague fancy that, in the gathering dusk, he was looking at her all at his ease, rather than listening to her, converted her bravery into what she knew to be deplorable little-girlishness. On the whole, this interview may have passed for Nora's first lesson in the art, indispensable to a young lady on the threshold of society, of talking for half an hour without saying anything. The lesson was interrupted by the arrival of Roger, who greeted his cousin with almost extravagant warmth, and insisted on his staying to dinner. Roger was to take Nora after dinner to a concert, for which he felt no great enthusiasm; he proposed to Hubert, who was a musical man, to occupy his place. Hubert demurred awhile; but in the mean time Nora, having gone to prepare herself, reappeared, looking extremely well in the blue crape bonnet before mentioned, with her face bright with anticipated pleasure. For a moment Roger was vexed at having resigned his office: Hubert immediately stepped into it. They came home late, the blue bonnet nothing the worse for wear, and the young girl's face

illuminated by a dozen intense impressions. She was in a fever of gayety; she treated Roger to a representation of the concert, and made a great show of voice. Her departing childishness, her dawning tact, her freedom with Roger, her half-freedom with Hubert, made a charming mixture, and insured for her auditors the success of the entertainment. When she had retired, amid a mimic storm of applause from the two gentlemen, Roger solemnly addressed his cousin, "Well, what do you think of her? I hope you have no fault to find with her feet."

"I have had no observation of her feet," said Hubert; "but she will have very handsome hands. She's a very nice creature." Roger sat lounging in his chair with his hands in his pockets, his chin on his breast, and a heavy gaze fixed on Hubert. The latter was struck with his deeply preoccupied aspect. "But let us talk of you rather than of Nora," he said. "I have been waiting for a chance to tell you that you look very poorly."

"Nora or I, — it's all one. Hubert, I live in that child!"

Hubert was startled by the sombre energy of his tone. The old polished placid Roger was in abeyance. "My dear fellow," he said, "you're altogether wrong. Live for yourself. You may be sure she'll do as much. You take it too hard."

"Yes, I take it too hard. It wears upon me."

"What's the matter? Is she troublesome? Is she more than you bargained for?" Roger sat gazing at him in silence, with the same grave eye. He began to suspect Nora had turned out a losing investment. "Is she — a — vicious?" he went on. "Surely not with that sweet face!"

Roger started to his feet impatiently. "Don't misunderstand me!" he cried. "I've been longing to see some one — to talk — to get some advice — some sympathy. I'm fretting myself away."

"Good heavens, man, give her a thousand dollars and send her back

to her family. You've educated her."

"Her family! She has no family! She's the loneliest as well as the sweetest, wisest, best of creatures! If she were only a tenth as good, I should be a happier man. I can't think of parting with her; not for all I possess!"

Hubert stared a moment. "Why, you're in love!"

"Yes," said Roger, blushing. "I'm in love."

"Come!"

"I'm not ashamed of it," rejoined Roger, softly.

It was no business of Hubert's certainly; but he felt the least bit disappointed. "Well," he said, coolly, "why don't you marry her?"

"It's not so simple as that!"

"She'll not have you?"

Roger frowned impatiently. "Reflect a moment. You pretend to be a man of delicacy."

"You mean she's too young? Nonsense. If you are sure of her, the younger the better."

"Hubert," cried Roger, "for my unutterable misery, I have a conscience. I wish to leave her free, and take the risk. I wish to be just, and let the matter work itself out. You may think me absurd, but I wish to be loved for myself, as other men are loved."

It was a specialty of Hubert's that in proportion as other people grew hot, he grew cool. To keep cool, morally, in a heated medium was, in fact, for Hubert a peculiar satisfaction. He broke into a long light laugh. "Excuse me," he said, "but there is something ludicrous in your attitude. What business has a lover with a conscience? None at all! That's why I keep out of it. It seems to me your prerogative to be downright. If you waste any more time in hair-splitting, you'll find your young lady has taken things in the lump!"

"Do you really think there is danger?" Roger demanded, pitifully. "Not yet awhile. She's only a child. Tell me, rather, *is* she only a child?"

"You've spent the evening beside her: how does she strike a stranger?"

While Hubert's answer lingered on his lips, the door opened and Nora came in. Her errand was to demand the use of Roger's watch-key, her own having mysteriously vanished. She had begun to take out her pins and had muffled herself for this excursion in a merino dressing-gown of sombre blue. Her hair was gathered for the night into a single massive coil, which had been loosened by the rapidity of her flight along the passage. Roger's key proved a complete misfit, so that she had recourse to Hubert's. It hung on the watch-chain which depended from his waistcoat, and some rather intimate fumbling was needed to adjust it to Nora's diminutive time-piece. It worked admirably, and she stood looking at him with a little smile of caution as it creaked on the pivot. "I would n't have troubled you," she said, "but that without my watch I should oversleep myself. You know Roger's temper, and what I should suffer if I were late for breakfast!"

Roger was ravished at this humorous sally, and when, on making her escape, she clasped one hand to her head to support her released tresses, and hurried along the corridor with the other confining the skirts of her inflated robe, he kissed his hand after her with more than jocular good-will.

"Ah! it's as bad as that!" said Hubert, shaking his head.

"I had no idea she had such hair," cried Roger. "You're right, it's no case for shilly-shallying."

"Take care!" said Hubert. "She's only a child."

Roger looked at him a moment. "My dear fellow, you're a hypocrite."

Hubert colored the least bit, and then took up his hat and began to smooth it with his handkerchief. "Not at all. See how frank I can be. I recommend you to marry the young lady and have done with it. If you wait, it will be at your own risk. I assure you I think she's charming, and if I'm not mistaken, this is only a

hint of future possibilities. Don't sow for others to reap. If you think the harvest is n't ripe, let it ripen in milder sunbeams than these vigorous hand-kisses! Lodge her with some proper person and go to Europe; come home from Paris a year hence with her trousseau in your trunks, and I'll perform the ceremony without another fee than the prospect of having an adorable cousin." With these words Hubert left his companion pensive.

His words reverberated in Roger's mind; I may almost say that they rankled. A couple of days later, in the hope of tenderer counsel, he called upon our friend Mrs. Keith. This lady had completely rounded the cape of matrimony, and was now buoyantly at anchor in the placid cove of well-dowered widowhood. I have heard many a young unmarried lady exclaim with a bold sweep of conception, "Ah me! I wish I were a widow!" Mrs. Keith was precisely the widow that young unmarried ladies wish to be. With her diamonds in her dressing-case and her carriage in her stable, and without a feather's weight of encumbrance, she offered a finished example of satisfied ambition. Her wants had been definite; these once gratified, she had not presumed further. She was a very much worthier woman than in those hungry virginal days when Roger had wooed her. Prosperity had agreed equally well with her beauty and her temper. The wrinkles on her brow had stood still, like Joshua's sun, and a host of good intentions and fair promises seemed to irradiate her person. Roger, as he stood before her, not only felt that his passion was incurably defunct, but allowed himself to doubt that this *veuve consolée* would have made an ideal wife. The lady, mistaking his embarrassment for the forms of smouldering ardor, determined to transmute his devotion by the subtle chemistry of friendship. This she found easy work; in ten minutes the echoes of the past were hushed in the small-talk of the present. Mrs. Keith was on the point of sailing for Europe,

and had much to say of her plans and arrangements,—of the miserable rent she was to get for her house. "Why should n't one turn an honest penny?" she said. "And now," she went on, when the field had been cleared, "tell me about the young lady." This was precisely what Roger wished; but just as he was about to begin his story there came an irruption of visitors, fatal to the confidential. Mrs. Keith found means to take him aside. "Seeing is better than hearing," she said, "and I'm dying to see her. Bring her this evening to dinner, and we shall have her to ourselves."

Mrs. Keith had long been for Nora an object of mystical veneration. Roger had been in the habit of alluding to her, not freely nor frequently, but with a certain implicit homage which more than once had set Nora wondering. She entered the lady's drawing-room that evening with an oppressive desire to please. The interest manifested by Roger in the question of what she should wear assured her that he had staked a nameless something on the impression she might make. She was not only reassured, however, but altogether captivated, by the lavish cordiality of her hostess. Mrs. Keith kissed her on both cheeks, held her at her two arms' length, gave a twist to the fall of her sash, and made her feel very plainly that she was being inspected and appraised; but all with a certain flattering light in the eye and a tender matronly smile, which rather increased than diminished the young girl's composure. Mrs. Keith was herself so elegant, so finished, so fragrant of taste and sense, that before an hour was over Nora felt that she had borrowed the hint of a dozen indispensable graces. After dinner her hostess bade her sit down to the piano. Here, feeling sure of her ground, Nora surpassed herself. Mrs. Keith beckoned to Roger to come and sit beside her on the sofa, where, as she nodded time with her head, she softly conversed under cover of the music. Prosperity, as I have intimated, had acted on her moral

nature very much as a medicinal tonic—quinine or iron—acts upon the physical. She was in a comfortable glow of charity. She itched gently, she hardly knew where,—was it in heart or brain?—to render some one a service. She had on hand a small capital of sentimental patronage for which she desired a secure investment. Here was her chance. The project which Roger had imparted to her three years before seemed to her, now she had taken Nora's measure, to contain such pretty elements of success that she deemed it a sovereign pity it should not be rounded into blissful symmetry. She determined to lend an artistic hand. "Does she know it, that matter?" she asked in a whisper.

"I have never told her."

"That's right. I approve your delicacy. Of course you're sure of your case. She's altogether lovely,—she's one in a thousand. I really envy you; upon my word, Mr. Lawrence, I'm jealous. She has a style of her own. It's not quite beauty; it's not quite cleverness. It belongs neither altogether to her person, nor yet to her mind. It's a sort of 'tone.' Time will bring it out. She has pretty things, too; one of these days she may take it into her head to be a beauty of beauties. Nature never meant her to hold up her head so well for nothing. Ah, how wrinkled and be capped it makes one feel! To be sixteen years old, with that head of hair, with health and good connections, with that amount of good-will at the piano, it's the very best thing in the world, if they but knew it! But no! they must leave it all behind them; they must pull their hair to pieces, they must get rid of their complexions; they must be twenty, they must have lovers, and go their own gait. Well, since it must come, we must attend to the profits: they'll take care of the lovers. Give Nora to me for a year. She needs a woman, a wise woman, a woman like me. Men, when they undertake to meddle with a young girl's education, are veriest old grandmothers. Let me take her to



Europe and bring her out in Rome. Don't be afraid; I'll guard your interests. I'll bring you back the finest girl in America. I see her from here!" And describing a great curve in the air with her fan, Mrs. Keith inclined her head to one side in a manner suggestive of a milliner who describes in the bosom of futurity the ideal bonnet. Looking at Roger, she saw that her point was gained; and Nora, having just finished her piece, was accordingly summoned to the sofa and made to sit down at Mrs. Keith's feet. Roger went and stood before the fire. "My dear Nora," said Mrs. Keith, as if she had known her from childhood, "how would you like to go with me to Rome?"

Nora started to her feet, and stood looking open-eyed from one to the other. "Really?" she said. "Does Roger—"

"Roger," said Mrs. Keith, "finds you so hard to manage that he has made you over to me. I forewarn you, I'm a terrible woman. But if you are not afraid, I shall scold you and pinch you no harder than I would a daughter of my own."

"I give you up for a year," said Roger. "It's hard, troublesome as you are."

Nora stood wavering for a moment, hesitating where to deposit her excess of joy. Then graciously dropping on her knees before Mrs. Keith, she bent her young head and exhaled it in an ample kiss. "I'm not afraid of you," she said, simply. Roger turned round and began to poke the fire.

The next day Nora went forth to buy certain articles necessary in travelling. It was raining so heavily that, at Roger's direction, she took a carriage. Coming out of a shop, in the course of her expedition, she encountered Hubert Lawrence, tramping along in the wet. He helped her back to her carriage, and stood for a moment talking to her through the window. As they were going in the same direction, she invited him to get in; and on his hesitating, she added that she hoped their interview was not to end there,

as she was going to Europe with Mrs. Keith. At this news Hubert jumped in and placed himself on the front seat. The knowledge that she was drifting away gave a sudden value to the present occasion. Add to this that in the light of Roger's revelation after the concert, this passive, predestined figure of hers had acquired for the young man a certain rich interest. Nora found herself strangely at ease with her companion. From time to time she strove to check the headlong course of her girlish *épanouissement*; but Hubert evidently, with his broad superior gallantry, was not the person to note to a hair's value the pitiful more or less of a school-girl's primness. Her enjoyment of his presence, her elation in the prospect of departure, made her gayety reckless. They went together to half a dozen shops and talked and laughed so distractedly over her purchases, that she made them sadly at haphazard. At last their progress was arrested by a dead-lock of vehicles in front of them, caused by the breaking down of a horse-car. The carriage drew up near the sidewalk in front of a confectioner's. On Nora's regretting the delay, and saying she was ravenous for lunch, Hubert went into the shop, and returned with a bundle of tarts. The rain came down in sheeted torrents, so that they had to close both the windows. Circled about with this watery screen, they feasted on their tarts with extraordinary relish. In a short time Hubert made another excursion, and returned with a second course. His diving to and fro in the rain excited them to extravagant mirth. Nora had bought some pocket-handkerchiefs, which were in that cohesive state common to these articles in the shop. It seemed a very pretty joke to spread the piece across their knees as a tablecloth.

"To think of picnicking in the midst of Washington Street!" cried Nora, with her lips besprinkled with flakes of pastry.

"For a young lady about to leave her native land, her home, and friends, and

all that's dear to her," said Hubert, "you seem to me in very good spirits."

"Don't speak of it," said Nora. "I shall cry to-night; I know I shall."

"You'll not be able to do this kind of thing abroad," said Hubert. "Do you know we're monstrously improper? For a young girl it's by no means pure gain, going to Europe. She comes into a very pretty heritage of prohibitions. You have no idea of the number of improper things a young girl can do. You're walking on the edge of a precipice. Don't look over or you'll lose your head and never walk straight again. Here, you're all blindfold. Promise me not to lose this blessed bondage of American innocence. Promise me that, when you come back, we shall spend another morning together as free and delightful as this one!"

"I promise you!" said Nora; but Hubert's words had potently foreshadowed the forfeiture of sweet possibilities. For the rest of the drive she was in a graver mood. They found Roger beneath the portico of the hotel, watch in hand, staring up and down the street. Preceding events having been explained to him, he offered to drive his cousin home.

"I suppose Nora has told you," he began, as they proceeded.

"Yes! Well, I'm sorry. She's a charming girl."

"Ah!" Roger cried; "I knew you thought so!"

"You're as knowing as ever! She sails, she tells me, on Wednesday next. And you, when do you sail?"

"I don't sail at all. I'm going home."

"Are you sure of that?"

Roger gazed for a moment out of the window. "I mean for a year," he said, "to allow her perfect liberty."

"And to accept the consequences?"

"Absolutely." And Roger folded his arms.

This conversation took place on a Friday. Nora was to sail from New York on the succeeding Wednesday; for which purpose she was to leave Boston with Mrs. Keith on the Mon-

day. The two ladies were of course to be attended to the ship by Roger. Early Sunday morning Nora received a visit from her friend. The reader will perhaps remember that Mrs. Keith was a recent convert to the Roman Catholic faith; as such, she performed her religious duties with peculiar assiduity. Her present errand was to propose that Nora should go with her to church and join in offering a mass for their safety at sea. "I don't want to undermine your faith, you know; but I think it would be so nice," said Mrs. Keith. Appealing to Roger, Nora received permission to do as she pleased; she therefore lent herself with fervor to this pious enterprise. The two ladies spent an hour at the foot of the altar,—an hour of romantic delight to the younger one. On Sunday evening Roger, who, as the day of separation approached, became painfully anxious and reluctant, betook himself to Mrs. Keith, with the desire to enforce upon her mind a solemn sense of her responsibilities and of the value of the treasure he had confided to her. Nora, left alone, sat wondering whether Hubert might not come to bid her farewell. Wandering listlessly about the room, her eye fell on the Saturday-evening paper. She took it up and glanced down the columns. In one of them she perceived a list of the various church services of the morrow. Last in the line stood this announcement: "At the ——— Church, the Rev. Hubert Lawrence, at eight o'clock." It gave her a gentle shock; it destroyed the vision of his coming in and their having, under the lamp, by the fire, the serious counterpart of their frolicsome *tête-à-tête* in the carriage. She longed to show him that she was not a giggling child, but a wise young lady. But no; in a bright, crowded church, before a hundred eyes, he was speaking of divine things. How did he look in the pulpit? If she could only see him! And why not? She looked at her watch; it stood at ten minutes to eight. She made no pause to reflect; she only felt that she must hurry. She rang the bell and ordered a carriage,

and then, hastening to her room, put on her shawl and bonnet,—the blue crape bonnet of the concert. In a few moments she was on her way to the church. When she reached it, her heart was beating fast; she was on the point of turning back. But the coachman opened the carriage door with such a flourish, that she was ashamed not to get out. She was late; the church was full, the hymn had been sung, and the sermon was about to begin. The sexton with great solemnity conducted her up the aisle to a pew directly beneath the pulpit. She bent her eyes on the ground, but she knew that there was a deep expectant silence, and that Hubert, in a white cravat, was upright before the desk, looking at her. She sat down beside a very grim-visaged old lady with bushy eyebrows, who stared at her so hard, that to hide her confusion she buried her head and improvised a prayer; upon which the old lady seemed to stare more intently, as if she thought her very pretentious. When she raised her head, Hubert had begun to speak; he was looking above her and beyond her, and during the sermon his level glance never met her own. Of what did he speak and what was the moral of his discourse? Nora could not have told you; yet not a soul in the audience surely, not all those listening souls together, were more devoutly attentive than she. But it was not on what he said, but on what he was, or seemed to be, that her perception was centred. Hubert Lawrence had an excellent gift of oratory. His voice was full of penetrating sweetness, and in the bright warm air of the compact little church, modulated with singular refinement, it resounded and sank with the cadence of ringing silver. His speech was silver, though I doubt that his silence was ever golden. His utterance seemed to Nora the perfection of eloquence. She thought of her brief exaltation of the morning, in the incense-thickened air of the Catholic church; but what a straighter flight to heaven was this! Hubert's week-day face was a summer cloud, with a lining

of celestial brightness. Now, how the divine truth overlapped its relenting edges and seemed to transform it into a dazzling focus of light! He spoke for half an hour, but Nora took no note of time. As the service drew to a close, he gave her from the pulpit a rapid glance, which she interpreted as a request to remain. When the congregation began to disperse, a number of persons, chiefly ladies, waited for him near the pulpit, and, as he came down, met him with greetings and compliments. Nora watched him from her place, listening, smiling and passing his handkerchief over his forehead. At last they relieved him, and he came up to her. She remembered for years afterward the strange half-smile on his face. There was something in it like a pair of eyes peeping over a wall. It seemed to express so fine an acquiescence in what she had done, that, for the moment, she had a startled sense of having committed herself to something. He gave her his hand, without manifesting any surprise. "How did you get here?"

"In a carriage. I saw it in the paper at the last moment."

"Does Roger know you came?"

"No; he had gone to Mrs. Keith's."

"So you started off alone, at a moment's notice?"

She nodded, blushing. He was still holding her hand; he pressed it and dropped it. "O Hubert," cried Nora, suddenly, "*now* I know you!"

Two ladies were lingering near, apparently mother and daughter. "I must be civil to them," he said; "they have come from New York to hear me." He quickly rejoined them and conducted them toward their carriage. The younger one was extremely pretty, and looked a little like a Jewess. Nora observed that she wore a great diamond in each ear; she eyed our heroine rather severely as they passed. In a few minutes Hubert came back, and, before she knew it, she had taken his arm and he was beside her in her own carriage. They drove to the hotel in silence; he went up stairs with her.

Roger had not returned. "Mrs. Keith is very agreeable," said Hubert. "But Roger knew that long ago. I suppose you have heard," he added; "but perhaps you've not heard."

"I've not heard," said Nora, "but I've suspected —"

"What?"

"No; it's for you to say."

"Why, that Mrs. Keith might have been Mrs. Lawrence."

"Ah, I was right, — I was right," murmured Nora, with a little air of triumph. "She may be still. I wish she would!" Nora was removing her bonnet before the mirror over the chimney-piece; as she spoke, she caught Hubert's eye in the glass. He dropped it and took up his hat. "Won't you wait?" she asked.

He said he thought he had better go, but he lingered without sitting down. Nora walked about the room, she hardly knew why, smoothing the table-covers and rearranging the chairs.

"Did you cry about your departure, the other night, as you promised?" Hubert asked.

"I confess that I was so tired with our adventures, that I went straight to sleep."

"Keep your tears for a better cause. One of the greatest pleasures in life is in store for you. There are a hundred things I should like to say to you about Rome. How I only wish I were going to show it you! Let me beg you to go some day to a little place in the Via Felice, on the Pincian, — a house with a terrace adjoining the fourth floor. There is a plasterer's shop in the basement. You can reach the terrace by the common staircase. I occupied the rooms adjoining it, and it was my peculiar property. I remember I used often to share it with a poor little American sculptress who lived below. She made my bust; the Apollo Belvedere was nothing to it. I wonder what has become of her! Take a look at the view, — the view I woke up to every morning, read by, studied by, lived by. I used to alternate my periods of sight-seeing with fits of passionate study.

In another winter I think I might have learned something. Your real lover of Rome oscillates with a kind of delicious pain between the city in itself and the city in literature. They keep forever referring you to each other and bandying you to and fro. If we had eyes for metaphysical things, Nora, you might see a hundred odd bits of old ambitions and day-dreams strewn that little terrace. Ah, as I sat there, how the Campagna used to take up the tale and respond to my printed page! If I know anything of the lesson of history (a man of my profession is supposed to), I learned it in that empurpled air! I should like to know who's sitting in the same school now. Perhaps you'll write me a word."

"I'll piously gather up the crumbs of your feasts and make a meal of them," said Nora. "I'll let you know how they taste."

"Pray do. And one more request. Don't let Mrs. Keith make a Catholic of you." And he put out his hand.

She shook her head slowly, as she took it. "I'll have no Pope but you," she said.

The next moment he was gone.

## VI.

Roger had assured his cousin that he meant to return home, and indeed, after Nora's departure, he spent a fortnight in the country. But finding he had no patience left for solitude, he again came to town and established himself for the winter. A restless need of getting rid of time caused him to resume his earlier social habits. It began to be said of him that now he had disposed of that queer little girl whom he had picked up heaven knew where (whom it was certainly very good-natured of Mrs. Keith to take off his hands), he was going to look about him for a young person whom he might take to his home in earnest. Roger felt as if he were now establishing himself in society in behalf of that larger personal-ity into which his narrow singleness

was destined to expand. He was paving the way for Nora. It seemed to him that she might find it an easy way to tread. He compared her attentively with every young girl he met; many were prettier, some possessed in larger degree the air of "brightness"; but none revealed that deep-shrined natural force, lurking in the shadow of modesty like a statue in a recess, which you hardly know whether to denominate humility or pride.

One evening, at a large party, Roger found himself approached by an elderly lady who had known him from his boyhood and for whom he had a vague traditional regard, but with whom of late years he had relaxed his intercourse, from a feeling that, being a very worldly old woman, her influence on Nora might be pernicious. She had never smiled on the episode of which Nora was the heroine, and she hailed Roger's reappearance as a sign that this episode was at an end, and that he meant to begin to live as a man of taste. She was somewhat cynical in her shrewdness, and, so far as she might, she handled matters without gloves.

"I'm glad to see you have found your wits again," she said, "and that that forlorn little orphan — Dora, Flora, what's her name? — has n't altogether made a fool of you. You want to marry; come, don't deny it. You can no more remain unmarried than I can remain standing here. Go ask that little man for his chair. With your means and your disposition and all the rest of it, you ought by this time to be setting a good example. But it's never too late to mend. *J'ai votre affaire*. Have you been introduced to Miss Sandys? Who is Miss Sandys? There you are to the life! Miss Sandys is Miss Sandys, the young lady in whose honor we are here convened. She is staying with my sister. You must have heard of her. New York, but good New York; so pretty that she might be as silly as you please, yet as clever and good as if she were as plain as I. She's everything a man can want. If you've not

seen her it's providential. Come; don't protest for the sake of protesting. I have thought it all out. Allow me! in this matter I have a real sixth sense. I know at a glance what will do and what won't. You're made for each other. Come and be presented. You have just time to settle down to it before supper."

Then came into Roger's honest visage a sort of Mephistophelian glee, — the momentary intoxication of duplicity. "Well, well," he said, "let us see all that's to be seen." And he thought of his Peruvian Teresa. Miss Sandys, however, proved no Teresa, and Roger's friend had not overstated her merits. Her beauty was remarkable; and strangely, in spite of her blooming maturity, something in her expression, her smile, reminded him forcibly of Nora. So Nora might look after ten or twelve years of evening parties. There was a hint, just a hint, of customary triumph in the poise of her head, an air of serene success in her carriage; but it was her especial charm that she seemed to melt downward and condescend from this altitude of loveliness with a benignant and considerate grace; to drop, as it were, from the zenith of her favor, with a little shake of invitation, the silken cable of a long-drawn smile. Roger felt that there was so little to be feared from her that he actually enjoyed the mere surface-glow of his admiration; the sense of floating unmelted in the genial zone of her presence, like a polar ice-block in a summer sea. The more he observed her, the more she seemed to foreshadow his prospective Nora; so that at last, borrowing confidence from this phantasmal identity, he addressed her with unaffected friendliness. Miss Sandys, who was a woman of perceptions, seeing an obviously modest man swimming, as it were, in this mystical calm, became interested. She divined in Roger's manner an unwonted force of admiration. She had feasted her fill on uttered flattery; but here was a good man whose appreciation left compliments far behind. At the end of ten minutes

Roger frankly proclaimed that she reminded him singularly of a young girl he knew. "A young girl, forsooth," thought Miss Sandys. "Is he coming to his *fadaises*, like the rest of them?"

"You're older than she," Roger added, "but I expect her to look like you some time hence."

"I gladly bequeath her my youth, as I come to give it up."

"You can never have been plain," said Roger. "My friend, just now, is no beauty. But I assure you, you encourage me."

"Tell me about this young lady," his companion rejoined. "It's interesting to hear about people one looks like."

"I should like to tell you," said Roger, "but you would laugh at me."

"You do me injustice. Evidently this is a matter of sentiment. A bit of genuine sentiment is the best thing in the world; and when I catch myself laughing at a mortal who confesses to one, I submit to being told that I have grown old only to grow silly."

Roger smiled approval. "I can only say," he answered, "that this young friend of mine is, to me, the most interesting object in the world."

"In other words, you're engaged to her."

"Not a bit of it."

"Why, then, she is a deaf-mute whom you have rendered vocal, or a pretty heathen whom you have brought to Sunday school."

Roger laughed exuberantly. "You've hit it," he said; "a deaf-mute whom I have taught to speak. Add to that, that she was a little blind, and that now she recognizes me with spectacles, and you'll admit that I have reason to be proud of my work." Then after a pause he pursued, seriously: "If anything were to happen to her —"

"If she were to lose her faculties —"

"I should be in despair; but I know what I should do. I should come to you."

"O, I should be a poor substitute!"

"I should make love to you," Roger went on.

"You would be in despair indeed. But you must bring me some supper."

Half an hour later, as the ladies were cloaking themselves, Mrs. Middleton, who had undertaken Roger's case, asked Miss Sandys for her impressions. These seemed to have been highly propitious. "He is not a shining light perhaps," the young lady said, "but he has the real moral heat that one so seldom meets. He's in earnest; after what I have been through, that's very pleasant. And by the way, what is this little deaf and dumb girl in whom he is interested?"

Mrs. Middleton stared. "I never heard she was deaf and dumb. Very likely. He adopted her and brought her up. He has sent her abroad — to learn the languages!"

Miss Sandys mused as they descended the stairs. "He's a good man," she said. "I like him."

It was in consequence, doubtless, of this last remark that Roger, the next morning, received a note from his friend. "You have made a hit; I shall never forgive you, if you don't follow it up. You have only to be decently civil and then propose. Come and dine with me on Wednesday. I shall have only one guest. You know I always take a nap after dinner."

The same post that brought Mrs. Middleton's note brought him a letter from Nora. It was dated from Rome, and ran as follows: —

"I hardly know, dearest Roger, whether to begin with an apology or a scolding. We have each something to forgive, but you have certainly least. I have before me your two poor little notes, which I have been reading over for the twentieth time; trying, in this city of miracles, to work upon them the miracle of the loaves and fishes. But the miracle won't come; they remain only two very much be-thumbed epistles. Dear Roger, I have been extremely vexed and uneasy. I have fancied you were ill, or, worse, — that out of sight is out of mind. It's not with me, I assure you. I have written you *twelve* little letters. They

have been short only cause I have been horribly busy. To-day I declined an invitation to drive on the Campagna, on purpose to write to you. The Campagna,—do you hear? I can hardly believe that, five months ago, I was watching the ripe apples drop in the orchard at C——. We are always on our second floor on the Pincian, with plenty of sun, which you know is the great necessity here. Close at hand are the great steps of the Piazza di Spagna, where the beggars and models sit at the receipt of custom. Some of them are so handsome, sunning themselves there in their picturesqueness, that I can't help wishing I knew how to paint or draw. I wish I had been a good girl three years ago and done as you wished, and taken drawing-lessons in earnest. Dear Roger, I never neglected your advice but to my cost. Mrs. Keith is extremely kind and determined I shall have not come abroad to 'mope,' as she says. She does n't care much for sight-seeing, having done it all before; though she keeps pretty well *au courant* of the various church festivals. She very often talks of you and is very fond of you. She is full of good points, but that is her best one. My own sight-seeing habits don't at all incommode her, owing to my having made the acquaintance of a little old German lady who lives at the top of our house. She is a queer wizened oddity of a woman, but she is very clever and friendly, and she has the things of Rome on her fingers' ends. The reason of her being here is very sad and beautiful. Twelve years ago her younger sister, a beautiful girl (she has shown me her miniature), was deceived and abandoned by her betrothed. She fled away from her home, and after many weary wanderings found her way to Rome, and gained admission to the convent with the dreadful name,—the Sepolte Vive. Here, ever since, she has been immured. The inmates are literally buried alive; they are dead to the outer world. My poor little Mademoiselle Stamm followed her and took up her dwelling here, to be

near her, though with a dead stone wall between them. For twelve years she has never seen her. Her only communication with Lisa—her conventional name she does n't even know—is once a week to deposit a bouquet of flowers, with her name attached, in the little blind wicket of the convent-wall. To do this with her own hands, she lives in Rome. She composes her bouquet with a kind of passion; I have seen her and helped her. Fortunately flowers in Rome are very cheap, for my friend is deplorably poor. I have had a little pleasure, a great pleasure rather, I confess it has been. For the past two months I have furnished the flowers, and I assure you we have had the best. I go each time with Mademoiselle Stamm to the wicket, and we put in our bouquet and see it gobbled up into the speechless maw of the cloister. It's a dismal amusement, but I confess it interests me. I feel as if I knew this poor Lisa; though, after all, she may be dead, and we may be worshipping a shadow. But in this city of shadows and memories, what is one shadow the more? Don't think, however, that we spend all our time in this grim fashion. We go everywhere, we see everything; I could n't be in better hands. Mrs. Keith has doubts about my friend's moral influence; she accuses her of being a German philosopher in petticoats. She is a German, she wears petticoats; and having known poverty and unhappiness, she is obliged to be something of a philosopher. As for her metaphysics, they may be very wicked, but I should be too stupid to understand them, and it's less trouble to abide by my own—and Mrs. Keith's! At all events, I have told her all about you, and she says you are the one good man she ever heard of: so it's not for you to disapprove of her! My mornings I spend with her; after lunch I go out with Mrs. Keith. We drive to the various villas, make visits upon all kinds of people, go to studios and churches and palaces. In the evenings we hold high revel. Mrs. Keith knows



every one ; she receives a great many people, and we go out in proportion. It's a most amusing world. I have seen more people in the last six weeks than I ever expected to in a lifetime. I feel so old — you would n't know me ! One grows more in a month in this wonderful Rome than in a year at home. Mrs. Keith is very much liked and admired. She has lightened her mourning and looks much better ; but, as she says, she will never be herself till she gets back to pink. As for me, I wear pink and blue and every color of the rainbow. It appears that everything suits me ; there's no spoiling me. You see it's an advantage not to have a complexion. Of course, I'm *out*, — a thousand miles out. I came out six weeks ago at the great ball of the Princess X. How the Princess X. — poor lady ! — came to serve my turn, is more than I can say ; but Mrs. Keith is a fairy godmother ; she shod me in glass slippers and we went. I fortunately came home with my slippers on my feet. I was very much frightened when we went in. I curtsied to the Princess ; and the Princess stared good-naturedly ; while I heard Mrs. Keith behind me whispering, 'Lower, lower !' But I have yet to learn how to curtsy to condescending princesses. Now I can drop a little bow to a good old cardinal as smartly as you please. Mrs. Keith has presented me to half a dozen, with whom I pass, I suppose, for an interesting convert. Alas, I'm only a convert to worldly vanities, which I confess I vastly enjoy. Dear Roger, I am hopelessly frivolous. The shrinking diffidence of childhood I have utterly cast away. I speak up at people as bold as brass. I like having them introduced to me, and having to be interested and interesting at a moment's notice. I like listening and watching ; I like sitting up to the small hours ; I like talking myself. But I need hardly to tell you this, at the end of my ten pages of chatter. I have talked about my own affairs, because I know they will interest you. Profit by my good example, and tell me all about

yours. Do you miss me ? I have read over and over your two little notes, to find some little hint that you do ; but not a word ! I confess I would n't have you too unhappy. I am so glad to hear you are in town, and not at that dreary, wintry C—. Is our old C— life at an end, I wonder ? Nothing can ever be the same after a winter in Rome. Sometimes I'm half frightened at having had it in my youth. It leaves such a chance for a contrasted future ! But I shall come back some day with you. And not even the Princess X. shall make me forget my winter seat by the library fire at C—, my summer seat under the great apple-tree."

This production seemed to Roger a marvel of intellectual promise and epistolary grace ; it filled his eyes with grateful tears ; he carried it in his pocket-book and read it to a dozen people. His tears, however, were partly those of penitence, as well as of delight. He had had a purpose in staying his own hand, though heaven knows it had ached to write. He wished to make Nora miss him and to let silence combine with absence to plead for him. Had he succeeded ? Not too well, it would seem ; yet well enough to make him feel that he had been cruel. His letter occupied him so intensely that it was not till within an hour of Mrs. Middleton's dinner that he remembered his engagement. In the drawing-room he found Miss Sandys, looking even more beautiful in a dark high-necked dress than in the glory of gauze and flowers. During dinner he was in excellent spirits ; he uttered perhaps no epigrams, but he gave, by his laughter, an epigrammatic turn to the ladyish gossip of his companions. Mrs. Middleton entertained the best hopes. When they had left the table she betook herself to her arm-chair, and erected a little hand-screen before her face, behind which she slept or not, as you please. Roger, suddenly bethinking himself that if Miss Sandys had been made a party to the old lady's views, his alacrity of manner might compromise him, checked his vivacity,

and asked his companion stiffly if she played the piano. On her confessing to this accomplishment, he of course proceeded to open the instrument, which stood in the adjoining room. Here Miss Sandys sat down and played with great resolution an exquisite composition of Schubert. As she struck the last note he uttered some superlative of praise. She was silent for a moment, and then, "That's a thing I rarely play," she said.

"It's very difficult, I suppose."

"It's not only difficult, but it's too sad."

"Sad!" cried Roger, "I should call it very joyous."

"You must be in very good spirits! I take it to have been meant for pure sadness. This is what should suit your mood!" and she attacked with great animation one of Strauss's waltzes. But she had played but a dozen chords when he interrupted her. "Spare me," he said. "I may be glad, but not with that gladness. I confess that I *am* in spirits. I have just had a letter from that young friend of whom I spoke to you."

"Your adopted daughter? Mrs. Middleton told me about her."

"Mrs. Middleton," said Roger, in downright fashion, "knows nothing about her. Mrs. Middleton," and he lowered his voice and laughed, "is not an oracle of wisdom." He glanced into the other room at their hostess and her complaisant screen. He felt with peculiar intensity that, whether she was napping or no, she was a sadly superficial — in fact a positively immoral — old woman. It seemed absurd to believe that this fair wise creature before him had lent herself to a scheme of such a one's making. He looked awhile at her deep clear eyes and the firm sweetness of her lips. It would be a satisfaction to smile with her over Mrs. Middleton's machinations. "Do you know what she wants to do with us?" he went on. "She wants to make a match between us."

He waited for her smile, but it was heralded by a blush, — a blush porten-

tous, formidable, tragical. Like a sudden glow of sunset in a noonday sky, it covered her fair face and burned on her cloudless brow. "The deuce!" thought Roger. "Can it be, — can it be?" The smile he had invoked followed fast; but this was not the order of nature.

"A match between *us*!" said Miss Sandys. "What a brilliant idea!"

"Not that I can't easily imagine falling in love with you," Roger rejoined; "but — but —"

"But you're in love with some one else." Her eyes, for a moment, rested on him intently. "With your *protégée*!"

Roger hesitated. It seemed odd to be making this sacred confidence to a stranger; but with this matter of Mrs. Middleton's little arrangement between them, she was hardly a stranger. If he had offended her, too, the part of gallantry was to avow everything. "Yes, I'm in love!" he said. "And with the young lady you so much resemble. She does n't know it. Only one or two persons know it, save yourself. It's the secret of my life, Miss Sandys. She is abroad. I have wished to do what I could for her. It's an odd sort of position, you know. I have brought her up with the view of making her my wife, but I've never breathed a word of it to her. She must choose for herself. My hope is that she'll choose me. But heaven knows what turn she may take, what may happen to her over there in Rome. I hope for the best; but I think of little else. Meanwhile I go about with a sober face, and eat and sleep and talk, like the rest of the world; but all the while I'm counting the hours. Really, I don't know what has started me up in this way. I don't suppose you'll at all understand my situation; but you are evidently so good that I feel as if I might count on your sympathies."

Miss Sandys listened with her eyes bent downward, and with great gravity. When he had spoken, she gave him her hand with a certain passionate abruptness. "You have them!" she

said. "Much good may they do you! I know nothing of your friend, but it's hard to fancy her disappointing you. I perhaps don't altogether enter into your situation. It's novel, but it's extremely interesting. I hope before rejecting you she'll think twice. I don't bestow my esteem at random, but you have it, Mr. Lawrence, absolutely." And with these words she rose. At the same moment their hostess suspended her siesta, and the conversation became general. It can hardly be said, however, to have prospered. Miss Sandys talked with a certain gracious zeal which was not unallied, I imagine, to a desire to efface the trace of that superb blush I have attempted to chronicle. Roger brooded and wondered; and Mrs. Middleton, fancying that things were not going well, expressed her displeasure by abusing every one who was mentioned. She took heart again for the moment when, on the young lady's carriage being announced, the latter, turning in farewell to Roger, asked him if he ever came to New York. "When you are next there," she said, "you must make a point of coming to see me. You'll have something to tell me."

After she had gone Roger demanded of Mrs. Middleton whether she had imparted to Miss Sandys her scheme for their common felicity. "Never mind what I said, or did n't say," she replied. "She knows enough not to be taken unawares. And now tell me —" But Roger would tell her nothing. He made his escape, and as he walked home in the frosty star-light, his face wore a broad smile of the most shameless elation. He had gone up in the market. Nora might do worse! There stood that beautiful woman knocking at his door.

A few evenings after this Roger called upon Hubert. Not immediately, but on what may be called the second line of conversation, Hubert asked him what news he had from Nora. Roger replied by reading her letter aloud. For some moments after he had finished Hubert was silent.

"One grows more in a month in this wonderful Rome," he said at last, quoting, "than in a year at home."

"Grow, grow, grow, and heaven speed it!" said Roger.

"She's growing, you may depend upon it."

"Of course she is; and yet," said Roger, discriminatingly, "there is a kind of girlish freshness, a childish simplicity, in her style."

"Strongly marked," said Hubert, laughing. "I have just got a letter from her you'd take to be written by a child of ten."

"You have a letter?"

"It came an hour ago. Let me read it."

"Had you written to her?"

"Not a word. But you'll see." And Hubert in his dressing-gown, standing before the fire, with the same silver-sounding accents Nora had admired, distilled her own gentle prose into Roger's attentive ear.

"I have not forgotten your asking me to write to you about your beloved Pincian view. Indeed, I have been daily reminded of it by having that same view continually before my eyes. From my own window I see the same dark Rome, the same blue Campagna. I have rigorously performed my promise, however, of ascending to your little terrace. I have an old German friend here, a perfect archæologist in petticoats, in whose company I think as little of climbing to terraces and towers as of diving into catacombs and crypts. We chose the finest day of the winter, and made the pilgrimage together. The plaster-merchant is still in the basement. We saw him in his doorway, standing to dry, whitened over as if he meant personally to be cast. We reached your terrace in safety. It was flooded with light, with that tempered Roman glow which seems to be compounded of molten gold and liquid amethyst. A young painter who occupies your rooms had set up his easel under an umbrella in the open air. A young *contadina*, imported I suppose from the Piazza di Spagna, was

sitting to him in the brilliant light, which deepened splendidly her brown face, her blue-black hair, and her white head-cloth. He was flattering her to his heart's content, and of course to hers. When I want my portrait painted, I shall know where to go. My friend explained to him that we had come to look at his terrace in behalf of an unhappy far-away American gentleman who had once been master of it. Hereupon he was charmingly polite. He showed us the little *salonetta*, the fragment of bas-relief inserted in the wall, — was it there in your day? — and a dozen of his own pictures. One of them was a very pretty version of the view from the terrace. Does it betray an indecent greed for applause to let you know that I bought it, and that, if you are very good and write me a delightful long letter, you shall have it when I get home? It seemed to me that you would be glad to learn that your little habitation had n't fallen away from its high tradition, and that it still is consecrated to the sunny vigils of genius and ambition. Your vigils, I suppose, were not enlivened by dark-eyed *contadine*, though they were shared by that poor little American sculptress. I asked the young painter if she had left any memory behind her. Only a memory, it appears. She died a month after his arrival. I never was so bountifully thanked for anything as for buying our young man's picture. As he poured out his lovely Italian gratulations, I felt like some patronizing duchess of the Renaissance. You will have to do your best, when I transfer it to your hands, to give as pretty a turn to your gratitude. This is only one specimen of a hundred delightful rambles I have had with Mlle. Stamm. We go a great deal to the churches; I never tire of them. Not in the least that I'm turning Papist; though in Mrs. Keith's society, if I chose to do so, I might treat myself to the luxury of being a nine days' wonder, (admire my self-denial!) but because they are so picturesque and historic; so redolent of

memories, so rich with traditions, so charged with atmosphere, so haunted with the past. I like to linger in them, — a barbarous Western maid, doubly a heretic, an alien social and religious, — and watch the people come and go on this eternal business of salvation, — take their ease between the fancy walls of the faith. To go into most of the churches is like reading some better novel than I find most novels. They are pitched, as it were, in various keys. On a fine day, if I have on my best bonnet, if I have been to a party the night before, I like to go to Sta. Maria Maggiore. Standing there, I dream, I dream, *cugino mio*; I should be ashamed to tell you the nonsense I *do* dream! On a rainy day, when I tramp out with Mlle. Stamm in my water-proof; when the evening before, instead of going to a party, I have sat quietly at home reading Rio's "Art Chrétien" (recommended by the Abbé Ledoux, Mrs. Keith's confessor), I like to go to the Ara Coeli. There you stand among the very *bric-à-brac* of Christian history. Something takes you at the throat, — but you will have felt it; I need n't try to define the indefinable. Nevertheless, in spite of M. Rio and the Abbé Ledoux (he's a very charming old man too, and a keeper of ladies' consciences, if there ever was one), there is small danger of my changing my present faith for one which will make it a sin to go and hear you preach. Of course, we don't only haunt the churches. I know in a way the Vatican, the Capitol, and those entertaining galleries of the great palaces. You, of course, frequented them and held phantasmal revel there. I'm stopped short on every side by my deplorable ignorance; still, as far as may be given to a silly girl, I enjoy. I wish you were here, or that I knew some benevolent man of culture. My little German duenna is a marvel of learning and communicativeness, and when she fairly harangues me, I feel as if in my single person I were a young ladies' boarding-school of fifty. But only a man can talk really to the point

of this manliest of cities. Mrs. Keith sees a great many gentlemen of one sort and another; but what do they know of Brutus and Augustus, of Emperors and Popes? But I shall keep my impressions, such as they are, and we shall talk them over at our leisure. I shall bring home plenty of photographs; we shall have charming times looking at them. Roger writes that he means next winter to take a furnished house in town. You must come often and see us. We are to spend the summer in England. . . . Do you often see Roger? I suppose so, — he wrote he was having a 'capital winter.' By the way, I'm 'out.' I go to balls and wear Paris dresses. I toil not, neither do I spin. There is apparently no end to my banker's account, and Mrs. Keith sets me a prodigious example of buying. Is Roger meanwhile going about in patched trousers?"

At this point Hubert stopped, and on Roger's asking him if there was nothing more, declared that the rest was private. "As you please," said Roger. "By Jove! what a letter, — what a letter!"

Several months later, in September, Roger hired for the ensuing winter a small furnished house. Mrs. Keith and her companion were expected to reach home on the 10th of October. On the 6th, Roger took possession of his house. Most of the rooms had been repainted, and on preparing to establish himself in one for the night, Roger found that the fresh paint emitted such an odor as to make his position

untenable. Exploring the premises, he discovered in the lower regions, in a kind of sub-basement, a small vacant apartment, destined to a servant, in which he had a bed erected. It was damp, but, as he thought, not too damp, the basement being dry, as basements go. For three nights he occupied this room. On the fourth morning he woke up with a chill and a headache. By noon he had a fever. The physician, being sent for, pronounced him seriously ill, and assured him that he had been guilty of a gross imprudence. He might as well have slept in a vault. It was the first sanitary indiscretion Roger had ever committed; he had a dismal foreboding of its results. Towards evening the fever deepened and he began to lose his head. He was still distinctly conscious that Nora was to arrive on the morrow, and sadly disgusted that she was to find him in this sorry plight. It was a bitter disappointment that he might not meet her at the steamer. Still, Hubert might. He sent for Hubert accordingly, and had him brought to his bedside. "I shall be all right in a day or two," he said, "but meanwhile some one must receive Nora. I know you'll be glad to, you villain!"

Hubert declared that he was no villain, but that he would be happy to perform this service. As he looked at his poor fever-stricken cousin, however, he doubted strongly that Roger would be "all right" in a day or two. On the morrow he went down to the ship.

*H. James Jr.*

## AN EVENING WITH MRS. HAWTHORNE.

THE news of Mrs. Hawthorne's death reminded me of a happy evening spent beneath the roof of that most gracious and lovable woman, at a time when for me to visit Hawthorne's house was to make a pilgrimage to a shrine. I will not dwell on the more private and personal interests of the occasion, but I remember that in approaching the house I thought of Keats's fine description of his visit to the home of Burns, when he "felt as if he were going to a tournament."

Beginning with some such emotion, I felt very rich that evening, when Mrs. Hawthorne put into my hand several volumes of those diaries which carry us so near the heart of this great writer. As I reverently opened one, it seemed a singular *Sortes Virgilianæ* that my eye should first fall upon this passage: "I am more an Abolitionist in feeling than in principle." It was in a description of some festival day in Maine, when Hawthorne's keen eye had noted the neat looks and courteous demeanor of a party of colored people. It removed at once the slight barrier by which the suspicious conscience of a reformer had seemed to separate me from him. I had seen him but twice, -- remotely, as a boy looks at a celebrated man, -- but it had always been painful to me that he, alone among the prominent literary men of New England, should be persistently arrayed on what seemed to me the wrong side. From that moment I convinced myself that his heart was really on our side, and only the influence of his early friend Pierce had led him to different political conclusions.

Then, I remember, Mrs. Hawthorne asked her younger daughter to sing to us; and she sang dreamy and thoughtful songs, such as "Consider the Lilies," and Tennyson's "Break, break, break," and "Too Late." "It is not singing, it is eloquence," said afterwards the

proud and loving mother, from whose own thrilling and sympathetic voice the eloquence seemed well inherited. Mrs. Hawthorne had always seemed to dwell in an ideal world, through her own poetic nature as well as through her husband's. I watched her as she sat on her low chair by the fire, while the music lasted; her hair was white, her cheeks pallid, and her eyes full of tender and tremulous light. To have been the object of Hawthorne's love imparted an immortal charm and sacredness to a life, that, even without that added association, would have had an undying grace of its own. She having thus lived and loved, *gelebt und geliebet*, it seemed as if her existence never could become more spiritual or unworldly than it already was.

After her children had left us for the night, we sat and talked together; or rather I questioned and she answered, telling me of her husband's home-life and also of his intercourse with strangers; saying, what touched but did not surprise me, that men who had committed great crimes or whose memories held tragic secrets would sometimes write to him, or even come great distances to see him, and unburden their souls. This was after the publication of the "Scarlet Letter," which made them regard him as the father-confessor for all hidden sins. And that which impressed me most, after all, was her description of the first reading of that masterpiece. For this I have not to rely on memory alone, because I wrote it down, just afterwards, in my chamber, -- a room beneath Hawthorne's study, in the tower which he had added to the house.

She said that it was not her husband's custom to sit with her while he wrote, nor to tell her about any literary work till it was finished, but that then he was always impatient to read it to her. In writing the "Wonder-Book,"

to be sure, he liked to read his day's work to the children in the evening, by way of test. She added, that while thus occupied with that particular book, he was in high spirits; and this, as I knew, meant a good deal, for his daughter had once told me that he was capable of being the very gayest person she ever saw, and that "there never was such a playmate in all the world."

But during the whole winter when the "Scarlet Letter" was being written he seemed depressed and anxious. "There was a knot in his forehead all the time," Mrs. Hawthorne said, but she thought it was from some pecuniary anxiety, such as sometimes affected that small household. One evening he came to her and said that he had written something which he wished to read aloud; it was worth very little, but as it was finished, he might as well read it. He read aloud all that evening; but as the romance was left unfinished when they went to bed, not a word was then said about it on either side. He always disliked, she said, to have anything criticised until the whole had been heard. He read a second evening, and the concentrated excitement had grown so great that she could scarcely bear it. At last it grew unendurable; and in the midst of the scene, near the end of the book, where Arthur Dimmesdale meets Hester and her child in the forest, Mrs. Hawthorne fell from her low stool upon the floor, pressed her hands upon her ears, and said she could hear no more.

Hawthorne put down the manuscript and looked at her in perfect amazement. "Do you really feel it so much?" he said; "then there must be something in it." He prevailed on her to rise and to hear the few remaining chapters of the romance.

To those who knew Mrs. Hawthorne's impressible nature, this reminiscence of hers will have no tinge of

exaggeration, but will appear very characteristic; she had borne to the utmost the strain upon her emotions, before yielding. The next day, she said, the manuscript was delivered to Mr. Fields, and the next morning he appeared early at the door, and on being admitted, caught up her boy in his arms, saying, "You splendid little fellow, do you know what a father you have?" Then he ran up stairs to Hawthorne's study, telling her, as he went, that he (and I think Mr. Whipple) had sat up all night to read it, and had come to Salem as early as possible in the morning. She did not go up stairs, but soon her husband came down, with fire in his eyes, and walked about the room, a different man.

I have hesitated whether to print this brief narrative. Yet everything which illustrates the creation of a great literary work belongs to the world. How it would delight us all, if the Shakespeare societies were to bring to light a description like this of the very first reading of "Macbeth" or of "Hamlet"! To me it is somewhat the same thing to have got so near to the birth-hour of the "Scarlet Letter." So I felt, at least, that evening; and she who had first heard those wondrous pages was there before me, still sitting on the same low chair whence she had slipped to the floor, with her hands over her ears, just as the magician had wrought his spell to its climax. Now his voice and hers, each so tender and deep and with the modulation of some rare instrument, have alike grown silent, only to blend elsewhere, let us hope, in some loftier symphony.

"Now long that instrument has ceased to sound,  
Now long that gracious form in earth hath lain,  
Tended by nature only, and unwound  
Are all those mingled threads of love and pain;  
So let us weep, and bend  
Our heads, and wait the end,  
Knowing that God creates not thus in vain."

*T. W. Higginson.*



## ON AN OLD LATIN TEXT-BOOK.

I REMEMBER the very day when the schoolmaster gave it to me. He was that vigorous, rigorous, kind-hearted, thoroughbred Englishman, W. W. It was the beginning of a new school-year. Lowell and Story and the other old boys, who seemed so immeasurably ancient, had been transferred to college; and last year's youngest class was at length youngest but one, and ready for the "New Latin Tutor." Then W. W. called us to his desk, and, opening it, — I can hear the very rattle of the "birch" as it rolled back from the uplifted lid, — he brought out for us these books, in all the glory of fresh calf binding, and gave each volume into trembling, boyish hands. To some of us there was always more of birch than of bounty in the immediate associations of that desk, and I fancy that we always trembled a little when we had a new book, as if all the potential floggings which it might involve were already tingling between its covers. Yet those of us whose love of the book was wont to save us from the rod may have felt the thrill of delight predominate; at any rate, there was novelty and "the joy of eventful living"; and I remember that the rather stern and aquiline face of our teacher relaxed into mildness for a moment. Both we and our books must have looked very fresh and new to him, though we may all be a little battered now; at least, my "New Latin Tutor" is. The change undergone by the volume which Browning put in the plum-tree cleft, to be read only by newts and beetles, —

"With all the binding all of a blister,  
And great blue spots where the ink has run,  
And reddish streaks that wink and glisten," —

could hardly exceed what this book shows, when I fish it up from a chest of literary lumber, coeval with itself. It would smell musty, doubtless, to any nose unregulated by a heart; but to me it is redolent of the alder-blos-

soms of boyish springs, and the aromatic walnut-odor which used in autumn to pervade the dells of "Sweet Auburn," that lay not so very far from our school-house. It is a very precious book, and it should be robed in choice Turkey morocco, were not the very covers too much a part of the association to be changed. For between them I gathered the seed-grain of many harvests of delight; through this low archway I first looked upon the immeasurable beauty of words.

"Do ye hear, or does an amiable madness seize me? I seem to hear her, and to wander through holy groves, where the pleasant waters and the breezes play." Are these phrases really so delightful, or was it the process of re-translation into Latin that so fixed them in my ear? It seems to me that they first taught me what language was meant for; they set to music the wandering breeze and the running brook; they doubled the joy that these things gave. There was no new information offered by the sentence; I had long known that the waters were pleasant, and had an instinct that the groves were holy; but that it was within the power of words to reproduce and almost double by utterance these sweet felicities, this had never dawned upon me till these "exercises in writing Latin" began. This, then, was literature!

"But he, yet a boy and as unobserved, goes here and there upon the lonely green; and dips the soles of his feet, then up to the ankle, in the playing waters." How delicious it seemed in the English, how much more in the Latin! What liquid words were these: *aqua, aura, unda!* All English poetry that I had yet learned by heart — it is only children who learn by heart, grown people "commit to memory" — had not so awakened the vision of what literature might mean. Thence

forth all life became ideal. The child who read this was himself that boy "upon the lonely green"; he it was who, being twelve years old, could just touch the tender boughs from the ground: —

"Alter ab undecimo tum me jam ceperat annus,  
Jani fragiles poteram a terra contingere ramos."

Then human passion, tender, faithful, immortal, came also by and beckoned. "'But let me die,' she said. 'Thus, thus it delights me to go under the shades.'" Or that infinite tenderness, the stronger even for its opening moderation of utterance, the last sigh of Æneas after Dido, —

"Nec me meminisse pigebit Elissam  
Dum memor ipse mihi, dum spiritus hos regit artus."

Then "visionary forms" gather round the boy's head, "fluttering about in wondrous ways; he hears various sounds and enjoys an interview with the gods": —

"Multa modis simulacra videt volitantia miris  
Et varias audit voces, fruiturquæ Deorum  
Colloquio."

Or, with more definite and sublime grandeur, the vast forms of Roman statesmanship appear: "To-day, Romans, you behold the commonwealth, the lives of you all, estates, fortunes, wives, and children, and the seat of this most renowned empire, this most fortunate and most beautiful city, preserved and restored to you by the distinguished love of the immortal gods, and by my toils, counsels, and dangers."

What great thoughts were found within these pages, what a Roman vigor was in these maxims! "It is Roman to do and to suffer bravely." "It is sweet and glorious to die for one's country." "He that gives himself up to pleasure is not worthy the name of a man." "It is the part of a brave and unshaken spirit not to be disturbed in adverse affairs." "At how much is virtue to be estimated, which can never be taken away by force, nor purloined; is neither lost by shipwreck, nor by fire, nor is it changed by the alterations of seasons and of times." Then came the tender charities. "Com

passionate such grievous afflictions, compassionate a soul bearing unmerited treatment." There was nothing hard or stern in this book, no cynicism, no indifference; but it was a flower-garden of lovely out-door allusions, a gallery of great deeds; and, as I have said, it formed the child's first real glimpse into the kingdom of words.

Could not the same literary fascination, the same spell, prophetic of future joys, have been exerted by English poetry? Perhaps so, though just the same quality of charm had never, in my case, been found there. But what fixed it forever in the mind was the minute and detailed study required in the process of translation, — the balancing of epithets, the seeking of equivalents. Genius doubtless is a law to itself, but for ordinary minds the delicate shading of language must be discerned by careful comparison of words, just as taste in dress comes to women by the careful matching of soft tints. It takes two languages to teach us the resources of one. Montaigne, who taught his son to speak Latin only, left him as uneducated as if he had learned his mother-tongue alone.

I was once asked by a doctor of divinity, who was also the overseer of a college, whether I ever knew any one to look back with pleasure upon his early studies in Latin and Greek. It was like being asked if one looked back with pleasure on summer mornings and evenings. No doubt those languages, like all others, have fared hard at the hands of pedants; and there are active boys who hate all study, and others who love the natural sciences alone. But I remember with unspeakable gratitude that I never tasted of any study whatever without hearty enjoyment; nor is it easy to see how any one can ever feel ennui in life while there is a language or a science left to learn. Indeed, it is a hasty assumption, that the majority of boys hate Latin and Greek. I find that most college graduates, at least, retain some relish for the memory of such studies, even if they have utterly lost

the power to masticate or digest them. "Though they speak no Greek, they love the sound on 't." Many a respectable citizen still loves to look at his Horace or Virgil on the shelf where it has stood undisturbed for a dozen years; he looks, and thinks that he too lived in Arcadia. He recalls his college dreams, and walks, and talks, and the debating-society, and the class-day. He murmurs something to himself about the "still air of delightful studies." The books link him with culture, and universities, and the traditions of great scholars. On some stormy Sunday, he thinks, he will take them down. At length he tries it; he handles the volume awkwardly, as he does his infant; but it is something to be able to say that neither book nor baby has been actually dropped. He likes to know that there is a tie between him and each of these possessions, though he is willing, it must be owned, to leave the daily care of each in more familiar hands.

But even if he only hated the sight of his old text-books, what would it prove? Not that he was unfit for their study, or the study for him, but that either book or teacher was inadequate. It is not the child's fault if all this region of delight be haunted by ogres called grammarians. Where "Andrews and Stoddard" enter, it is inevitable that all joys should flee; but why, we are now beginning to ask, should those extremely prosaic gentlemen come in at all? Accuracy is desirable, and doubtless a child should learn grammar, but the terrible book which this academical firm prepared was not a grammar; it was an encyclopædia of philology in small print. It is something to the praise of classical studies that even those two well-meaning men did not extinguish these pursuits forever. It is not to be imputed to boys as a crime, "that they do not love the conjugations at first sight, or conceive a passionate attachment for the irregular verbs." In the days when this old book was new, a little manual of a hundred pages, prepared by W. W. himself, con-

tained all that was held needful to be learned of grammar; and in these happy modern days of Allen and of Goodwin, that golden age returns. Any child can bear a little drudgery, and it will do him good; it is the amount that kills. A boy will joyfully wade through a half-mile of sandhills to reach the sea; but do not, therefore, try him with the desert of Sahara. When I was at school, the path did not lead through the desert; but had it done so, this old text-book would have been an oasis.

Yet it may plausibly be said that what charms the child, after all, is the grace of the phrase, and that even if a collection of good English sentences would not answer as well (because he is not forced to dwell on them for the purpose of translation), yet some German or French phrase-book, provided it were not Ollendorff, might serve the purpose. I should be the last person to deny the magic that may also dwell, for young people, in a book like Miss Austen's "Selections from German Prose Writers," which at a later period I almost learned by heart. But however we may define the words "classic" and "romantic," it will be found, I think, however contrary to the impression of many, that the child is naturally a classicist first. Emerson said well, "Every healthy boy is a Greek"; while his powers are dawning and he divides his life between games and books, he prefers phrases that, while they touch his imagination, have yet a certain definite quality. A Greek statue, a Latin line, reach him and stay with him; he likes them as he likes Scott, for the vivid picture. He must grow a little older, must look before and after; the vague sense of a dawning destiny must begin just to touch him; he must gaze into a maiden's eyes, and begin to write long reveries in his journal, and fancy himself "so young, yet so old," before Germany can fully reach him. To the German was given "the powers of the air," but the boy dwells on earth; for him the very gods must be, like those

of the Greeks and Romans, men and women. He is poetic, but it is according to Milton's definition, "simple, sensuous, passionate"; the boy's poetry is classic, it is the youth only who is romantic. Give him time enough, and every castle on the Rhine will have for him a dream, and every lily of the Mummelsee an imprisoned maiden; but his earlier faith is in the more definite *dramatis personæ* of this old text-book. Wordsworth, in one of his profoundest poems, "Tintern Abbey," has described the difference between the "glad animal movements" of a boy's most ardent love of nature, and the more meditative enjoyment of later years; and the child approaches literature as he does nature, with direct and vehement delight; the wildest romances must have in some sort definite outlines, as in the Arabian Nights. The epoch of vague dreams will come later; up to the age of thirteen he is a Roman or a Greek.

I must honestly say that much of the modern outcry against classical studies seems to me to be (as in the case of good Dr. Jacob Bigelow) a frank hostility to literature itself, as the supposed rival of science; or a willingness (as in Professor Atkinson's case) to tolerate modern literature, while discouraging the study of the ancient. Both seem to commit the error of drawing their examples of abuse from England, and applying their warnings to America. Because your neighbor on one side is dying of a plethora, there is no reason why you should withhold bread from your neighbor on the other side, who is dying of starvation. Because nine tenths of the English school-boys are "addled," according to Mr. Farrar, by being overworked in Latin verse-making, must we transfer the same imputation to colleges which never burdened the conscience of a pupil with a single metrical line? Because the House of Commons was once said to care more for a false quantity in Latin verse than in English morals, shall we visit equal indignation on a House of Representatives

that had to send for a classical dictionary to find out who Thersites was? Since all the leading modern languages and the chief branches of natural science have been sedulously taught in our American colleges for a quarter of a century, why keep discoursing on the omissions of Oxford and Cambridge? Have we, then, no sins of our own, that we must torture ourselves in vicarious penance for the whole of Europe?

Granted, that foreign systems of education may err by insisting on the arts of literary structure too much; think what we should lose by dwelling on them too little! The magic of mere words; the mission of language; the worth of form as well as of matter; the power to make a common thought immortal in a phrase, so that your fancy can no more detach the one from the other than it can separate the soul and body of a child;—it was the veiled half-revelation of these things that made that old text-book forever fragrant to me. There are in it the still visible traces of wild-flowers which I used to press between the pages, on the way to school; but it was the pressed flowers of Latin poetry that were embalmed there first. These are blossoms that do not fade. Horace was right in his fond imagination, and his monument has proved more permanent than any bronze, *ære perennius*. "Wonderful is it to me," says Boccaccio, in Landor's delicious Pentameron, "when I consider that an infirm and helpless creature, such as I am, should be capable of laying thoughts up in their cabinet of words which Time, as he moves by, with the revolutions of stormy and eventful years, can never move from their places."

One must bear in mind the tendencies of the time. If the danger were impending of an age of mere literary conceits, every one should doubtless contend against it; for what is the use of polished weapons, where there is no ammunition? But the current tendency is all the other way, — to distrust all literary graces, to denude English style of all positive beauty, and leave it

only the colorless vehicle of thought. There must not even be the smoothness of Queen Anne's day, still less the delicacy of the current French traditions; but only a good, clear, manly, energetic, insular style, as if each dwelt on an island, and hailed his neighbor each morning in good chest tones, to tell him the news. It is the farthest possible from the style of a poet or an artist, but it is the style of that ideal man for whom Huxley longs, "whose intellect is a clear, cold logic engine, with all its parts of equal strength and in smooth working order, ready, like a steam-engine, to be turned to all kinds of work." In Huxley himself this type of writing is seen at the greatest advantage; Froude and Seeley have much the same; and books like the "Essays on a Liberal Education," put together by a dozen different Oxford and Cambridge men, exhibit but one style, — a style that goes straight to the mark and will stand no nonsense. It is all very well, so far, and this is doubtless better than carving the bow till it breaks, as in Æsop's fable; but is there not room in the world for both science and art, use and beauty? If a page is good that tells truth plainly, may not another page have merit that sets truth in words which linger like music on the ear? We are outgrowing the foolish fear that science is taking all poetry away from the facts of nature; but why should it set itself against the poetry of words? The *savans* themselves recognize the love of beauty as quite a respectable instinct, when it appears paleontologically. When, in the exploration of bone-caves, they find that some primeval personage carved a bird or a beaver upon his hatchet, they are all in ecstasies and say, "This is indeed a discovery. About the year of the world thirty-three thousand, art was born!" But if art took so long a gestation, is it not worth keeping alive, now that we have got it? Why is it that, when all these added centuries have passed, the writer must now take the style, which is his weapon, must erase from it all attempt at beauty, and

demand only that, like the barbaric hatchet, it shall bring down its man?

In America, this tendency is only dawning; while Emerson lives, it will be still believed that literature means form as well as matter. But no one can talk with the pupils of our new technological schools, without seeing that, in surrendering books like my old Latin text-book, it is in fact literature that they renounce. They speak as impatiently of the hours wasted on *Paradise Lost* as if they were given to Plato. Even at our oldest University, the department of "Rhetoric and Oratory" came so near to extinction that it only got a reprieve on the very scaffold, at the intercession of some of the older graduates. "To pursue literature *per se*" has become almost a badge of reproach in quarters where what is sometimes called "the new education" prevails. Now there is no danger, in these exciting Darwinian days, that any one will disregard the study of natural science; but when one sees how desperately it sometimes narrows its votaries, one admires the wit of the Cambridge lady who said the other day, when taxed with one-sidedness by the scientists, that she must, after all, prefer literature *per se* to science purblind.

It is my most cherished conviction that this Anglo-American race is developing a finer organization than the stock from which it sprang, — is destined to be more sensitive to art, as well as more abundant in nervous energy. We must not narrow ourselves into science only, must not become mere observers nor mere thinkers, but must hold to the side of art as well. Grant that it is the worthy mission of the current British literature to render style clear, simple, and convincing, it may yet be the mission of Americans to take that style and make it beautiful.

And in this view we need, above all things else, to retain in our American universities all that looks toward literature, whether based upon the study of the modern, or, still better, of the an-

cient tongues. I do not mean to advocate mere pedantries, such as the Latin programmes on Commencement day, or the Latin triennial Catalogues ; but I mean such actual delights in the study of language as my old text-book gave. It seems almost needless to say that the best training for one who is to create beauty must be to accustom him to the study of that which is beautiful ; his taste once formed, let him originate what he can. If this can be done by modern models as well as by ancient, let it be done ; it is the literary culture, as such, that we need. Keats, who said of himself, " I dote on fine phrases like a lover," was as truly engaged in literary training as if he had been making Latin verses at Oxford ; very likely more so ; but, at any rate, it was not science that he studied. It is for literature, after all, that I plead ; not for this or that body of literature. Welcoming science, I only deprecate the exclusive adoption of the scientific style.

There prevailed for a long time, in America, a certain superstition about collegiate education. So far as it was superstitious, the impression was foolish, no doubt ; but beneath its folly the tradition of pure literature was kept alive. It appears from President Dwight's " Travels," that, until about the year 1800, our oldest college prescribed Latin verse-making as a condition of entrance. He also says that at that time the largest library in America held but fifteen thousand volumes. While the means of research were so limited, there was plenty of time for verse-making, but it would be foolish to insist on it now. Since the range of study is so much widened, the best course seems to be, to give a child the rudiments of various good things, and, when he grows older, let him choose for himself.

Personally, I should hold with Napoleon, that, however high we may rank the scientific exploration of nature, we should rank literature higher still, as bringing us nearer to the human mind itself. " J'aime les sciences

mathématiques et physiques ; chacune d'elles est une belle application partielle de l'esprit humain ; mais les lettres, c'est l'esprit humain lui-même ; c'est l'éducation de l'âme." But since the natural preferences of children should be followed in all training, not set at defiance ; it is unnecessary and unwise to impose the same order of precedence upon all minds. There is really a good deal of time in childhood ; even young Americans do not mature so instantaneously but that you can teach them something before the process is complete. President Eliot says, " There have been many good college students who have learned in two years all the Greek and Latin required for admission into Harvard College."

I am satisfied, from observation and experiment, that it is perfectly practicable so to bring up an average boy that he shall be a good rider, swimmer, and sailor, — shall be a keen field-naturalist, — shall know the use of tools, — shall speak French and German, — shall have the rudiments of music or of drawing, — and still shall be fairly fitted for our most exacting college at the age of sixteen. If so, we appear to have within reach the beginning of a tolerably good education, and there seems no reason why we should sacrifice literature to science, or science to literature. We must simply avoid bigotry in either direction, and believe that children are as naturally born to learn as to eat, if we can only make the cookery in either case palatable.

To be sure, the first steps in book-learning are not all enjoyment, neither are the first steps in learning to skate. But, if the sum total affords pleasure, who remembers the casualties and mortifications ? No doubt there were anxieties and pangs enough connected with this poor old text-book ; but, through memory's kind chemistry, they are all removed, and only pleasurable thoughts remain behind. Our early recollections are like water in a cistern, which in time throws off all its own impurities and grows permanently clear. On board the receiving-ship at the

Brooklyn Navy-Yard they give you a draught from a tank which was filled for a cruise forty years ago, and has never been emptied ; there was a period when it was not fit for use, but it is now as sweet as if drawn yesterday. So, in reverting to one's school experience, the impurities and coarseness and tyrannies disappear ; but you remember the morning walk to the school-house and the game of foot-ball at recess-time, and the panting rest on the cool grass afterwards, and the twittering fellowship of the barn-swallows, to whom it was recess-time all day long. You remember the desk at which you sat, with its notches and inscriptions, and the pulley contrived to hold the lid up, — the invention of some historic pupil who had long since passed away to the university, and now seemed as grand and remote as one of Virgil's heroes. And with these recurs the memory of the "New Latin Tutor," and the excitement of the novel study, and the charm of the Roman cadence. It is all turned to light and joy and an eternal spring : —

"Ver erat æternum ; placidique tepentibus auris  
Mulcebant zephyri natos sine semine flores."

The present is so apt to disappoint our high anticipations, I do not know what

would become of us poor fellows if memory did not rival hope as a flatterer, making the past as golden as the future ; so that, at worst, it is only the passing moment that is poor.

The thought to which my dear old Latin book has led me is simply this : that while we make children happy by teaching them the careful observation of nature, — so that our educated men need no longer be "naturalists by accident," as Professor Owen said of those in England, — we yet should give to the same children another happiness still, by such first glimpses of literary pleasure as this book afforded. A race of exclusively scientific men and women would be as great an evil as would be a race trained only in what Sydney Smith calls "the safe and elegant imbecility of classical learning." We can spare the Louvre and the Vatican, we can spare Pæstum and the Pyramids, as easily as we can spare the purely literary culture from the world. And while watching the seeming death-throes of the one nation on earth which still recognizes literature as a branch of art, we need surely to make some effort to preserve the tradition of the beautiful, lest it vanish from the realm of words.

T. W. Higginson.

## A LOVE-LETTER.

WHAT shall I write thee, Love? — so far away,  
And yet so very near. What can I say  
That thou hast not already heard a thousand times?  
Shall I compose for thee unmeaning rhymes,  
Like this I send to thee to-day?

What can I do for thee that thou wouldst have?  
What can I tell thee that thou fain wouldst hear?  
My love for thee gives me a heart so brave  
That, far from thee, or near  
To thy dear side, I gladly hold my life  
A tenure lent from thee, my soul, my more than wife,  
For thee to save ;  
Or else, through thee to lose,  
Shouldst thou to save refuse.



I love thee, Sweet, supremely ; more I cannot tell.  
What words remain to write thee, Love, that thou wouldst hear ?  
    Ah ! listen to the tolling of the bell  
        That tolls within me solemnly the knell  
Of my past years. And, laid upon the bier,  
    See my dead self ! Lament with me his death ;  
    For he was valiant, yes, and not untrue ;  
    But he must die, because he knew not you.  
        And so his breath  
    Passed from him, and his soul is well.

And then rejoice with me that I have found  
    A newer self and one I hold more dear, —  
    A self that bids adieu to hope or fear,  
    Save when they both are centred here, —  
    Here in my boundless, endless love for thee.  
        But, shouldst thou turn aside  
        In negligence or pride,  
        His spirit free  
    Methinks will, ere a little time, have died ;  
    And thou the loss must mourn with bitterest tear.  
    Forgive me, Love, I fear I sadden thee  
        When I would cheer.

I love thee, love thee ; more I dare not tell.  
I love thee, love thee, love thee, beats my heart ;  
And like a mountain cataract, my blood  
Foams down its courses, till that funeral bell  
Grows faint and fainter for the gurgling flood  
That drowns its melancholy music. Then, with sudden start,  
I wake to life again, to world and worldly things ;  
    But they in haste resolve themselves to this, —  
    Absence to yearning and the farewell kiss  
That sealed our parting, and the doubt which brings  
The writhings and the agonies of hell.  
I love thee, love thee, love thee ; more I cannot tell.

I must forbear to write, my life, my love ;  
I *know* I sadden thee, my thoughts are dark.  
    Ah, grant me, Love, a single spark  
From thy pure soul's angelic flame ! Then, high above,  
    My voice shall rapturous sing and rapturous soar  
        Forevermore.

*Burr G. Hosmer.*

## THEIR WEDDING JOURNEY.

## VI.

## NIAGARA.

AS the train stopped, Isabel's heart beat with a childlike exultation, as I believe every one's heart must who is worthy to arrive at Niagara. She had been trying to fancy, from time to time, that she heard the roar of the cataract, and now, when she alighted from the car, she was sure she should have heard it but for the vulgar little noises that attend the arrival of trains at Niagara as well as everywhere else. "Never mind, dearest; you shall be stunned with it before you leave," promised her husband; and, not wholly disconsolate, she rode through the quaint streets of the village, where it remains a question whether the lowliness of the shops and private houses makes the hotels look so vast, or the bigness of the hotels dwarfs all the other buildings. The immense caravansaries swelling up from among the little bazaars (where they sell feather fans, and miniature bark canoes, and jars and vases and bracelets and brooches carved out of the local rocks), made our friends with their trunks very conscious of their disproportion to the accommodations of the smallest. They were the sole occupants of the omnibus, and they were embarrassed to be received at their hotel with a burst of minstrelsy from a whole band of music. Isabel felt that a single stringed instrument of some timid note would have been enough; and Basil was going to express his own modest preference for a jew's-harp, when the music ceased with a sudden clash of the cymbals. But the next moment it burst out with fresh sweetness, and in alighting they perceived that another omnibus had turned the corner and was drawing up to the pillared portico of the hotel. A small family dismounted, and the feet of the last had hardly touched the

pavement when the music again ended as abruptly as those flourishes of trumpets that usher player-kings upon the stage. Isabel could not help laughing at this melodious parsimony. "I hope they don't let on the cataract and shut it off in this frugal style; do they, Basil?" she asked, and passed jesting through a pomp of unoccupied porters and call-boys. Apparently there were not many people stopping at this hotel, or else they were all out looking at the Falls or confined to their rooms. However, our travellers took in the almost weird emptiness of the place with their usual gratitude to fortune for all queer-ness in life, and followed to the pleasant quarters assigned them. There was time before supper for a glance at the cataract, and after a brief toilet they sallied out again upon the holiday street, with its parade of gay little shops, and thence passed into the grove beside the Falls, enjoying at every instant their feeling of arrival at a sublime destination.

In this sense Niagara deserves almost to rank with Rome, the metropolis of history and religion; with Venice, the chief city of sentiment and fantasy. In either you are at once made at home by a perception of its greatness, in which there is no quality of aggression, as there always seems to be in minor places as well as in minor men, and you gratefully accept its sublimity as a fact in no way related to your own insignificance.

Our friends were beset of course by many carriage-drivers, whom they repelled with the kindly firmness of experienced travel. Isabel even felt a compassion for these poor fellows who had seen Niagara so much as to have forgotten that the first time one must see it alone or only with the first of friendship. She was voluble in her pity of Basil that it was not as new to him as to her, till between the trees they

saw a white cloud of spray, shot through and through with sunset, rising, rising, and she felt her voice softly and steadily beaten down by the diapason of the cataract.

I am not sure but the first emotion on viewing Niagara is that of familiarity. Ever after, its strangeness increases ; but in that earliest moment, when you stand by the side of the American fall, and take in so much of the whole as your glance can compass, an impression of having seen it often before is certainly very vivid. This may be an effect of that grandeur which puts you at your ease in its presence ; but it also undoubtedly results in part from lifelong acquaintance with every variety of futile picture of the scene. You have its outward form clearly in your memory ; the shores, the rapids, the islands, the curve of the Falls, and the stout rainbow with one end resting on their top and the other lost in the mists that rise from the gulf beneath. On the whole I do not account this sort of familiarity a misfortune. The surprise is none the less a surprise because it is kept till the last, and the marvel, making itself finally felt in every nerve, and not at once through a single sense, all the more fully possesses you. It is as if Niagara reserved her magnificence, and preferred to win your heart with her beauty ; and so Isabel, who was instinctively prepared for the reverse, suffered a vague disappointment, for a little instant, as she looked along the verge from the water that caressed the shore at her feet before it flung itself down, to the wooded point that divides the American from the Canadian fall, beyond which showed dimly through its veil of golden and silver mists the emerald wall of the great Horse-Shoe. "How still it is !" she said, amidst the roar that shook the ground under their feet and made the leaves tremble overhead, and "How lonesome !" amidst the people lounging and sauntering about in every direction among the trees. In fact that prodigious presence does make a solitude and silence round every spirit worthy

to perceive it, and it gives a kind of dignity to all its belongings, so that the rocks and pebbles in the water's edge, and the weeds and grasses that nod above it, have a value far beyond that of such common things elsewhere. In all the aspects of Niagara there seems a grave simplicity, which is perhaps a reflection of the spectator's soul for once utterly dismantled of affectation and convention. In the vulgar reaction from this, you are of course as trivial, if you like, at Niagara, as anywhere.

Slowly Isabel became aware that the sacred grove beside the fall was haunted by some very common phantasms indeed, that tossed bits of stone and sticks into the consecrated waters, and struggled for handkerchiefs and fans, and here and there put their arms about each other's waists, and made a show of laughing and joking. They were a picnic party of rude, silly folks of the neighborhood, and she stood pondering them in sad wonder if anything could be worse, when she heard a voice saying to Basil, "Take you next, sir ? Plenty of light yet, and the wind 's down the river, so the spray won't interfere. Make a capital picture of you ; falls in the background." It was the local photographer urging them to succeed the young couple he had just posed at the brink : the gentleman was sitting down, with his legs crossed and his hands elegantly disposed ; the lady was standing at his side, with one arm thrown lightly across his shoulder, while with the other hand she thrust his cane into the ground ; you could see it was going to be a splendid photograph.

Basil thanked the artist, and Isabel said, trusting as usual to his sympathy for perception of her train of thought, "Well, I 'll never try to be high-strung again. But should n't you have thought, dearest, that I might expect to be high-strung with success at Niagara if anywhere ?" She passively followed him into the long, queer, downward-sloping edifice on the border of the grove, unflinchingly mounted the car that stood ready, and descended the incline.

Emerging into the light again, she found herself at the foot of the fall by whose top she had just stood.

At first she was glad there were other people down there, as if she and Basil were not enough to bear it alone, and she could almost have spoken to the two hopelessly pretty brides, with parasols and impertinent little boots, whom their attendant husbands were helping over the sharp and slippery rocks, so bare beyond the spray, so green and mossy within the fall of mist. But in another breath she forgot them, as she looked on that dizzied sea, hurling itself from the high summit in huge white knots, and breaks and masses, and plunging into the gulf beside her, while it sent continually up a strong voice of lamentation, and crawled away in vast eddies, with somehow a look of human terror, bewilderment, and pain. It was bathed in snowy vapor to its crest, but now and then heavy currents of air drew this aside, and they saw the outline of the Falls almost as far as the Canada side. They remembered afterwards how they were able to make use of but one sense at a time, and how when they strove to take in the forms of the descending flood, they ceased to hear it; but as soon as they released their eyes from this service, every fibre in them vibrated to the sound, and the spectacle dissolved away in it. They were aware, too, of a strange capriciousness in their senses, and of a tendency of each to palter with the things perceived. The eye could no longer take truthful note of quality, and now beheld the tumbling deluge as a Gothic wall of carven marble, white, motionless; and now as a fall of lightest snow, with movement in all its atoms, and scarce so much cohesion as would hold them together; and again they could not discern if this course were from above or from beneath, whether the water rose from the abyss or dropped from the height. The ear could give the brain no assurance of the sound that filled it, and whether it were great or little: the prevailing softness of the

cataract's tone seemed so much opposed to ideas of prodigious force or of prodigious volume. It was only when the sight, so idle in its own behalf, came to the aid of the other sense, and showed them the mute movement of each other's lips, that they dimly appreciated the depth of sound that involved them.

"I think you might have been high-strung there, for a second or two," said Basil, when, ascending the incline, he could make himself heard. "We will try the bridge next."

Over the river, so still with its oily eddies and delicate wreaths of foam, just below the Falls they have in late years woven a web of wire high in air, and hung a bridge from precipice to precipice. Of all the bridges made with hands it seems the lightest, most ethereal, it is ideally graceful, and droops from its slight towers like a garland. It is worthy to command, as it does, the whole grandeur of Niagara, and to show the traveller the vast spectacle, from the beginning of the American fall to the farthest limit of the Horse-Shoe, with all the awful pomp of the rapids, the solemn darkness of the wooded islands, the mystery of the vaporous gulf, the indomitable wildness of the shores, as far as the eye can reach up or down the fatal stream.

To this bridge our friends now repaired, by a path that led through another of those groves which keep the village back from the shores of the river on the American side, and greatly help the sight-seer's pleasure in the place. The exquisite structure, which sways so tremulously from its towers, and seems to lay so slight a hold on earth where its cables sink into the ground, is to other bridges what the blood horse is to the common breed of roadsters; and now they felt its sensitive nerves quiver under them and sympathetically through them as they advanced farther and farther toward the centre. Perhaps their sympathy with the bridge's trepidation was too great for unalloyed delight, and yet the

thrill was a glorious one, to be known only there; and afterwards, at least, they would not have had their airy path seem more secure.

The last hues of sunset lingered in the mists that sprung from the base of the Falls with a mournful, tremulous grace, and a movement weird as the play of the northern lights. They were touched with the most delicate purples and crimsons, that darkened to deep red, and then faded from them at a second look, and they flew upward, swiftly upward, like troops of pale, transparent ghosts; while a perfectly clear radiance, better than any other for local color, dwelt upon the scene. Far under the bridge the river smoothly swam, the undercurrents forever unfolding themselves upon the surface with a vast rose-like evolution, edged all round with faint lines of white, where the air that filled the water freed itself in foam. What had been clear green on the face of the cataract was here more like rich verd-antique, and had a look of firmness almost like that of the stone itself. So it showed beneath the bridge, and down the river till the curving shores hid it. These, springing abruptly from the water's brink, and shagged with pine and cedar, displayed the tender verdure of grass and bushes intermingled with the dark evergreens that climb from ledge to ledge, till they point their speary tops above the crest of bluffs. In front, where tumbled rocks and expanses of naked clay varied the gloomier and gayer green, sprung those spectral mists; and through them loomed out, in its manifold majesty, Niagara, with the seemingly immovable white Gothic screen of the American fall, and the green massive curve of the Horse-Shoe, solid and simple and calm as an Egyptian wall; while behind this, with their white and black expanses broken by dark foliaged little isles, the steep Canadian rapids billowed down between their heavily wooded shores.

The wedding-journeymen hung, they knew not how long, in rapture on the

sight; and then, looking back from the shore to the spot where they had stood, they felt relieved that unreality should possess itself of all, and that the bridge should swing there in mid-air like a filmy web, scarce more passable than the rainbow that flings its arch above the mists.

On the portico of the hotel they found half a score of gentlemen smoking, and creating together that collective silence which passes for sociality on our continent. Some carriages stood before the door, and within, around the base of a pillar, sat a circle of idle call-boys. There were a few trunks heaped together in one place, with a porter standing guard over them; a solitary guest was buying a cigar at the newspaper stand in one corner; another friendless creature was writing a letter in the reading-room; the clerk, in a seersucker coat and a lavish shirt-bosom, tried to give the whole an effect of watering-place gaiety and bustle, as he provided a newly arrived guest with a room.

Our pair took in these traits of solitude and repose with indifference. If the hotel had been thronged with brilliant company, they would have been no more and no less pleased; and when, after supper, they came into the grand parlor, and found nothing there but a marble-topped centre-table, with a silver-plated ice-pitcher and a small company of goblets, they sat down perfectly content in a secluded window-seat. They were not seen by the three people who entered soon after, and halted in the centre of the room.

"Why, Kitty!" said one of the two ladies, who must be in any travelling-party of three, "this is more inappropriate to your gorgeous array than the supper-room, even."

She who was called Kitty was armed, as for social conquest, in some kind of airy evening-dress, and was looking round with bewilderment upon that forlorn waste of carpeting and upholstery. She owned, with a smile, that she had not seen so much of the world yet as she had been promised; but she

liked Niagara very much, and perhaps they should find the world at breakfast.

"No," said the other lady, who was as unquiet as Kitty was calm, and who seemed resolved to make the most of the worst, "it is n't probable that the hotel will fill up overnight; and I feel personally responsible for this state of things. Who would ever have supposed that Niagara would be so empty? I thought the place was thronged the whole summer long. How do you account for it, Richard?"

The gentleman looked fatigued, as from a long-continued discussion elsewhere of the matter in hand, and he said that he had not been trying to account for it.

"Then you don't care for Kitty's pleasure at all, and you don't want her to enjoy herself. Why don't you take some interest in the matter?"

"Why, if I accounted for the emptiness of Niagara in the most satisfactory way, it would n't add a soul to the floating population. Under the circumstances I prefer to leave it unexplained."

"Do you think it's because it's such a hot summer? Do you suppose it's not exactly the season? Did n't you expect there'd be more people? Perhaps Niagara is n't as fashionable as it used to be."

"It looks something like that."

"Well, what under the sun do you think is the reason?"

"I don't know."

"Perhaps," interposed Kitty, placidly, "most of the visitors go to the other hotel, now."

"It's altogether likely," said the other lady, eagerly. "There are just such caprices."

"Well," said Richard, "I wanted you to go there."

"But you said that you always heard this was the most fashionable."

"I know it. I did n't want to come here for that reason. But fortune favors the brave."

"Well, it's too bad! Here we've asked Kitty to come to Niagara with

us, just to give her a little peep into the world, and you've brought us to a hotel where we're —"

"Monarchs of all we survey," gurgled Kitty.

"Yes, and start at the sound of our own," added the other lady, helplessly.

"Come now, Fanny," said the gentleman, who was but too clearly the husband of the last speaker. "You know you insisted, against all I could say or do, upon coming to this house; I implored you to go to the other, and now you blame me for bringing you here."

"So I do. If you'd let me have my own way without opposition about coming here, I dare say I should have gone to the other place. But never mind. Kitty knows whom to blame, I hope. She's *your* cousin."

Kitty was sitting with her hands quiescently folded in her lap. She now rose and said that she did not know anything about the other hotel, and perhaps it was just as empty as this.

"It can't be. There can't be *two* hotels so empty," said Fanny. "It don't stand to reason."

"If you wish Kitty to see the world so much," said the gentleman, "why don't you take her on to Quebec, with us?"

Kitty had left her seat beside Fanny, and was moving with a listless content about the parlor.

"I wonder you ask, Richard, when you know she's only come for the night, and has nothing with her but a few cuffs and collars! I certainly never heard of anything so absurd before!"

The absurdity of the idea then seemed to cast its charm upon her, for, after a silence, "I could lend her some things," she said musingly. "But don't speak of it to-night, please. It's *too* ridiculous. Kitty!" she called out, and, as the young lady drew near, she continued, "How would you like to go to Quebec, with us?"

"O Fanny!" cried Kitty, with rap-

ture; and then, with dismay, "How can I?"

"Why, very well, I think. You've got this dress, and your travelling-suit; and I can lend you whatever you want. Come!" she added joyously, "let's go up to your room, and talk it over!"

The two ladies vanished upon this impulse, and the gentleman followed. To their own relief the guiltless eavesdroppers, who found no moment favorable for revealing themselves after the comedy began, issued from their retirement.

"What a remarkable little lady!" said Basil, eagerly turning to Isabel for sympathy in his enjoyment of her inconsequence.

"Yes, poor thing!" returned his wife; "it's no light matter to invite a young lady to take a journey with you, and promise her all sorts of gayety, and perhaps beaux and flirtations, and then find her on your hands in a desolation like this. It's dreadful, I think."

Basil stared. "O, certainly," he said. "But what an amusingly illogical little body!"

"I don't understand what you mean, Basil. It was the only thing that she could do, to invite the young lady to go on with them. I wonder her husband had the sense to think of it first. Of course she'll have to lend her things."

"And you didn't observe anything peculiar in her way of reaching her conclusions?"

"Peculiar? What *do* you mean?"

"Why, her blaming her husband for letting her have her own way about the hotel; and her telling him not to mention his proposal to Kitty, and then doing it herself, just after she'd pronounced it absurd and impossible." He spoke with heat at being forced to make what he thought a needless explanation.

"Oh!" said Isabel, after a moment's reflection. "*That!* Did you think it so very odd?"

Her husband looked at her with the

gravity a man must feel when he begins to perceive that he has married the whole mystifying world of woman-kind in the woman of his choice, and made no answer. But to his own soul he said: "I supposed I had the pleasure of my wife's acquaintance. It seems that I have been flattering myself."

The next morning they went out, as they had planned, for an exploration of Goat Island, after an early breakfast. As they sauntered through the village's contrasts of pygmy and colossal in architecture, they praisefully took in the unalloyed holiday character of the place, enjoying equally the lounging tourists about the hotel doors, the drivers and their carriages to let, and the little shops, with nothing but mementos of Niagara, and Indian bead-work, and other trumpery, to sell. Shops so useless, they agreed, could not be found outside the Palais Royale, or the Square of St. Mark, or anywhere else in the world but here. They felt themselves once more a part of the tide of mere sight-seeing pleasure-travel, on which they had drifted in other days, and in an eddy of which their love itself had opened its white blossom, and lily-like dreamed upon the wave.

They were now also part of the great circle of newly wedded bliss, which, involving the whole land during the season of bridal-tours, may be said to show richest and fairest at Niagara, like the costly jewel of a precious ring. The place is, in fact, almost abandoned to bridal couples, and any one out of his honeymoon is in some degree an alien there, and must discern a certain immodesty in his intrusion. Is it for his profane eyes to look upon all that blushing and trembling joy? A man of any sensibility must desire to veil his face, and, bowing his excuses to the collective rapture, take the first train for the wicked outside world to which he belongs. Everywhere, he sees brides and brides. Three or four, with the benediction still upon them, come down in the same



car with him; he hands her travelling-shawl after one as she springs from the omnibus into her husband's arms; there are two or three walking back and forth with their new lords upon the porch of the hotel; at supper they are on every side of him, and he feels himself suffused, as it were, by a roseate atmosphere of youth and love and hope. At breakfast it is the same, and then, in all his wanderings about the place, he encounters them. They are of all manners of beauty, fair and dark, slender and plump, tall and short; but they are all beautiful with the radiance of loving and being loved. Now, if ever in their lives, they are charmingly dressed, and ravishing toilets take the willing eye from the objects of interest. How high the heels of the pretty boots, how small the tender-tinted gloves, how electrical the flutter of the snowy skirts! What is Niagara to these things?

Isabel was not willing to own her bridal sisterhood to these blessed souls; but she secretly rejoiced in it, even while she joined Basil in noting their number and smiling at their innocent abandon. She dropped his arm at encounter of the first couple, and walked carelessly at his side; she made a solemn vow never to take hold of his watch-chain in speaking to him; she trusted that she might be preserved from putting her face very close to his at dinner in studying the bill of fare; getting out of carriages, she forbade him ever to take her by the waist. All ascetic resolutions are modified by experiment; but if Isabel did not rigorously keep these, she is not the less to be praised for having formed them.

Just before they reached the bridge to Goat Island, they passed a little group of the Indians still lingering about Niagara, who make the barbaric wares in which the shops abound, and, like the woods and the wild faces of the cliffs and precipices, help to keep the cataract remote, and to invest it with the charm of primeval loneliness. This group were women, and

they sat motionless on the ground, smiling sphinx-like over their laps full of bead-work, and turning their dark liquid eyes of invitation upon the passers. They wore bright kirtles, and red shawls fell from their heads over their plump brown cheeks and down their comfortable persons. A little girl with them was attired in like gayety of color. "What is her name?" asked Isabel, paying for a bead pin-cushion. "Daisy Smith," said her mother, in distressingly good English. "But her Indian name?" "She has none," answered the woman, who told Basil that her village numbered five hundred people, and that they were all Protestants. While they talked they were joined by an Indian, whom the women saluted musically in their native tongue. This was somewhat consoling; but he wore trousers and a waistcoat, and it could have been wished that he had not a silk hat on.

"Still," said Isabel, as they turned away, "I'm glad he has n't Lisle-thread gloves, like that chieftain we saw putting his forest queen on board the train at Oneida. But, how shocking that they should be Christians, and Protestants! It would have been bad enough to have them Catholics. And that woman said that they were increasing. They ought to be fading away."

On the bridge, they paused and looked up and down the rapids rushing down the slope in all their wild variety with the white crests of breaking surf, the dark massiveness of heavy-climbing waves, the fleet, smooth sweep of currents over broad shelves of sunken rock, the dizzy swirl and suck of whirlpools.

Spellbound, the journeyers pored upon the deathful course beneath their feet, gave a shudder to the horror of being cast upon it, and then hurried over the bridge to the island, in the shadow of whose wildness they sought refuge from the sight and sound.

There had been rain in the night; the air was full of forest fragrance,

and the low, sweet voice of twittering birds. Presently they came to a bench set in a corner of the path, and commanding a pleasant vista of sunlit foliage, with a mere gleam of the foaming river beyond. As they sat down here loverwise, Basil, as in the early days of their courtship, began to recite a poem. It was one which had been haunting him since his first sight of the rapids, one of many that he used to learn by heart in his youth; the rhyme of some poor newspaper poet, whom the third or fourth editor copying his verses consigned to oblivion by carelessly clipping his name from the bottom. It had always lingered in Basil's memory, rather from the interest of the awful fact it recorded, than from any merit of its own; and now he recalled it with a distinctness that surprised him.

## AVERY.

## I.

All night long they heard in the houses beside the shore,  
Heard, or seemed to hear, through the multitudinous roar,  
Out of the hell of the rapids as 't were a lost soul's cries:  
Heard and could not believe; and the morning mocked their eyes,  
Showing where wildest and fiercest the waters leaped up and ran  
Raving round him and past, the visage of a man  
Clinging, or seeming to cling, to the trunk of a tree that caught  
Fast in the rocks below, scarce out of the surges' reach.  
Was it a life, could it be, to yon slender hope that clung?  
Shrill, above all the tumult the answering terror rung.

## II.

Under the weltering rapids a boat from the bridge is drowned,  
Over the rocks the lines of another are tangled and wound,  
And the long, fateful hours of the morning have wasted soon,  
As it had been in some blessed trance, and now it is noon.  
Hurry, now with the raft! But O, build it strong and stanch,  
And to the lines and the treacherous rocks look well as you launch!  
Over the foaming tops of the waves, and their steep, dark sides,  
Over the hidden reefs, and through the embattled tides,  
Onward rushes the raft, with many a lurch and leap, —  
Lord! if it strike him loose from the hold he scarce can keep!

No! through all peril unharmed, it reaches him harmless at last,  
And to its proven strength he lashes his weakness fast.  
Now, for the shore! But steady, steady, my men, and slow;  
Taut, now, the quivering lines; now slack; and so, let her go!  
Thronging the shores around stands the pitying multitude;  
Wan as his own are their looks, and a nightmare seems to brood  
Heavy upon them, and heavy the silence hangs on all,  
Save for the rapid's plunge, and the thunder of the fall.  
But on a sudden thrills from the people still and pale,  
Chorussing his unheard despair, a desperate wail:  
Caught on a lurking point of rock it sways and swings,  
Sport of the pitiless waters, the raft to which he clings.

## III.

All the long afternoon it idly swings and sways;  
And on the shore the crowd lifts up its hands and prays:  
Lifts to heaven and wrings the hands so helpless to save,  
Prays for the mercy of God on him whom the rock and the wave  
Battle for, fettered betwixt them, and who amidst their strife  
Struggles to help his helpers, and fights so hard for his life, —  
Tugging at rope and at reef, while men weep and women swoon.  
Priceless second by second, so wastes the afternoon.  
And it is sunset now; and another boat and the last  
Down to him from the bridge through the rapids — has safely passed.

## IV.

Wild through the crowd comes flying a man that nothing can stay,  
Maddening against the gate that is locked athwart his way.  
"No! I we keep the bridge for them that can help him. You,  
Tell us, who are you?" "His brother!" "God! help you both! Pass through."  
Wild, with wide arms of imploring he calls aloud to him,  
Unto the face of his brother, scarce seen in the distance dim:  
But in the roar of the rapids his fluttering words are lost  
As in a wind of autumn the leaves of autumn are tossed.  
And from the bridge he sees his brother sever the rope  
Holding him to the raft, and rise secure in his hope;  
Sees all as in a dream the terrible pageantry, —  
Populous shores, the woods, the sky, the birds flying free;  
Sees, then, the form — that, spent with effort and fasting and fear,  
Flings itself feebly and fails of the boat that is lying so near, —  
Caught in the long-baffled clutch of the rapids, and rolled and hurled  
Headlong on to the cataract's brink, and out of the world.

"O Basil!" said Isabel, with a long sigh breaking the hush that best praised the unknown poet's skill, "it *is* n't true, is it?"

"Every word, almost, even to the brother's coming at the last moment. It's a very well-known incident," he added, and I am sure the reader whose memory runs back twenty years cannot have forgotten it.

Niagara, indeed, is an awful homicide; nearly every point of interest about the place has killed its man, and there might well be a deeper stain of crimson than it ever wears in that pretty bow overarching the falls. Its beauty is relieved against an historical background as gloomy as the lightest-hearted tourist could desire. The abominable savages, revering the cataract as a kind of august devil, and leading a life of demoniacal misery and wickedness, whom the first Jesuits found here two hundred years ago; the ferocious Iroquois bloodily driving out these squalid devil-worshippers; the French planting the fort that yet guards the mouth of the river, and therewith the seeds of war that fruited afterwards in murderous strifes throughout the whole Niagara country; the struggle for the military posts on the river, during the wars of France and England; the awful scene in the conspiracy of Pontiac, where a detachment of English troops was driven by the Indians over the precipice near the great Whirlpool; the sorrow and havoc visited upon the American settlements in the Revolution by the savages who prepared their attacks in the shadow of Fort Niagara; the battles of Chippewa and of Lundy's Lane, that mixed the roar of their cannon with that of the fall; the savage forays with tomahawk and scalping-knife, and the blazing villages on either shore in the War of 1812; — these are the memories of the place, the links in a chain of tragical interest scarcely broken before our time since the white man first beheld the mist-veiled face of Niagara. The facts lost nothing of their due effect as Basil, in the ramble across Goat Island, touched them with the reflect-

ed light of Mr. Parkman's histories, — those precious books that make our meagre past wear something of the rich romance of old European days, and illumine its savage solitudes with the splendor of mediæval chivalry, and the glory of mediæval martyrdom, — and then, lacking this light, turned upon them the feeble glimmer of the guide-books. He and Isabel enjoyed the lurid picture with all the zest of sentimentalists dwelling upon the troubles of other times from the shelter of the safe and peaceful present. They were both poets in their quality of bridal couple, and so long as their own nerves were unshaken they could transmute all facts to entertaining fables. They pleasantly exercised their sympathies upon those who every year perish at Niagara in the tradition of its awful power; only they refused their cheap and selfish compassion to the Hermit of Goat Island, who dwelt so many years in its conspicuous seclusion, and was finally carried over the cataract. This public character they suspected of design in his death as in his life, and they would not be moved by his memory; though they gave a sigh to that dream, half pathetic, half ludicrous, yet not ignoble, of Mordecai Noah, who thought to assemble all the Jews of the world, and all the Indians, as remnants of the lost tribes, upon Grand Island, there to rebuild Jerusalem, and who actually laid the corner-stone of the new temple there.

Goat Island is marvellously wild for a place visited by so many thousands every year. The shrubbery and undergrowth remain unravaged, and form a deceitful privacy, in which, even at that early hour of the day, they met many other pairs. It seemed incredible that the village and the hotels should be so full, and that the wilderness should also abound in them; yet on every embowered seat, and going to and from all points of interest and danger, were these new-wedded lovers with their interlacing arms and their fond attitudes, in which each seemed to support and lean upon the other. Such a pair stood prominent before them when Basil and

Isabel emerged at last from the cover of the woods at the head of the island, and glanced up the broad swift stream to the point where it ran smooth before breaking into the rapids; and as a soft pastoral feature in the foreground of that magnificent landscape, they found them far from unpleasing. Some such pair is in the foreground of every famous American landscape; and when I think of the amount of public love-making in the season of pleasure-travel, from Mount Desert to the Yosemite, and from the parks of Colorado to the Keys of Florida, I feel that our continent is but a larger Arcady, that the middle of the nineteenth century is the golden age, and that we want very little of being a nation of shepherds and shepherdesses.

Our friends returned by the shore of the Canadian rapids, having traversed the island by a path through the heart of the woods, and now drew slowly near the falls again. All parts of the prodigious pageant have an eternal novelty, and they beheld the ever-varying effect of that constant sublimity with the sense of discoverers, or rather of people whose great fortune it is to see the marvel in its beginning, and new from the creating hand. The morning hour lent its sunny charm to this illusion, while in the cavernous precipices of the shores, dark with evergreens, a mystery as of primeval night seemed to linger. There was a wild fluttering in their nerves, a rapture with an under-consciousness of pain, the exaltation of peril and escape, when they came to the three little isles that extend from Goat Island, one beyond another, far out into the furious channel. Three pretty suspension-bridges connect them now with the larger island, and under each of these flounders a huge rapid, and hurls itself away to mingle with the ruin of the fall. The Three Sisters are mere fragments of wilderness, clumps of vine-tangled woods, planted upon masses of rock; but they are part of the fascination of Niagara which no one resists; nor could Isabel have

been persuaded from exploring them. It wants no courage to do this, but merely submission to the local sorcery, and the adventurer has no other reward than the consciousness of having been where but a few years before no human being had perhaps set foot. She crossed from bridge to bridge with a quaking heart, and at last stood upon the outermost isle, whence, through the screen of vines and boughs, she gave fearful glances at the heaving and tossing flood beyond, from every wave of which at every instant she rescued herself with a desperate struggle. The exertion told heavily upon her strength unawares, and she suddenly made Basil another revelation of character. Without the slightest warning she sank down at the root of a tree, and said, with serious composure, that she could never go back on those bridges; they were not safe. He stared at her cowering form in blank amaze, and put his hands in his pockets. Then it occurred to his dull masculine sense that it must be a joke; and he said, "Well, I'll have you taken off in a boat."

"O *do*, Basil, *do* have me taken off in a boat!" implored Isabel. "You see yourself the bridges are not safe. *Do* get a boat."

"Or a balloon," he suggested, humoring the pleasantry.

Isabel burst into tears; and now Basil went on his knees at her side, and took her hands in his. "Isabel! Isabel! Are you crazy?" he cried, as if he meant to go mad himself. She moaned and shuddered in reply; he said, to mend matters, that it was a jest, about the boat; and he was driven to despair when Isabel repeated, "I never can go back by the bridges, never."

"But what do you propose to do?"

"I don't know. I don't know!"

He would try sarcasm. "Do you intend to set up a hermitage here, and have your meals sent out from the hotel? It's a charming spot, and visited pretty constantly; but it's small, even for a hermitage."

Isabel moaned again with her hands

still on her eyes, and wondered that he was not ashamed to make fun of her.

He would try kindness. "Perhaps, darling, you'll let me carry you ashore."

"No, that will bring double the weight on the bridge at once."

"Could n't you shut your eyes, and let me lead you?"

"Why, it is n't the *sight* of the rapids," she said, looking up fiercely.

"*The bridges are not safe.* I'm not a *child*, Basil. O, *what* shall we do?"

"I don't know," said Basil, gloomily. "It's an exigency for which I was n't prepared." Then he silently gave himself to the Evil One, for having probably overwrought Isabel's nerves by repeating that poem about Avery, and by the ensuing talk about Niagara, which she had seemed to enjoy so much. He asked her if that was it; and she answered, "O no, it's nothing but the bridges." He proved to her that the bridges, upon all known principles, were perfectly safe, and that they could not give way. She shook her head, but made no answer, and he lost his patience.

"Isabel," he cried, "I'm ashamed of you!"

"Don't say anything you'll be sorry for afterwards, Basil," she replied, with the forbearance of those who have reason and justice on their side.

The rapids beat and shouted round their little prison-isle, each billow leaping as if possessed by a separate demon. The absurd horror of the situation overwhelmed him. He dared not attempt to carry her ashore, for she might spring from his grasp into the flood. He could not leave her to call for help; and what if nobody came till she lost her mind from terror? Or, what if somebody should come and find them in that ridiculous affliction?

Somebody *was* coming!

"Isabel!" he shouted in her ear, "here come those people we saw in the parlor last night."

Isabel dashed her veil over her face, clutched Basil's with her icy hand, rose, drew her arm convulsively through his, and walked ashore without a word.

In a sheltered nook they sat down, and she quickly "repaired her drooping head and tricked her beams" again. He could see her tearfully smiling through her veil. "My dear," he said, "I don't ask an explanation of your fright, for I don't suppose you could give it. But should you mind telling me why those people were so sovereign against it?"

"Why, dearest! Don't you understand? That Mrs. Richard—whatever she is—is so much like *me*."

She looked at him as if she had made the most satisfying statement, and he thought he had better not ask further then, but wait in hope that the meaning would come to him. They walked on in silence till they came to the Biddle Stairs, at the head of which is a notice that persons have been killed by pieces of rock from the precipice overhanging the shore below, and warning people that they descend at their peril. Isabel declined to visit the Cave of the Winds, to which these stairs lead, but was willing to risk the ascent of Terrapin Tower. "Thanks; no," said her husband. "You might find it unsafe to come back the way you went up. We can't count certainly upon the appearance of the lady who is so much like you; and I've no fancy for spending my life on Terrapin Tower." So he found her a seat, and went alone to the top of the audacious little structure standing on the verge of the cataract, between the smooth curve of the Horse-Shoe and the sculptured front of the Central Fall, with the stormy sea of the Rapids behind, and the river, dim seen through the mists, crawling away between its lofty bluffs before. He knew again the awful delight with which so long ago he had watched the changes in the beauty of the Canadian Fall as it hung a mass of translucent green from the brink, and a pearly white seemed to crawl up from the abyss, and penetrate all its substance to the very crest, and then suddenly vanished from it, and perpetually renewed the same effect. The mystery of the rising vapors veiled

the gulf into which the cataract swooped; the sun shone, and a rainbow dreamed upon them.

Near the foot of the tower, on some loose rocks that extend quite to the verge, he saw an elderly gentleman skipping from one slippery stone to another, and looking down from time to time into the abyss, who, when he had amused himself long enough in this way, clambered upon the plank bridge. Basil, who had descended by this time, made bold to say that he thought the diversion an odd one and rather dangerous. The gentleman took this in good part, and owned it might seem so, but added that a distinguished phrenologist had examined his head, and told him he had equilibrium so large that he could go anywhere.

"On your bridal tour, I presume," he continued, as they approached the bench where Basil had left Isabel. She had now the company of a plain, middle-aged woman, whose attire hesitatingly expressed some inward festivity, and had a certain reluctant fashionableness. "Well, this is my third bridal tour to Niagara, and wife's been here once before on the same business. We see a good many changes. I used to stand on the Table Rock with the others. Now that's *all* gone. Well, old lady, shall we move on?" he asked; and this bridal pair passed up the path, attended, haply, by the guardian spirits of those who gave the place so many sad yet pleasing associations.

At dinner, Mr. Richard's party sat at the table next Basil's, and they were all now talking cheerfully over the emptiness of the spacious dining-hall.

"Well, Kitty," the married lady was saying, "you can tell the girls what you please about the gayeties of Niagara, when you get home. They'll believe anything sooner than the truth."

"O, yes, indeed," said Kitty, "I've got a good deal of it made up already. I'll describe a grand hop at the hotel, with fashionable people from all parts of the country, and the gentlemen I danced with the most. I'm going to

have had quite a flirtation with the gentleman of the long blond mustache, whom we met on the bridge this morning, and he's got to do duty in accounting for my missing glove. It'll never do to tell the girls I dropped it from the top of Terrapin Tower. Then, you know, Fanny, I really *can* say something about dining with aristocratic Southerners, waited upon by their black servants."

This referred to the sad-faced patriot whom Basil and Isabel had noted in the cars from Buffalo as a Southerner probably coming North for the first time since the war. He had an air at once fierce and sad, and a half-barbaric, homicidal gentility of manner fascinating enough in its way. He sat with his wife at a table farther down the room, and their child was served in part by a little tan-colored nursemaid. The fact did not quite answer to the young lady's description of it, and yet it certainly afforded her a ground-work. Basil fancied a sort of bewilderment in the Southerner, and explained upon it the theory that he used to come every year to Niagara before the war, and was now puzzled to find it so changed.

"Yes," he said, "I can't account for him except as the ghost of Southern travel, and I can't help feeling a little sorry for him. I suppose that almost any evil commends itself by its ruin; the wrecks of slavery are fast growing a fungus crop of sentiment, and they may yet outflourish the remains of the feudal system in the kind of poetry they produce. The impoverished slaveholder *is* a pathetic figure, in spite of all justice and reason; the beaten rebel *does* move us to compassion, and it is of no use to think of Andersonville in his presence. This gentleman, and others like him, used to be the lords of our summer resorts. They spent the money they did not earn like princes; they held their heads high; they trampled upon the Abolitionist in his lair; they received the homage of the doughface in his home. They came up here from their rice-

swamps and cotton-fields, and bullied the whole busy civilization of the North. Everybody who had merchandise or principles to sell truckled to them, and travel amongst us was a triumphal progress. Now they're moneyless and subjugated (as they call it), there's none so poor to do them reverence, and it's left for me, an Abolitionist from the cradle, to sigh over their fate. After all, they had noble traits, and it was no great wonder they got to despise us, seeing what most of us were. It seems to me I should like to know our friend. I can't help feeling towards him as towards a fallen prince, heaven help my craven spirit! I wonder how our colored waiter feels towards him. I dare say he admires him immensely."

There were not above a dozen other people in the room, and Basil contrasted the scene with that which the same place formerly presented. "In the old time," he said, "every table was full, and we dined to the music of a brass band. I can't say I liked the band, but I miss it. I wonder if our Southern friend misses it? They gave us a very small allowance of brass band when we arrived, Isabel. Upon my word, I wonder what's come over the place," he said, as the Southern party, rising from the table, walked out of the dining-room, attended by as many echoes as would have followed them in Tara's hall itself, in spite of an ostentatious clatter of dishes that the waiters made.

After dinner they drove on the Canada shore up past the Clifton House, towards the Burning Spring, which is not the least wonder of Niagara. As each bubble breaks upon the troubled surface, and yields its flash of infernal flame and its whiff of sulphurous stench, it seems hardly strange that the Neutral Nation should have revered the cataract as a demon; and another subtle spell (not to be broken even by the business-like composure of the man who shows off the hell-broth) is added to those successive sorceries by which Niagara gradually changes from a thing of beauty to a thing of terror. By all

odds, too, the most tremendous view of the Falls is afforded by the point on this drive whence you look down upon the Horse-Shoe, and behold its three massive walls of sea rounding and sweeping into the gulf together, the color gone, and the smooth brink showing black and ridgy.

Would they not go to the battle-field of Lundy's Lane? asked the driver at a certain point on their return; but Isabel did not care for battle-fields, and Basil preferred to keep intact the reminiscence of his former visit. "They have a sort of tower of observation built on the battle-ground," he said, as they drove on down by the river, "which was in charge of an old Canadian militia-man, who had helped his countrymen to be beaten in the fight. This hero gave me a simple and unintelligible account of the battle, asking me first if I had ever heard of General Scott, and adding without flinching that here he got his earliest laurels. He seemed to go just so long to every listener, and nothing could stop him short, so I fell into a reverie until he came to an end. It was hard to remember, that sweet summer morning, when the sun shone, and the birds sang, and the music of a piano and a girl's voice rose from a bowery cottage near, that all the pure air had once been tainted with battle-smoke, that the peaceful fields had been planted with cannon, instead of potatoes and corn, and that where the cows came down the farmer's lane, with tinkling bells, the shock of armed men had befallen. The blue and tranquil Ontario gleamed far away, and far away rolled the beautiful land, with farm-houses, fields, and woods, and at the foot of the tower lay the pretty village. The battle of the past seemed only a vagary of my own, but how could I doubt the warrior at my elbow? — grieved though I was to find that a habit of strong drink had the better of his utterance that morning. My driver explained afterwards, that persons visiting the field were commonly so much pleased with the captain's eloquence, that they kept the noble old



soldier in a brandy-and-water rapture throughout the season, thereby greatly refreshing his memory, and making the battle bloodier and bloodier as the season advanced and the number of visitors increased. There, my dear," he suddenly broke off, as they came in sight of a slender stream of water that escaped from the brow of a cliff on the American side below the Falls, and spun itself into a gauze of silvery mist, "that's the Bridal Veil; and I suppose you think the stream, which is making such a fine display, yonder, is some idle brooklet, ending a long course of error and worthlessness by that spectacular plunge. It's nothing of the kind; it's an honest hydraulic canal, of the most straightforward character, a poor but respectable mill-race which has devoted itself strictly to business, and has turned mill-wheels instead of fooling round water-lilies. It can afford that ultimate finery. What you behold in the Bridal Veil, my love, is the apotheosis of industry."

"What I can't help thinking of," said Isabel, who had not paid the smallest attention to the Bridal Veil, or anything about it, "is the awfulness of stepping off these places in the night-time." She referred to the road which, next the precipice, is unguarded by any sort of parapet. In Europe a strong wall would secure it, but we manage things differently on our continent, and carriages go ruining over the brink from time to time.

"If your thoughts have that direction," answered her husband, "we had better go back to the hotel, and leave the Whirlpool for to-morrow morning. It's late for it to-day, at any rate." He had treated Isabel since the adventure on the Three Sisters with a superiority which he felt himself to be very odious, but which he could not disuse.

"I'm not afraid," she sighed, "but in the words of the retreating soldier, 'I'm awfully demoralized';" and added, "You know we must reserve some of the vital forces for shopping this evening."

Part of their business also was to

buy the tickets for their return to Boston by way of Montreal and Quebec, and it was part of their pleasure to get these of the heartiest imaginable ticket-agent. He was a colonel or at least a major, and he made a polite feint of calling Basil by some military title. He commended the trip they were about to make as the most magnificent and beautiful on the whole continent, and he commended them for intending to make it. He said that was Mrs. General Bowder of Philadelphia who just went out; did they know her? Somehow, the titles affected Basil as of older date than the late war, and as belonging to the militia period; and he imagined for the agent the romance of a life spent at a watering-place, in contact with rich money-spending, pleasure-taking people, who formed his whole jovial world. The Colonel, who included them in this world and thereby brevetted them rich and fashionable, could not secure a state-room for them on the boat, — a perfectly splendid Lake schooner, which would take them down the rapids of the St. Lawrence, and on to Montreal without change, — but he would give them a letter to the captain, who was a very *particular* friend of his, and would be happy to show them as his *friends* every attention; and so he wrote a note ascribing peculiar merits to Basil, and in spite of all reason making him feel for the moment that he was privileged by a document which was no doubt part of every such transaction. He spoke in a loud cheerful voice; he laughed jollily at no apparent joke; he bowed very low and said, "Good evening!" at parting, and they went away as if he had blessed them.

The rest of the evening they spent in wandering about the village, charmed with its bizarre mixture of quaintness and commonplaceness; in hanging about the shop-windows with their monotonous variety of feather fans, — each with a violently red or yellow bird painfully sacrificed in its centre, — moccasins, bead-wrought work-bags, tobacco-pouches, bows and arrows, and whatever else the savage art of the neigh-

boring squaws can invent ; in sauntering through these gay booths, pricing many things and in hanging long and undecidedly over cases full of feldspar crosses, quartz bracelets and necklaces, and every manner of vase, inoperative pitcher, and other vessel that can be fashioned out of the geological formations at Niagara, tormented meantime by the heat of the gas-lights and the persistence of the mosquitoes. There were very few people besides themselves in the shops, and Isabel's purchases were not lavish. Her husband had made up his mind to get her some little keepsake ; and when he had taken her to the hotel he ran back to one of the shops, and hastily bought her a feather fan, — a magnificent thing of deep magenta dye shading into blue, with a whole yellow-bird transfixed in the centre. When he triumphantly displayed it in their room, "Who's *that* for, Basil?" demanded his wife ; "the cook?" But seeing his ghastly look at this, she fell upon his neck, crying, "O you poor old tasteless darling! You've got it for *me*!" and seemed about to die of laughter.

"Did n't you start and throw up your hands," he stammered, "when you came to that case of fans?"

"Yes, — in horror! Did you think I *liked* the cruel things, with their dead birds and their hideous colors? O Basil, dearest! You *are* incorrigible. *Can't* you learn that magenta is the vilest of all the hues that the perverseness of man has invented in defiance of nature? Now, my love, just promise me one thing," she said pathetically. "We're going to do a little shopping in Montreal, you know; and perhaps you'll be wanting to surprise me with something there. Don't do it. Or if you must, do tell me all about it beforehand, and what the color of it's to be; and I can say whether to get it or not, and then there'll be some taste about it, and I shall be *truly* surprised and pleased."

She turned to put the fan into her trunk, and he murmured something about changing it. "No," she said,

"we'll keep it as a — a — monument." And she deposed him, with another peal of laughter, from the proud height to which he had climbed in pity of her nervous fears of the day. So completely were their places changed, that he doubted if it were not he who had made that scene on the Third Sister; and when Isabel said, "O, why *won't* men use their reasoning faculties?" he could not for himself have claimed any, and he could not urge the truth: that he had bought the fan more for its barbaric brightness than for its beauty. She would not let him get angry, and he could say nothing even against the half-ironical petting with which she soothed his mortification.

But all troubles passed with the night, and the next morning they spent a charming hour about Prospect Point, in sauntering over Goat Island, somewhat daintily tasting the flavors of the place on whose wonders they had so hungrily and indiscriminately feasted at first. They had already the feeling of veteran visitors, and they loftily marvelled at the greed with which newer comers plunged at the sensations. They could not conceive why people should want to descend the inclined railway to the foot of the American Fall; they smiled at the idea of going up Terrapin Tower; they derided the vulgar daring of those who went out upon the Three Weird Sisters; for some whom they saw about to go down the Biddle Stairs to the Cave of the Winds, they had no words to express their contempt.

Then they made their excursion to the Whirlpool, mistakenly going down on the American side, for it is much better seen from the other, though seen from any point it is the most impressive feature of the whole prodigious spectacle of Niagara.

Here within the compass of a mile, those vast inland seas of the North, Superior, Huron, Michigan, Erie, and the multitude of smaller lakes, all pour their floods, where they swirl in dreadful vortices, with resistless under-currents boiling beneath the calm, oily eddies.

Abruptly from this scene of secret power, so different from the thunderous splendors of the cataract itself, rise lofty cliffs on all sides, to a height of two hundred feet, clothed from the water's edge almost to their crests with dark cedars. Noiselessly, so far as your senses perceive, the lakes steal out of the whirlpool, then, drunk and wild, with brawling rapids roar away to Ontario through the narrow channel of the river. Awful as the scene is, you stand so far above it that you do not know the half of its terribleness; for those waters that look so smooth are great ridges and rings, forced, by the impulse of the currents, twelve feet higher in the centre than at the margin. Nothing can live there, and with what is caught in its hold, the maelstrom plays for days, and whirls and tosses round and round in its toils, with a sad, maniacal patience. The guides tell ghastly stories, which even their telling does not wholly rob of ghastliness, about the bodies of drowned men carried into the whirlpool and made to enact upon its dizzy surges a travesty of life, apparently floating there at their pleasure, diving and frolicking amid the waves, or then frantically struggling to escape from the death that has long since befallen them.

On the American side, not far below the railway suspension bridge, is an elevator more than a hundred and eighty feet high, which is meant to let people down to the shore below, and to give a view of the rapids on their own level. From the cliff opposite, it looks a terribly frail structure of pine sticks, but is doubtless stronger than it looks; and at any rate, as it has never yet fallen to pieces, it may be pronounced perfectly safe.

In the waiting-room at the top, Basil and Isabel found Mr. Richard and his ladies again, who got into the movable chamber with them, and they all silently descended together. It was not a time for talk of any kind, either when they were slowly and not quite smoothly dropping through the lugubrious upper part of the structure, where it was

darkened by a rough weather-boarding, or lower down where the unobstructed light showed the grim tearful face of the cliff, all bedrabbled with oozy springs, and the audacious slightness of the elevator. An abiding distrust of the machinery overhead mingled in Isabel's heart with a doubt of the value of the scene below, and she could not look forward to escape from her present perils by the conveyance which had brought her into them, with any satisfaction. She wanly smiled, and shrank closer to Basil; while the other matron made nothing of seizing her husband violently by the arm and imploring him to stop it whenever they experienced a rougher jolt than usual.

At the bottom of the cliff they were helped out of their prison by a humid young Englishman, with much clay on him, whose face was red and bathed in perspiration, for it was very hot down there in his little enclosure of baking pine boards, and it was not much cooler out on the rocks upon which the party issued, descending and descending by repeated and desultory flights of steps, till at last they stood upon a huge fragment of stone right abreast of the rapids. Yet it was a magnificent sight, and for a moment none of them were sorry to have come. The surges did not look like the gigantic ripples on a river's course as they were, but like a procession of ocean billows; they arose far aloft in vast bulks of clear green, and broke heavily into foam at the crest. Great blocks and shapeless fragments of rocks strewn the margin of the awful torrent; gloomy walls of dark stone rose naked from these, bearded here and there with cedar, and everywhere frowning with shaggy brows of evergreen. The place is inexpressibly lonely and dreadful, and one feels like an alien presence there, or as if he had intruded upon some mood or haunt of Nature in which she had a right to be alone. The slight, impudent structure of the elevator rises through the solitude, like a thing that merits ruin, yet it is better than something more elaborate, for it looks temporary, and

since there must be an elevator, it is well to have it of the most transitory aspect. Some such quality of rude impermanence consoles you for the presence of most improvements by which you enjoy Niagara; the suspension bridges for their part being saved from offensiveness by their beauty and unreality.

Ascending, none of the party spoke; Isabel and the other matron blanched in each other's faces; their husbands maintained a stolid resignation. When they stepped out of their trap into the waiting-room at the top, "What I like about these little adventures," said Mr. Richard to Basil, abruptly, "is getting safely out of them. Good morning, sir." He bowed slightly to Isabel, who returned his politeness, and exchanged faint nods, or glances, with the ladies. They got into their separate carriages, and at that safe distance made each other more decided obeisances.

"Well," observed Basil, "I suppose we're introduced now. We shall be meeting them from time to time throughout our journey. You know how the same faces and the same trunks used to keep turning up in our travels on the other side. Once meet people in travelling, and you can't get rid of them."

"Yes," said Isabel, as if continuing his train of thought, "I'm glad we're going to-day."

"O dearest!"

"Truly. When we first arrived I felt only the loveliness of the place. It seemed more familiar, too, then; but ever since, it's been growing stranger and dreadfuller. Somehow it's begun to pervade me and possess me in a very uncomfortable way: I'm tossed upon rapids, and flung from cataract brinks, and dizzied in whirlpools; I'm no longer yours, Basil; I'm most unhappily married to Niagara. Fly with me, save me from my awful lord!"

She lightly burlesqued the woes of a *prima donna*, with clasped hands and uplifted eyes.

"That'll do very well," Basil commented, "and it implies a reality that can't be quite definitely spoken. We come to Niagara in the patronizing spirit in which we approach everything nowadays, and for a few hours we have it our own way, and pay our little tributes of admiration with as much complacency as we feel in acknowledging the existence of the Supreme Being. But after a while we are aware of some potent influence undermining our self-satisfaction; we begin to conjecture that the great cataract does not exist by virtue of our approval, and to feel that it will not cease when we go away. The second day makes us its abject slaves, and on the third we want to fly from it in terror. I believe some people stay for weeks, however, and hordes of them have written odes to Niagara."

"I can't understand it, at all," said Isabel. "I don't wonder now that the town should be so empty this season, but that it should ever be full. I wish we'd gone, after our first look at the Falls, from the suspension bridge. How beautiful that was! I rejoice in everything that I have n't done. I'm so glad I have n't been in the Cave of the Winds; I'm so happy that Table Rock fell twenty years ago! Basil, I could n't do another rainbow to-day. I'm sorry we went out on the Three Weird Sisters. O, I shall dream about it! and the rush, and the whirl, and the dampness in one's face, and the everlasting chir-r-r-r of everything!"

She dipped suddenly upon his shoulder for a moment's oblivion, and then rose radiant with a question: "Why in the world, if Niagara is really what it seems to us, now, do so many bridal parties come here?"

"Perhaps they're the only people who've the strength to bear up against it, and are not easily dispersed and subjected by it."

"But *we*'re dispersed and subjected."

"Ah, my dear, we married a little late. Who knows how it would be if you were nineteen instead of twenty-seven,

and I twenty-five and not turned of thirty?"

"Basil, you're very cruel."

"No, no. But don't you see how it is? We've known too much of life to desire any gloomy background for our happiness. We're quite contented to have things gay and bright about us. Once we could n't have made the circle dark enough. Well, my dear, that's the effect of age. We're superannuated."

"I used to think *I* was before we were married," answered Isabel simply; "but now," she added triumphantly, "I'm rescued from all that. I shall never be old again, dearest; never, as long as you — love me!"

They were about to enter the village, and he could not make any open acknowledgment of her devotion; but her silken mantle (or whatever) slipped from her shoulder, and he embracingly replaced it, flattering himself that he had delicately seized this chance of an unavowed caress and not knowing (O such is the blindness of our sex!) that the opportunity had been yet more subtly afforded him, with the art which women never disuse in this world, and which I hope they will not forget in the next.

They had an early dinner, and looked their last upon the nuptial gayety of the otherwise forlorn hotel. Three brides sat down with them in travelling-dress; two occupied the parlor as they passed out; half a dozen happy pairs arrived (to the music of the band) in the omnibus that was to carry our friends back to the station; they caught sight of several about the shop-windows, as they drove through the streets. Thus the place perpetually renews itself in the glow of love as long as the summer lasts. The moon which is elsewhere so often of wormwood, or of the ordinary green cheese at the best,

is of lucent honey there from the first of June to the last of October; and this is a great charm in Niagara. I think with tenderness of all the lives that have opened so fairly there; the hopes that have reigned in the glad young hearts; the measureless tide of joy that ebbs and flows with the arriving and departing trains. Elsewhere there are carking cares of business and of fashion, there are age, and sorrow, and heartbreak: but here only youth, faith, rapture. I kiss my hand to Niagara for that reason, and would I were a poet for quarter of an hour.

Isabel departed in almost a forgiving mood towards the weak sisterhood of evident brides, and both our friends felt a lurking fondness for Niagara at the last moment. I do not know how much of their content was due to the fact that they had suffered no sort of wrong there, from those who are apt to prey upon travellers. In the hotel a placard warned them to have nothing to do with the miscreant hackmen on the streets, but always to order their carriage at the office; on the street the hackmen whispered to them not to trust the exorbitant drivers in league with the landlords; yet their actual experience was great reasonableness and facile contentment with the sum agreed upon. This may have been because the hackmen so far outnumbered the visitors, that the latter could dictate terms; but they chose to believe it a triumph of civilization; and I will never be the cynic to sneer at their faith. Only at the station was the virtue of the Niagarans put in doubt, by the hotel porter who professed to find Basil's trunk enfeebled by travel, and advised a strap for it, which a friend of his would sell for a dollar and a half. Yet even he may have been a benevolent nature unjustly suspected.

*W. D. Howells.*

## FREE-TRADE.—REVENUE REFORM.

A PLAIN STATEMENT OF WHAT THE ADVOCATES OF FREE TRADE EXPECT TO ACCOMPLISH IN THE REFORM OF THE REVENUE SYSTEM.

IN a reply to the address given by David A. Wells in Cincinnati on the 27th April, Honorable E. D. Mansfield makes the following demand: "Let the ablest men of the free-trade party prepare a brief plain tract, which shall state in plain terms what their principles are and what effect they expect them to have on American industry."

As it does not require a very able man to meet this demand, so often made, the writer will undertake to answer it; but before so doing, he must apologize for his frequent repetition of elementary truths. Such repetition is made necessary by the form of the demand, which either assumes or implies an ignorance of the principles of free exchange somewhat difficult to conceive in view of the frequent statements made heretofore, both in this and in other countries.

I will reply separately to the two distinct demands.

First. *What are our principles?*

It is admitted by every one that the different conditions of climate and soil, with which the Creator has endowed the several countries of the world, make the cost of certain products vary essentially, as they are well or ill fitted to such conditions. Hence the interdependence of nations, rather than independence, appears to have been ordained, and through commerce and the exchange of product for product abundance has become the rule and scarcity the exception. Through commerce, civilization has been promoted, and by its further development war will surely be abolished.

Furthermore, the exchange of commodities which constitutes commerce cannot be maintained, unless both parties gain by the transaction; or, in other words, unless both parties sat-

isfy a desire in an easier manner than would be possible for either, unless the exchange was made. The object both of production and exchange is consumption, and the end sought is the most abundant and varied consumption possible at a given time. Omitting to consider the exceptional cases of merely avaricious accumulation, the end and aim of those who labor, of those who accumulate capital, and of those who possess inherited wealth, is an ample consumption of articles of necessity, comfort, and luxury. Luxurious consumption is, on the whole, but a question of degree. The luxuries of one age become the necessities or comforts of a later time, and we only classify commodities according to the standard of the day. The most ample consumption of every article called for by men, at the cost of the least possible effort to obtain it, is the end sought by the free-trade economist. It is not our province to prescribe the use that shall be made of the things demanded, with any moral purpose in view. If spirituous liquors, tobacco, or snuff are demanded, it is the function of trade and commerce to provide an abundant supply, and the economist will promote such exchange as will give an abundance of these things in the same manner as he would provide an abundant supply of food, fuel, and clothing. In so far as he attempts to promote the moral welfare of the community, he will endeavor, as a citizen, to restrain abuses and not to prescribe uses.

The capital, or, in other words, the product of labor saved for future use, even of the richest countries, is not more than equal to two or three times the value of the annual product, and such capital is, of necessity, mainly controlled by a few. Hence, any ma-

terial obstacle to immediate consumption, interposed by means of a tariff tax, for the purpose of causing a more rapid accumulation of capital, can only effect this end by concentrating such accumulation in the hands of a few persons; and as consumption treads close on the heels of production, the ultimate effect of such a policy must be to deprive the poorest class of a portion of the means of subsistence, as it is the inevitable law of all taxation upon commodities in general use, that such taxation, whether under an excise or a tariff act, is made a part of the cost by those who import or by those who produce such commodities. Hence, such taxes are borne by consumers in the exact proportion of their consumption, and the burden, hardly felt by the rich or the moderately prosperous, becomes an actual privation to those whose earnings are needed for subsistence as fast as they accrue. The effect of any legislative attempts to prescribe the use which a man may make of his time and his labor or its products can only be to make the rich richer and the poor poorer, and such is the result of the attempt to benefit the laborer by means of a protective-tariff tax.

The theory of protection is to enforce temporary scarcity and a distribution of annual product under the force of law, in such manner that a few are supported at the expense of the many.

The theory of free exchange is to promote the greatest abundance, and a distribution meddled with by statutes only so far as the protection of the ignorant from fraud makes statutes necessary.

Abundant consumption being the main object in view, how has it been secured?

From the earliest historic dates, mainly by means of exchange: without exchange, scarcity would be the common rule. The free-trader alleges that there must be the utmost possible liberty in making exchanges; the protectionist affirms that exchange must be restricted: both claiming to secure the

same end, namely, abundance. It would be useless to state further the reasons for an exchange of commodities. The most extreme protectionists admit that some foreign exchanges are reasonable and proper; the free-trader claims that all foreign exchanges are expedient and profitable. The whole question is therefore within the limits of *some or all*.

Hence, the question is narrowed down to this point; if *some* exchanges which men choose to make are fit and profitable, why are not *all* exchanges equally so? Why shall some be promoted and others prevented or made more costly?

The answers of the protectionist to this question are various and inconsistent. We will endeavor to state them fairly, and to prove that they are not true answers. The most plausible argument for obstructing the importation of foreign commodities is that we may be independent, especially in time of war; or that we may stimulate the production by our own people of things needed in time of war. The rejoinder to this answer is: First, that the needs of war are iron, coarse clothing, and abundant food, the home supply of which is now, and has been for years, ample for all possible war demand. Second, that in modern times it has not been possible to deprive any people of a full supply of munitions of war. The South did not succumb in our late war for any want of war material. Lastly, that the best preparation for war is ability to pay taxes; and unless the obstruction to commerce imposed for war purposes can be proved to give that result, it cannot be defended.

The next argument of the protectionist is, that it is necessary for every country to have a diversified industry, and that such diversified industry will not be established of itself, but must be forced into existence by the temporary deprivation of foreign fabrics. This is a very specious plea, but it has no foundation in fact. It is true that every nation, worthy of the name, must have a diversified industry, and



it is equally true that no nation can possibly exist without it.

The entire force of the protective argument consists in substantially limiting the term "manufactures" to the production of iron and steel in their crude or primary forms, and to the production of textile fabrics from cotton, wool, and flax. These *factures* (for they have no real title to be called *manufactures*, being to a much greater extent the product of capital in the form of machinery, than of the hand) constitute but a very small part of the industry of the country, and give employment to but a small portion of the laborers engaged in the true work of manufacturing; the whole number of persons now employed in all the iron mines and rolling mills, steel works, cotton, wool, and flax mills combined, being less than the number of immigrants who annually land upon our shores, which latter class are at once absorbed in productive industry. Now, upon the absurd supposition that the establishment of a free-trade policy would close all the iron works and textile factories in the land, there would be no more difficulty in absorbing these laborers in other employments than there now is in finding work for the immigrants, except so far as long continuance in a somewhat monotonous class of employments might have disqualified them for those requiring greater versatility. Such closing of these works could only be brought about, in the event of a greater immediate abundance of iron, and steel, and of cotton and woollen cloth imported; and in such an event a greater consumption would ensue, and the force now engaged in making these commodities would then be employed in using them. The great bugbear of a community, exclusively engaged in farming, with a consequent glut of farm-products, can have no existence except in the feeble imagination of a foolish *doctrinaire*, who has not the common sense to place himself at a city street-corner and examine the wagons and carts with their contents as they pass. Let any one try this experiment. First,

let him consider the wagon, harness, and the horse's shoes. Let him ask himself if they are manufactured and whether they could be imported to any extent, and also whether a farming community can exist without them. If he will then not only observe but think a little, he will at once perceive that there must be more men engaged in making carts, wagons, and other vehicles, harnesses, and horseshoes, in the United States than there are in all the woollen mills combined; and as their products are bulky and the transportation of them costly, these manufacturers must live near the farmer, and thus yield him the best home market.

If he thinks a little more, our observer will perceive that the manufacture of wagons, carts, vehicles, harnesses, and horseshoes is one which develops intelligence and skill, while the daily necessity of tending a loom or a card for eleven hours is certainly not a very stimulating employment. At the same time, he may remember that the only knowledge of a tariff which these men have is in the form of a tariff tax on the iron, steel, lumber, and leather, which are their raw materials.

Next, if that cart or wagon happens to be loaded with agricultural tools and machinery, the observer may remember that the farmer cannot exist except these manufactures are supplied to him by a force of intelligent workmen far outnumbering all the miners, iron puddlers, and workers in the rolling mills combined; and these men, again, have no practical knowledge of the tariff, except as a tax upon their raw material.

Or perhaps the wagon contains cases of clothing, which is certainly a manufacture and gives employment to a much larger force of working people than all the cotton mills of the country can find places for; and these working men and women only find in the tariff a heavy tax on the thread, cloth, twist, buttons, and the like, which constitute their raw materials.

It may be that the wagon contains a furnace, cooking-stove, tin pipes, force

pump, and other fittings for the manufacture of a dwelling-house; into all of which the tariff tax upon iron, steel, copper, lead, tin, and borax has entered heavily as an element of cost; while scarce one of these manufactures could ever be imported under any circumstances.

Or the wagon may be loaded with boots and shoes, in the manufacture of which we excel all nations so far as it can be performed by machinery. The observer may admit that a few foreign boots and shoes may be imported, of the finer sorts, but he may also easily discover that were it not that the cost of boots and shoes is greatly enhanced by the tariff tax upon hides, leather, lumber, lastings, and linen thread, which constitute the raw material of this manufacture, we should exchange boots and shoes for wool, lumber, coal, fish, potatoes, and other foreign luxuries, of which the importation and therefore the consumption is obstructed by the tariff.

In short, the more the observer will study the carts and wagons and their contents, the more surely he will realize the fact that under no possible circumstances can any large portion of manufactured commodities be imported, even if there were no duties upon them, and that the employees in the specially protected branches form but a regiment in the great army of working people whose consumption gives the great home market to the farmer.

Then, if the observer will consider the evidence, he will find that those who seek protection from the government do so upon the avowed statement that they are infants who have not learned their business, while the most skilful men engaged in cotton, wool, iron, and steel *factures* ask no such protection; rather demand to be relieved from the futile attempt of governmental aid; declaring that their branches of industry belong to the land, and cannot be harmed by the foreign competition of those who, though long skilled in their respective employments, are at the disadvantage of thousands of miles of distance, and to whom

the Almighty has not granted the use of such boundless natural resources as he has to us; and that they can only be destroyed by the ignorant home competition of the protected infants.

If our observer leaves the street corner and passes on to the railroad station, he will observe first the locomotives and the cars constructed entirely of iron, steel, and wood, all of which materials are at the moment enhanced in cost by a high duty. The protectionist will tell him that the increased cost is temporary, and intended to continue only until the iron and steel makers and the lumber dealers have learned their business and can stand alone. The observer may then infer that in the mind of the protectionist the locomotive-builders, boiler-makers and car-makers are not manufacturers, but that the iron and steel makers and the owners of the forests are so; and that although the former far outnumber all the latter, their consumption of material must be obstructed in order that the latter may be supported. If our observer will then notice the steel rail, he will find that the consumption of steel rails has been obstructed for the ostensible benefit of a little force of workmen in steel works, and on further investigation he will find that the entire force of laborers in all the steel works of the United States would only be sufficient to run one large machine shop, and that the capital invested would be barely sufficient to build and equip a hundred or a hundred and fifty miles of railroad. It may be that he will then perceive that if steel were free from tax, the increased consumption might require the whole force of steel makers to become steel users. The present effect of the tariff tax upon steel rails may be found in this fact. The best steel rails now cost in Detroit, for use in the United States, \$100 to \$105, gold, per ton; at Windsor, on the opposite side of the lake, for use in Canada, \$70 to \$75, gold, per ton. Difference, \$30 per ton, or at one hundred tons to the mile, \$3,000 per mile. The cost of steel rails in Canada

is now about the same as the cost of the best iron rails in the United States. It is perfectly safe to say, that if the railroads of the United States could obtain 1,250,000 tons of steel rails — about a year's supply — at \$75 per ton, the saving of \$30 per ton in one year would constitute a fund more than equal to the capital invested in steel-rail mills, and nearly if not quite equal to the entire investment in all the steel works in the United States; and such sum invested at six per cent would also yield an income sufficient to pension all the men now employed in such steel works at more than two dollars per day, for the term of their natural lives; or if applied to the pension of all the men in the steel-rail mills, it would give them at least \$2,000 a year. This from one year's saving.

If the plea for protection in order to diversify employment be thoroughly examined, it will appear that the employments which can be stimulated by the exclusion of the foreign-made articles of a similar character are very few in number, that they are most of them of a character which does not develop self-reliant men and women, and that protection to them means obstructed consumption to the very much larger force of working people in whose industry their products are but raw materials. It will be affirmed by the advocate of protection, that although the relative price of the steel, as an example, now made and used in the United States is higher than that made and used in Great Britain, yet that the actual price is less than it would have been had not the steel works of the United States been forced into existence by means of the tariff; and a similar assertion is made in regard to other commodities. The necessary inference from this assertion is, that foreign steel makers charged us an exorbitant profit before our works were constructed, and that such profit would not have caused any extension of steel making in England. Or in other words, that the laws of demand and supply, and the effect of large profits in inducing competition,

are all suspended when an exchange of commodities between two nations is undertaken. And this assertion of the protectionist leads also to another necessary inference, namely, that commerce between nations is something different or distinct from the aggregate of individual transactions, and governed by an entire distinct set of laws. The free-trader affirms, on the other hand, that if a demand for steel existed sufficient to give employment to the steel works of Europe at a large profit, before those of the United States were built, new works might have been built there to meet that demand, and the United States might not have been obliged to pay a heavy bounty to new beginners. An ample supply and consumption of steel is one of the most imperative necessities in a civilized community, and any restriction upon such consumption must be as injurious as a restrictive tax upon the use of steam. Surely no one would tolerate a tax upon all steam-engines for several years, even if assured of a great improvement in the application of steam power at the end of such period. Neither would a tax upon horses be tolerated, the proceeds to be paid to horse breeders to enable them to improve the stock.

The next argument of the protectionist is, that, because wages are high in this country, the cost of all our product must be also high, and, conversely, that the labor of other countries is pauper labor, and therefore the cost of their product must be low. Hence, it is alleged, we must exclude the product of pauper labor, lest our own be degraded. The free-trader may admit all the alleged facts, but must deny the conclusion, since it is almost universally true that high wages are paid only for that intelligence and skill which results in low cost of products, and also that pauper or ignorant labor is costly and dear. It has been well said that intelligent and highly paid laborers cannot afford to do work which paupers can do for them. We pay for the product of pauper labor when imported with

commodities produced by our most skilful and best paid laborers. The further rejoinder to this argument is, — that even if the skilful foreign laborer receives such low wages as to make it fit to call him a pauper, it does not follow that the thing he produces will be at low cost, since wages form but an uncertain and very varying criterion of cost. The conditions of production may be such, that in one place low wages will be paid even for skilful work, yet the commodity be at high cost; as, for instance, the coal mines of England are now worked at such great depths as to cause a ton of coal at the pit's mouth to represent many times the amount of labor measured in hours that the ton of coal represents in Pennsylvania. To supply the iron works in Wales, the coal must be mined hundreds of feet below the surface and hoisted up at great cost, while in Western Pennsylvania coal has simply to be picked out and loaded upon the car, which runs down an inclined plane by its own gravity, and dumps itself at the mouth of the furnace. Hence one man in Pennsylvania may do as much work, if measured in tons of coal, as three men in Wales, and if paid three times the rate of each Welshman's wages, yet his coal will stand at no higher cost in money.

Let us take woollen cassimere as an example. In a yard of substantial cassimere, now (July, 1871) sold in the United States at \$1.65, the cost of the labor of manufacturing is about twenty-two cents. It is alleged that the wages of the operatives in our woollen mills are one third more than those paid in Europe. Even admitting this to be true, the difference in cost would only be five and a half cents per yard, or only four per cent upon the value of the cassimere; and before the foreign goods could be sold here, the cost of packing, transportation, exchange, and other charges would have to be paid, and would certainly absorb the larger part of so small a difference. It may be alleged that in some parts of Germany the wages of operatives in woollen

mills are only one half what they are here, and such is probably the fact; but it is also true that in such localities the number of operatives employed upon a given amount of machinery is nearly or quite double the number employed on the same machinery here; therefore the cost of labor on the yard of cloth does not vary materially. The true disadvantage of our woollen manufacturers at the present time is in the oppressive impost upon wool, dyestuffs, and oil, and upon all the supplies entering into the cost of goods; and also in the duties on iron, steel, leather, lumber, and all other materials entering into the cost of machinery. The opinion was lately given by a very skilful German manufacturer of cassimere, after a careful comparison of the cost of making goods in Rhode Island and Germany, that if the Rhode Island manufacturer had his wool and other materials free, it would be more likely that American cassimere would be exported to Germany than that German cassimere would come here, the use of machinery and the economy of labor being much greater here than there.

If we take cotton cloth as an example, we find that the protectionist alleges that the wages of our operatives are twenty-five per cent higher than those paid in England, and that, if we admit their product of cotton cloth, our own laborers will be degraded to their level; but this allegation will not bear examination. The average manufacture of cotton goods in this country consists of cotton cloth of the weight of three and a half to four yards to the pound, and the cost of the labor of manufacturing does not exceed three cents a yard. Even if the allegation be true that wages are twenty-five per cent higher here than in England, her advantage in labor is but six tenths of a cent per yard upon goods now worth twelve cents, or a difference of five per cent; from which must be taken the cost of transportation and other charges before foreign goods can be sold here. On the other hand, we have the advantage of being nearer the cotton-field.

An inequality so great on coarse fabrics as to give us the advantage over England even in her own colonies. The real advantage of the English cotton-spinner is in his economy in business ; in machinery at one half or two thirds the cost of ours, because of the absence of all taxes on the material of which it is made ; in the absence of all tariff taxes upon food, fuel, and upon the clothing of his operatives ; and lastly, in his freedom from any local taxes upon his machinery : the whole tax system of Great Britain being upon the principle of avoiding taxation upon tools and machinery or upon processes of labor. Hence our foreign competitor has the world for a market ; while we are restricted to the home market almost entirely, by the obstruction which a high tariff interposes to foreign imports and therefore to foreign exports. If we next take the article of railroad iron, we find that the annual consumption of railway bars in this country for new track and for repairs is equal to the full capacity of all the rolling-mills of Great Britain combined, being about one million and a quarter tons a year. If Great Britain should undertake to sell to us our full supply, she could neither lay down new rails at home nor sell any to any other nation, without a vast increase in her iron product and in her rolling-mills. It is easy to see what the effect of such an attempt would be ; her coal-mines are now worked to an almost dangerous point, her force of iron-miners and iron-workers is employed to its full capacity, and could only be increased very slowly and by means of a heavy advance in wages ; and any material advance in wages would at once take away any advantage which Great Britain has over us, even admitting that she now has any. And what would be the further effect of an advance in the cost in England of the crude forms of iron resulting from such increase of wages ? Should we not be at once put upon an equality, ay, even at a great advantage over her in the production of all kinds of machinery, tools, and implements in

which pig-iron and raw steel are the raw material ? She would at once lose the advantage of cheaper machinery, and we should be protected and our domestic industry fostered by elevating the condition of the laborers who compete with us, not by the degradation of our own.

According to the absurd allegation of the protectionist, our cotton-mills will all be stopped and the operatives reduced to pauperism, if British cotton goods are admitted at very low or revenue rates of duty. Of course, an injury would be done to the cotton interest or to any other, if the duties were exceptionally removed ; but let us attempt to foretell the effect upon cotton industry of the enactment of a general revenue tariff at low rates. We spin nearly two fifths as much cotton in the United States as is spun in Great Britain. Even now (July, 1871), when her existing mills are on full speed, operatives are scarce and the tendency is to a rise in wages ; suppose we shut up our mills under the compulsion of a free-trade tariff, and ask England to spin and weave up into cloth, another million bales of cotton on seven million new spindles, in the construction of which she must first expend about one hundred million dollars, and to operate which she must find one hundred and twenty thousand new operatives. What would be her reply ? Should we not find it, at the first moment, in such an advance in English wages to a par with our own as would forever equalize them, and then forever after leave us unimpaired our great advantage over Great Britain in being the producers within our own borders of a superabundant supply of cotton and of food ?

Well and truly did an Englishman of eminent sagacity once say to me : "You will find the best protection to your manufactures to consist in free-trade ; and we have only to dread your rivalry when you adopt that policy. While you persist in your present system, you do not succeed in excluding us from your market, but you do suc-

ceed in limiting your own exports to the crudest forms of raw material."

The next plea for protection in the United States is based on the high rate of interest upon capital, and the alleged very low rates in Europe. Even admitting a considerable disparity, it has never existed to the extent claimed, the rates quoted from Europe being on business paper of short date. But admitting that the rates of interest in this country are high, what does it prove, except that capital is well employed? Shall it then be diverted to employments which require great concentration of capital, like cotton, wool, and iron mills, to the detriment and cost of all the other employments which cannot be protected, and which now pay such high rates for its use?

The last plea of the protectionist which we shall attempt to state is, that this is a new country, possessed of enormous natural resources which need to be developed. Let us put this plea in a different form. In old times, about one hundred years since, Great Britain attempted to put a stop to the rapid increase in the product of iron and steel and of woollen cloth (the cotton-gin had not then been invented) in the Colonies of America, and this attempt was one of the causes of our War of Independence. Her manufacturers then urged Parliament to protect their old and well-established manufactures against the stalwart infant just born here. *Then* our natural resources were considered a power and a force; *now*, forsooth, we must believe they are a source of weakness, and cannot be developed except by means of a bounty granted at the cost of those who own no share in them; that is to say, at the cost of that great preponderating mass of the community who work for wages, and as producers and consumers pay nearly all the taxes on commodities, whether levied under a tariff or under any other system. The principle, or rather the want of principle, in the doctrine of protection may be stated in the following form of a true petition: —

"Whereas we, the undersigned, are desirous of establishing certain branches of industry in the United States, for which we have now neither the capital nor the skill, we ask that our countrymen shall be compelled to purchase our products at such prices as it may be found necessary for us to impose, while we are learning our trade and accumulating wealth at the cost of our said neighbors.

"Therefore, we demand that the force of law shall be exerted to deprive our said neighbors of their present supply of iron, salt, coal, cloth, and other commodities, in order that they may be forced to purchase of us their necessary supply at such prices as the limited competition among ourselves may enable us to impose upon them."

Signed by the so-called "Friends of American Industry."

On the other hand, the principle upon which the free-traders act may be formulated as follows: —

"The function of statute law is to provide for justice and liberty, and to promote education. Its limit is to restrain abuses, and not to prescribe the uses to which any man shall apply his time, his labor, or his product, so long as he does not infringe upon the rights of his fellow-men.

"It is not within the proper function of legislators to attempt to control or direct the efforts of any person in his right attempt to obtain a good subsistence."

Signed by "Those who would promote abundance."

We will now attempt to answer the second demand upon us, as to what effect we expect to have upon American industry, when we give to our principles the force of statute law. We may state, in general, that we expect to limit our work mainly to the repeal of restrictive statutes, and thus, in restoring freedom to industry, to give it the utmost possible results.

Inasmuch as our prosperity is great even under restrictive statutes, we ex-

pect it to become far greater when intelligent workmen shall have full liberty to co-operate with capital in developing that complete harmony of interest which is the natural order.

The question as to the effect we expect the success of our policy will have upon American industry is doubtless asked upon the supposition that it is an embarrassing question, and one to which we cannot make "a plain answer which plain men can understand."

But our answer is very simple and plain. We seek only the abatement of the most oppressive taxes, and we expect the same benefit which any abatement of taxes would give, only in larger measure, as we shall remove not only the burden of taxes now paid to government and not needed, but also the bounty paid to special interests. But the greatest benefit expected is in the reduction of the cost of manufacturing. It is often mistakenly alleged that because a duty is imposed upon a given article, the maker of that article secures an extra profit upon the home manufacture equal to the duty. If such were the fact, the injury of a protective tariff would not be as great as it is, as such profit, although secured by an individual, might become in his hands a part of the reproductive capital of the nation. The most obnoxious effect of protection is, that it increases the general cost of production, with very little if any permanent profit to any one.

A statement of the cost of any article in money is merely the measure of its cost; the actual cost is the amount of food, fuel, shelter, and clothing consumed by the operatives, and of the so-called raw material consumed in the process of manufacture; therefore tariff taxes on these elements only result in high cost to all, with little or no benefit, or even great injury, to the classes especially intended to be benefited. We have now in force the highest protective tariff ever enacted, and under it the largest importation of specially protected articles ever known; namely, factories of cotton, wool, iron,

and steel. The reason is not far to seek; the attempt at universal protection has increased the general cost of all our products, and has made our market the best one in the world for foreigners to sell in and the worst to buy in.

As the result of our measures must be decreased cost of materials, we expect to enhance the prosperity of manufacturers of every kind, and to make a much more ample consumption possible to all consumers.

We also expect, by the reduction of tariff taxes and the free admission of ships to American registry to restore the art of ship-building to the country, especially of ocean steamships; and to give such ships and steamers an opportunity for profitable use in carrying abroad the abundant export of manufactures (using the word in its largest and truest sense), which will follow reduction of cost, as well as in bringing back the large import of foreign comforts and luxuries, which the mass of the people, especially mechanics and factory operatives, will be much better able to purchase than they now are.

It is very easy to explain how these results will be attained. Let us again take the woollen manufacture as an example.

The cost of woollen cloth consists of wool, dyestuffs, and other supplies, and the subsistence which the labor of the operatives enables them to purchase. Our manufacturers, being now crippled by the tariff taxes upon wool and dyestuffs, can only make a portion of the goods needed for home consumption; hence, woollen goods of various descriptions now form an unduly large part of our imports, being in value over \$50,000,000 per annum at the present rate of importation. At the same time our protective policy has given a very great stimulus to the construction of woollen-mills in Canada, where they can be much more cheaply built and operated than in the United States, not being there burdened by high tariff taxes. These Canadian goods, thus made at low cost, are freely



smuggled across our border, and of course can be sold at much lower prices than our own goods.

When the free-trade tariff is enacted, and wool, oil, and dyestuffs are relieved from tariff taxes, a much greater demand will exist for home-grown wool to mix with an abundant supply of foreign, and domestic wool may then be expected to bring better prices, as it always has done when wool has been free. At the same time the farmers and wool-growers will have an ample supply of home-made woollen goods at low cost, which cannot now be afforded, because the cheap foreign wools needed to mix with home-grown are either entirely excluded, or made to cost excessively dear, by the tariff tax.

It is claimed as a merit, in the present tariff on wool and woollens, that wool is, or has lately been, at a lower absolute price than ever before. This has been an absolute injury to the wool-grower, and of no benefit to the manufacturer, as it is the relative, and not the absolute price, which is of consequence; and our foreign competitors have had their supply of foreign wool at about one half the price paid here, ever since the wool tariff imposed a tax of about one hundred per cent upon many of the most useful varieties.

The representatives from Ohio were among the most strenuous advocates of the present tariff on wool. The result to Ohio may be found in the following official statement of the State Auditor:—

Number of sheep in Ohio,—

In 1863 . . . . .	7,688,845
“ 1869 . . . . .	6,272,640
“ 1870 . . . . .	5,052,028
“ 1871 . . . . .	4,302,904

The decrease of sheep in Michigan since the passage of the wool tariff is said to be still greater.

We may take the probable result upon the iron and steel manufacture. When the duties are removed from pig-iron and railway bars, the first effect will be to cause a moderate increase in the importation of steel rails, thus

making it possible to construct many more miles of railroad than can otherwise be built. All our skilfully managed iron-furnaces may be much aided by the abatement of duties, as the duties upon coal will of course be removed with those upon iron. Our well-managed furnaces now make pig-iron at less cost than any English iron can be laid down at or near them; they will therefore gain largely from the increased construction of railways, built from imported iron or steel rails, as every new mile of railroad creates a vastly increased demand for iron for other purposes.

The ultimate effect will be, as we have before stated, an increase in the cost in England of English iron, accompanied or caused by a large increase in English wages; and as this will take from the English machine-makers and iron-ship builders the great advantage which our tariff now gives them, of having their supply of raw material at less cost than our machinists and ship-builders have theirs, we may presently expect to have a greatly increased use of iron in this country, arising from the renewal of our exports of machinery, locomotives, etc., which we enjoyed when we were free from the burden of a high tariff, in 1858 and 1860.

The manufacture of steel and of steel rails may be expected to increase very rapidly in this country, when a free-trade policy is established, as it will no longer be necessary to pay a heavy tax upon foreign pig-iron, now paid by the steel-rail makers, who find it necessary to import it.

The boot and shoe manufacture will, of course, be very greatly aided by the removal or reduction of the duties on hides, leather, worsted lastings, and other materials, while at the same time the manufacture of worsted lastings and other lusted worsted goods, which has thus far been a hard struggle and almost a dead failure, owing to the tariff tax on lusted or combing wool, may be successfully established.

As to the vast number of branches

of American industry seldom named in discussions upon the tariff, and which are now oppressed and crippled by tariff taxes on their materials, even the protectionist cannot doubt their increased prosperity under a free-trade policy. We refer to the manufactures which cannot be imported to any great extent, under any circumstances, but which constitute over nine tenths of our widely diversified industry, and give employment, at the highest rates of wages, to our most intelligent operatives. We need name only a few for illustration, such as the manufacture of dwelling-houses, cooking-stoves, furnaces, pumps, carriages, harnesses, tin-ware, agricultural tools, books, hats, clothing, wheat flour, cheese, steamboats, canal-boats, cars, locomotives, bricks, coal-oil, clocks, fire-engines, furniture, marble-work, mattresses, printing-presses, wooden-ware, newspapers, and the thousand other employments which must exist in the midst of every great farming country, and which give to the farmer by far the largest market for his produce. All this gain to American industry could be fully realized and enjoyed, if absolute free trade were only possible.

Unfortunately, the necessity for a large customs revenue makes it at present impossible to get the full advantage which the abolition of custom-houses would give us. Perhaps this is not to be regretted, as abrupt changes are dangerous, and time must be given to those who have been unwisely tempted by the protective delusion to make bad investments, to adjust themselves to the need of managing their own affairs, and to the practice of that skill and economy for which no government bounty can long be a substitute.

For the present, a tariff for revenue which shall interfere as little as possible with the industrial pursuits of the people must be imposed. The construction of such a tariff, to yield at once \$120,000,000 revenue, is very easy. The form of such a tariff has been given many times, but it seems to be necessary to repeat it again.

The present necessity for a customs revenue is only to pay the ordinary expenses of the government, with a moderate payment of the principal of the public debt in each year.

The whole interest upon the public debt is now more than paid by the excise taxes upon whiskey, tobacco, beer, banks, and stamps. The customs revenue is therefore needed for the same purposes to which it was applied before the war, and for no other, unless we choose to include a moderate annual payment upon our debt. As the expenses of the government are now somewhat greater *per capita* than in 1860, it is perhaps better to make a larger estimate, and to provide for a customs revenue of \$120,000,000, which sum, excluding pensions and Indians, is on a basis of two dollars expenditure for every *one* in 1860.

This sum can be very easily raised from duties upon tea, coffee, sugar, wines, liquors, and fancy goods at substantially the rates now imposed, with duties upon silk fabrics at about thirty-five per cent (the highest rate possible to be levied without inducing smuggling and fraud), and with the addition, for the present, of rates of duty upon manufactures of wool, worsted, cotton, linen, china, and glass, levied as far as possible at specific rates, but equal to twenty per cent *ad valorem*. All chemicals, drugs, dyestuffs, together with wool, pig-iron, raw steel, hides, lumber, leather, coal, and other so-called raw materials being added to the free list. Such a tariff would interfere as little as it is possible for any tariff to interfere with domestic industry and home manufactures, and would leave them free to expand and to attain a prosperity of which our present exorbitant tariff now deprives them. So far as revenue shall be derived from textile fabrics under such a tariff, it will be paid mainly upon the finer or least necessary kinds of goods, such as linens, silks, and fine worsted, cotton and woollen goods, or such as depend mainly upon style and fashion for their sale.

The more staple and necessary sup-

ply of cotton, woollen, and worsted goods would be so much reduced in cost of manufacture by the enactment of such a tariff, that, although under it, wages in factories might and probably would advance in this country, it would not be possible to import any large portion of the supply needed for home consumption, while the renewal of our exports would insure that stability which has been so long wanting.

This renewal of the export of manufactures might be expected to take place, even though higher wages paid by us should cause our goods to cost a little more than those made by our foreign competitors, since free buyers are always free sellers. If we want foreign wool, and can give a fair price, paying therefor in cotton cloth, the seller of the wool can afford to pay a little more for our cotton cloth rather than to take gold and pay the expense of its transshipment to London, there to be expended for cotton cloth.

It is claimed by some persons who have no very clear perception of the general effect of a tax upon commodities, that the taxes upon tea and coffee are especially onerous to the mass of the people. It is alleged that their consumption does not vary materially as between rich and poor. It is undoubtedly true, that the revenue received from all articles upon which taxes are levied is paid by consumers in the exact proportion in which they consume them, and this is one of the faults of the system of indirect taxation. It applies to all the articles upon which taxes are imposed under the tariff. If the cost to the consumer of tea, coffee, and sugar is increased by the tariff tax, so is the cost of iron, steel, leather, lumber, woollen cloth, and other necessities of life. The free-trader, who is forced by existing circumstances to advocate a tariff for revenue, therefore chooses such articles as the consumer can best spare a portion of; it being the evil of taxation that it inflicts privation. The free-trader, therefore, selects luxuries and comforts to be taxed, rather than

articles of necessity. It is better for the consumer to give up one pound of tea or coffee out of five, than to be deprived of iron or steel tools and implements or of an ample supply of clothing.

Moreover, the taxes upon tea, coffee, and sugar are borne equitably by the rich; but the taxes upon iron, steel, copper, lead, tin, and upon many other necessities, fall much more heavily or almost exclusively upon the working people, who consume them in their various occupations, or whose tools are made of the materials named.

It has been very clearly demonstrated that tariff taxes amounting to about \$85,000,000 can be abated next winter, without impairing our ability to pay our interest and expenses or to reduce the debt at least \$25,000,000, and probably \$75,000,000 per annum, after such reduction. The increased prosperity which such abatement would insure would at once cause a great increase in the receipts of revenue from those articles on which we continued to impose tariff taxes. When we relieve the people from the tariff taxes on their tools, their railroads, their clothing, their fuel, and their houses, they will at once be able to consume more foreign luxuries in the shape of tea, coffee, sugar, spices, wines, and the like. Then may follow further abatements, until we shall reduce our tariff to the simplest and least oppressive form.

We claim that so long as we must tax any commodities, we should select such as represent results rather than such as enter into the processes of labor, or, in other words, the things, like tea, coffee, and sugar, which are ready for use as imported, rather than those which are the material upon which further labor is to be expended, especially those commonly called raw material. (We are obliged to use the term "raw material," although the term has no claim to scientific accuracy.)

It is not easy to estimate the result of such an abatement of taxation in money, but it would be safe to assume

that if we remove duties to the amount of \$85,000,000, consumers will have in addition at least \$25,000,000 bounty now paid to manufacturers, and at least \$60,000,000 actually lost by the increased cost of production or by the unskillful methods of those who have attempted branches of industry for which they have neither means nor skill, and which in many cases we cannot afford to attempt at all.

At this moderate estimate of a saving of \$170,000,000 a year, there cannot be any doubt that the effect of the proposed free-trade measures would be very beneficial to American industry, especially to those branches commonly called manufactures.

I cannot but regret that the call for plain answers to these questions should require so long a reply, or that it should have appeared to be necessary to repeat so many elementary principles; but the condition of many persons in matters of this kind is not very unlike that of many of the graduates of our model schools and some of our universities; they can solve many questions in the higher branches, and are considered very accomplished, but are quite deficient in the old-fashioned arts of reading, spelling, and arithmetic.

The questions at issue between the advocates of free-trade and of protection are obscured by those who, like a recent writer (see *Scribner's Magazine* for July), impute to the advocates of free trade many ideas which exist only in their own imagination. It is alleged that we find in free-trade a panacea for all the ills of society, yet no such claim can be found in the works or words of any writer or speaker having the least title to be quoted as an authority. Free-trade is but one chapter in political economy, and political economy is itself but a subordinate science. It claims only to explain the laws which govern the production and distribution of wealth, in regard to which, while it is the function of government to insure justice and equity, yet it may be alleged that they form but a subordinate element in the science of government; but

inasmuch as a good subsistence, abundant production, and an equitable distribution are the necessary basis for a powerful and prosperous state, the economist claims that he is no statesman who ignores the higher laws in regard thereto which it is the function of political economy to discover and apply.

If the controlling idea be to make the most rapid payment of the public debt, without any regard to the sources or methods by which the means are gained for that purpose, even a qualified success does not prove such a policy a wise one, but simply indicates that the inherent force of the people and the elasticity of the resources of the country, directed and controlled by a thorough knowledge of economic principles, could have been made to produce, in a manner less onerous and far less oppressive upon the productive industry of the country, even better results than have yet been obtained.

At the present time this country is so vigorous and production so great, that a vicious currency and an enormous tariff simply appear to create uneasiness, but do not seriously impede prosperity. Yet a true statesman would now see that, under the pretext of protection to labor, the force of law was being perverted to promote private gain, and that hence that respect for law which constitutes the true foundation of the liberty of a free people is being endangered.

The issue is joined between those who, under cover of the alleged need of revenue for the rapid payment of the debt of the United States, now tax the people for their own private gain, pretending to benefit them; and those who claim that some just and right principles have been established by men who have studied the science of political economy, and have been tested by the experience of other nations.

As one of these well-established principles, we claim to include free-trade or free exchange, qualified only by the necessity or expediency of obtaining a large revenue from customs. But as we recognize the fact that wise

statesmanship will regard the need of caution in inaugurating changes, and will avoid the risk of the destruction of such capital as previous protective legislation has caused to take a specific form, we have called our movement one of revenue reform rather than one for absolute free-trade.

In the preceding portion of this article we have stated that the national revenue derived from whiskey, tobacco, beer, stamps, and banks is sufficient to pay the interest upon our national debt, and that we therefore need a revenue from customs only for the regular or normal expenses of the government, the payment of pensions, and for the reduction of debt. The sum required from customs for these purposes may now be assumed to amount to \$ 120,000,000, and we have proved that this sum can be obtained from the existing duties upon tea, coffee, sugar, spices, and liquors, with duties upon certain other articles not exceeding an average rate of twenty per cent.

To bring the tariff to this point is now the problem of revenue reform, and must satisfy us for a few years to come ; but lest it shall be charged that we compromise the principle of free exchange, let us see what may be the problem to be worked out if our budget now presented is refused.

We base all our action upon the following propositions : —

1. No tax can be imposed which does not cause more or less privation to those who pay it.

2. Tariff is only another name for tax, and a tariff causes more or less privation in the same manner that any other tax causes privation.

3. All taxes upon commodities, whether excise or tariff, are paid by the consumers of such commodities, in the proportion of their consumption.

Hence we affirm that discrimination should be used in the selection of commodities to be taxed, according to the purpose to which the article is to be applied. We must therefore repeat that we would tax those articles which represent the result for which labor is

exerted, rather than those which enter into the processes of labor. We would deprive the people under the necessity of taxation of one pound of sugar in five, rather than of one shovel in five ; of one pound of coffee in ten, rather than of one horseshoe in ten ; of one gallon of whiskey in two, rather than of one plough in two ; of one silk dress in three, rather than of one bale of hemp in three ; of one cigar in four, rather than of one steel rail in four ; because we know that in a true theory, and therefore in practice, it is the fact, that if we do not cripple the workman by taxes on his tools, he can earn more sugar, tea, coffee, whiskey, tobacco, and the like, even though they are heavily taxed, than he can possibly earn if his tools and implements are heavily taxed and these articles are absolutely free.

In Great Britain the tariff has been gradually brought down from a schedule of over twelve hundred articles to six, and with each abatement or repeal the consumption of tea, coffee, sugar, liquors, and tobacco has so increased as to keep the customs revenue up to the full or a greater sum than that which accrued from the whole list prior to such repeal.

If we, therefore, consider our national revenue from the stand-point of what article is taxed, rather than where or how, we may find that the abatement of all customs duties will very soon be possible, except upon those things which represent such luxuries as may almost be said to represent the vices of the people.

In the calendar year ending December 31, 1870, the revenue under the excise and tariff laws was as follows, —

Internal revenue . . .	\$ 180,708,207
Customs revenue . . .	196,825,994
Sales of land . . .	2,989,288
Miscellaneous . . .	28,685,344
Total . . .	\$ 409,208,833

as will more fully appear from the following reply of Dr. Edward Young, Chief of the Bureau of Statistics, to my inquiry : —

WASHINGTON, August 15, 1871.

EDWARD ATKINSON, ESQ.

DEAR SIR: In reply to your request of July 3d, for a statement in detail of the sources of national revenue, I now send you the following statement for the calendar year 1870, the figures for the last *fiscal* year not having been finally corrected:—

	<i>Internal.</i>	<i>Tariff.</i>
Spirits and wines, including distillers' tax . . .	\$ 54,286,371	\$ 8,071,699
Tobacco, cigars, and snuff, including dealers' tax . . .	32,348,707	4,227,707
Fermented liquors, including brewers' tax . . .	6,910,757	347,687
Silks and satins . . . . .		15,410,770
Stamps upon notes, deeds, patent medicines, matches, etc., other than upon beer and tobacco . . .	15,071,783	
Banks and bankers . . . . .	3,342,104	
Sugar and molasses . . . . .		39,142,037
Tea . . . . .		9,073,745
Coffee . . . . .		11,944,272
Income . . . . .	35,489,955	
All other internal taxes, of which it is estimated that \$ 29,996,474 have been repealed, and that \$ 2,388,315 on gas are now in force, the remainder, \$ 873,741, consisting of penalties . . .	33,258,530	
All other tariff imposts, —		
Manufactures of cotton . . .	\$ 9,460,004.55	
"    "    wool . . .	25,580,610.33	
"    "    hemp and jute . . .	910,705.01	
"    "    flax . . .	6,186,162.61	
Metals, and manufactures of . . .	18,349,782.55	
Miscellaneous . . . . .	48,120,812.00	
		108,608,077
	\$ 180,708,207	\$ 196,825,994

The figures as finally corrected in the warrant department, with the addition of a few other miscellaneous items of custom-house receipts, will be somewhat larger than the above.

Aggregate internal and tariff . . . . .	\$ 377,534,201
Miscellaneous receipts, —	
Sales public lands . . . . .	\$ 2,989,288
Premium on gold sales . . . . .	7,703,333
Sundries . . . . .	20,982,011
	31,674,632

Total revenue . . . . . \$ 409,208,833

The item of sundries, \$ 20,982,011, under the head of miscellaneous receipts, includes premium on sales of United States securities, and on sales of coin interest upon the sinking fund.

The aggregate receipts for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1871, were as follows:—

From customs . . . . .	\$ 206,270,408
"    internal revenue . . . . .	143,098,154
"    sales of public lands . . . . .	2,388,647
"    miscellaneous sources . . . . .	31,566,736
Total . . . . .	\$ 383,323,945

The revenue from customs is now accruing at a somewhat higher rate, the increase during the last fiscal year over the preceding being mainly upon silk manufactures, woollen manufactures, cotton manufactures, railroad iron, etc.

The increase in the *value* of merchandise imported in the fiscal year 1871 over 1870 was in excess of eighty-three millions of dollars ; but, owing to the reduction of duty on tea, coffee, sugar, etc., during the last half of the year just closed, the increase from customs has not been correspondingly large.

Yours very respectfully,

EDWARD YOUNG, *Chief of Bureau.*

The true free-trade lesson from these figures is to be found in the fact that our pleasant vices may not only be considered as a permanent resource for the payment of the interest on our debt, but that it also appears that, if we choose to pay our interest from other taxes, we find that spirits and wines, tobacco, beer, silks, and stamps, yield a revenue amply sufficient to pay all our regular expenses, and will continue to do so as we increase in population and wealth ; therefore, when we have paid our debt, — which date will be in less than twenty years, even by our present foolish and costly method, or in less than that time, if we adopt a wise method scarcely to be felt as a burden, — we may absolutely abolish our custom-houses, except so far as they form a necessary part of our machinery for collecting a tax upon spirits, beer, tobacco, silks, and satins.

A tax of three dollars per head upon our population is ample for all our necessary expenses in time of peace, other than interest and pensions ; and the tax imposed by the present laws upon spirits, beer, tobacco, silks, and satins yields three dollars per head.

The advocates of protection are now most earnest advocates for the present system of rapid reduction of debt. Let them continue ; the country prospers, even in spite of bad laws ; but we are learning the lesson how to pay our way when our debt is paid, with no interference in our business pursuits except those which may be restricted without injury, and with no privations except such as do no harm.

The opportunity will be offered this winter for the passage of a simple and effective tariff bill, such as has been in-

dictated, and which would doubtless give what is called incidental protection to a considerable extent. This would be submitted to now, by the advocates of free-trade, as a necessary evil growing out of the circumstances of the case. An act of this character, consistent in all its parts and moderate in all its rates, would soon be universally accepted, and would be likely to stand unchanged for many years.

But if the advocates of a high tariff shall fail to mark the handwriting upon the wall, and shall persist in their attempt to maintain the present oppressive system, or anything approaching it, they will lose the opportunity now offered them, and will then be entitled to no further consideration or forbearance. The next issue would be free-trade qualified by no other consideration than the need of a moderate customs revenue, to be raised from the six articles which now pay the larger portion of our impost ; namely, tea, coffee, sugar, spices, liquors, and silk goods.

It is now evident that the tariff question must be settled upon principles of justice, and not upon the protective theory, which is based upon the privation of the many for the benefit of the few. Protection differs only from communism in this, that it attempts to enforce an inequitable distribution of our annual product under due process of law, while communism, or socialism, invokes the force of law under the mistaken idea that a more equitable division may be had by statute. The two ideas are identical in principle, tend to promote the same antagonism, and are equally mischievous and futile in their application. The reform of the system



of taxation is a most essential element in the great problem in social science which is now shaking Europe to its very centre; and unless we are wise in our day and generation, and shall soon remedy the abuse of law by which men are now deprived of liberty and restricted in matters with which statute law should never meddle, we may have in the near future to solve these problems only with grave difficulty and many threatenings of civil commotion.

It is constantly alleged that the advocates of revenue reform are aggressive and partisan in their action. So far as the present political parties are concerned, they belong to both. So far as the present dominant party is concerned, while giving it all credit for what has been done, they demand that the same method of abatement shall be applied to all taxation, including the tariff, which has been applied so successfully and wisely to the internal-revenue system; namely, the abatement of the chief burdens upon industry, and the maintenance of those taxes which produce the largest revenue with the least interference with business pursuits and the least bounty to private interests.

As to the reforms which have been accomplished, they claim that, although not then known as a special body of men named and identified as Revenue Reformers, they have taken a leading part throughout, and that not a single burden of any importance has been removed as yet, the removal of which had not long been previously urged by them; and they also claim that the public mind has been brought to a determination to have the cotton tax removed, the whiskey tax reduced, the stamp system adopted on tobacco and beer, and the tax on manufactures abated, mainly by the arguments presented by them, and especially by their chief exponent, David A. Wells. Their present agitation is intended to continue, and carry on the same reform to its just completion.

Having thus defined our principles

and indicated our proposed method, it becomes fit for us to present a

#### REVENUE-REFORM BUDGET.

As this matter cannot be presented in too many aspects or enforced by too many methods, I beg to submit the following form of a budget to be enacted in the first year after we exert our power, say for the calendar year 1873. (See table, pp. 478, 479.)

The abatement of taxes proposed under this budget covers the reduction of the internal taxes made by the act of 1870; the reduction of the duties on tea, coffee, and sugar, as made by the act of 1870; the entire repeal of the income tax; but leaves still to be accomplished by the next session of Congress the repeal of about \$85,000,000 tariff taxes now in force upon necessary articles of food, fuel, clothing, and materials required in the mechanic arts.

If an allowance for contingencies is demanded, our previous experience would warrant the expectation that the taxes hereinafter proposed will yield seven dollars rather than six dollars per head, because of the enhanced prosperity and rapid increase in product and wealth sure to ensue from the abatement of the heavy burdens now crippling our industry. This increase of one dollar per head would yield \$42,000,000, to be applied to reduction of debt, and would carry the aggregate revenue to over \$300,000,000 in the year 1873.

I have made no account of the premium on sales of gold, which form a large portion of the so-called "miscellaneous receipts," as no Free-Trader, Revenue Reformer, or advocate of tax repeal would count upon that which marks the discredit of his country as a permanent source of revenue. There is no tax so vicious and no burden so heavy as that imposed by the use of an inconvertible paper currency. It is a thief which picks our pockets night and day, and it is the prime cause of the fraud, corruption, and speculation which mark this time.

If it shall be said that this aggregate of appropriations and of proposed expenditure is less than is now being expended, and less than has been called for, the Revenue Reformers reply that it is as much their function to examine into the purposes to which the sums raised by taxation shall be applied as it is to prescribe the method by which the taxes shall be levied ; and that they intend not only to apply to the reduction of debt the sums which can be saved in the cost of the civil service, when the vast and cumbrous list of tariff taxes shall have been repealed, which now scarcely pay the cost of collection, and which now constitute one of the prime causes why our civil and miscellaneous expenses are double what they were in 1859, 1860, and 1861, but they also claim that the pension list needs to be scrutinized, the cost of the Indian Department examined, and that in general the cost of the ordinary expenses shall be, not eighty per cent in currency, but only twenty-five per cent in gold, more than in 1858, 1859, and 1860, or in proportion only to the increase of population. It is true that our expenses have been greatly reduced since the war, but great reduction remains to be accomplished.

We have admitted these large sums for civil service, war, and navy into our first budget, aggregating \$ 101,000,000, or nearly eighty per cent more than the average cost of these departments of the government for the fiscal years ending June 30, 1859, 1860, and 1861, for the reason that the vicious and debased paper currency now in forced circulation has caused the same increase in the cost of conducting the business of the government that it has caused in the cost of the subsistence of the great mass of the people ; and we affirm that, when in the process of revenue reform we shall have restored a just and honest specie standard of value, although we shall not then be able to count upon the premium on sales of gold as being available for the payment of our debt, we shall save far more in the cost of our ordinary ex-

penses, and shall thus have a greatly larger sum to apply to that purpose than we have now.

It will be observed that our budget is made upon the rule previously laid down, namely, that discrimination should be used as to what we tax rather than as to where or how we collect the impost ; the latter being simply a question of executive detail. In our estimates we have taken as our basis of income the actual receipts, either in the years 1870 or 1871, as stated in the official reports and from the latest published data. Every statement can be verified, either by reference to the official documents published by the Treasury Department, or to the able chief of the Bureau of Statistics (Dr. Edward Young), whose impartial services are always at the command of those who seek the truth in these matters. It has once been the function of the writer, in a review of the fiscal record of the Republican party, to assign to the cost of the war all the expenses of the War and Navy Departments over and above a fair estimate for the peace establishment. But the statement of expenses since the final end of the war, assuming that date to have been reached only when the Fifteenth Amendment to the Constitution was ratified, will not warrant such a division of expenses as between war and peace. Much as the present administration has accomplished in the honest and effective collection of the revenue, and great as has been the relief from the most onerous of the war taxes, the duty is still upon the Republican party, if it would not yield its power, to complete the work so well begun. Let not its record be, that though competent in time of war, and great when the country was in danger, it has been found wanting in time of peace. It has yet much to do in the reduction of expenses, and in the repeal of onerous and useless taxes ; and not until it has brought the country back to as economical a standard as that which prevailed before the war, will it be held to have done all that ought to be expected.

## DR. The Secretary of the Treasury

## In Account with the People of the United States, CR.

## FOR THE CALENDAR YEAR 1873.

	Dr.	Cr.
To taxes upon spirits and wines as collected in 1870, — Internal	\$ 54,286,371	
Tariff	8,071,689	
By appropriation for civil and miscellaneous expenses, at double the amount expended for the same purposes in the fiscal years ending June 30, 1859, 1860, and 1861, in which years the average expenditure was \$24,981,246. ( <i>Vis de</i> Secretary's statement of receipts and expenditures from July 1, 1855, to June 30, 1870.)		\$ 62,368,070
To taxes upon tobacco, cigars, and snuff, as in 1870, — Internal	32,348,707	
Tariff	4,227,707	
By appropriation for War Department at fifty per cent more than the average cost of this department in the fiscal years ending June 30, 1859, 1860, 1861, when the average expenditure was \$20,877,246		\$ 50,000,000
To taxes upon fermented liquors, as collected in 1870, — Internal	6,910,757	
Tariff	347,687	
By appropriation for Navy Department at sixty per cent more than the average cost of this department in the fiscal years ending June 30, 1859, 1860, and 1861, when the average expenditure was \$12,859,840	15,410,770	
To taxes as collected by stamps in 1870, other than those on beer and tobacco, namely, on checks, notes, deeds, bonds, policies, patent medicines, matches, etc. (internal)		31,000,000
By appropriation now required for pensions and Indians, subject to regular abatement as the pensions fall in	15,071,783	
Surplus of taxes carried forward		20,000,000
To balance brought down		33,000,000
To tax collected upon banks and bankers, as in 1870 (internal)		2,675,481
To tax collected on circulation and deposits of national banks, as collected in fiscal year ending June 30, 1871 (miscellaneous receipts)	3,342,104	
To tax collected upon sugar and molasses in 1870 (tariff)	6,008,584	
Less expected reduction under act of 1870, taking effect in 1871	33,000,000	
To tax collected upon tea in 1870 (tariff)		\$ 39,142,037
Less expected reduction under act of 1870, taking effect in 1871		6,142,037
To tax collected upon coffee in 1870 (tariff)		9,073,745
Less expected reduction under act of 1870, taking effect in 1871		1,073,745
To taxes revenue on fruits, nuts, spices, laces, embroideries, fans, toys, kid gloves, and other articles of luxury, which in 1870 yielded over \$11,000,000 (tariff)		11,944,272
To sundry items included under the head of miscellaneous receipts, as in fiscal year ending June 30, 1871, — Fees from United States Consuls	11,000,000	
Storage, rent, and labor at custom-houses		8,000,000
Fines, penalties, and forfeitures, for violating customs laws collected in 1870, \$952,579, not counted upon, as the tariff now proposed would offer little premium for fraud		8,000,000
Fees for letters-patent		11,000,000
Homestead and other land fees		568,563
		414,310
		620,319
		648,923

<p><b>Brought forward</b></p> <p>To elasticity of revenue, computed as follows : — The foregoing taxes based upon the collection of 1870, less abatement under the act of 1871, amount to the following sums, —</p> <table border="0"> <tr> <td>Internal Tariff</td> <td>\$ 114,959,722</td> </tr> <tr> <td>Miscellaneous</td> <td>110,057,863</td> </tr> <tr> <td>Total</td> <td>225,017,585</td> </tr> </table> <p>or at the rate of a little over \$6 per head on a population computed at 38,500,000 persons. Although we may not have attained our normal rate of increase as it was before the war, of three and one half per cent per annum, the increase cannot now be less than three per cent, at which rate the population of 1873 will be over 42,000,000,— gain, 3,500,000, at \$6 per head, \$21,000,000,— say</p> <table border="0"> <tr> <td>Tariff</td> <td>10,000,000</td> </tr> <tr> <td>Internal</td> <td>11,000,000</td> </tr> </table> <p>To saving which may and ought to be made in the amount charged to customs in the statement of accounts for fiscal year ending June 30, 1871, being for cost of collection of tariff taxes, erection and repairs of custom-houses, etc., \$16,095,883; when the tariff laws shall have been consolidated from twelve acts covering a schedule said to contain over four thousand specifications, to one simple and consistent act covering a schedule not exceeding one hundred specifications ; — estimated saving on cost of tariff taxes, — say</p> <p>By appropriation for reduction of debt in 1873</p>	Internal Tariff	\$ 114,959,722	Miscellaneous	110,057,863	Total	225,017,585	Tariff	10,000,000	Internal	11,000,000	<p>223,894 161,711 2,100,000 3,000,000</p> <hr/> <p>22,000,000</p> <hr/> <p>99,077,338</p> <hr/> <p>• • • • •</p> <hr/> <p>101,752,819</p> <hr/> <p>• • • • •</p> <hr/> <p>1,752,819</p> <hr/> <p>21,000,000</p> <hr/> <p>6,000,000</p> <hr/> <p>• • • • •</p> <hr/> <p>27,752,819</p> <hr/> <p>\$ 27,752,819</p>
Internal Tariff	\$ 114,959,722										
Miscellaneous	110,057,863										
Total	225,017,585										
Tariff	10,000,000										
Internal	11,000,000										
<p><b>Total proposed revenue in 1873.</b></p> <p>Elasticity and saving out</p> <p>Proportion to be paid by 38,500,000 people in 1873, \$6.12 <i>per capita</i></p> <p>Actual taxes paid by 38,500,000 people in 1870, as per official statement, \$10.63 <i>per capita</i></p> <p>Tax repeal proposed on rate of 1870, in part already enacted, \$4.50 <i>per capita</i></p>	<p>262,752,819</p> <hr/> <p>262,752,819</p> <hr/> <p>27,000,000</p> <hr/> <p>235,752,819</p> <hr/> <p>403,206,833</p> <hr/> <p>\$ 173,456,014</p>										

The Republican party has met the demand of war, and has applied the vast resources of this country to that demand without stint, and it may be said almost without time to take thought as to its method. It is for the same party now to consider whether it will permit the problem of revenue reform to be worked out to its completion as it has been begun in and by it; or whether it will allow the rapacious and unscrupulous men who always attach themselves to any party in power for the sole purpose of gaining their private ends, to pervert its force and thus to transfer to its opponents the duty which it may fail to meet; giving them the opportunity which they seek, and which they may use, in spite of "new departures," to the detriment of the cause for which the war was fought out.

Our budget is one which no party can ignore, because it is simple, sensible, and right. It calls for no income tax, and it repeals all the taxes on what are called raw materials; all the taxes upon metals; upon drugs and dyestuffs; upon wool, hemp, and jute; upon lumber, coal, hides, leather, and salt; in fact, it repeals all taxes upon all the materials which enter into the processes of our industry: while it would impose, under and by means of one simple and effective bill (in place of the twelve inconsistent and complicated acts which now constitute our tariff law), very moderate duties for revenue upon articles which are substantially ready for final consumption, and which therefore represent the results for which labor is exerted. *To take a small portion of that which men seek as the end of their labor, rather than to impair the means whereby they gain their subsistence, is the problem which the advocates of revenue reform now seek to solve.*

Objection has been taken to the title of "Revenue Reformers." If our opponents desire a more descriptive title, let them call us the "Tax Repealers," if they dare.

If it shall be said that we repeal too

much, and that we ought to pay more than \$ 30,000,000 in the first year after we enact our laws, let it be remembered that by the simple force of the increase in our population, the rate *per capita* which in the first year will yield \$ 30,000,000 toward payment will, if maintained for twenty years, and even in less time, pay off the entire debt. And let it also be remembered that abatement of bad taxes means increase of revenue from right ones retained, and that no attempt at reduction yet made in this country but has disappointed the framers of the act, the revenue, from the taxes maintained, increasing with every relief from burdens. When we have once established a system of revenue upon the basis of the budget herein proposed, it will be very certain that all agitation will cease; and that until our debt is finally paid, no cry either of protection or free-trade, of revenue reform or tax repeal, will suffice to induce any substantial change. The country will have a simple and stable, if not a perfect system of taxation, and the prosperity to all, both farmers and manufacturers, which must ensue, cannot fail to assure its continuance.

Even if it could be proved that protection increases wealth, it must still be condemned. Accumulated wealth, necessarily held by a small portion of the community, is the least sure sign of prosperity. Abundant production and equitable distribution are the ends to be sought, and only that wealth is of permanent value which promotes these ends.

He who by invention increases our power to direct the unchanging forces of nature, so that our annual product is increased and a more ample consumption made possible, adds most to our prosperity; even though his invention destroys the value of half our wealth previously accumulated.

The dream of the communist will be realized only when, through effort, invention, and intelligence, production will be so ample and so sure that all will have enough and it will not pay to be rich.

*Edward Atkinson.*

## A NEWPORT ROMANCE.

THEY say that she died of a broken heart  
 (I tell the tale as 't was told to me),  
 But her spirit lives and her soul is part  
 Of this sad old house by the sea.

Her lover was fickle and fine and French ;  
 It was nearly a hundred years ago  
 When he sailed away from her arms — poor wench —  
 With the Admiral Rochambeau.

I marvel much what periwigged phrase  
 Won the heart of this sentimental Quaker,  
 At what gold-laced speech of those modish days  
 She listened — the mischief take her !

But she kept the posies of mignonette  
 That he gave, and ever as their bloom failed  
 And faded (though with her tears still wet)  
 Her youth with their own exhaled.

Till one night, when the sea-fog wrapped a shroud  
 Round spar and spire and tarn and tree,  
 Her soul went up on that lifted cloud  
 From this sad old house by the sea.

And ever since then, when the clock strikes two,  
 She walks unbidden from room to room,  
 And the air is filled that she passes through  
 With a subtle, sad perfume.

The delicate odor of mignonette,  
 The ghost of a dead and gone bouquet,  
 Is all that tells of her story, yet  
 Could she think of a sweeter way ?

\* \* \* \* \*

I sit in the sad old house to-night, —  
 Myself a ghost from a further sea, —  
 And I trust that this Quaker woman might,  
 In courtesy, visit me.

For the laugh is fled from the porch and lawn,  
 And the bugle died from the fort on the hill,  
 And the twitter of girls on the stairs is gone,  
 And the grand piano is still.

Somewhere in the darkness a clock strikes two,  
And there is no sound in the sad old house,  
But the long veranda dripping with dew,  
And in the wainscot a mouse.

The light of my study-lamp streams out  
From the library door, but has gone astray  
In the depths of the darkened hall. Small doubt  
But the Quakeress knows the way.

Was it the trick of a sense o'erwrought  
With outward watching and inward fret?  
But I swear that the air just now was fraught  
With the odor of mignonette!

I open the window and seem almost —  
So still lies the ocean — to hear the beat  
Of its Great Gulf artery off the coast,  
And to bask in its tropic heat.

In my neighbor's windows the gas-lights flare  
As the dancers swing in a waltz of Strauss,  
And I wonder now could I fit that air  
To the song of this sad old house.

And no odor of mignonette there is  
But the breath of morn on the dewy lawn,  
And mayhap from causes as slight as this  
The quaint old legend is born.

But the soul of that subtle sad perfume,  
As the spiced embalmings, they say, outlast  
The mummy laid in his rocky tomb,  
Awakens my buried past.

And I think of the passion that shook my youth,  
Of its aimless loves and its idle pains,  
And am thankful now for the certain truth  
That only the sweet remains.

And I hear no rustle of stiff brocade,  
And I see no face at my library door;  
For now that the ghosts of my heart are laid,  
She is viewless forevermore.

But whether she came as a faint perfume  
Or whether a spirit in stole of white,  
I feel as I pass from the darkened room  
She has been with my soul to-night!

*Bret Harte.*



## KATE BEAUMONT.

## CHAPTER XXX.

MATTERS worked like a seesaw : one end of the feud went down, only to see the other go up ; McAlister wanted peace just when Beaumont had taken in fresh fuel for fight.

But with all his sense of the honorableness of wrath, and of the duty of running at his highest speed for Congress, Beaumont could not forget that his wrath and his running might trample on his youngest daughter's chances of happiness. He strove to escape from the piteous remembrance ; but he was like a man who scrambles on the slippery footing of adverse dreams ; he leaped and leaped, and made no progress. O these women, these children ; how puissantly we are bound to them ; how inextricably the varieties of humanity are entangled ; how well for the race that it is so !

This deep-chested, heavy-shouldered, bushy-browed, lion-eyed, pugnacious gentleman not only could not help thinking of his daughter's troubled heart, but could not help talking about it. One day, looking at her as she walked with drooping head in the garden, he turned with an excited start to Mrs. Armitage, and demanded, "What am I to do with that girl ? She mopes about here as if her own home were a place of confinement, a prison, or a lunatic asylum, or something of that sort. I shall have to send her over to her grandfather's ; that is, till the election is over, and all these confounded uproars."

"Then I shall go too," responded Nellie, promptly and rather spunkily. She had lately had more than one argument with her father in favor of the McAlister match, and she was somewhat irritated because of his persistent opposition to the measure which her heart had desired.

"You will !" exclaimed Beaumont

with a stare. He was no longer the hub of the family then ; his tribe was to gather around Kate, instead of himself ; the new generation was decidedly mounting upon the throne of the old. His face wore an expression of annoyance, but even more of depression.

"Let us talk like men about it, papa," continued Nellie, in her heroic way. "Let us call things by their true names, without any fear of the subject or of each other. Here, because Kate is not happy, you want to send her away from her home, and away from her father and brothers and sister."

"For her own good," broke in Beaumont, eagerly. "Things are going disagreeably here, and she can't want to see them. Besides, Kershaw is her grandfather, and you know how they pet each other. He can cheer her. He is such a kind, good old man ! O, he is so damn good !" he added with a groan of self-depreciation. "I wish I was half as good. I wish I could respect myself as I do Kershaw."

"Bring him over here," advised Nellie.

"What ?"

"Bring him over here, for a few days. And when Major Lawson returns from his visit to Charleston, bring him too. Then Kate will have all her best friends around her, — all but one."

Beaumont did not notice the allusion to Frank McAlister ; he was taken up with considering Nellie's plan, and with dreading it. Kershaw, that great pacificator of quarrels, he did not quite want him in the house just now. From such a presence there might emanate an influence which would once more beguile him into the weakness of resigning his candidature and washing off his war-paint generally. But after due argument and solicitation, after it had been borne in upon him that the old Colonel, in the temporary absence

of Lawson, must be leading a dreary life in his own house, he withdrew an opposition for which he could not allege his reasons and of which he was secretly ashamed. Riding over to Kershaw's place, he invited his father-in-law to visit him for a fortnight, pressed the point with his characteristic cordiality and hospitality, and secured an acceptance. So the next morning the Colonel alighted from his carriage on the gravel-walk before the Beaumont door.

"Is n't he beautiful, papa?" whispered Kate, as she and her father hastened to greet their venerable visitor.

"He is the white rose of South-Carolinian chivalry," murmured Beaumont. "Not a leaf fallen by reason of age, and not a stain by reason of sin."

The sympathetic and passionate nature of this rough fighter enabled him to appreciate and worship a character which was beyond him.

In truth, the Colonel was beautiful, as healthy and good old men can be beautiful. He had fully recovered from his late severe illness; to look at him, it seemed as if he might live twenty years longer. His long white hair, waving over his heavy, old-fashioned coat-collar, was as yet abundant and almost luxuriant. His massive aquiline face, rendered only the more expressive by deep wrinkles and large folds, was full of dignity, intelligence, and sympathy. Eighty or nearly eighty years of the life of this world, so generally commonplace, so often full of temptation, so often sorrowful or exasperating, had not dimmed the sunshine of that benignity which must have been the core of his character. He looked as George Washington might have looked, had he reached the same age. He made one think of what an angel might be, could an angel become white-haired and wrinkled. Very tall, and as yet of goodly fulness, he seemed a colossal statue erected to physical beauty and moral goodness, grown venerable.

Kate soon took possession of her pet, and led him to his room. She wanted to have him all to herself, and

she wanted the luxury of serving him with her own hands. After prattling for some minutes, after seeing anew that his room was furnished with everything which he could need, she left him to wash off the dust of his drive and went below to wait for him, her eyes sparkling with impatience. Presently she ran and called up the stairway, "Grandpapa, are you never going to come down?" As he did not answer, probably not hearing her, she hurried to his room, drummed on the door with eager fingers, and said in a tone of loving reproach, "Why, how long you are!"

That was always the way with her when Kershaw came over. She was as impatient to get at him and as greedy of his company as a hungry child is impatient and greedy for its dinner. Moreover, she had absurd, charming little terrors, if he was long at a time out of her sight, lest he had hurt himself, or perhaps died. When she was a child and visited him for short terms at his plantation, she used to say, night after night, "Promise me, grandpapa, that you won't die before morning." The benignant and affectionate old man, so like her lost mother, and indeed so like herself, exercised a sort of bewitchment over her, which was all the more potent because it had begun before the dawn of reason, because it had begun as an instinct. It was in vain that her other relatives sometimes jealously chafed because of this fascination, and sometimes good-humoredly laughed at her for it. On this point she remained sweetly childish, and could not be otherwise, nor wish it.

The bewitchment was mutual, as such affectionate magic often is. Despite his rational, grave, and one might say rather slow nature, the old man worshipped the girl as the girl worshipped him. At this moment, when he heard the well-known and expected drumming on his door, his solemn blue eyes and the massive folds of his face lighted up with a deep though serene pleasure.

"Come in, my little girl," his hol-

low and tremulous voice called. "I am only brushing my hair."

"Let me brush it," begged Kate; and would do it, making him sit for the purpose.

"It needs cutting, does n't it?" asked the Colonel, who was in the habit of seeking her guidance, at least in little matters.

"Not yet," said Kate. "It is too handsome to cut."

"Handsome?" asked Kershaw, thinking of her chestnut curls.

"It is every bit as white as snow," continued the girl. "It makes me think of Mont Blanc. What color was it once?"

"A little darker than yours, child, if I remember right," said the old man, after pausing a moment to send his memory backward many years. "There, you have taken trouble enough with it. Now sit down where I can look at you."

"Wait a little," begged Kate. She was intent upon making the silver cataract fall behind his ears and roll evenly over his coat-collar. The work done, she drew a childlike smile of satisfaction, and seating herself in front of him, smiled in his face. Her smile, could he have understood its under-sadness, would have told him that she loved him all the more because the outreachings of affection towards another had been rudely put aside.

"You don't look in good flesh," said the Colonel. His phrase was old-fashioned, but it suited his venerable mien, and it was made sweet by a tone of tender anxiety.

"I am a little thinner than usual," replied Kate. A spasm passed across her mouth, but she quelled it by an heroic effort, and presently the smile reappeared.

"If you are ill, you must tell me," urged Kershaw. "We must have advice."

He knew nothing of her love-affair, and suspected nothing; even the garrulous, sympathetic Lawson had refrained from hinting it to him.

"Grandpapa, you are always think-

ing about other people," observed the girl, willing to change the subject of conversation.

"Of course," he replied, simply. "My own affairs are of so little interest."

At this moment Kate's face turned as pale as death. Glancing out of a window near her, she had seen Frank McAlister dismounting at the gate, and the idea at once crossed her mind that his life was in peril.

"What is the matter?" inquired Kershaw, who noted her start and dimly perceived her change of color.

"O, do go down there," she begged, springing to her feet and seizing his arm. "Do go, before there is trouble."

"What is it?" he repeated, slowly rising.

"I don't know," stammered Kate. "What can he be here for? It is Mr. Frank McAlister."

"McAlister!" exclaimed Kershaw, in a tone which showed that he realized the full gravity of the situation. "The young man,—the tall young man? I remember. The one who saved your life. Of course I remember him. But he should n't be here. I will go down."

"O, do, do," implored the girl, almost hurrying him, almost pushing him. "Don't let any trouble happen."

"No, no," said Kershaw, as he stalked out of the room, leaning forward in the manner of old men when they are in haste. "But what can he be here for? It is highly imprudent."

We shall best see the end of this adventure by joining Frank McAlister. Dismounting at the high post gate which whitely glared in front of the house, he left his horse in charge of one of half a dozen pickaninnies who were kicking up the dust of the road with their bare black feet, and walked straight towards the veranda, where stood Peyton Beaumont grimly staring at him, a statue of mistrust and amazement. When he had got within a few yards of his father's rival and enemy he halted, lifted his hat entirely from his head, and bowed without speaking. At the same moment Tom Beaumont

came out of the door behind his father, and, seeing this most unexpected and somewhat alarming visitor, slipped a practised hand under the skirt of his shooting-jacket, obviously feeling for the handle of a pistol. Frank noted the threatening gesture; but he did not change countenance, nor move a muscle; he remained with his eyes fixed on the face of Peyton. The latter, after hesitating for a moment, slightly waved his hand in salutation.

"Mr. Beaumont, I beg leave to deliver you a friendly letter from my father," said Frank.

"From your father, sir!" exclaimed Peyton. He reflected for an instant, thought of his political confederates, thought of the feud, too, and added, "I do not feel at liberty to receive it, sir."

Tom Beaumont drew his derringer, supposing that Frank would draw also, and determined to be beforehand with him. But just then Colonel Kershaw stepped slowly into the veranda and laid his hand gently on the elbow of the aristocratic young desperado. Tom glanced sideways, recognized the old man, and slowly returned the weapon to his pocket, still however keeping his hand on it, while he watched Frank steadily.

"Am I intruding, Beaumont?" asked Kershaw.

"Ah!" started Beaumont. "Why no, certainly not. In my house you are in your own. And by the way, Kershaw, by the way — Mr. McAlister, — the kindness to wait one instant. — Kershaw, I want your advice. A letter from the Judge," he whispered, blowing out his cheeks with an air of demanding amazement. "Shall I open it? *Would* you? Would you, *indeed*? Well, perhaps so; decidedly so. Just to see what the scoundrel wants. Exactly."

Turning to Frank, he said, with ceremonious civility: "Mr. McAlister, by the advice of Colonel Kershaw, I will now, with your permission, receive the letter. If I was discourteous to you personally in my first refusal, I ask excuse."

He read the Judge's communication with mingled feelings. First came the expression of that gentleman's desire to resign his candidature to Congress for the sake of the peace of Hartland and the unity of South Carolina. Beaumont approved. He approved promptly, fully, and energetically; for once he was harmonious with Duncan McAlister. But next came the hint that, in return for this concession, a seat in the United States district court would be acceptable. Beaumont hesitated; there were good men of his own party to be thought of; his brow darkened with an ominous look of dissent. Then he went through his rival's elegantly written, dignified, and almost pathetic peroration. It moved him; the expression of noble sentiments always moved him; he was just to that degree simple and sympathetic. Well, what should he do? Obviously it was his personal interest to close with the bargain, and so get rid of his rival in the coming election. But he was not an ordinary politician; he was honest, high-minded, and unselfish, at least so far as he knew how to be; if he was ever moved by interest, it was unawares. Thus he had no difficulty in putting aside this egotistic consideration immediately.

On the other hand, here was a favor; the Judge was going to give up his candidature any way; and surely he deserved a favor in return. The fact that he could say to Beaumont, "You ought to have the seat in Congress," made Beaumont want to say, "You ought to have the vacant judgeship." The heart of this impulsive, unreflecting, headlong knight-errant began to warm towards his rival and enemy. He had scarcely read his letter through before he wanted to serve him. He became, as it were, his partisan. To be sure, old bellicose feelings boiled and bubbled somewhat in his heart; but they were kept down in a measure by thoughts of Kate and of Kershaw. On this score the impulses of peace and war remained in even balance.

"This is very important," he ob-

served, slowly turning to the old Colonel. "Kershaw, I must have your advice. Mr. McAlister, will you do me the kindness to walk into my parlor. Tom, oblige me by seeing that we are not interrupted."

In the parlor he seated his guests, closed the doors, and then approached Frank.

"Mr. McAlister," he said, "Colonel Kershaw's character —"

"It is sufficient," bowed Frank. "I am confident that my father would be willing to intrust any secret to Colonel Kershaw."

Then the letter was read aloud. A blush inundated Frank's face when he heard Beaumont clarify forth his father's demand for a *quid pro quo*, offering to dicker his chance for Congress against a seat in the temple of justice. For a minute or two he could not look Kershaw or Kate's father in the face. His shame was only in part removed by Beaumont's calm consideration of the bargain and charitable comment upon it. Beaumont, it must be understood, was by this time quite impulsively in favor of the Judge, looking upon himself as the patron of his rival, and desiring to do him a good turn.

"Wishes to withdraw from politics, you see," he remarked blandly. "Well, it is about time I should do the same. After this campaign, Kershaw, — after this campaign, you may rely on me. No more candidatures, no more stumpings."

If he meant to make a bridge of gold for a retreating enemy, he certainly did his engineering rather neatly. The truth is, that, being now anxious to accept his rival's offer, he was anxious to have Kershaw advise him to accept it.

The good old man responded to the wish from good motives of his own. He saw a chance before him to turn the swords and spears of the feud into the ploughshares and pruning-hooks of amity.

"I approve of the proposition," he said slowly and after deliberate consideration. "Judge McAlister is better fitted for the position in question than

any other man in the upper country. He is our ablest lawyer and our most judicial mind."

"I have always admitted it," Beaumont declared, and with entire truth. "He deserves the place."

"In appointments to the judiciary there should be no question of partisan politics," affirmed Kershaw.

"Certainly not," assented Beaumont. "By heavens! the President who should consider politics, in making appointments to the judiciary, ought to be impeached and deposed."

There was no questioning his honesty in saying this. He looked like truth incarnate, and none the less for his bellicose expression.

"What a gentleman he is at bottom," thought Frank, only too glad to judge kindly of Kate's father.

"Why didn't we come to this before?" continued Beaumont, delighted that he had secured Kershaw's adherence, and quite resolved now to back McAlister. "I shall rejoice in recommending the Judge to a position which he will fill so nobly. And so will my friends, I am confident. By heavens, if they don't I won't run for them; I'll throw up my candidature immediately; I will, by heavens. Kershaw, I want you to bear witness to that, and stand by me in it," he added, remembering that giving up candidatures did not come easy to him.

"I think our friends will make no objections," said the Colonel, knowing that Beaumont's will and his own would be law to the district.

"I should say not," answered Peyton, swelling and ruffling at the idea of opposition. "By heavens, I should like to see the man who would be fool enough and brute enough to object to such an appointment," he went on, forgetting that he would himself have opposed it but for circumstances. "Well, it is understood. Mr. McAlister, please do me the favor to say to your father that I assent most cordially to his chivalrous proposition. I make this declaration in the presence of Colonel Kershaw. If I made it alone, I

would be bound by it. And now, Mr. McAlister, a glass of wine together."

He fairly beamed upon the young man. The moment that he could be friends with him at all, he was as much his friend as he ever had been. He inclined towards him with all the vivacious promptness of his mercurial, yet energetic nature. He let himself remember distinctly that this was the man who had saved his daughter's life, and with whom his daughter's chance of happiness was perhaps entwined. There was no mistaking the kindness which glowed in his martial black eyes and his dark red visage. Frank was instantaneously as happy as a being is vulgarly supposed to be.

"I am more gratified than I can possibly express," he said, in a tone which told infinitely more than the words.

After the sherry had been tasted, the young man rose to take his leave, remarking, "I must carry this good news to my father."

"Add that I cannot sufficiently thank him for sending you on this mission," said Peyton, shaking hands.

"I entirely concur with Beaumont in sentiment," added Kershaw in his brief, weighty way, few words always, but every one doubly meant.

"I trust that this begins a lasting peace," ventured Frank.

Beaumont could not decide at once what to answer; but the Colonel, pressing the youngster's hand warmly, said, "I trust so."

Frank glanced gratefully at his benign face and glorious crown of white hair, admiring him as noble young men do admire noble old ones, and thinking him too good for this world.

In the entry hall they encountered Nellie, who, seeing these demonstrations of amity, saluted Frank with a smile and a few words of commonplace civility.

During this brief moment Peyton Beaumont had one of those revulsions of feeling or opinion to which he was subject. A doubt, a scruple, troubled his sense of honor. He had been accustomed to call Judge McAlister an

old fox, a carthaginian, a perfidious rascal. Would a man whom he had thus stigmatized, and as he believed properly stigmatized, be the right man for the district court bench? Would he render just judgment, and honor the Beaumont recommendation? "What do you think, Kershaw?"

The Colonel had none of Peyton's hereditary prejudice against the McAlisters. He replied gently and gravely, "Have no fears, Beaumont. Whatever McAlister may be as a politician, in his official character he is a gentleman. There is not a stain upon his professional honor. You have done well."

"Kershaw, you relieve me inexpressibly," murmured Peyton with a sigh of deep satisfaction. Then, advancing quickly to Frank, he took his hand and said, "I trust, with you, that this begins a lasting peace."

As the young man heard this phrase, which filled him with inexpressible joy, he heard also a rapid step in the veranda. He did not turn, but the others did, and saw Randolph Armitage advancing, his hand under his coat as if seeking a pistol, and his drunken, fierce eyes fixed on Frank McAlister.

## CHAPTER XXXI.

It must be remembered that Randolph Armitage had passed several days on the verge of *delirium tremens*, either caring nothing for the exodus of his wife and children, or unaware of it.

But on recovering his wits he wanted his Israel back, as is apt to be the case with abandoned Pharaohs of our household Egypts, however vicious and unloving they may be. It is such a disgrace to be deserted, and involves such a diminution of sweet authority, besides loss of domestic comforts!

Conceited, confident in himself, passionately wilful and headlong, he soon determined to go in pursuit of Nellie, believing that at the sight of him she would fall under the old fascination and return to her wifely allegiance. Bentley

objected, but only a little ; for not only was he afraid of his brother, but he was in love with Kate ; and loving Kate, he could not desire that Armistages and Beaumonts should be separated forever.

Sober when he left home, Randolph was quiet in demeanor and even somewhat anxious in spirit. He feared lest his wife or her sister might have told tales on him ; and, if that were the case, he would probably have to listen to a remonstrance from "old man Beaumont" ; and he knew that when that gentleman did remonstrate, it was in the style of a tornado. But with the fatuity of a shallow soul, incapable of appreciating its own scoundrelism, or of putting itself fairly in the place of another, he trusted that he could easily turn wrath into favor by a week of sobriety and of the superfine deportment which he prided himself on being able to assume.

At Brownville he heard for the first time that Frank had met Nellie there and gone on with her to Hartland. The news was angering ; the man, being a McAlister, had no right to travel with *his* family ; moreover, it looked as if he had helped the woman to run away. Randolph took a *drink* and then several drinks. By the time the train started (it was early in the morning, observe) he was in a state to go on drinking. He treated himself at every station, and he accepted treats from fellow-passengers who carried bottles in their wayfarings, as is the genial habit of certain Southerners. Long before he reached Hartland he was fit to shoot an enemy on sight, and to see an enemy in the first man who stared at him. He forgot that the object of his journey was to wheedle back his wife to her married wretchedness. His inflamed brain settled down upon the idea that it was his duty as a gentleman to chastise Frank McAlister for abetting Nellie's elopement, and for daring to associate himself to Beaumonts. Clenching his fist and muttering, he carried on imaginary conversations with that criminal, reproving him

for his impertinence and threatening punishment.

"You've no call to speak to a Beaumont," he babbled, identifying himself with the famous family feud, for which when sober he did not care a picayune. "My wife is a Beaumont, sir. She's above you, sir. My people have nothing to do with your people. I'm a Beaumont — by kinsmanship. You sha'n't travel with my wife, sir. You sha'n't go in the same car with her. You sha'n't lead her away from her home and her husband. We'll settle this matter, sir. We'll settle it now sir." And so on.

At the Hartland station his first inquiry was for Mr. Frank McAlister. "Never saw him in my life," he explained. "Don't know him from Adam. But he's a tall fellow. He's a scoundrel. I'm after him, I'm on his trail. Seen anything of him?"

Frank's person was more exactly described to him by a little, red-eyed, seedy old gentleman, who seemed to be doing "the dignified standing round" in the grocery attached to the station, and in whom we may no doubt recognize General Johnson. The General, smelling an affair of honor, and always willing to give chivalry a lift, made prompt inquiries as to the whereabouts of young McAlister, and presently brought word that he had been seen only half an hour before riding in the direction of the Beaumont territories.

"Gone to attack my relatives!" muttered the drunkard, honestly believing at the moment that he loved the Beaumonts. "I'll be there. I'm on his trail. I'll be there."

He was as mad as Don Quixote. He was in a state to succor people who did not want to be succored, and to right wrongs which had never been given, and to see a caitiff in every chance comer. He was one of those knight-errants who are created by the accolade of a bottle.

Reaching the castle which he meant to save, just as Frank, Beaumont, and Kershaw came out of it, he had no difficulty in recognizing his proposed vic-



tim. The obvious amicableness of the interview did not in the least enlighten this lunatic. In the smiling and happy young man, who was shaking hands with the master of the house, he could only see a villain who had deeply injured himself, and who was now assaulting or insulting his wife's relatives. Clapping his hand on the butt of his revolver, he strode, or rather staggered, towards Frank, scarcely observing Beaumont and Kershaw.

It was a singular scene. Frank McAlister, who did not know Armitage by sight, and did not at all suspect danger to himself, towered calmly like a colossal statue, his grave blue eyes just glancing at this menacing apparition, and then turning a look of inquiry upon Beaumont. The white-haired Kershaw, nearly as tall as Frank, was gazing blandly into the face of the young man, unconscious that anything strange was happening, his whole air full of benignity and satisfaction. Beaumont, the only one of the three who both saw and recognized the intruder, had turned squarely to face him, eyes flaming, eyebrows bristling, and hands clenched. It must be remembered that he hated Armitage as a man who had filled Nellie's life with wretchedness. At the first glimpse of his insolent approach and air of menace he had been filled with such rage, that if he had had a pistol he would perhaps have shot him instantly. In a certain sense he would have been pardonable for such action, for he supposed that the drunkard's charge was directed against himself. There he stood, undismayed and savage; all the more defiant because the odds were against him; all the grimmer because he was unarmed, gouty, and in no case for battle; as heroic an old Tartar as ever scowled in the face of death. When the reeling desperado was within six feet of him he thundered out, "You scoundrel!"

Armitage made no answer to Beaumont, and merely stared at him with an indescribably stupid leer, not unlike the stolid, savage grin of an angry

baboon. Then, lurching a little to one side, he passed him and pushed straight towards Frank, at the same time drawing his revolver. Halting with difficulty, he looked up in the astonished face of the young giant, and demanded in a sort of yell, "What y' here for?"

"I don't understand you, sir," replied Frank. "I don't know you."

"What does this mean?" exclaimed Beaumont, suddenly realizing that his guest's life was threatened, and trying to step between him and Armitage.

"Let me alone," screamed the drunkard. "He's run away with my wife."

The coarse suspicion thus flung upon Nellie inflamed her father to fury. Without a word he seized his son-in-law, pushed him toward the low steps which led down from the veranda, and sent him rolling upon the gravelled walk at their base.

Frank had no weapons. He had come unarmed into the house of the hereditary enemies of his house. He had resolved to put it beyond his power to do battle, even in self-defence, under the roof of Kate's father. But he now stepped forward hastily, calling, "This is my affair, Mr. Beaumont."

Kershaw stopped him, placing both hands on his arms, and saying, "You are our guest. I do not understand this quarrel. But we are responsible for your safety."

At the same moment Beaumont hastened to the door and shouted, "Tom! Vincent! Nellie! Here, somebody! Bring me my pistols!"

Then he turned to look, for a shot had been fired. The overthrown maniac, even while struggling to rise, had discharged one barrel of his revolver, aiming, however, as a drunken man would naturally aim, and missing his mark. Kershaw let go of Frank and sank into a rustic chair, as if overcome by the excitement of the scene, or by the weakness of age. Thus freed for action, the youngster plunged towards his unknown and incomprehensible enemy, with the intention of disarming him. Two more shots missed him,

and then there was a struggle. Of course it was brief; the inebriate went down almost instantly; his pistol was wrenched out of his hand and flung away; then a heavy knee was on his breast and a hard fist in his neck-cloth.

At this moment the younger Beaumonts, aroused by the firing and by the call of their father, swarmed out upon the veranda, every one with his cocked pistol. Seeing their brother-in-law (of whose domestic misconduct they knew nothing) under the hostile hands of a McAlister, they naturally inferred that here was a fresh outbreak of the feud, and rushed forward to rescue their relative.

"Stop, gentlemen," called Kershaw, but so weakly that he was not heard.

"Boys! boys!" shouted Beaumont, limping after them down the steps. "You don't understand it, boys."

All might have been explained, and further trouble avoided, but at this moment there arrived a rescue for Frank, a rescue which comprehended nothing, and so did harm. It seems that Bruce and Wallace McAlister, learning from their mother what mission their brother had gone upon, and having little confidence in the sense or temper or good faith of their ancient foes, had decided to mount and follow up the adventure. When Armitage's first pistol-shot resounded, they were in ambush behind a grove not three hundred yards distant. A few seconds more saw them dashing up to the gate which fronted the veranda, and blazing away with their revolvers at the Beaumonts, who were hurrying towards Frank. A sharp exclamation from Tom told that one bullet had taken effect.

"Come here, brother!" shouted Wallace. "Run for your horse."

Frank sprang to his feet and stared about him in bewilderment. He saw Tom handling his wounded arm; he saw Vincent and Poinsett aiming towards the road; turning his head, he saw Bruce and Wallace, also aiming. It was the feud once more; the two fami-

lies were slaughtering each other; all hope of peace was perishing in blood. At the top of his speed he ran towards his brothers, calling, "You are mistaken. Stop, stop!"

Vincent fired after him. Poinsett, pacific as he was, discharged several barrels, but rather at the men on horseback than at Frank. Tom picked up his pistol with his sound arm and joined in the skirmish. The two McAlisters in the highway, sitting calmly on their plunging horses, returned bullet for bullet. At least thirty shots were exchanged in as many seconds. That amateur of ferocities, chivalrous old General Johnson, ought to have been there to cure his sore eyes with the spectacle. Never before had there been such a general battle between the rival families as was this hasty, unforeseen, unpremeditated combat, the result of a misunderstanding growing naturally out of lifelong hostility. Peyton Beaumont alone, knowing that the *mêlée* was one huge blunder, took no part in it, and indeed tried hard to stop it, calling, "Gentlemen, gentlemen! Hear me one instant."

When Frank reached his brothers there was a streak of blood down his cheek from a pistol-shot scratch across his temple. Moreover, he was in peril of further harm, for Randolph Armitage had regained his feet, and followed him, and was now reeling through the gate with a drawn bowie-knife.

"For God's sake, stop!" implored Frank, unaware both of his wound and his danger. "It was not the Beaumonts who attacked me. It was some drunken brute!"

Wallace made no reply, except to spur past his brother upon the pursuing Armitage and knock him senseless with a pistol-but blow over the head.

"Mount your horse," shouted Bruce. "They are reloading. Mount your horse."

"I must go and explain," cried Frank, turning back. "I forbid you to fire," he added in a terrible voice. "Don't you see *her*?"

His dilated eyes were fixed upon

Kate Beaumont, who, with the aid of a negro, was leading Kershaw into the house. When she had disappeared and he believed that she was in safety, he lifted his clasped hands toward heaven, and reeled as if he would have fallen.

"Come, Frank," begged Wallace, throwing his broken pistol at him in his desperation. "Do you want us all shot here? Mount your horse."

In his confusion and anguish of soul, just understanding that his brothers would not leave him, and that he must ride with them to save their lives, the young man sprang into his saddle and galloped away.

"I ought to go back," he said, after he had traversed a few rods. "I must know if anything has happened to them."

"This is the second time that you have barely escaped being assassinated by those savages," replied Bruce, sternly. "If you are not a maniac, you will come with us."

"O, it was a horrible mistake," groaned Frank. "You meant well, but you were mistaken. The Beaumonts did not attack me. It was that madman."

"That was Randolph Armitage," said Wallace. "Do you mean the fellow that I knocked down? That was Peyton Beaumont's son-in-law. He is another of the murdering tribe. They are all of a piece."

Perplexed as well as wretched, Frank made no reply, and dashed on after his brothers. The retreat was a rapid one, although two of the horses were wounded, and Bruce had received a shot in the thigh which made riding painful. As there was now only one pistol among the McAlisters, and as their enemies were well armed and had fast horses within easy call, it was well to distance pursuit.

But the Beaumonts did not think of giving chase; they were paralyzed by the shock of an immense calamity.

At the firing of the first shot Kate was sitting by a window of her own bedroom, looking out upon the yard through a loop in the curtain. We may guess that her object was to get

an unobserved glance at Frank McAlister when he should remount his horse and ride away. She had so much confidence in her grandfather's influence, that she did not expect any serious trouble.

The explosion of the pistol surprised her into a violent fright. To her imagination the feud was always at hand; it was a prophet of evil uttering incessant menaces; it was an assassin ever ready for slaughter. Her instantaneous thought was that the old quarrel had broken out in a deadly combat between her pugnacious brothers and the man whom she knew full well at the moment that she loved. She could not see the veranda from her window, and she hurried down stairs into the front-entry hall. There she heard her father's voice calling for pistols, and beheld her sister running one way and her brothers another. In her palpitating anxiety to learn all that this turmoil meant she stepped into the veranda, and there discovered Frank McAlister holding down Randolph Armitage. Next she heard a faint voice, — a voice familiar to her and yet somehow strange, — saying earnestly, "My dear, go in; you will be hurt."

Turning her head, she beheld her grandfather in the rustic chair, motioning her back. Had she looked at him closely, she would have perceived that he was very pale, and that he had the air of a man grievously ill or injured. But she was in no condition to see clearly; the hurry and fright of the occasion made everything vague to her; she recognized outlines and little more. Accustomed to obey her venerable relative's slightest wish, she sprang into the house and shielded herself behind a doorpost. Then came the sally of her brothers; then the trampling of horses arriving at full speed, and the calling of strange voices from the road; then a cracking of pistol-shots, a hissing of bullets, and a shouting of combatants. She was in an agony of terror, or rather of anxiety, believing that all those men out there were being killed, and screaming con-

vulsively in response to the discharges. Without knowing it, she was struggling to get into the veranda ; and without knowing it, she was being held back by her sister.

Next followed a lull. Nellie leaped through the doorway, and Kate at once leaped after her. There were her father and her brothers ; they were staring after Frank McAlister and his brothers ; these last were already turning away. She did not see Tom's bleeding arm, nor the prostrate Randolph Armitage. Her impression was that every one had escaped harm, and she uttered a shriek of hysterical joy.

But when she turned to look for her grandfather, she was paralyzed with horror. His face was of a dusky or ashy pallor, and he seemed to be sinking from his seat. For a moment she could not go to him ; she stood staring at him with outstretched arms ; her whole life seemed to be centred in her dilated eyes. Then seeing black Cato step out of a window and approach the old man with an air of alarm, she also ran forward and threw herself on her knees before him, with the simple cry of "O grandpapa !"

He was so faint with the shock of his wound and the loss of blood, that he could not answer her and probably could not see her. He sat there inert and apparently unconscious, his grand old head drooping upon his chest, and his long silver hair falling around his face.

Of a sudden Kate, who had been on the point of fainting, was endowed with immense strength. Aided only by the negro boy, who trembled and whimpered, "O Mars Kershaw ! Mars Kershaw !" she lifted the ponderous frame of her grandfather, and led him reeling into the house.

## CHAPTER XXXII.

By the time that Kate and the negro had laid the Colonel on a settee in the broad entry, he was in a dead faint.

The girl, believing that life was ex-

tinct, fell on her knees by his side, clasping one of his drooping hands in both hers, and staring at his ashy face with dilated eyes, the whites showing clear around the iris. Feeling, presently, a little flutter at his wrist, she regained some hope, but only so much hope, only such a terrible hope, as to gasp, "He is dying."

Just then the Beaumont men, getting news in some way of the catastrophe, hurried into the hall one after the other and gathered around the senseless octogenarian. Peyton was for a moment so overcome by the calamity that he actually lost his head and called like a frightened child, "Kershaw ! Kershaw !" Then, catching sight of Vincent, he turned sharply upon him and demanded, "Why don't you see to him ?"

"He is living," replied the young man, who, it will be remembered, had been bred a physician. "Cato, bring some wine and cold water. He has swooned away entirely. He must have been hit early."

"In my house !" groaned Peyton. "My best friend shot in my own house !"

"Why didn't he call for help ?" wondered Tom. "An old gentleman like that —"

"Ah, Tom, you don't know him," muttered the father. "He is n't the man to call for help when his friends are under fire."

"Are none of you going to do anything ?" sobbed Kate, turning a piteous and reproachful stare from face to face.

"My dear sister, he has simply fainted," replied Vincent. "The wound is in the thigh, and probably a mere flesh wound. Let go of him now, and let us get him to bed."

By this time the hall was crowded with the house-servants, most of them uttering suppressed whimpers of grief, for Kershaw was worshipped by these poor people. Under the direction of Vincent, four of the strongest men took up the settee with its heavy load and bore it to a bedroom, followed by the trembling and crying Kate.

"I say, Vincent," whispered Tom. "When you get through with him, take a look at me. I want to know if any bones are smashed."

"You hit?" stared the elder brother. He took hold of the wounded arm, moved it up and down, and added, "It's all right, Tom. Nothing broken."

Meantime Beaumont senior was glowering about him and asking, "Where the deuce is Nellie?"

"She's jess done gone out to look after Mars Ranny, what's out thar in the ditch," explained Cato.

"Ah!" grunted Peyton; "that's what I wanted to tell her. Drunken beast! I hope he's dead."

A little later his heart smote him for thus leaving his eldest daughter to face her perplexities and troubles alone. He sought her out and found that she had already caused her husband to be carried to her room and laid on her bed.

"Nellie," he whispered, just glancing with aversion at the soiled, bloody, and still insensible drunkard. "I don't want to be hard. He can stay here till he is able to go. But no longer, Nellie; at least I prefer not. He is the cause of all this. But for him there would have been no difficulty. Besides, he has been such a brute to you,—such a cruel, insulting brute! I don't feel that I can have him here long."

There were tears in Nellie's eyes. It is not easy for a woman to look at blood and suffering without pity. As she gazed at Randolph's disfigured face and thought that possibly he might be dying, she could not help remembering that he had once been Handsome Armitage, and that it was not many years since it had been her greatest joy to worship him. Much reason as she had for despising and abhorring him, there had come into her heart now some sympathy and tenderness, and she had almost thought that she might again endure, might even again love him. Nevertheless, she was rational; she admitted that her father was right; the man must not stay long in this house.

"I ask nothing more," she said, shaking her head hysterically. "Only that you will please send for a physician. I don't want him to die like a dog."

"He shall not," replied Beaumont, seizing and pressing her arm. "Send yourself for everything you want."

Hurrying now to Kershaw's room, he found that the old man had recovered his consciousness, and was able to speak.

"Ah, my dear friend, you are quite yourself again," exclaimed Beaumont, his grim face brightening with a joy which made it beautiful.

"We will hope for the best," murmured Kershaw. In reality he had little confidence; there were pains in his body which led him to believe that the ball had glanced upwards and made a mortal wound; but Kate's eyes were fixed on him with a piteous anxiety which would not allow him to utter forebodings.

"O my dear!" she sighed, partly divining the affectionate heroism of this sublime utterance, and thanking him for it by pressing his wrinkled hand against her wet face.

"Do not be troubled, my little girl," he continued, noticing her tears. "Even if the worst comes, it is well. I have lived a long while with you. I have seen you grow up. It is a great deal. I was an old man when you were born."

"You were already wounded when you told me to go in," said Kate. "O, why didn't I see it then?"

"It would have made little difference," he replied. "I could wait."

It was evident that he spoke with difficulty, and that his faintness was returning.

"Here, take this, Kershaw," interposed Beaumont, pouring out a glass of wine. "My dear child, you must not make him talk, and I think you had better go. She can't help talking to you, Kershaw; she never could."

"O, don't take me away!" implored the girl, rendered childish in mind and speech by her grief. "I won't say a word."

"She will do me no harm," whispered the invalid. "She helps me."

Presently, recovering his strength a little, he added in a clear voice, "Don't trouble yourself, my dear Beaumont. You will suffer with this standing. Sit down."

Quite overcome with this thoughtfulness for himself at such a moment, Peyton turned away with the spasmodic grimace of a man who struggles not to weep. When he had somewhat regained his calmness, he dropped wearily into an arm-chair, and gazed at Kershaw with humid eyes.

The spectacle was worthy of his or of any man's wonder and worship. In that dusky face, seeming already stained with death,—in that noble face, sublimely sweet with native goodness and with the good thoughts and deeds of a long life,—there was not a look, not even a passing paroxysm of selfishness. Neither pain, nor the loss of vital power, nor the belief that he was drawing near his end, could make Kershaw utter a complaint or a claim for pity. If he had words that were pathetic, it was because they were touching with self-forgetfulness, eloquent with sympathy for others.

After a while Dr. Mattieson, who had been sent for in all haste, was shown in by Vincent. Then Beaumont and Kate had to leave the chamber in order to allow of a thorough examination of the wound. "Will they hurt him?" asked the daughter in the crying tone of a grieving child; and then, without waiting for an answer, she fled to her room and locked the door. She felt that her grief had reduced her to a state of moral weakness which was infantile; and she had resolved to seek strength at the foot of that invisible throne which pierces the heavens. Meantime the father walked softly up and down the hall, expecting evil tidings, but striving to hope. At last Vincent came out with a grave face.

"What is it?" demanded Beaumont, dragging the young man aside. "Not bad, I hope."

"Very bad," said Vincent. "The

ball has glanced upward, and probably penetrated the abdomen. There is only too much danger of peritonitis, and of course of death."

"Death!" whispered Beaumont, his ruddy face turning to a brownish pallor. "O my God, no, Vincent!" he absolutely begged, smiting his nails into his palms. "We can't have it so. Kershaw to die! Kershaw murdered in my house! O no, Vincent!"

His first thought was grief; his next was vengeance. His eyes were reddened with tears, but they were also bloodshot with rage.

"O, what an account those brutes have opened for themselves!" he went on hoarsely. "They have murdered the noblest man I ever knew. Murdered my best friend. What an account—in the next world—and in this! God will remember them. But I can't leave it to him," he burst out, after a pause. "I and my boys must take them in hand. Lest God should forget," he added, wiping away with his short, thick, hairy hand the sweat of grief and wrath which stood on his dark forehead.

Vincent made no demonstrations and muttered few words. He was a calmer and more taciturn man than his father, and valued himself on doing more than he looked or said. He scarcely scowled and his voice was almost soft as he replied, "No one will blame us, whatever happens."

"You are right," returned Beaumont. "Public opinion will be with us. Hartland can't support desperadoes who shoot such men as Kershaw."

Presently a new thought and a very painful one startled him for a moment out of these ideas of vengeance.

"Who will tell this to Kate?" he asked. Almost immediately he added with vehemence, "I can't."

Vincent, though not a very sensitive or affectionate being, was perplexed and made no answer.

"She worships her grandfather," groaned Beaumont. "I can't tell her he is going to die."

Still Vincent offered no suggestion.

"I won't tell her," decided the father. "Time will let her know all."

"It is the best way," assented Vincent. "Distribute a great emotion over as many pulsations as possible. It is generally the best way."

During the afternoon Kershaw rallied a little, and even the physicians began to have faint hopes of him, impossible as it seemed that so old a man could survive such a wound. But early in the evening the horrible agony of peritonitis, or inflammation of the abdominal case, declared itself. Wonderful as was the self-control of the invalid, he could not help moaning and writhing under his torture. No sleep; opiates could not render nature insensible to that pain; all night he was conscious and on the rack.

When in the morning Kate succeeded in fighting her way with tears and pleadings to his bedside, he was a pitiable spectacle. His face had fallen; his forehead, nose, and chin were prominent; his eyes were of a leaden blue, and surrounded by dark circles; his complexion, notwithstanding the fever, was ashy and deathlike. His natural expression of benignity had been so changed by long straining against intolerable anguish, that, had the girl seen him thus elsewhere, she would not at once have recognized him. Now and then there was a moan; it was a feeble one, it is true, because he tried still to hold himself under restraint; but, breaking as it did through a lifelong habit of self-command, it was significant of immense agony. It was like the last ripple, the feeble remnant, of a mighty wave, which dies almost without noise among the reeds of a sloping shore. Little in itself, it told of a tempest.

"My dear," he whispered to Kate as she sat down paralyzed by his side. "I wish to see our clergyman."

"O, you are not going to die," she burst out, wringing her hands.

"My dear, have they not told you?" he answered. "Doubtless they meant it in kindness. Neither did they tell me. But it is so."

Kate was crushed. She could neither weep nor speak. She seemed to herself to be of stone.

"Will you send for him?" he asked, after waiting for some time in patient silence, striving meanwhile to suppress all utterance of pain.

Starting from her chair, Kate reeled out of the room on her awful errand, moving by jerks, as if she were a piece of imperfect mechanism. During the half-hour which elapsed before the arrival of the clergyman, she walked the house without speaking, except to whisper now and then, "It is n't true, it is n't true." Her reason, tried for months past by trouble after trouble, nearly sank under this new catastrophe. She retained intelligence enough, however, to know that her agitation would harm the invalid if he should witness it, and to keep away from the sick-room until she should be able to re-enter it calmly. Her father and sister, fearing for her sanity, sought to console with her, and to hold her quiet with caressing arms.

"Let her walk," whispered Vincent. "If she could be got to gallop twenty miles, it would be still better. I never saw such infatuation," he muttered to himself. "However, he is like her, and we are not like her. It is a case of natural sympathy, exaggerated by circumstances."

When Kate saw the minister arrive and go in to Kershaw, she suddenly became calm, and went to her own room, there, no doubt, to pray for strength and resignation.

The Rev. Arthur Gilyard was a man of twenty-eight or thirty, tall and slender, slightly bald, his skin fair and very pale, with calm, serious blue eyes, and an expression of natural firmness alternating with an acquired gentleness. Firm as he was, however, and disciplined as he had been by the trials and duties of his profession, he faltered when he saw the death-marked face of his venerable parishioner, one of the chief supporters of his little church, and his own model of deportment and life.



"My dear friend and brother," he began, and stopped there, overcome by grief. His next words were forced from him by deep humility of soul, arising from a sense of his own unworthiness to stand forward as a preceptor to this elder disciple, this man to whom from his childhood he had looked up as his superior. "I have come to you," he said, "to learn how to die."

"My dear pastor, I cannot teach you," sighed Kershaw. "Pray that we may both be taught."

But we will not ascend farther into the solemnities of this more than earthly interview.

When it was over, the dying man sent word to his son-in-law that he wished to see him alone.

"Well, Kershaw, what can I do for you?" asked Beaumont with assumed cheerfulness as he seated himself by the bedside and took the hand of his revered friend.

"Beaumont, you are a kind-hearted man," murmured the Colonel. "You have warm and generous sympathies."

"Ah, Kershaw, I am a poor, rough, old fellow," returned Peyton, shaking his head.

"Beaumont, you love your children," continued the invalid. "I wish you could love your fellow-men as you do your children."

"I do love some of them. I have loved you, Kershaw —"

Here he stopped a moment, his hard face twitching with emotion, and his grim eyes filling with tears.

"If they were all like you, it would be easy," he went on. "But some of them are such — such rascals! Those McAlisters, for instance. How can a man love those savages?"

"I was thinking of them," resumed Kershaw. "You know, Beaumont, that I have wanted you all my life — my latter life, at least — to be at peace with them. I want it now."

"But they have just shot you, Kershaw," blurted out Peyton. "I could have forgiven them before. Now I can't."

"I can," said the dying man, fixing his eyes solemnly on his friend.

Beaumont bowed his face under that gaze.

"'Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord,'" continued Kershaw, his voice falling to a whisper under a paroxysm of pain.

Beaumont shook his iron-gray head, as if the text proffered aid to his vengeance, and he could not accept it.

"It was a misunderstanding," went on Kershaw. "Those young men thought we were attacking their brother."

"But they knew *you*," persisted Peyton. "They knew that *you* never did harm to a human being. Why should they fire so as to hit *you*? The miserable, barbarous wretches! Kershaw, I never can forgive them, never!"

After a short silence, during which he wrestled with his agony, the old man said deliberately, "We South-Carolinians are not a law-abiding people."

"Not a law-abiding people!" exclaimed Peyton, in such surprise that he forgot where he was and spoke quite loudly.

"No. We take punishment into our own hands. We cannot wait for the law. We do not trust the law. We make of ourselves judge, jury, and executioner. The consequence is that the State is full of homicide. It is wrong, Beaumont. It is a violation of the faith of man in man. It strikes at the base of society. It tends to barbarism."

"Kershaw, you astonish me," said Peyton, who thought his friend's reason was beginning to fail. "But are you not tiring yourself? Had n't you better rest a little?"

"I cannot rest, Beaumont. I must not rest until I have an answer from you. I ask you not to avenge me upon the McAlisters. Can't you promise it to me? Beaumont, can't you?"

"Ah, Kershaw, you drive me to the wall," groaned Peyton. "Well — yes, I must promise. I do."

"And will you beg of your sons not to avenge me?"

"Yes, I will do even that," assented Peyton. He did not want to agree to so much, but he was fairly driven to it by a sudden spasm in Kershaw's face, which he thought was the invasion of death.

A glass of wine partially restored the invalid, and he continued his plea for humanity.

"I know that I can trust you," he whispered. "You always keep your word. And now, if I could obtain one other promise from you, I should die contented. Can you not forgive these men altogether, Beaumont? Can you not make peace with them? Has not this feud shed blood enough? Remember that I am one of its victims. I have a right to bear witness against it. Can you not, for my sake as well as for the sake of humanity, for the sake of those whom it still threatens, and for the sake of their Creator and yours, can you not promise to do your utmost to end it?"

It may seem strange that Peyton Beaumont should not have told some gentle falsehood with regard to making peace, for the purpose of soothing his dying friend. But this rough man was profoundly honest; he would not have uttered a white lie, if he had thought of it; and he did not even think of it. No, it was not in his nature to promise to end the feud, unless he meant to end it. So, with Kershaw looking at him, as it were, from the other side of the grave, he remained silent until he could come to a decision. When it was reached, such as it was, he uttered it.

"Yes, Kershaw," he said. "I will — yes, I will do — the best I can. You know how old this thing is. You know how it is tangled up with our lives and our very natures. Don't make me promise more than I can perform. But I will remember what you ask, Kershaw. I will do what I can."

"It is enough," said the invalid. "I trust you and thank you."

Here he fainted quite away and was thought for a time to be dead; but the charge of vitality was not yet exhausted, and he came back to con-

sciousness. It was during this insensibility that Lawson arrived and was shown into the room. The dying man received him with a smile which triumphed over a spasm of agony.

"Lawson, I am glad to see you," he said. "I bear this the better for seeing you once more. But I can only say a few words. I must bid you good by quickly. You are a good man, Lawson; you have a gentle, loving heart. I think you never wished a human being harm. I have seen the sweetness of your soul and loved you for it. You are one of the children of peace. God reward you, Lawson. God bless you."

It was visible at this moment that the Major was not that shallow and merely babbling being which many people judged him to be. Completely overwhelmed by this parting from the man whom he loved and revered above all other men, he could not utter a word beyond a convulsive, "Kershaw!" Then he knelt down suddenly, hid his face in the bedclothes, and sobbed audibly.

The invalid next bade a calm farewell to Nellie Armitage, to her three brothers, and to Mrs. Chester.

"My dear young friends, I have left something for each of you," was one thing which he said to them. "And in my will I have ventured to beg that you — you young men, I mean — will strive to be at peace with your fellow-men. I trust that you will not be vexed with me for that exhortation, and that you will bear it in mind. God guide and bless you all, my dear friends."

After this he was left alone, at his own gently hinted request, with Peyton Beaumont and Kate.

"Hold fast to my hand," he whispered to the girl. "I go straight from you to your mother."

At these words the tears burst loose from Beaumont's eyelids, and rolled down his grim, unshaven face.

"Kershaw, give her my love," he said with impulsive faith, alluding to his dead wife. "But I never was worthy of her. God forgive me."

Kate, with the hand that was free, reached out and took her father's hand. She was not crying; her grief was too hard to give forth tears; but with all her suffering, she could pity.

"I *will* be good to her child, — to my child," added Beaumont, with a sob.

"God help you so," replied Kershaw in a voice so solemn that it seemed to come from the other world. "God be with you both."

These were the last rational words that he spoke. For some time, unobservedly to those about him and unconsciously to himself, he had been struggling, not only with weakness and anguish, but also with the commencement of that delirium which invariably results from the intense inflammation of peritonitis. He had, as it were, fought with devils for his reason in order that he might bid farewell to those whom he loved, and exhort them to a better life. This duty accomplished, he fell on his field of victory. Incoherence came upon him, like reeling

upon a wounded hero; and then followed hours on hours of wandering, without one gleam of sanity. The next stage was come; there were hours more of sleep, or rather of stupor; he saw nothing, heard nothing, and, happy at least in this, felt nothing. Then, before any one perceived it, he was dead.

"He is gone," said Beaumont, taking one of his daughter's hands, and passing an arm around her waist, as if he would prevent her from flying also to the other world.

For a minute she made no reply, her whole soul being absorbed in gazing into the face of the dead and searching there for some signs of life. At last she said with strange deliberation, "All the confidence and sympathy that it has taken all my life to create are gone in one moment."

Having thus summed up the catastrophe that had overtaken her, she fell back on her father's shoulder, pallid and apparently senseless.

*J. W. DeForest.*

## MY BIRTHDAY.

BENEATH the moonlight and the snow  
Lies dead my latest year;  
The winter winds are wailing low  
Its dirges in my ear.

I grieve not with the moaning wind  
As if a loss befell;  
Before me, even as behind,  
God is, and all is well!

His light shines on me from above,  
His low voice speaks within, —  
The patience of immortal love  
Outwearying mortal sin.

Not mindless of the growing years  
Of care and loss and pain,  
My eyes are wet with thankful tears  
For blessings which remain.

If dim the gold of life has grown,  
I will not count it dross,  
Nor turn from treasures still my own  
To sigh for lack and loss.

The years no charm from Nature take;  
As sweet her voices call,  
As beautiful her mornings break,  
As fair her evenings fall.

Love watches o'er my quiet ways,  
Kind voices speak my name,  
And lips that find it hard to praise  
Are slow, at least, to blame.

How softly ebb the tides of will!  
How fields, once lost or won,  
Now lie behind me green and still  
Beneath a level sun!

How hushed the hiss of party hate,  
The clamor of the throng!  
How old, harsh voices of debate  
Flow into rhythmic song!

Methinks the spirit's temper grows  
Too soft in this still air,  
Somewhat the restful heart foregoes  
Of needed watch and prayer.

The bark by tempest vainly tossed  
May founder in the calm,  
And he who braved the polar frost  
Faint by the isles of balm.

Better than self-indulgent years  
The outflung heart of youth,  
Than pleasant songs in idle ears  
The tumult of the truth.

Rest for the weary hands is good,  
And love for hearts that pine,  
But let the manly habitude  
Of upright souls be mine.

Let winds that blow from heaven refresh,  
Dear Lord, the languid air;  
And let the weakness of the flesh  
Thy strength of spirit share.

And, if the eye must fail of light,  
The ear forget to hear,  
Make clearer still the spirit's sight,  
More fine the inward ear!

Be near me in mine hours of need  
To soothe, or cheer, or warn,  
And down these slopes of sunset lead  
As up the hills of morn!

*John G. Whittier.*

## OUR WHISPERING GALLERY.

## X.

**D**URING the summer of 1868 constant messages and letters came from Dickens across the seas, containing pleasant references to his visit in America, and giving charming accounts of his way of life at home. Here is a letter announcing the fact that he had decided to close forever his appearance in the reading-desk : —

LIVERPOOL, Friday, October 30, 1868.

MY DEAR —: I ought to have written to you long ago. But I have begun my one hundred and third Farewell Readings, and have been so busy and so fatigued that my hands have been quite full. Here are Dolby and I again leading the kind of life that you know so well. We stop next week (except in London) for the month of November, on account of the elections, and then go on again, with a short holiday at Christmas. We have been doing wonders, and the crowds that pour in upon us in London are beyond all precedent or means of providing for. I have serious thoughts of doing the murder from *Oliver Twist*; but it is so horrible, that I am going to try it on a dozen people in my London hall one night next month, privately, and see what effect it makes.

My reason for abandoning the Christmas number was, that I became weary of having my own writing swamped by that of other people. This reminds me of the Ghost story. I don't think so well of it, my dear Fields, as you do. It seems to me to be too obviously founded on Bill Jones (in Monk Lewis's *Tales of Terror*), and there is also a remembrance in it of another Sea-Ghost story entitled, I think, "Stand from Under," and written by I don't know whom. *Stand from under* is the cry from aloft when anything is going to be sent down

on deck, and the ghost is aloft on a yard. . . .

You know all about public affairs, Irish churches, and party squabbles. A vast amount of electioneering is going on about here; but it has not hurt us; though Gladstone has been making speeches, north, east, south, and west of us. I hear that C—— is on his way here in the *Russia*. Gad's Hill must be thrown open. . . .

Your most affectionate

CHARLES DICKENS.

We had often talked together of the addition to his *repertoire* of some scenes from "*Oliver Twist*," and the following letter explains itself: —

GLASGOW, Wednesday, December 16, 1868.

MY DEAR —: . . . And first, as you are curious about the *Oliver* murder, I will tell you about that trial of the same at which you *ought* to have assisted. There were about a hundred people present in all. I have changed my stage. Besides that back screen which you know so well, there are two large screens of the same color, set off, one on either side, like the "wings" at a theatre. And besides those again, we have a quantity of curtains of the same color, with which to close in any width of room from wall to wall. Consequently, the figure is now completely isolated, and the slightest action becomes much more important. This was used for the first time on the occasion. But behind the stage — the orchestra being very large and built for the accommodation of a numerous chorus — there was ready, on the level of the platform, a very long table, beautifully lighted, with a large staff of men ready to open oysters and set champagne corks flying. Directly I had done, the screens being whisked off by my people, there was disclosed one of the prettiest banquets you can im-

agine; and when all the people came up, and the gay dresses of the ladies were lighted by those powerful lights of mine, the scene was exquisitely pretty; the hall being newly decorated, and very elegantly; and the whole looking like a great bed of flowers and diamonds.

Now, you must know that all this company were, before the wine went round, unmistakably pale, and had horror-stricken faces. Next morning, Harness (Fields knows — Rev. William — did an edition of Shakespeare — old friend of the Kembles and Mrs. Siddons) writing to me about it, and saying it was “a most amazing and terrific thing,” added, “but I am bound to tell you that I had an almost irresistible impulse upon me to *scream*, and that, if any one had cried out, I am certain I should have followed.” He had no idea that on the night P——, the great ladies’ doctor, had taken me aside and said, “My dear Dickens, you may rely upon it that if only one woman cries out when you murder the girl, there will be a contagion of hysteria all over this place.” It is impossible to soften it without spoiling it, and you may suppose that I am rather anxious to discover how it goes on the 5th of January!!! We are afraid to announce it elsewhere, without knowing, except that I have thought it pretty safe to put it up once in Dublin. I asked Mrs. K——, the famous actress, who was at the experiment: “What do *you* say? Do it, or not?” “Why, of course, do it,” she replied. “Having got at such an effect as that, it must be done. But,” rolling her large black eyes very slowly, and speaking very distinctly, “the public have been looking out for a sensation these last fifty years or so, and by Heaven they have got it!” With which words, and a long breath and a long stare, she became speechless. Again, you may suppose that I am a little anxious! I had previously tried it, merely sitting over the fire in a chair, upon two ladies separately, one of whom was G——. They had both

said, “O, good gracious! if you are going to do *that*, it ought to be seen; but it’s awful.” So once again you may suppose I am a little anxious!....

Not a day passes but Dolby and I talk about you both, and recall where we were at the corresponding time of last year. My old likening of Boston to Edinburgh has been constantly revived within these last ten days. There is a certain remarkable similarity of *tone* between the two places. The audiences are curiously alike, except that the Edinburgh audience has a quicker sense of humor and is a little more genial. No disparagement to Boston in this, because I consider an Edinburgh audience perfect.

I trust, my dear Eugenius, that you have recognized yourself in a certain Uncommercial, and also some small reference to a name rather dear to you? As an instance of how strangely something comic springs up in the midst of the direst misery, look to a succeeding Uncommercial, called “A Small Star in the East,” published to-day, by the by. I have described, *with exactness*, the poor places into which I went, and how the people behaved, and what they said. I was wretched, looking on; and yet the boiler-maker and the poor man with the legs filled me with a sense of drollery not to be kept down by any pressure.

The atmosphere of this place, compounded of mists from the highlands and smoke from the town factories, is crushing my eyebrows as I write, and it rains as it never does rain anywhere else, and always does rain here. It is a dreadful place, though much improved and possessing a deal of public spirit. Improvement is beginning to knock the old town of Edinburgh about, here and there; but the Canon-gate and the most picturesque of the horrible courts and wynds are not to be easily spoiled, or made fit for the poor wretches who people them to live in. Edinburgh is so changed as to its notabilities, that I had the only three men left of the Wilson and Jeffrey

time to dine with me there, last Saturday.

I read here to-night and to-morrow, go back to Edinburgh on Friday morning, read there on Saturday morning, and start southward by the mail that same night. After the great experiment of the 5th, — that is to say, on the morning of the 6th, — we are off to Belfast and Dublin. On every alternate Tuesday I am due in London, from wheresoever I may be, to read at St. James's Hall.

I think you will find "Fatal Zero" (by Percy Fitzgerald) a very curious analysis of a mind, as the story advances. A new beginner in A. Y. R. (Hon. Mrs. Clifford, Kinglake's sister), who wrote a story in the series just finished, called "The Abbot's Pool," has just sent me another story. I have a strong impression that, with care, she will step into Mrs. Gaskell's vacant place. W—— is no better, and I have work enough even in that direction.

God bless the woman with the black mittens, for making me laugh so this morning! I take her to be a kind of public-spirited Mrs. Sparsit, and as such take her to my bosom. God bless you both, my dear friends, in this Christmas and New Year time, and in all times, seasons, and places, and send you to Gad's Hill with the next flowers!

Ever your most affectionate,

C. D.

All, who witnessed the reading of Dickens, in the "Oliver Twist" murder scene, unite in testifying to the wonderful effect he produced in it. Old theatrical *habitués* have told me that, since the days of Edmund Kean and Cooper, no mimetic representation had been equal to it. I became so much interested in all I heard about it, that I resolved early in the year 1869 to step across the water (it is only a stride of three thousand miles) and see it done. The following is Dickens's reply to my announcement of the intended voyage: —

A. Y. R. OFFICE, LONDON,  
Monday, February 15, 1869.

MY DEAR FIELDS: Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah! It is a remarkable instance of magnetic sympathy that before I received your joyfully welcomed announcement of your probable visit to England, I was waiting for the enclosed card to be printed, that I might send you a clear statement of my Readings. I felt almost convinced that you would arrive before the Farewells were over. What do you say to *that*?

The final course of Four Readings in a week, mentioned in the enclosed card, is arranged to come off, on

Monday, June 7th;

Tuesday, June 8th;

Thursday, June 10th; and

Friday, June 11th: last night of all.

We hoped to have finished in May, but cannot clear the country off in sufficient time. I shall probably be about the Lancashire towns in that month. There are to be three morning murders in London not yet announced, but they will be extra the London nights I send you, and will in no wise interfere with them. We are doing most amazingly. In the country the people usually collapse with the murder, and don't fully revive in time for the final piece; in London, where they are much quicker, they are equal to both. It is very hard work; but I have never for a moment lost voice or been unwell; except that my foot occasionally gives me a twinge. We shall have in London on the 2d of March, for the second murder night, probably the greatest assemblage of notabilities of all sorts ever packed together. D—— continues steady in his allegiance to the Stars and Stripes, sends his kindest regard, and is immensely excited by the prospect of seeing you. Gad's Hill is all ablaze on the subject. We are having such wonderfully warm weather that I fear we shall have a backward spring there. You'll excuse east winds, won't you, if they shake the flowers roughly when you first set foot on the lawn? I have only seen it once since Christmas, and



that was from last Saturday to Monday, when I went there for my birthday, and had the Forsters and Wilkie to keep it. I had had ——'s letter four days before, and drank to you both most heartily and lovingly.

I was with M—— a week or two ago. He is quite surprisingly infirm and aged. Could not possibly get on without his second wife to take care of him, which she does to perfection. I went to Cheltenham expressly to do the murder for him, and we put him in the front row, where he sat grimly staring at me. After it was over, he thus delivered himself, on my laughing it off and giving him some wine: "No, Dickens — er — er — I will NOT," with sudden emphasis, — "er — have it — er — put aside. In my — er — best times — er — you remember them my dear boy — er — gone, gone! — no," — with great emphasis again, — "it comes to this — er — TWO MACBETHS!" with extraordinary energy. After which he stood (with his glass in his hand and his old square jaws of its old fierce form) looking defiantly at Dolby as if Dolby had contradicted him; and then trailed off into a weak pale likeness of himself as if his whole appearance had been some clever optical illusion.

I am away to Scotland on Wednesday next, the 17th, to finish there. Ireland is already disposed of, and Manchester and Liverpool will follow within six weeks. "Like lights in a theatre, they are being snuffed out fast," as Carlyle says of the guillotined in his Revolution. I suppose I shall be glad when they are all snuffed out. Any how, I think so *now*.

The N——s have a very pretty house at Kensington. He has quite recovered, and is positively getting fat. I dined with them last Friday at F——'s, having (marvellous to relate!) a spare day in London. The warm weather has greatly spared F——'s bronchitis; but I fear that he is quite unable to bear cold, or even changes of temperature, and that he will suffer exceedingly if east winds obtain. One would say they must at last, for it

has been blowing a tempest from the south and southwest for weeks and weeks.

The safe arrival of my boy's ship in Australia has been telegraphed home, but I have not yet heard from him. His post will be due a week or so hence in London. My next boy is doing very well, I hope, at Trinity Hall, Cambridge. Of my seafaring boy's luck in getting a death-vacancy of First Lieutenant, aboard a new ship-of-war on the South American Station, I heard from a friend, a captain in the Navy, when I was at Bath the other day; though we have not yet heard it from himself. Bath (setting aside remembrances of Roderick Random and Humphrey Clinker) looked, I fancied, just as if a cemetery-full of old people had somehow made a successful rise against death, carried the place by assault, and built a city with their grave-stones; in which they were trying to look alive, but with very indifferent success.

C—— is no better, and no worse. M—— and G—— send all manner of loves, and have already represented to me that the red-jacketed post-boys must be turned out for a summer expedition to Canterbury, and that there must be lunches among the corn-fields, walks in Cobham Park, and a thousand other expeditions. Pray give our pretty M—— to understand that a great deal will be expected of her, and that she will have to look her very best, to look as I have drawn her. If your Irish people turn up at Gad's at the same time, as they probably will, they shall be entertained in the yard, with muzzled dogs. I foresee that they will come over, hay-making and hopping, and will recognize their beautiful vagabonds at a glance.

I wish Reverdy Johnson would dine in private and hold his tongue. He overdoes the thing. C—— is trying to get the Pope to subscribe, and to run over to take the chair at his next dinner, on which occasion Victor Emmanuel is to propose C——'s health,

and may all differences among friends be referred to him. With much love always, and in high rapture at the thought of seeing you both here,

Ever your most affectionate,

C. D.

A few weeks later, while on his reading tour, he sent off the following: —

ADELPHI HOTEL, LIVERPOOL,  
Friday, April 9, 1869.

MY DEAR FIELDS: The faithful Russia will bring this out to you, as a sort of warrant to take you into loving custody and bring you back on her return trip.

I have been "reading" here all this week, and finish here for good to-night. To-morrow the Mayor, Corporation, and citizens give me a farewell dinner in St. George's Hall. Six hundred and fifty are to dine, and a mighty show of beauty is to be mustered besides. N—— had a great desire to see the sight, and so I suggested him as a friend to be invited. He is over at Manchester now on a visit, and will come here at midday to-morrow, and go back to London with us on Sunday afternoon. On Tuesday I read in London, and on Wednesday start off again. To-night is No. 68 out of one hundred. I am very tired of it, but I could have no such good fillip as you among the audience, and that will carry me on gayly to the end. So please to look sharp in the matter of landing on the bosom of the used-up, worn-out, and rotten old Parient.

I rather think that when the 12th of June shall have shaken off these shackles, there *will* be borage on the lawn at Gad's. Your heart's desire in that matter, and in the minor particulars of Cobham Park, Rochester Castle, and Canterbury shall be fulfilled, please God! The red jackets shall turn out again upon the turnpike road, and picnics among the cherry-orchards and hop-gardens shall be heard of in Kent. Then, too, shall the Uncommercial resuscitate (being at present nightly murdered by Mr. W. Sikes) and uplift his voice again.

The chief officer of the Russia (a capital fellow) was at the Reading last night, and Dolby specially charged him with the care of you and yours. We shall be on the borders of Wales, and probably about Hereford, when you arrive. Dolby has insane projects of getting over here to meet you; so amiably hopeful and obviously impracticable, that I encourage him to the utmost. The regular little captain of the Russia, Cook, is just now changed into the Cuba, whence arises disputes of seniority, etc. I wish he had been with you, for I liked him very much when I was his passenger. I like to think of your being in *my* ship!

— and — have been taking it by turns to be "on the point of death," and have been complimenting one another greatly on the fineness of the point attained. My people got a very good impression of —, and thought her a sincere and earnest little woman.

The Russia hauls out into the stream to-day, and I fear her people may be too busy to come to us to-night. But if any of them do, they shall have the warmest of welcomes for your sake. (By the by, a very good party of seamen from the Queen's ship Donegal, lying in the Mersey, have been told off to decorate Saint George's Hall with the ship's bunting. They were all hanging on aloft upside down, holding to the gigantically high roof by nothing, this morning, in the most wonderfully cheerful manner.)

My son Charley has come for the dinner, and Chappell (my Proprietor, as — is n't it Wemmick? — says) is coming to-day, and Lord Dufferin (Mrs. Norton's nephew) is to come and make *the* speech. I don't envy the feelings of my noble friend when he sees the hall. Seriously, it is less adapted to speaking than Westminster Abbey, and is as large. . . .

I hope you will see Fechter in a really clever piece by Wilkie. Also you will see the Academy Exhibition, which will be a very good one; and also we will, please God, see everything and more, and everything else

after that. I begin to doubt and fear on the subject of your having a horror of me after seeing the murder. I don't think a hand moved while I was doing it last night, or an eye looked away. And there was a fixed expression of horror of me, all over the theatre, which could not have been surpassed if I had been going to be hanged to that red velvet table. It is quite a new sensation to be execrated with that unanimity; and I hope it will remain so!

[Is it lawful — would that woman in the black gaiters, green veil, and spectacles, hold it so — to send my love to the pretty M — ?]

Pack up, my dear Fields, and be quick.

Ever your most affectionate,

C. D.

It will be remembered that Dickens broke down entirely during the month of April, being completely worn out with hard work in the Readings. He described to me with graphic earnestness, when we met in May, all the incidents connected with the final crisis, and I shall never forget how he imitated himself during that last Reading, when he nearly fell before the audience. It was a terrible blow to his constitution, and only a man of the greatest strength and will could have survived it. When we arrived in Queenstown, this note was sent on board our steamer.

Loving welcome to England. Hurrah!

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND,  
Wednesday, May 5, 1869.

MY DEAR —: I fear you will have been uneasy about me, and will have heard distorted accounts of the stoppage of my Readings. It is a measure of precaution, and not of cure. I was too tired and too jarred by the railway fast express, travelling night and day. No half-measure could be taken; and rest being medically considered essential, we stopped. I became, thank God, myself again, almost as soon as I could rest! I am

good for all country pleasures with you, and am looking forward to Gad's, Rochester Castle, Cobham Park, red jackets, and Canterbury. When you come to London we shall probably be staying at our hotel. You will learn, *here*, where to find us. I yearn to be with you both again!

Love to M —.

Ever your affectionate,

C. D.

I hope this will be put into your hands on board, in Queenstown Harbor.

We met in London a few days after this, and I found him in capital spirits, with such a protracted list of things we were to do together, that, had I followed out the prescribed programme, it would have taken many more months of absence from home than I had proposed to myself. We began our long rambles among the thoroughfares that had undergone important changes since I was last in London, taking in the noble Thames embankments, which I had never seen, and the improvements in the city markets. Dickens had moved up to London for the purpose of showing us about, and had taken rooms only a few streets off from our hotel. Here are two specimens of the welcome little notes which I constantly found on my breakfast-table: —

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND, LONDON,  
Wednesday, May 19, 1869.

MY DEAR FIELDS: Suppose we give the weather a longer chance, and say Monday instead of Friday. I think we must be safer with that precaution. If Monday will suit you, I propose that we meet here that day, — your ladies and you and I, — and cast ourselves on the stony-hearted streets. If it be bright for St. Paul's, good; if not, we can take some other lion that roars in dull weather. We will dine here at six, and meet here at half past two. So IF you should want to go elsewhere after dinner, it can be done, notwithstanding. Let me know in a line what you say.

O the delight of a cold bath this

morning, after those lodging-houses ! And a mild sniffer of punch, on getting into the hotel last night, I found what my friend Mr. Wegg calls, "Mellering, sir, very mellinging."

With kindest regards,

Ever affectionately,

CHARLES DICKENS.

OFFICE OF ALL THE YEAR ROUND, LONDON,  
Tuesday, May 25, 1869.

MY DEAR FIELDS : First, you leave Charing Cross Station, by North Kent railway, on Wednesday, June 2d, at 2.10 for Higham Station, the next station beyond Gravesend. Now, bring your lofty mind back to the previous Saturday, next Saturday. There is only one way of combining Windsor and Richmond. That way will leave us but two hours and a half at Windsor. This would not be long enough to enable us to see the inside of the castle, but would admit of our seeing the outside, the Long Walk, etc. I will assume that such a survey will suffice. That taken for granted, meet me at Waterloo Terminus (Loop Line for Windsor) at 10.35, on Saturday morning.

The rendezvous for Monday evening will be *here at half past eight*. As I don't know Mr. Eytinge's number in Guildford Street, will you kindly undertake to let him know that we are going out with the great Detective? And will you also give him the time and place for Gad's?

I shall be here on Friday for a few hours ; meantime at Gad's aforesaid.

With love to the ladies,

Ever faithfully,

C. D.

During my stay in England in that summer of 1869 I made many excursions with Dickens both around the city and into the country. Among the most memorable of these London rambles was a visit to the General Post-Office, by arrangement with the authorities there, a stroll among the cheap theatres and lodging-houses for the poor, a visit to Furnival's Inn and the very room in it where "Pickwick" was

written, and a walk through the thieves' quarter. These two latter expeditions were made on two consecutive nights, under the protection of police detailed for the service. On one of these nights we also visited the lock-up houses, watch-houses, and opium-eating establishments. It was in one of the horrid opium-dens that he gathered the incidents which he has related in the opening pages of "Edwin Drood." In a miserable court we found the haggard old woman blowing at a kind of pipe made of an old penny ink-bottle. The identical words which Dickens puts into the mouth of this wretched creature in "Edwin Drood" we heard her croon as we leaned over the tattered bed on which she was lying. There was something hideous in the way this woman kept repeating, "Ye'll pay up according, deary, won't ye?" and the Chinamen and Lascars made never-to-be-forgotten pictures in the scene. I watched Dickens intently as he went among these outcasts of London, and saw with what deep sympathy he encountered the sad and suffering in their horrid abodes. At the door of one of the penny lodging-houses (it was growing toward morning, and the raw air almost cut one to the bone), I saw him snatch a little child out of its poor drunken mother's arms, and bear it in, filthily as it was, that it might be warmed and cared for. I noticed that whenever he entered one of these wretched rooms he had a word of cheer for its inmates and that when he left the apartment he always had a pleasant "Good night" or "God bless you" to bestow upon them. I do not think his person was ever recognized in any of these haunts, except in one instance. As we entered a low room in the worst alley we had yet visited, in which were huddled together some forty or fifty half-starved looking wretches, I noticed a man among the crowd whispering to another and pointing out Dickens. Both men regarded him with marked interest all the time he remained in the room, and tried to get as near him,

without observation, as possible. As he turned to go out, one of these men pressed forward and said, "Good night, sir," with much feeling, in reply to Dickens's parting word.

Among other places, we went, a little past midnight, into one of the Casual Wards, which were so graphically described, some years ago, in one of the English magazines by a gentleman who, as a pretended tramp, went in on a reporting expedition. We walked through an avenue of poor tired sleeping forms, all lying flat on the floor, and not one of them raised a head to look at us as we moved thoughtfully up the aisle of sorrowful humanity. I think we counted sixty or seventy prostrate beings, who had come in for a night's shelter, and had lain down worn out with fatigue and hunger. There was one pale young face to which I whispered Dickens's attention, and he stood over it with a look of sympathizing interest not to be easily forgotten. There was much ghastly comicality mingled with the horror in several of the places we visited on those two nights. We were standing in a room half filled with people of both sexes, whom the police accompanying us knew to be thieves. Many of these abandoned persons had served out their terms in jail or prison, and would probably be again sentenced under the law. They were all silent and sullen as we entered the room, until an old woman spoke up with a strong, beery voice: "Good evening, gentlemen. We are all very poor, but strictly honest." At which cheerful apocryphal statement, all the inmates of the room burst into boisterous laughter, and began pelting the imaginative female with epithets uncomplimentary and unsavory. Dickens's quick eye never for a moment ceased to study all these scenes of vice and gloom, and he told me afterwards that, bad as the whole thing was, it had improved infinitely since he first began to study character in these regions of crime and woe.

Between eleven and twelve o'clock on one of the evenings I have men-

tioned we were taken by Dickens's favorite Detective W—— into a sort of lock-up house, where persons are brought from the streets who have been engaged in brawls, or detected in the act of thieving, or who have, in short, committed any offence against the laws. Here they are examined for commitment by a sort of presiding officer, who sits all night for that purpose. We looked into some of the cells, and found them nearly filled with wretched-looking objects who had been brought in that night. To this establishment are also brought lost children who are picked up in the streets by the police, — children who have wandered away from their homes, and are not old enough to tell the magistrate where they live. It was well on toward morning, and we were sitting in conversation with one of the officers, when the ponderous door opened and one of these small wanderers was brought in. She was the queerest little figure I ever beheld, and she walked in, holding the police officer by the hand as solemnly and quietly as if she were attending her own obsequies. She was between four and five years old, and had on what was evidently her mother's bonnet, — an enormous production, resembling a sort of straw coal-scuttle, manufactured after the fashion of ten or fifteen years ago. The child had, no doubt, caught up this wonderful head-gear in the absence of her parent, and had gone forth in quest of adventure. The officer reported that he had discovered her in the middle of the street, moving ponderingly along, without any regard to the horses and vehicles all about her. When asked where she lived, she mentioned a street which only existed in her own imagination, and she knew only her Christian name. When she was interrogated by the proper authorities, without the slightest apparent discomposure she replied in a steady voice, as she thought proper, to their questions. The magistrate inadvertently repeated a question as to the number of her broth-

ers and sisters, and the child snapped out, "I told ye wunst; can't ye hear?" When asked if she would like anything, she gayly answered, "Candy, cake and candy." A messenger was sent out to procure these commodities, which she instantly seized on their arrival and began to devour. She showed no signs of fear, until one of the officers began to untie the huge bonnet and take it off, when she tearfully insisted upon being put into it again. I was greatly impressed by the ingenious efforts of the excellent men in the room to learn from the child where she lived, and who her parents were. Dickens sat looking at the little figure with profound interest, and soon came forward and asked permission to speak with the child. Of course his request was granted, and I don't know when I have enjoyed a conversation more. She made some very smart answers, which convulsed us all with laughter as we stood looking on; and the creator of "Little Nell" and "Paul Dombey" gave her up in despair. He was so much interested in the little vagrant, that he sent a messenger next morning to learn if the rightful owner of the bonnet had been found. Report came back, on a duly printed form, setting forth that the anxious father and mother had applied for the child at three o'clock that morning, and had borne her away in triumph to her home.

It was a warm summer afternoon towards the close of the day, when Dickens went with us to visit the London Post-Office. He said: "I know nothing which could give a stranger a better idea of the size of London than that great institution. The hurry and rush of letters! men up to their chins in letters! nothing but letters everywhere! the air full of letters! — suddenly the clock strikes; not a person is to be seen, *nor* a letter: only one man with a lantern peering about and putting one drop-letter into a box." For two hours we went from room to room, with him as our guide, up stairs and down stairs, observing

the myriad clerks at their various avocations, with letters for the North Pole, for the South Pole, for Egypt and Alaska, Darien and the next street.

The "Blind Man," as he was called, appeared to afford Dickens as much amusement as if he saw his work then for the first time; but this was one of the qualities of his genius; there was inexhaustibility and freshness in everything to which he turned his attention. The ingenuity and loving care shown by the "Blind Man" in deciphering or guessing at the apparently inexplicable addresses on letters and parcels excited his admiration. "What a lesson to all of us," he could not help saying, "to be careful in preparing our letters for the mail!" His own were always directed with such exquisite care, however, that had he been brother to the "Blind Man," and considered it his special work in life to teach others how to save that officer trouble, he could hardly have done better.

Leaving the hurry and bustle of the Post-Office behind us, we strolled out into the streets of London. It was past eight o'clock, but the beauty of the soft June sunset was only then overspreading the misty heavens. Every sound of traffic had died out of those turbulent thoroughfares; now and then a belated figure would hurry past us and disappear, or perhaps in turning the corner would linger to "take a good look" at Charles Dickens. But even these stragglers soon dispersed, leaving us alone in the light of day and the sweet living air to heighten the sensation of a dream. We came through White Friars to the Temple, and thence into the Temple Garden, where our very voices echoed. Dickens pointed up to Talfourd's room, and recalled with tenderness the merry hours they had passed together in the old place. Of course we hunted out Goldsmith's abode, and Dr. Johnson's, saw the site of the Earl of Essex's palace, and the steps by which he was wont to descend to the river, now so far re-

moved. But most interesting of all to us there was "Pip's" room, to which Dickens led us, and the staircase where the convict stumbled up in the dark, and the chimney nearest the river where, although less exposed than in "Pip's" days, we could well understand how "the wind shook the house that night like discharges of cannon, or breakings of a sea." We looked in at the dark old staircase, so dark on that night when "the lamps were blown out, and the lamps on the bridges and the shore were shuddering," and then

went on to take a peep, half shuddering ourselves, at the narrow street where "Pip" by and by found a lodging for the convict. Nothing dark could long survive in our minds on that June night, when the whole scene was so like the airy work of imagination. Past the Temple, past the garden to the river, mistily fair, with a few boats moving upon its surface, the convict's story was forgotten, and we only knew this was Dickens's home, where he had lived and written, lying in the calm light of its fairest mood.

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## RECENT LITERATURE.

*The Life of Nathanael Greene, Major-General in the Army of the Revolution.* By GEORGE WASHINGTON GREENE. Vol. III. New York: Hurd and Houghton.

MR. GREENE here successfully ends a long and arduous labor, and gives us another of those American biographies in which it is so desirable to have American history written. Too great personal interest cannot be imparted to the annals of any people, and without it the story of our own past would be peculiarly dry and meagre. It needs the greatest possible infusion of character and adventure; and for this reason the first and third volumes of Mr. Greene's work are better and far more entertaining than the second. The first dealt very largely with the incidents of General Greene's early life; and when it brought us to the events of his first years as a soldier, it had not yet entered so deeply into public affairs as to remove us often from his presence. But in the second the complicated narrative of the Quartermastership had to be given, and the result was, that while the case was stated with a clearness and candor that ought to be final, the author as well as the reader was too heavily burdened with impersonal details. Now in the third and last volume Mr. Greene recovers the spirit of his first. His style has fresh vigor, and he tells with admirable force the story of his ancestor's splendid Southern campaign,

explaining first the nature of the country fought over, then rapidly yet fully sketching the disastrous attempts of Gates to reconquer the South from the British, and then entering upon the record of those unerring strokes of generalship by which Greene retrieved all that Gates lost, and victoriously ended the struggle by outmanœuvring and outfighting the enemy wherever he met them.

The charm of personal interest is constantly supplied in the brief yet sufficient notices of all those heroic people who appear with such peculiar picturesqueness in this episode of the War for Independence. Morgan, Huger, Williams, Henry Lee, William Washington, Sumter, and Marion are of the many whom our author brings before us, not in the stage costume in which they have so often masqueraded, but in their proper dignity and true dramatic character. The best of these studies, which are all good, is that of Morgan; but it is too long for us to copy here, and we must content ourselves with a single passage from it, relating an incident of Morgan's service in the old French War:—

"The scene was in the valley of the Shenandoah, not many miles from Winchester, and the occasion an ambuscade of French and Indians. Morgan had been sent with an escort of two horsemen to carry a despatch to the commander of the garrison at Winchester. His road lay along



a narrow path formed by a huge precipice, known in that region as the Hanging Rock, which, jutting over a small stream, left no other passage for footman or rider but the scanty space between it and the margin of the watercourse. It was the very spot for an ambuscade, and local traditions told of a fierce battle which had been fought there by the Delawares and Catawbas many years before. A party of French and Indians were now lying among the rocks which commanded the way, peering out unseen, like tigers on the watch for prey. The first to come within their toils were Morgan and his unfortunate escort. How far the associations and nature of the spot excited their suspicions we do not know, for Morgan never told, and his companions did not live to tell. It was their only path, and they rode boldly into it. Their unseen enemy had but to choose his moment and fire. It was the work of an instant; at the first fire the two soldiers dropped dead from their saddles, and Morgan reeled in his with a desperate wound. A bullet had entered the back of his neck, grazed the neck-bone, passed into his mouth near the socket of the jaw-bone, and, knocking out all the teeth on the left side of his face, come out through the left cheek. The blood gushed after it, and though he kept his seat with an iron will, he felt that his strength was already beginning to fail. The wound, he did not doubt, was mortal; he felt that he must die; but he shrank from the thought of being mutilated by the scalping-knife of his savage foe. Such men's thoughts are like instincts in these moments of supreme danger. Morgan's horse, a fleet filly, had stopped short at the sudden alarm, standing motionless with expanded nostril and startled eye. But she was swift of foot, and true to her master's voice. That voice was gone now; but leaning over his saddle-bow, Morgan clasped her neck with his gigantic arms, and as she felt the pressure she started forward at the top of her speed. The enemy saw that he was wounded; saw, too, that they could not reach him with their rifles without injuring the horse, which they were anxious to preserve, and bending all their attention to secure the other horses, and the scalps, which they valued most of all, left him to a single warrior. In later life, Morgan loved to tell how he watched the expression of that Indian's face, as he ran with open mouth by the horse's side, looking every moment to see his victim fall;

how doubt came over it, and then gradual conviction that the horse was too swift for him, and at last, how he hurled his tomahawk with a hand made uncertain by anger and exertion, and seeing that he had missed, turned back with a yell of baffled fury. Fortunately for Morgan, his horse had, with the singular instinct of that half-reasoning animal, turned back towards the fort. When she reached the gate her rider was insensible."

Such was the military school in which the greater part of Greene's officers had been trained. They added great individual weight to his little army; but his qualities of generalship were hardly less brilliantly employed in subordinating and utilizing such friends than in beating the enemy.

With our minds accustomed to the vast scale of modern warfare, the physical proportions of the struggle in the South seem pathetically small. Greene had never four thousand men in the field, and the British never had more. But they had none of his marvellous disadvantages to labor with, and his triumph was not upon the scale of the military numbers engaged, but indefinitely greater. His army was never fully provisioned, and never fairly clothed, and he was too poorly equipped to be able to do more than stand upon the defensive after his hard-won fights. He was not acting, either, in a country entirely friendly. On the contrary, the inhabitants were about equally Whigs and Tories, with a natural leaning towards the stronger and richer side. The British had more constant information than Greene, and were well ted and clothed, where his men suffered with cold and hunger. Their general was also secure of his forces; whereas Greene might wake any morning and find half of his command missing, so loose and vague were the ties of military allegiance amongst the soldiers of freedom. At the same time he was harassed by the action of the local legislatures, which regarded his efforts to supply himself from the country with jealousy, and sometimes frustrated them.

Our author makes an admirable picture of the campaign in these particulars, but the different battle-pieces are painted with singular vividness and force. The third volume more than fulfils the promise of the first; and we hope that Mr. Greene will consider the utility of condensing the story of his ancestor's life, and offering it to the public in some more popular form. An

epitome of these three volumes would achieve a wider recognition than can be expected for them, and such a book would be a service to many readers to whom the present work must remain inaccessible. Every student of American history, however, should possess himself of the "Life of Nathanael Greene" as it now stands written.

*A Poet's Bazaar. Pictures of Travel in Germany, Italy, Greece, and the Orient.* By HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN. New York: Hurd and Houghton.

IN 1840 the author journeyed from Copenhagen down through Germany and Austria into Italy, Greece, and Turkey, and his "Bazaar" is stocked with his reminiscences of those lands and their people, and the graceful fancies which travel must suggest to a spirit so peculiarly open and sympathetic. It is in these, of course, rather than in the facts narrated or the information given, that the value of the book lies; it is because the "Bazaar" is full of Andersen, that it is so charming. It abounds in his characteristic descriptions of persons and places, in which the finest effect is attained without elaboration or detail. His impressible mind is immediately attuned, and, entering with his whole soul into the situation, he never fails to bring it vividly before the reader's eye. He never omits anything essential to the *ensemble*, yet he never disturbs the artistic result by overloading his picture. If there were any special school of colorists in literature, as there is in painting, Andersen would be in the foremost ranks of such a school. The color, or what artists call the tone, seems to be the prevailing element in every picture from his pen; and the drawing exists, only so far as it is necessary to bring the colors out in the strongest relief.

Andersen has the happy faculty, in common as we believe with the more prominent writers of Denmark generally, of being able to strike the medium between that aerial lightness of the French, which almost seems too slight to give expression to deeper sentiment or passion, and the massive heaviness, which in German literature so often hides the beautiful under the rubbish of ponderous words and clumsy phrases. There are passages in "A Poet's Bazaar"

which, as they read in the Danish, are both in rhythm and sentiment musical enough to make you question whether there is anything but the rhyme lacking to make them poetry; and in some instances you half unconsciously stop to examine whether they are not actually written in metre. Although this musical rhythm greatly suffers, if it does not entirely disappear, in translation, the real pathos of the narrative and the grace of the style are still apparent in such a passage as this, describing a Roman convent: "They related of one of the sisters, who had sung the sweetest of them all and was palest of them all, that strangers had missed her one Sunday morning; that at the same hour two old men dug her grave in the cloister garden; and the spade sounded, — it struck against the hard stone; the earth was thrown up, and a marble figure, from the olden time, was raised from the earth. A handsome Bacchus, the god of enjoyment, rose to the light of day from that grave, which was to receive one who had never enjoyed life. *The grave also can be ironical.*"

A fair example of Andersen's humor is his description of "a real Danish toothache": "The evenings were somewhat long, but then my teeth began to give some nervous concerts, and it was remarkable how they improved in dexterity. A real Danish toothache is not to be compared to an Italian one. Pain played on the keys of my teeth as if it were a Liszt or a Thalberg. Sometimes it rumbled in the foreground, and then anon in the background, as when two martial bands answer each other, whilst a large front tooth sang the *prima donna's* part with all the trills, roulades, and cadences of torture. There was such harmony and power in the whole, that I at last felt no longer like a human being."

Independent of its own literary value, "The Poet's Bazaar" is a work of more than ordinary interest as affording a key to all the other writings of the same author. On every other page we find sketches of scenes, objects, and persons which we immediately recognize as having furnished the material for the plots, descriptions, and characters in the author's later works. "A Poet's Bazaar" is thus, perhaps, an autobiography in a truer sense than "The Story of my Life."

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TENNYSON AND THEOCRITUS.

SOMETHING has been done, of late, in our schools and universities, to harmonize the acts of mental discipline with the formation of a liberal taste.

"The old order changeth, yielding place to new."

Fifteen years ago, however, the pursuit of exact learning, and that of a broad and elegant culture, could not be said to follow equal paths. Straight was the line of duty, curved was the line of beauty; and as for the remainder of the apothegm, whatever may have been the instinct of an exceptional student, his guides and philosophers seemed to trouble themselves very little concerning it.

With rare variation, the classical exercises, by which a neophyte was advanced in Latin and Greek, were unlikely to breed within him any love for the glorious relics of ancient literature. Endless analysis of the first and second aorists, or of the inflections of the verb-roots, is associated with certain books of the Odyssey in the recollection of many an alumnus. The curriculum of the Yale olympiad, for instance, embraced little beyond the texts of Homer and Herodotus, with a few tragedies of

Æschylus and Euripides added as a propitiatory homage to the grittiness, not the grandeur, of the Greek dramatic chorus. To be sure, we had just enough exercise (of the drill-order) in Plato to give us an aversion to the Socratic method of argument and a languid sympathy with any sophist who resisted the pug-nosed inquisitor. Had one of us been asked his opinion of the baffled but resolute Gorgias, doubtless the reply would have been that of Lord Thurlow with regard to the Satan of "Paradise Lost": "He's a d—d fine fellow, and I hope he may win!" But few such questions gave us occasion for critical answers, irreverent or otherwise.

At the time of which I write we had not even the class-student's opportunity to acquire a knowledge of the Sicilian idyls,\* though examined, of course, in

\* Recently, as I have heard, our foremost Grecian has ventured to place the *Bucolicorum Græcorum Reliquiæ* upon the course at Yale. Professor H— doubtless has relinquished his ancient office, — that of breaking in the Freshmen, — at which occupation, as I look back now with a fuller appreciation of his exquisite scholarship, alike broad and minute, he seems to me the philological counterpart of Napoleon drilling a corporal's guard at Elba. But if he still cling to the recitation-room, exercising more advanced classes upon the text which he has thus brought in vogue, what superb disciplinary opportu-

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the pseudo-bucolics of Virgil, and more familiar with his dactyls and spondees than with the laws of a planetary system. Nevertheless, the Greek Reader then used for the preparatory lessons, containing an assorted lot of passages from various writers, included that wonderful elegy, "The Epitaph of Bion," whose authorship is attributed to Moschus. The novelty, the beauty, the fresh and modern thought of this undying poem, were dimly visible even to the school-fagged intellect of a youth to whom poetry was a vague delight. Well might they be, for this elegy, — in which the pain and passion of lamentation for a brother-minstrel are sung in strains echoing those which Bion himself had chanted in artificial sorrow for the mystic Adonis, — this perpetual elegy was the mould, if not the inspiration, of Spenser's "Astrophel," of Milton's "Lycidas," of Shelley's "Adonais"; and, again, of Arnold's "Thyrsis" and Swinburne's "Ave atque Vale": laments beyond which the force of poetic anguish can no further go, and each of which is but a later affirmation that the ancient pupil of Theocritus found the one key-note to which all high idyllic elegy should be attuned thenceforth.

Having made a first acquaintance with the work of Tennyson, — and who does not remember how new and delicious the lyrics of the rising English poet seemed to us, half surfeited, as we were, with the fulness of his predecessors? — I could not fail to observe a resemblance between certain portions of his verse and the only Greek idyl which I then knew. For example, in the use of the elegiac refrain, in the special imagery, in the adaptation of landscape and color to the feeling of a poem, and, often, in the suggestion of the feeling by the mere scenic effect. It was not till after that thorough knowledge of the English *maestro's* art, which has been no less absorbing and perilous than

anities are offered by the new Doric dialect, with its broadened vowels and quaint inflections, above those derived, for the reduction of our own proud flesh, from the sound, old-fashioned Ionic of the Homeric times!

instructive to the singers of our period, that I was led to study the entire relics of the Greek idyllic poets. Then, for the first time, I became aware of the immense obligations of Tennyson to Theocritus, not only for the method, sentiment, and purpose, but for the very form and language, which render beautiful much of his most widely celebrated verse.

Three points are distinctly brought in view: —

1. The likeness of the Victorian to the Alexandrian age.

2. The close study made by Tennyson of the Syracusan idyls, resulting in the adjustment of their structure to English theme and composition, and in the artistic imitation of their choicest passages.

3. Hence, his own discovery of his proper function as a poet, and the gradual evolution and shaping of his whole literary career.

The design of this paper is to exhibit some of the evidences on which these points are taken. They may interest the student of comparative minstrelsy, as an addition to his list of "Historic Counterparts" in literature, and are worth the attention of that host of readers, so wonted to the faultless art of Tennyson that each trick and turn of his verse, his every image and thought, are more familiar to them than were the sentimental ditties of Moore and the romantic cantos of Scott and Byron to the cruder poetic taste of an earlier generation. I do not say weaker, but cruder; there is no question as to the superiority of the laureate's art, however opinions may differ concerning the quality which lies beneath. The blank-verse of Byron is often without form, and void; the dithyrambic music of Shelley runs on without apparent purpose, ending we know not how, like some magical mist-hung river which at last loses itself in the sands. The blank-verse of the "Morte d'Arthur" and "Guinevere" is the perfection of English rhythm; nor has Tennyson, of late years, uttered a poem without that objective foresight which

sees the end from the beginning, and makes the whole work round and perfect. A great artist. A strong, conscientious singer, holding his imagination quite in hand. How few of his pieces could we spare! so few, indeed, that when he does trifle with his art (as not long since), the critics laugh like school-boys delighted to catch the master tripping for once; not wholly sure but that the matter may be noble, because, forsooth, he composed it. Yet men, wont to fare sumptuously, will now and then leave their delicate viands untasted, and hanker with lusty appetite for ruder and more sinewy fare. We turn again to Byron for sweep and fervor, to Coleridge and Shelley for the music that is divine; and it is through Wordsworth that we commune with the very spirits of the woodland and the misty mountain winds.

It will not harm the noble army of verse-readers to be guided for a moment to the original fountain of that stream from which they take their favorite draughts. The Sicilian idyls were very familiar to the dramatists and songsters of Shakespeare's time, and a knowledge of them was affected, at least, by the artificial jinglers of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. How little is thought or known of them in our own period! We have Homer and Horace by heart; but Theocritus, to most of us, is but the echo of a melodious name. He was, none the less, the creator of the fourth great order of poetry, the Composite, or Idyllic, to which he bears the relation of Homer to epic, Pindar to lyric, Æschylus to dramatic verse; and if he had not sung as he sang, in Syracuse and Alexandria, two thousand years ago, it is doubtful whether modern English fancy would have been under the spell of that minstrelsy by which it is now so justly and delightfully enthralled.

I do not know that any extended references to the present topic have been printed heretofore; although, within the last decade, during a revival of the study and translation of the Greek poets, allusions to it have been

made, and parallel passages occasionally noted,—as by Thackeray, in his *Anthology*, and by Snow, in his appendix to the Clarendon school edition of *Theocritus*,—such waifs confirming me in my recognition of the evidence on which the foregoing statements are adventured.\*

In a review, printed some years ago, of the "*Late English Poets*," I wrote more fully upon the first of the three points above named, to wit, the resemblance between the Alexandrian and Victorian periods in their general literary phenomena; but I will now, briefly, again touch upon this likeness, for the purpose of illustrating what shall follow.

What was the Alexandrian period? It covered the time wherein the city, by which Alexander marked the splendor of his Western conquests, was the capital of a new Greece, and had grouped within it all that was left of Hellenic philosophy, beauty, and power. Latin thought and imagination were still in their dawning, and Alexandria was the centre, the new Athens, of the civilized world. But the intellect, if not that of a decadence, was reflective, critical, scholarly, rather than creative; a comfortable era, in which to live and enjoy the gathered harvests of what had gone before. All the previous history of Greece led up to the high Alexandrian refinement. Her literature had completed a round of four hundred years, of which the first three centuries, in the slower progress of national adolescence, comprised an epic and lyric period, reaching from Homer and Hesiod to Anacreon and Pindar. The remainder was the golden *Attic*

\* Since the completion of this article I have read an essay, entitled "*Mr. Tennyson's Poetry*," which appeared in the closing number of the "*North British Review*." The writer, while making a philosophical analysis of the laureate's genius, and fully recognizing the pictorial or idyllic quality of his entire work, devotes himself to examination of the spirit, not the body, of the latter. Now, the art—the technical perfection—of Mr. Tennyson's verse is so pre-eminent, that it demands the attention of any reviewer. By it he has led captive a legion of minor English poets. The essayist, while noticing the "*iteration*" of the refrains, the arrangement of idyllic songs, etc., seems to be wholly unconscious of the classical influences under which these have been produced.

age, the time of the Old, Middle, and New Comedy, of the dramatists from Æschylus to Aristophanes. Greek poetry then passed its noontide; the Alexandrian school arose, flourishing for two centuries before the birth of Christ.

Literary accomplishments now were widely diffused. There was a mob of gentlemen who wrote with ease. Tact and scholarship so abounded, that it was difficult to draw the line between talent and genius. We see a period of scholia and revised and annotated editions of the elder writers; wherein was done for Homer, Plato, the Hebrew Scriptures, what is now doing for Dante, Shakespeare, and Goethe. Philology came into being, and criticism began to clog the fancy. Schoell says that "the poets were deeply read, but wanting in imagination, and often also in judgment." It was impossible for most to rise above the influence of the time. Science, however, made gigantic strides. In material growth it was indeed a "wondrous age," an era of inventions, travel, and discovery: the period of Euclid and Archimedes; of Ptolemy with his astronomers; of Hiero, with his galleys long as clipper-ships; of academies, museums, theatres, lecture-halls, gymnasia; of a hundred philosophies; of geographers, botanists, casuists, scholiasts, reformers, and what not; — all springing into existence and finding support in the luxurious, speculative, bustling, news-devouring hurly-burly of that strangely modern Alexandrian time.

It is unnecessary to dwell upon the analogy which my readers already have drawn for themselves. It is not an even one. There is no parallel between the Greek and English languages. The former is copious, but simple, and a departure from the Attic purity was in itself a decline to vagueness and affectation. Our own tongue grows richer and stronger every year. Again, though England has also passed through great dramatic and lyric periods, our modern cycles are not of antique duration, but are likely to repeat themselves again

and again. Our golden year is shorter, and the seasons in their turns come often round. Nevertheless, at the close of the poetical renaissance which marked the first quarter of the nineteenth century, English literature drifted into a chaotic, transition period, bearing a resemblance to that of Alexandria when Ptolemy Philadelphus commenced his reign.

That liberal and ambitious monarch confirmed the structure of an empire, and made the capital city attractive and renowned. The wisest and most famous scholars resorted to his court, but not even imperial patronage could restore the lost spirit of Greek creative art. There was a single exception. A poet of original and abounding genius, nurtured in the beautiful island of Sicily, where the sky and sea are bluer, the piny mountains, with Ætna at their head, more kingly, the breezes fresher, the rivulets more musical, and the upland pastures greener, than upon any other shores which the Mediterranean borders, — such a poet felt himself inspired to utter a fresh and native melody, even in that over-learned and bustling time. Disdaining any feeble variations of worn-out themes, he saw that Greek poetry had achieved little in the delineation of common, everyday life, and so flung himself right upon nature, which he knew and revered well; and erelong the pastoral and town idyls of Theocritus, with their amœbean dialogue and elegant occasional songs, won the ear of both the fashionable and critical worlds. Although his subjects were entirely novel, he availed himself, in form, of all his predecessors' arts; composing in the new Doric, the most liquid, colloquial, and flexible of the dialects; and thus he fashioned his *eidullia*, — little pictures of real life upon the hillside and in the town, among the high and low, — portraying characters with a few distinct touches in lyric, epic, or dramatic form, and often by a combination of the whole. It is not my province here to show who were his immediate teachers, or from what rude

island ditties and mimes he conceived and shaped his art; only, to state that Theocritus found one field of verse then unworked, and so availed himself of it as to make it his own, capturing the hearts of those who still loved freshness and beauty, and forthwith attaining such excellence, that the relics left us by him and two of his pupils are even now the wonder and imitation of mankind. A few sentences from Charles Kingsley's reference to the father of idyllic poetry tell the truth as simply and clearly as it can be told:—

"One natural strain is heard amid all this artificial jingle,—that of Theocritus. It is not altogether Alexandrian. Its sweetest notes were learnt amid the chestnut groves and orchards, the volcanic glens and sunny pastures of Sicily; but the intercourse between the courts of Hiero and the Ptolemies seems to have been continual. Poets and philosophers moved freely from one to the other and found a like atmosphere in both. . . . One can well conceive the delight which his idyls must have given to the dusty Alexandrians, pent up forever between sea and sand-hills, drinking the tank water and never hearing the sound of a running stream; whirling, too, forever, in all the bustle and intrigue of a great commercial and literary city. To them and to us also. I believe Theocritus is one of the poets who will never die. He sees men and things in his own light way, truly; and he describes them simply, honestly, with little careless touches of pathos and humor, while he floods his whole scene with that gorgeous Sicilian air, like one of Titian's pictures; . . . and all this told in a language and a metre which shapes itself almost unconsciously, wave after wave, into the most luscious song."

It was in this wise that Theocritus founded and endowed the Greek idyllic school. Let us see how Tennyson, living in a somewhat analogous period, may be compared with him. How far has the representative idyllist of the nineteenth century profited by the example of his prototype? To what

extent is the one indebted to the other for the structure, the manner, it may be even the matter, of many of his poems?

We are uninformed of the year in which the boy Tennyson was entered at Trinity College, Cambridge, but find him there in 1829, taking the chancellor's gold medal for English verse; this by the poem "Timbuctoo," a creditable performance for a lad of nineteen, and favored with the approval of the "Athenæum." It was thought to show traces of Milton, Shelley, and Wordsworth. In the years 1826–1829 a Cambridge reprint was made of the Kiessling edition of Theocritus, Bion, and Moschus, including a Doric Lexicon, the whole in 2 vols. 8vo; an excellent text and commentary, and altogether the most noticeable English edition of the Sicilian poets, since that superb Oxford Theocritus, edited by the laureate, Warton, which appeared in 1770. The publication of a Cambridge text must have directed unusual attention to the study of these classics; and if Tennyson did not place them upon his list for the public examinations, there can be little doubt that he at this time familiarized himself with their difficult and exquisite verse. His present admiration of them is well known.

In 1830 he made his first independent venture for public favor\* with a thin volume, "Poems, chiefly Lyrical," not more than one third of which he has chosen to preserve in later collections of his works. The book contains such pieces as "Claribel," "Lilian," "Mariana," "Recollections of the Arabian Nights," and the "Ode to Memory," all breathing distinctly of a new and delicate genius, but varied in character, and with a purpose as yet somewhat ill-defined. The poet was trying his wing for the pleasure of flight, and hardly certain of his future course.

In these, as in some of his later works, one finds an open loyalty to

\* "Poems by Two Brothers" had appeared in 1827, the authors being Alfred and a brother, respectively of the age of sixteen and seventeen.



Wordsworth's canon of reliance upon nature, and occasionally Wordsworth's mannerism and language, with something of the vague and wandering music of Shelley and the sensuous beauty of Keats. A study of old English ballad-poetry is also apparent. The influence of the great Italian poets is quite marked; whether by reflection from the Chaucerian and Elizabethan periods (which owed everything to the Italian school), or by more direct absorption, it is difficult to pronounce. The truth was, that the poet began his career at an intercalary, transition period. To quote from a book-note by E. A. Poe: "Matters were now verging to their worst; and, at length, in Tennyson, poetic inconsistency attained its extreme. But it was precisely this extreme which wrought in him a natural and inevitable revulsion; leading him first to contempt, and secondly to investigate, his early manner, and finally to winnow from its magnificent elements the truest and purest of all poetical styles."

In all that concerns *form*, the young poet soon found himself in sympathy with the Greek idyllic compositions. He saw the opportunity for work after these models, and willingly yielded himself to their beautiful influence. It has never left him, but is present in his latest and most sustained productions. But there is a difference between his maturer work, which is the adjustment of the idyllic method to native, modern conceptions, with a delightful presentation of English landscape and atmosphere, and the manners and dialects of English life, and the experimental, early poems, which were written upon antique themes. Of these "Cenone" and "The Lotos-Eaters" appeared in the collection of 1833, and in the same volume are other poems, appealing more directly to modern sympathies, which show traces of the master with whom Tennyson had put his genius to school.

There are two modes in which the workmanship of one poet may resemble that of another. The first, while

not subjecting an author to the charge of direct appropriation, in the vulgar sense of plagiarism, is detected by critical analogy, and, of the two, is more easily recognized by the skilled reader. It is the mode which involves either a sympathetic treatment of rhythmical breaks, pauses, accents, alliterations; a correspondence of the architecture of two poems, with parallel interludes and effects; correspondence of theme, allowing for difference of place and period; or, a correspondence of scenic and metrical purpose; in fine, general analogy of atmosphere and tone. The second, more obvious and commonplace, mode is that displaying immediate coincidence of structure, language, and thought; a mode which, in the hands of men not "entirely great," leaves the users at the mercy of their dullest reviewers.

A citation of passages, exemplifying these two kinds of resemblance between the Sicilian idyls and the poetry of Tennyson, will confirm and illustrate the statements upon which this article is based. The instance first set forth is that of a general, and not the special, likeness; but no subsequent attempt is made to classify the obligations of our modern poet to the ancient, as it is believed that the reader will easily distinguish for himself the significant analogies in each collection.

"Hylas," the celebrated thirteenth idyl of Theocritus, is one of the most perfect which have come down to our time. It is not a bucolic poem, but classified as narrative or semi-epic in character, yet exhibits many touches of the bucolic sweetness; is a poem of seventy-five verses, written in the honey-flowing pastoral hexameter, so distinct, in *cæsura* and dactylic structure, from the verse of Homer, and commencing thus:—

"Not only for ourselves the God begat  
Erôs — whoever, Nicias, was his sire —  
As once we thought; nor unto us the first  
Have lovely things seemed lovely: not to us  
Mortals, who cannot see beyond a day;  
But he, that heart of brass, Amphritryôn's son,

Who braved the ruthless lion, — he, too, loved  
A youth, the graceful Hylas.” \*

As a counterpart to this, and directly modelled upon it in form, take the “Godiva” of Tennyson, — that lovely and faultless poem, whose rhythm is full of the melodious quality which gives specific distinction to the laureate’s blank-verse; a “flower,” of which so many followers now have the “seed” (to use his own metaphor), that it has taken its place as the standard idyllic measure of our language.

“Godiva” is a narrative or semi-epic idyl, which contains — after a didactic prelude, divided from the story proper — just seventy-five verses, and commences thus: —

“Not only we, the latest seed of time,  
New men, that in the flying of a wheel  
Cry down the past, not only we, that prate  
Of rights and wrongs, have loved the people well,  
And loathed to see them overtaxed; but she  
Did more, and underwent, and overcame,  
The woman of a thousand summers back,  
Godiva, wife to that grim Earl, who ruled  
In Coventry —”

But it is in the “Ænone” that we discover Tennyson’s earliest adaptation of that *refrain*, which was a striking beauty of the pastoral elegiac verse.

“O mother Ida, hearken ere I die,”

is the analogue of (Theocr., II.),

“See thou, whence came my love, O lady Moon”;  
of the refrain to the lament of Daphnis,  
(Theocr., I.),

“Begin, dear Muse, begin the woodland song”;  
and of the recurrent wail in the “Epitaph of Bion” (Mosch., III.),

“Begin, Sicilian Muses, begin the song of your sorrow!”

Throughout the poem the Syracusan manner and feeling are strictly and nobly maintained; and, while we are

\* This translation, and many which follow, I have rendered in blank-verse, not because I deem that measure at all adequate in effect to the original. But even a tolerable version in “English hexameter” would require more labor than is needful for the purposes of this article; and again, blank-verse is the form in which Mr. Tennyson chiefly has availed himself of his Dorian models. I have translated most of the passages as rapidly as possible; only taking care, first, that my versions should be *literal*; secondly, that by no artifice of my own they should seem to resemble Mr. Tennyson’s adaptations any more closely than in fact they do.

considering “Ænone,” a few points of more exact resemblance may be noted: —

*The Thalysia* (Theocr., VI. 21–23).

“Whither at noonday dost thou drag thy feet?  
For now the lizard sleeps upon the wall,  
The crested lark is wandering no more —”

*The Enchantress* (Theocr., II. 38–41).

“Lo, now the sea is silent, and the winds  
Are hushed. Not silent is the wretchedness  
Within my breast; but I am all aflame  
With love for him who made me thus forlorn, —  
A thing of evil, neither maid nor wife.”

*The Young Herdsman* (Theocr., XX. 19, 20;  
30, 31).

“O shepherds, tell me truth! Am I not fair?  
Hath some god made me, then, from what I was,  
Offhand, another being? . . .  
Along the mountains all the women call  
Me beautiful, all love me.”

*Ænone.*

“For now the noonday quiet holds the hill;  
The grasshopper is silent in the grass;  
The lizard, with his shadow on the stone,  
Rests like a shadow, and the cicada sleeps.  
The purple flowers droop; the golden bee  
Is lily-cradled: I alone awake.  
My eyes are full of tears, my heart of love,\*  
My heart is breaking, and my eyes are dim,  
And I am all aware of my life.

“Yet, mother Ida, hearken ere I die.  
Fairest — why fairest wife? Am I not fair?  
My love hath told me so a thousand times.  
Methinks I must be fair, for yesterday,” etc.

“The Lotos-Eaters,” another imaginative presentment of an antique theme, — full of Tennyson’s excellences, no less than of early mannerisms since foregone, — while Gothic in some respects, is charged from beginning to end with the effects and very language of the Greek pastoral poets. As in “Ænone,” there is no consecutive imitation of any one idyl; but the work is curiously filled out with passages borrowed here and there, as the growth of the poem recalled them at random to the author’s mind. The idyls of Theocritus often have been subjected to this process; first, by Virgil, in several of whose eclogues the component parts were culled from his master, as one selects from a flower-plot a white rose, a red, and then a sprig of green, to suit the exigencies of color, while the wreath grows under the hand. Pope, among moderns, has

\* “Mine eyes are full of tears, my heart of grief.”  
*Second Part of King Henry VI.*, Act II. Sc. 3.

followed the method of Virgil, as may be observed in either of his four "Pastorals." The process used by Pope is tame, artificial, and avowed; in "The Lotos-Eaters" it is subtle, masterly, yet of a completeness which only parallel quotations can display.

The Argonauts (Theocr., XIII.) come in the afternoon unto a land of cliffs and thickets and streams; of meadows set with sedge, whence they cut for their couches sharp flowering-rush and the low galingale. "In the afternoon" the Lotos-Eaters "come unto a land" where

"Through mountain clefts the dale  
Was seen far inland, and the yellow down  
Bordered with palm, and many a winding vale  
And meadow, set with slender galingale."

All this, except the landscape, is after Homer, from the ninth book of the Odyssey. The "Choric Song" follows, of them to whom

"Evermore  
Most weary seemed the sea, weary the oar,  
Weary the wandering fields of barren foam";

and in this, the feature of the poem, are certain coincidences to which I refer:—

*Europa* (Mosch., II. 3, 4).

"When Sleep, that sweeter on the eyelids lies  
Than honey, and doth fether down the eyes  
With gentle bond."

*The Wayfarers* (Theocr., V. 50, 51).

"Here, if you come, your feet shall tread on wool,  
The fleece of lambs, softer than downy Sleep."

*Ibid.* (45-49).

"Here are the oaks, and here is galingale,  
Here bees are sweetly humming near their hives;  
Here are twin fountains of cool water; here  
The birds are prattling on the trees,—the shade  
Is deeper than beyond; and here the pine  
From overhead casts down to us its cones."

*Ibid.* (31, 34).

"More sweetly will you sing  
Propt underneath the olive, in these groves.  
Here are cool waters plashing down, and here  
The grasses spring; and here, too, is a bed  
Of leafage, and the locusts babble here."

*The Choice* (Mosch., V. 4-13).

"When the gray deep has sounded, and the sea  
Climbs up in foam and far the loud waves roar,  
I seek for land and trees, and flee the brine,  
And earth to me is welcome: the dark wood  
Delights me, where, although the great wind blow,  
The pine-tree sings. An evil life indeed  
The fisherman's, whose vessel is his home,  
The sea his toil, the fish his wandering prey.  
But sweet to me to sleep beneath the plane  
Thick-leaved; and near me I would love to hear  
The babble of the spring, that murmuring  
Perturbs him not, but is the woodman's joy."

### *The Lotos-Eaters.*

"Music, that gentlier on the spirit lies  
Than tired eyelids upon tired eyes;  
Music that brings sweet sleep down from the bliss-  
ful skies.

"Here are cool mosses deep,  
And through the moss the ivies creep,  
And in the stream the long-leaved flowers weep,  
And from the craggy ledge the poppy hangs in  
sleep.

"Lo! sweetened with the summer light  
The full-juiced apple, waxen over-mellow,  
Drops in a silent autumn night.

"But, propt on beds of amaranth and moly,  
How sweet (while warm airs lull us, blowing  
lowly)

"To watch the emerald-colored water falling  
Through many a woven acanthus-wreath divine!  
Only to hear and see the far-off sparkling brine,  
Only to hear were sweet, stretched out beneath the  
pine.

"Hateful is the dark blue sky,  
Vaulted o'er the dark blue sea.

"Is there any peace  
In ever climbing up the climbing wave?

"All day the wind breathes low with mellow tone.

"How sweet it were, hearing the downward stream,  
With half-shut eyes ever to seem  
Falling asleep in a half-dream."

Dismissing these two poems, the earlier of Tennyson's experiments upon classical myths, let us look at another class of idyls, wherein the Theocritan method is adapted to modern themes; where the form is Dorian, but the feeling, color, and thought are thoroughly and naturally English. Of "Godiva" I have already spoken, and the laureate's rural compositions in blank-verse are directly in point, reflecting every feature of the so-called "pastoral idyls" of Theocritus. "The Gardener's Daughter," "Audley Court," "Walking to the Mail," "Edwin Morris, or the Lake," and "The Golden Year" are modelled upon such patterns as "The Thalyssia," "The Singers of Pastorals," "The Rival Singers," and "The Triumph of Daphnis." In all of them, cultured and country-loving friends are sauntering, resting, singing, sometimes lunching in the open air among the hills, the waters, and the woods; in all of them there is dialogue, healthful philosophy,

a wealth of atmosphere and color ; and in nearly all we see for the first time successfully handled in English and made really melodious the true *isometric song* as found in Theocritus. The effects of this are not produced by any change to a strictly lyrical measure, but it is composed in the metre of the whole poem ; the Greek, of course, in hexameter, the English, in unrhymed iambic-pentameter verse. Still, it is a song, with stanzaic divisions into distiches, triplets, quatrains, etc., as the case may be. As in Theocritus, so in Tennyson, two songs by rival comrades sometimes are balanced against each other : a love-ditty against a proverbial or worldly-wise lyric, — the latter, in the modern idyl, frequently rising to the height of modern faith and progress. These “blank-verse songs,” as they are termed, are a special beauty of the laureate’s verse. Where each stanza has a refrain or burden, as in “Tears, idle tears,” “Our enemies have fallen, have fallen,” etc., they partake both of the bucolic and elegiac manner ; but elsewhere Tennyson’s personages discourse against each other as in the eclogues proper. For example, the two songs in “Audley Court,”

“Ah! who would fight and march and counter-march?”

“Sleep, Ellen Aubrey, sleep and dream of me!”

are the *Doppelgänger*, so to speak, of the ditties sung respectively by Milo and Battus, in “The Harvesters” (Theocr., X.). Thirteen of these songs, many of them in “riddling triplets of old time,” are scattered through “Audley Court,” “The Golden Year,” “The Princess,” and the completed “Idyls of the King.” And where Tennyson’s rustic and civic graduates content themselves with jest and debate, it is after a semi-amœbean fashion, which no student of the Syracusan idyls can fail to recognize.

Even in “The Gardener’s Daughter” there are passages which respond to the verse of Theocritus. That simply perfect idyl, “Dora,” and

such pieces as “The Brook” and “Sea-Dreams,” are more original, yet the legitimate outgrowth of the antique school. The blank-verse idyls of Tennyson, though connecting him with Theocritus, do not establish a ratio between the relations of the ancient and the modern poet to their respective periods. The laureate is a more genuine, because more independent and English, idyllist and lyricist, in “The May Queen,” “The Miller’s Daughter,” “The Talking Oak,” “The Grandmother,” and “Northern Farmer, Old Style.” *Theocritus created his own school*, with no models except those obtainable from the popular mimes and catches of his own region ; just as Burns, availing himself of the simple Scottish ballads, lifted the poetry of Scotland to an eminent and winsome individuality. Lowell, in the most perfect of American bucolics, “The Courtin’,” has done for New England precisely what Theocritus did for Sicily. In a rough way, Bret Harte’s “Jim” is a true idyl ; yet there seems to have been more music in the voice of an Ætnean herdsman than we find in that of Mr. Harte’s “Dow’s Flat” digger. The latter carries his music in his soul.

The co-relations of Theocritus and Tennyson lie in the fact that our poet discovered years ago that a period had arrived for poetry of the idyllic or composite order ; and that much of the manner, form, and language of the latter is directly taken from the former. Mr. Tennyson’s maturer poems, “The Princess” and “The Idyls of the King,” are written Dorian-wise. “The Holy Grail” and its associate legendary pieces occupy the same position in his life-work which those *semi-epic* poems, “The Dioscuri,” “The Infant Heracles,” and “Heracles the Lion-Slayer” hold in the relics of Theocritus. The “Morte d’Arthur” is written as he would have translated Homer, judging from his version of a passage in the Iliad, and was composed years before other “Idyls of the King,” and in a notice-

ably different style. For all this, — especially in the speech of the departing Arthur, — it is semi-idyllic, to say the least; a grand poem, a chant without a discord, strong throughout with ringing, monosyllabic Saxon verse.

The Swallow Song, in "The Princess," is modelled upon the isometric songs in the third and eleventh idyls of Theocritus, bearing a special likeness to the lover's serenade in Idyl III., as divided by Ahrens and others into stanzas of three verses each. There is also some correspondence of imagery: —

*The Serenade* (Theocr., III. 12-14).

"Would that I were

[ The humming-bee, to pass within thy cave,  
Thridding the ivy and the feather-fern  
By which thou'rt hidden."

*Cyclops* (Theocr., XI. 54-57).

"O that I had been born a thing with fins  
To sink anear thee, and to kiss thy hands, —  
If thou deniedst thy mouth, — and now to bring  
White lilies to thee, and the red-leaved bloom  
Of tender poppies!"

*The Princess* (Book IV.).

"O Swallow, Swallow, if I could follow, and light  
Upon her lattice, I would pipe and trill,  
And chirp and twitter twenty million loves.

"O were I thou that she might take me in,  
And lay me in her bosom, and her heart  
Would rock the snowy cradle till I died."

Throughout the work of Tennyson we meet with isolated passages which also seem to be reflections or reminiscences of verses in the relics of the Syracusan triad. Where the thought or image of such a passage is of a familiar type, common to many classical writers, there is often a flavor about it to indicate that its immediate inspiration was caught from Theocritus, Bion, or Moschus. One of the following comparisons, however, can only be made between the two poets from whom it is derived. Many have been struck by the novelty, no less than the fitness, of an image which I will quote from "Enid." Nothing in earlier English poetry suggests it, and I was surprised to find a conceit, which, with a shade of difference, is so akin, in the semi-epic fragment of "The Dioscuri." The modern verse and image are the more excellent: —

*The Dioscuri* (Theocr., XXII. 46-50).

"His massive breast and back were rounded high  
With flesh of iron, like that of which is wrought  
A forged colossus. On his stalwart arms,  
Sheer over the huge shoulder, standing out  
Were muscles, — like the rolled and spheric stones,  
Which, in its mighty eddies whirling on,  
The winter-flowing stream hath worn right smooth  
This side and that."

*Enid.*

"And bared the knotted column of his throat,  
The massive square of his heroic breast,  
And arms on which the standing muscle sloped  
As slopes a wild brook o'er a little stone,  
Running too vehemently to break upon it."

*Pastorals* (Theocr., IX. 31, 32).

"Dear is cicala to cicala, dear  
The ant to ant, and hawk to hawk, but I  
Hold only dear to me the Muse and Song."

*The Princess* (Book III.).

"The crane," I said, "may chatter of the crane,  
The dove may murmur of the dove, but I  
An eagle clang an eagle to the sphere."

*The Syracusan Gossips* (Theocr., XV. 102-105).

"How fair to thee the gentle-footed Hours  
Have brought Adonis back from Acheron!  
Sweet Hours, and slowest of the Blessed Ones;  
But still they come desired, and ever bring  
Gifts to all mortals."\*

*Love and Duty.*

"The slow, sweet Hours that bring us all things good,  
The slow, sad Hours that bring us all things ill,  
And all things good from evil."

*The Bridal of Helen* (Theocr., XVII. 47, 48).

"In Dorian letters on the bark  
We'll carve for men to see,  
Pay honor to me, all who mark,  
For I am Helen's tree."

*The Talking Oak.*

"But tell me, did he read the name  
I carved with many vows,  
When last with throbbing heart I came  
To rest beneath thy boughs?"

"And I will work in prose and rhyme,  
And praise thee more in both,  
Than bard has honored beech or lime," etc.

*The Little Heracles* (Theocr., XXIV. 7-9).

(Alcmene's Lullaby.)

"Sleep ye, my babes, a sweet and healthful sleep!  
Sleep safe, ye brothers twain that are my life:  
Sleep, happy now, and happy wake at morn."

"Cradle Song" in *The Princess*.

"Sleep and rest, sleep and rest,  
Father will come to thee soon;  
Rest, rest, on mother's breast,  
Father will come to thee soon!

Sleep, my little one, sleep, my pretty one, sleep."

\* "I thought how once Theocritus had sung  
Of the sweet years, the dear and wished-for years,  
Who each one in a gracious hand appears  
To bear a gift for mortals, old or young."

MRS. BROWNING, *Sonnets from the Portuguese*.

*Epitaph of Bion* (Mosch., III. 68, 69).

"Thee Cypris holds more dear than that last kiss  
She gave Adonis, as he lay a-dying."

*Tears, Idle Tears.*

"Dear as remembered kisses after death."

*Bion* (III. 16).

"Where neither cold of frost, nor sun, doth harm us."

*Morte d'Arthur.*

"Where falls not hail, or rain, or any snow."

*The Triumph of Daphnis* (Theocr., VIII. 90, 91).

"But as the other pined, and in his heart  
Smoulder with grief, even so a girl betrothed  
Still feels regret."

("A maid first parting from her home might wear as  
sad a face." — *Calverley's Transl.*)

*In Memoriam* (XXXIX.).

"When crowned with blessing she doth rise  
To take her latest leave of home,  
And hopes and light regrets that come  
Make April of her tender eyes."

*The Distaff* (Theocr., XXVIII. 24, 25).

"For, seeing thee, one to his friend shall say:  
Lo, what a grace enriches this poor gift!  
All gifts from friends are ever gifts of worth."

*Elaine.*

"Diamonds for me! they had been thrice their worth,  
Being your gift, had you not lost your own.  
To loyal hearts the value of all gifts  
Must vary as the giver's." \*

*Cyclops* (Theocr., XI. 25-29).

(Love at first sight.)

"For I have loved you, maiden, since you first,  
A-gathering hyacinths from yonder mount,  
Came with my mother, and I was your guide.  
So, having seen you once, I could not cease  
To love you from that time, nor can I now."

*The Gardener's Daughter.*

"But she, a rose

{ In roses, mingled with her fragrant toil,  
Nor heard us come, nor from her tendance turned  
Into the world without. . . .  
So home I went, but could not sleep for joy,  
Reading her perfect features in the gloom.

Love at first sight, first-born and heir of all,  
Made this night thus."

There are passages of another class, in Mr. Tennyson's verse, which bear a common likeness to the work of various classical poets, his university studies retaining their influence over him through life. In some of these, by brief touches, he reproduces the whole picture of a Greek idyl: —

\* But see, also, *Hamlet* (III. 1): —

"With them, words of so sweet breath composed  
As made the things more rich: their perfume lost  
Take these again; for to the noble mind  
Rich gifts wax poor, when givers prove unkind."

*Europa* (Mosch., II. 125-130).

"But she, upon the ox-like back of Zeus  
Sitting, with one hand held the bull's great horn,  
And with the other her garment's purple fold  
Drew upward, that the infinite hoary spray  
Of the salt ocean might not drench it through;  
The while Europa's mantle by the winds  
Was filled and swollen like a vessel's sail,  
Buoying the maiden onward."

*The Palace of Art.*

"Or sweet Europa's mantle blew unclasped  
From off her shoulder backward borne:  
From one hand drooped a crocus; one hand grasped  
The wild bull's golden horn."

Elsewhere, in the "Europa," the heroine is said to "shine most eminent, as the Foam-Born among her Graces three." Tennyson's classical feeling is so strong, that, in the closing scene of "The Princess," at the height of his dramatic passion, he stops to draw a picture of Aphrodite coming "from barren deeps to conquer all with love," and follows the goddess even to her Graces, who "decked her out for worship without end." Both the ancient and modern idyllists are mindful of the second Homeric Hymn to Aphrodite; and the excursus of the latter poet is so beautiful, that we forgive him for delaying the action of his poem. In his other classical allusions such phrases as "the cold-crowned snake," "the charm of married brows," "like a dog he hunts in dreams," and "sneeze out a full God-bless-you right and left," repeat not only the language of Theocritus and his pupils, but of Homer, Anacreon, and the Latin Lucretius and Catullus.

Alliterations and rhymes within lines, graces of poetry in which Tennyson has excelled English predecessors, are a continuous excellence of his Sicilian teachers. There is a wandering melody, wholly different from the sounding Homeric rhythm, and impossible for a translator to reproduce, which the author of "The Princess" has approached in such lines as these: —

"O Swallow, Swallow, if I could follow, and light."  
Fly to her, and pipe and woo her, and make her  
mine."

"Laborious, orient ivory, sphere in sphere."

"The lime a summer home of murmurous wings."

"Ran riot, garlanding the gnarled boughs  
With bunch and berry and flower through and  
through."

"The flower of all the west and all the world."

"And in the meadow tremulous aspen-trees  
And poplars made a noise of falling showers."

"Sweeter thy voice, but every sound is sweet,  
Myriads of rivulets hurrying through the lawn,  
The moan of doves in immemorial elms,  
And murmuring of innumerable bees."

These effects, which the laureate employs with such variation and continuance that the resultant style is known as Tennysonian, were Dorian first of all. Whole idyls of Theocritus, composed in the flexible bucolic hexameter, are a succession of melodies which are simply consonant with the genius of the new Doric tongue. The four English verses last cited above are curiously imitated from the musical passage in the first idyl (Theocr., I. 7, 8).

"Sweeter thy song, O shepherd, than the sound  
Of yon loud stream, falling adown, adown,"

combined with the alliterative line, which mimics the murmuring of bees (Theocr., V. 46),

ὦδε καλὸν βομβεῦντι ποτὶ σμάνεσσι μέλισσαι.

It may be said, generally, that our poet imitates the Sicilians, and them alone, of all his classical models, in the persistent ease with which sound, color, form, and meaning are allied in his compositions. False notes are never struck, and no discordant hues are admitted.

This article has extended beyond its proposed limits, but, ere dismissing the theme, I will cite two more examples in which Mr. Tennyson has very closely followed his master. The first is that "small sweet idyl" in the seventh division of "The Princess"; possibly, so far as objective beauty and finish are concerned, the nonpareil of the whole poem. It is an imitation of the apostrophe of Polyphemus to Galatea, and never were the antique and modern feeling more finely contrasted: the one, clear, simple, childlike, perfect (in the Greek as regards melody and tone; the other, nobler, more intellectual, the antique body with the modern soul. The substitution of the mountains for the sea, as the haunt of the beloved nymph, is the laureate's only departure from the *material* employed by Theocritus:—

*Cyclops* (Theocr., XI. 42–43, 60–66).

"Come thou to me, and thou shalt have no worse;  
*Leave the green sea to stretch itself to shore!*  
More sweetly shalt thou pass the night with me  
In yonder cave; for laurels cluster there,  
And slender-pointed cypresses; and there  
Is the dark ivy, the sweet-fruited vine;  
There the cool water, that from shining snows  
Thick-wooded Ætna sends, a draught for gods.  
Who these would barter for the sea and waves?

There are oak fagots and unceasing fire  
Beneath the ashes. . . .

Now will I learn to swim, that I may see  
*What pleasure thus to dwell in water deifths*  
*Thou findest! Nay, but, Galatæa, come!*  
Come thence, and having come, forget henceforth,  
As I (who tarry here), to seek thy home!  
And mayst thou love with me to feed the flocks  
And milk them, and to press the cheese with me,  
Curdling their milk with rennet."

*The Princess* (Book VII.).

"Come down, O maid, from yonder mountain height:  
*What pleasure lives in height* (the shepherd sang),  
In height and cold, the splendor of the hills?  
But cease to move so near the heavens, and cease  
To glide a sunbeam by the blasted pine,  
To sit a star upon the sparkling spire;  
*And come, for Love is of the valley, come,*  
For Love is of the valley, come thou down  
And find him; by the happy threshold he,  
Or hand in hand with Plenty in the maize,  
Or red with spured purple of the vats,  
Or fox-like in the vine: . . .

. . . . Let the torrent dance thee down  
To find him in the valley; let the wild  
Lean-headed eagles yelp alone, and leave  
*The monstrous ledges there to sofe* . . . .  
. . . . *but come;* for all the vales  
Await thee; azure pillars of the hearth  
Arise to thee; the children call, and I,  
Thy shepherd, pipe, and sweet is every sound."

The closing example is from "The Thalysia," or Harvest-Home, which has furnished Mr. Tennyson with the design for portions of "The Gardener's Daughter" and "Audley Court." There is no exact reproduction, but in outline and spirit the passages herewith compared will be seen to resemble each other more nearly than others already given, where the expressions of the Greek text are repeated in the English adaptation:—

*The Thalysia* (Theocr., VII. 1, 2, 130–147).

"It was the day when I and Eucritus  
Strolled from the city to the river-side:  
With us a third, Amyntas."

(After this opening follows a eulogy of the poet's friends, Phrasidamus and Antigones.)

"He, leftward turning, sauntered on the road  
To Pyxa; as for Eucritus and me



With handsome young Amyntas, — having gained  
 The house of Phrasidamus, and lain down  
 On beds of fragrant rushes and on leaves  
 Fresh from the vines, — we took our fill of joy.  
 Poplars and elms were rustling in the wind  
 Above us, and a sacred rivulet  
 From the Nymphs' cave was murmuring anigh.  
*The red cicalas ceaselessly amid*  
*The shady boughs were chirping ; from afar*  
*The tree-frog in the briers chanted shrill ;*  
*The crest-larks and the thistle-funches sang,*  
*The turtle-dove was plaining ; tawny bees*  
 Were hovering round the fountain. *All things near*  
*Smelt of the ripened summer,* all things smelt  
 Of fruit-time. Pears were rolling at our feet,  
 And apples for the taking ; to the ground  
 The plum-tree staggered, burdened with its fruit ;  
 And we, meanwhile, brushed from a wine-jar's  
 mouth  
 The pitch, four years unbroken."

*The Gardener's Daughter.*

"This morning is the morning of the day  
 When I and Eustace from the city went  
 To see the Gardener's Daughter :

(After this opening follows a eulogy  
 of Eustace and Juliet.)

" . . . All the land in flowery squares,  
 Beneath a broad and equal-blowing wind,  
*Smelt of the coming summer. . . .*  
 . . . From the woods  
*Came voices of the well-contented doves.*  
*The lark could scarce get out his notes for joy,*  
*But shook his song together as he neared*  
*His happy home, the ground. To left and right*  
*The cuckoo told his name to all the hills ;*  
*The mellow ouzel fluted in the glen ;*  
*The red-cap whistled ; and the nightingale*  
*Sang loud, as though he were the bird of day."*

*Audley Court.*

There, on a slope of orchard, Francis laid  
 A damask napkin wrought with horse and hound,  
 Brought out a dusky loaf that smelt of home,  
 And, half cut down, a pasty costly made,  
 Where quail and pigeon, lark and leveret, lay  
 Like fossils of the rock, with golden yolks  
 Imbedded and injellied ; last, with these,  
 A flask of cider from his father's vats  
 Prime, which I knew."

Each portion of the foregoing English Idyls, so far as quoted, is a reminiscence of some portion of the "Thalysia" (*mutatis mutandis*, with regard to theme, season, and country), and the general analogy is equally spirited and remarkable. As for the two lunches, the one is pure Sicilian, of the fruits of the orchard and the vine ; the other, pure Briton, smacking of the cook and the larder. Your true Englishman, while sensible of the beauty of the song of the lark, who can "scarce get out his notes for joy," appreciates him none the less when lying "imbedded and injellied" beneath the crust of "a pas-

ty costly made." It should be remembered, however, that the bird does not appear under these differing conditions in the same idyl.

A sufficient number of analogous passages have now been cited to illustrate the homage which our laureate has paid to the example of Theocritus, and the perfection of that art by which he has wedded his master's method to the spirit and resources of the English tongue. I have written with genuine reverence for Mr. Tennyson's work, and with a gratitude, felt by all who take pleasure in noble verse, for the delight imparted through many years by the successive productions of his genius. In study of the Sicilian models, he has been true to his poetic instinct, and fortunate in discernment of the wants of his day and generation. Emerson, in an essay on "Imitation and Originality," has said : "We expect a great man to be a good reader ; or in proportion to the spontaneous power should be the assimilating power" ; and again, "There are great ways of borrowing. Genius borrows nobly. When Shakespeare is charged with debts to his authors, Landor replies : 'Yet he was more original than his originals. He breathed upon dead bodies and brought them to life.'"

It must be acknowledged that somewhat of this applies to Mr. Tennyson's variations upon Theocritus. To him, also, may be adjudged the credit of being the first to catch the manner of the classical idyls and reproduce it in modern use and being. Before his time, Milton and Shelley were the only English poets who measurably succeeded in this attempt, and neither of them repeated it after a single trial. Other reproductions of the Greek idyllic form have been by a kind of filtration through the Latin medium ; and often, by a third remove, after a redistillation of the French product. The odious result is visible in the absurd pastorals of "standard British poets," from Dryden himself and Pope, to Browne, Phillips, Shenstone, and Gay. Their bucolics have made us sicken

at the very mention of such names as Daphnis and Corydon, soiled as these are with all ignoble use. Tennyson has revived the true idyllic purpose, adopting the form mainly as a structure in which to exhibit, with equal naturalness and beauty, the scenery, thought, manners, of his own country and time. Assuming the title of idyllic poet, he has made the term "idyl" honored and understood; but has carried his method to such perfection, that its cycle seems already near an end, and a new generation is calling for work of a different order, for more realistic passion and dramatic power.

After all, the future renown of Tennyson, and in this regard most nearly approaching that of Theocritus, will lie in the fact that, during thirty years of supremacy, he has been a represent-

ative English poet. The highest modern culture and taste, the newest discovery, have found expression in his poems, and, more than either of his compeers, he has embodied in verse the doubting, yet eager, speculative, refined. æsthetic spirit of his age. We honor one contemporary for mystical, dramatic faculty, another for sentiment and sweetness, a third for spontaneity, and so through the tuneful list; but in years to come, when asked to declare in whose work there was the most adequate presentation of all the lyrical qualities demanded by this composite era, the scholar will pronounce the name of Tennyson, somewhat as men recur to Horace for the fashion of the Augustan period, or — each after his own genius — to Pope as an epitomist of the reign of good Queen Anne.

*Edmund C. Stedman.*

## A THANKSGIVING.

HIGH on the ledge the wind blows the bayberry bright,  
Turning the leaves till they shudder and shine in the light;  
Yellow St. John's-wort and yarrow are nodding their heads;  
Iris and wild rose are glowing in purples and reds.

Swift flies the schooner careering beyond o'er the blue;  
Faint shows the furrow she leaves as she cleaves lightly through;  
Gay gleams the fluttering flag at her delicate mast,  
Full swell the sails with the wind that is following fast.

Quail and sandpiper and swallow and sparrow are here;  
Sweet sound their manifold notes, high and low, far and near;  
Chorus of musical waters, the rush of the breeze,  
Steady and strong from the south, — what glad voices are these!

O cup of the wild rose, curved close to hold odorous dew,  
What thought do you hide in your heart? I would that I knew!  
O beautiful Iris, unfurling your purple and gold,  
What victory fling you abroad in the flags you unfold?

Sweet may your thought be, red rose, but still sweeter is mine,  
Close in my heart hidden, clear as your dewdrop divine:  
Flutter your gonfalons, Iris, the pæan I sing  
Is for victory better than joy or than beauty can bring!

Into thy calm eyes, O Nature, I look and rejoice;  
Prayerful, I add my one note to the Infinite voice,  
As shining and singing and sparkling glides on the glad day,  
And eastward the swift-rolling planet wheels into the gray.

*Celia Thaxter.*

## THE BEDLAM OF STAMBOUL.

A RESIDENCE of many years among the Turks has given the writer such facilities for becoming acquainted with the fireside life of this European branch of the great Tartar tribes as are denied to the mere tourist. To embody these experiences in one connected form is, however, attended with this difficulty, that the habits, customs, and traditions of a comparatively obscure nation are so dovetailed as to compel awkward digressions from the subject in hand,—here to illustrate a point, there to fledge the wings of some shiftless idea.

Among the hitherto untravelled tracts of this *terra incognita*, and one of interest to the philanthropist, is that of Oriental insanity. In exploring this new field, it is neither my purpose to survey and label every square rood of ground, nor to grope through the dreary fogs of metaphysics after subtle agents and recondite theories; a pioneer is not called upon to analyze, but simply to narrate and describe.

Repeated efforts on the part of Turkish Sultans to establish hospitals for the insane, and make their treatment a specialty, have proved futile; partly from national customs and prejudices, and partly from the prevalent belief that insanity, like epilepsy,—the *morbis sacer* of the ancients,—is either a divine token of regard, or else the spell of some *Jin*, or evil spirit, and that it is sinful to resort to science for its relief. Hence, unless positively dangerous, a male lunatic is put under no restraint whatever, and is indulged at home, on the ground that the presence of one of Heaven's favorites will be a source of prosperity.

A crazy loungeur about a street-corner is the best improvement Turkish real estate can have; gas, water, and good drainage count as nothing in comparison. There is no surer protection against the Evil-Eye; such potent talis-

mans as a bunch of garlies, or a bristle from the True Beard, holding inferior rank. Many a savory tidbit comes up smoking from neighboring kitchens to satisfy his hunger; many a silver coin drops into his expectant palm, whilst adjacent house-lots are at a premium. Should he die, or should some shrewd speculator entice him away to advertise newly built quarters of the city, all the bereaved gossips ferment with busy apprehension, and every still-birth, every club-foot or supernumerary toe, is laid to his absence. Like financiers in our own favored land, an insane Turk who thus influences the real-estate market acts pretty much as he pleases. He does not, it is true, over-issue stock, or "make a corner," in the Christian sense of the term; but he levies blackmail on householders, and sets at defiance all social and municipal regulations, trusting to the forbearance of the police, and to the increased homage of his fellow-citizens.

A well-known Greek beggar of Constantinople, popularly supposed to be crazy, but sane enough to attempt on the writer the drop-game of a paste ring, broke through the guards of the late Sultan, and seizing the royal stirrup, clamorously demanded alms. Instead of being hacked to pieces by the halberds of the guards, there on the spot, he received an order for a *Sehim*, or annuity, of six hundred piasters, about thirty dollars in gold. This sum he pocketed with exemplary punctuality until the present monarch began to reign, when, among other abuses, this one was ordered to be abolished. Upon hearing the news, over the Galata Bridge rushed the Greek, and, bursting into the Treasury building, so bullied and badgered the officials by his imprecations, that not one dared to refuse him his pension.

One old reprobate, Mustapha by name, I have often met in the crowded

streets tripping his way with as much absence of clothing as of mind, scorning even the decorum of a fig-leaf, and blandly smiling at the dismay of matrons, who fluttered into the nearest alley. This artless child of nature would often mount guard on the doorsteps of some rich man's house, and refuse to move unless bribed by gold. Another half-crazy vagabond once entered the court of an embassy palace, and seating himself at the foot of the flag-staff, for hours kept up an outrageous howling, in order to be bribed to go away. The foreign minister, knowing well that not one of his native servants would dare to lay violent hands upon the intruder, got rid of him, not without many curses, by ordering the flag-staff to be well washed down.

But perhaps the best illustration of the forbearance shown to the insane may be found in an incident, which recently happened on board one of the crowded ferry-boats of the Bosphorus. A tipsy Greek passenger suddenly colared an *Ulema*, or priest of the highest rank, and threw him overboard, waving after him the sign of the cross, and shouting out, "I baptize thee in the name of the Father, of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost." Fortunately for the priest, his salvation depended upon the buoyancy of his robes and upon that of a passing skiff. Meantime the excitement on board the ferry-boat became intense; Mohammedan fanaticism was aroused; weapons were unsheathed, and a general massacre of all the Christian passengers would have inevitably ensued, had not the friends of the offender loudly proclaimed his insanity, and, under the protection of that ægis, safely hustled him ashore at the first landing-place. It is pleasing to add that he found it necessary to spend a few weeks of reflection in a madhouse, before he could venture out into the streets.

Apart from such playful eccentricities, the general deportment of the insane layman is not bad. But beware those hashish-eating, half-crazy, and extremely filthy monks, called der-

vishes, whose frenzied utterances and indecent gestures are looked upon by the natives with awe. Clad in the skins of wild beasts, affecting shaggy locks and frowning brows, they infest every city and hamlet from the Adriatic to the Amoor, and are apt to charge down upon a European hat like a bull upon the red flag of the matador. Every resident has had serious encounters with these fanatic madmen; I recall that of a Greek banker who, in broad daylight, was attacked in the streets, and nearly throttled, for carrying a green umbrella, that color being considered sacred. An English merchant on 'Change was rudely interrupted by an uplifted sword, and the gruff threat of its owner to split the infidel, did he not instantly repeat the Prophet's Creed.

The reverence shown to the male lunatic during life culminates at death, and his funeral procession is swelled by multitudes, each mourner taking a turn of forty paces at the bier, and thus earning plenary indulgence for many past and some prospective sins. On the other hand, the insane Mohammedan woman is treated more harshly. If harmless, she is kept at home; if fortunately old and ugly, she is allowed a good deal of liberty; but if young and violent, or should her relatives be too poor to seclude her properly, there are grave reasons for fearing that the burden of her maintenance is avoided by her death.

Whenever a member of a Turkish household unfortunately loses his wits, his friends first fasten an unwashed fragment of his clothing to the wire-grated window of some saint's tomb, and, having as it were hoisted their flag at half mast, piously await celestial aid. Should the saint be unpropitious, and fail to notice this rag, among the scores of every hue and shape that flutter from each mesh, like the full code of maritime signals, they next resort to certain reputed *Sheiks*, or holy mendicants, who are the Pinels and Esquirols of the East. On such occasions, these native alienists, reek-

ing with the animated filth of unwashed decades, approach with solemn tread, and under the inspiration of the Indian Hemp, bewilder their patient by gibberish incantations, mesmeric passes, and rude buffets, accompanied by hoarse cries of "*Allah, Allah,*" often kept up an entire night. Thus by producing impressions more dominant than the illusions of the lunatic, and by thoroughly exhausting him, they occasionally exorcise the *Fin*.

Nor is this superstition confined to the Moslem population; the native Christians, Greeks, Armenians, and Bulgarians consign the treatment of all mental diseases so universally to their religious orders, that all their churches and some convents are provided with cells for crazy parishioners. Here, securely chained to the dripping wall, under the image of some patron saint, the unhappy maniac languishes in filth and darkness; forgotten alike by friend and foe, but occasionally visited by some bigoted lay brother, who, by hunger and stripes, soon wears out the throbs of that weary heart.

Although the Saracens founded at Cairo, in 1304 A.D., the first known lunatic asylum, and introduced a system of treatment which, a century later, was copied by the Knights Hospitallers of Spain, yet Ottoman history shows that every such humane effort has proved unsuccessful when made by their successors, the Turks, who adopted the religion, but not their virtues. Three centuries ago, when the scimitar was making havoc among the chivalry of Christendom, Constantinople contained within the circuit of its ramparts a far greater number of charitable institutions than any other city of ancient or modern times. There were hospitals alike for curable and incurable diseases; almshouses and diet-houses for the poor; asylums for the insane; and homes for the halt, the maimed, and the blind. There were retreats for crippled, or superannuated animals; and, as tradition unblushingly asserts, a building, endowed by pious bequest, for the maintenance of valetu-

dinarian vermin, which drew nightly rations from the bodies of such vagrants as were tempted to lodge there by the prospect of free quarters and good cheer. In addition to all these institutions, with lavish prodigality a vast number of schools and colleges were supported.

Yet thirty years ago, of all these magnificent charities, and of the insane asylums which crowned five of the hills of the Turkish metropolis, hardly a vestige remained. A brief sketch of the latter may possibly bridge over a gap in psychological literature, and will at least serve to show that ever-present element of decadence which outcrops the dislocated strata of Moslem history.

In the fifteenth century, Mohammed II., the conqueror of Constantinople, founded for his Mohammedan subjects a lunatic asylum, which was erected in the environs of a mosque still bearing his name. Endowed with the princely income of forty thousand Venetian sequins, equal in value to seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars of our currency, it gave every promise of success; but popular prejudices so crippled its usefulness, that a few years later found its halls noisy with the disputes of theological students, to whom the Koran, and the Turkish *in*-Humanities were expounding in throat-splitting gutturals. In the year 1560, within the parish of the Suleimanié mosque—a masterpiece of Saracenic architecture—a second institution for the insane was built by Suleiman the Magnificent, who thus commemorated the fortieth year of his reign. Forty-five years later, the Validé Sultana, or mother of that unhappy Prince, Ibrahim I., piously erected a noble mosque in Scutari, the Brooklyn of Constantinople, and appended to it an insane asylum, which, however, after lying fallow for many years, degenerated into a military hospital. Early in the eighteenth century Rukié, better known by the name of Hasseki Sultana, a daughter of Amurath IV., endowed a retreat exclusively for insane women. But in 1847, within my own recollection, its handful of

patients were transferred to the Suleimanié Hospital, in order to make room for their more degraded sisters, whose excesses were thus rebuked by the grave dignitaries of Islam. Finally, in 1725, Achmed III., probably as a thank-offering for having at last rid himself of his Swedish guest, the Madman of the North, laid the corner-stone of a spacious lunatic asylum; which, after languishing for a century, was converted into a military storehouse, its two sole patients being carried to the Suleimanié Hospital.

The site of each one of these asylums, chosen for its nearness to some mosque, shows that the benevolence prompting their erection could not throw off those Rabbinical notions which class insanity among diseases requiring the aid of the "bell and book," rather than that of the doctor or apothecary. This belief caused the decay of these asylums; for equally efficacious prayer and incantations could be made at the home of the patient, without subjecting him to confinement. Hence of all these noble charities for the insane, but one remains, — that of Suleiman.

True it is that, among the Christian population, there are cells and dark closets in every parish church set apart for the weak in faith and the weak in mind; terms made convertible by cruel intolerance. In addition, the Greek and both the Gregorian and Papal Armenian communities each support a general hospital for its co-religionists, provided with wards, for the insane. But this passing allusion to them will suffice, since the inmates of the former are unprofessionally treated by texts and scourges; whilst those of the latter groan under the combined treatment of an ignorant priesthood and of complaisant hospital physicians, who make no pretensions to being expert in mental diseases. As a consequence the insane department gets the cold shoulder from the profession, and is thankfully turned over to the discipline of the church, and of the nurses, who display towards their charge a temper truly vitriolic. These Christian hospi-

tals are hampered by the patronage of the priests, who receive and disburse the alms for their maintenance, and who appoint or snub the physicians at pleasure. This unnatural union of sacerdotal and secular affairs begets many disorders; indeed, so crying have been the abuses in the management of the one at the Seven Towers, that the *Lutchivoragan*, or "Enlightened" Armenians, as the educated class is called, have come to an open rupture with their superior clergy, and are now striving to rescue the guardianship of their hospital and madhouse from the crook of the Patriarchate, and place it in the hands of the laity.

As the Suleimanié Hospital is the only one exclusively devoted to the insane, and withal entirely free from sectarian partiality and priestly interference, it demands a brief description, and I take this opportunity of acknowledging my great indebtedness to the masterly reports of Dr. Mongeri, its present talented superintendent.

The *Dari-Chifah*, or Health-House, of Suleiman, is built in the form of a square upon the slope of a hill whose summit is crowned by the Suleimanié mosque. With no architectural pretensions, it would readily pass for a factory; whilst the general effect is somewhat marred by the abrupt descent of the ground, which compelled the addition of a story to the lower end of the building, in order to place the long corridors upon the same level. A low wall divides the quadrangle into two courts; the inner one reserved for the patients, the outer one for the officers and attendants. A long open gallery of masonry overlooks these courts, sheltered by a groined roof, traced with quaint arabesques, and supported by graceful Saracenic arches, which spring from the capitals of marble columns. Upon this cool and airy gallery the cross-barred windows of the wards open. This asylum was originally placed in the centre of an extensive garden, but a narrow lane alone now isolates it from the surrounding dwellings.

To fill up the foreground of this truly

Oriental picture, vast flocks of doves bill and coo in every nook and corner of the building. The priests of the adjacent mosque watch over them with touching solicitude, and should a feather be wantonly ruffled, or a courtship be interrupted, a fanatic mob would avenge the insult. From early dawn to the hour of sunset prayer these doves are fed by a priest, who scoops out of large chests of barley such measures as are proportioned to the alms of the worshipper.

During the lives of the founder and of his immediate successors, the Suleimanîé Health-House was so richly endowed, that, although the number of patients was limited to twenty, they had one hundred and fifty attendants to wait upon them; making it hard to decide whether this institution was intended for a lunatic asylum, or a cloister for decayed tradesmen and superannuated upper servants. With so numerous a staff, it was necessary to carry out their duties almost to decimals; whilst to flatter their vanity, titles and insignia of office were created, which sound strangely to our ears. That most important personage, the *Achdjî-Bashi*, or Head-Cook, lorded it over a large corps of butlers, scullions, and caterers, all of whom had bare legs, and at the same time wore such extravagantly voluminous turbans, that they resembled those improper fractions, whose numerators are greater than their denominators. There was the *Hammamdjî-Bashi*, or Chief Bather; the *Tellakdjî-Bashi*, or Chief Shampooer, whose working-costumes were copied direct from the fashion-plates of Eden. Then followed a long list of jailers, keepers, sweepers, ptisan-makers, water-carriers, barbers, lictors, and stock-keepers, all in appropriate uniform; the duty of the last consisting in confining the feet and hands of unruly patients in the stocks, preparatory to the bastinado, which was scientifically administered by the lictor.

It would be tiresome to enumerate all the offices in this unique asylum. In one word, there were the butchers,

the bakers, the candlestick-makers, and numerous other groups of servants, each under a chief, who was made answerable, sometimes with his head, oftener with his soles, for any misconduct of his subordinates, who in turn reaped an abundant harvest of abuse from their limping superior. These petty offices, at first in the gift of the Sultan, soon became hereditary, and degenerated into sinecures, whose sole duty was limited to drawing fixed daily rations of bread and rice, and in dunning the treasury for a small monthly stipend. The bread, being heavy, was of good weight, and the rice above suspicion; but the money passed through so many official palms, and adhered to so many in the transit, that it became quite microscopic before jingling in the pocket of the incumbent.

The system of treatment pursued in the early history of this asylum betrays a curious medley of barbarism and civilization, of science and superstition, and yet was far in advance of that adopted by contemporaneous Christian nations. In the centre of the building a steam bath was constructed, consisting of three contiguous chambers, each heated to a different degree of temperature, and containing a large basin of water, whose marble curb is stained by the rust of the iron rings to which the limbs of the resisting patients were bound. Once a week each patient was bathed, and a depilatory applied to his body. His head was closely shaved, excepting one long tuft over the bump of reverence, which was piously preserved as a convenient handle by which the angel Azrael could pull the defunct believer up to Paradise. After this lustration, according to the active or passive condition of the patient, he was turned over by the Head Shampooer into the hands either of his guardian or of the stock-keeper. If to the former, a blacksmith replaced an iron collar about his neck, by which he was led back to his cell, and securely bolted to the wall. If to the latter, his feet were put into the stocks, and the lictor summoned to



administer a wholesome castigation on the soles of his feet.

Twice a year the head tailor and furrier, followed by a train of journeymen, knocked at the gate. They measured each patient for a suit out of such rich stuffs and costly furs as the good Sultan and his courtiers had contributed. Upon these occasions a sleek priest from the adjacent mosque registered the names of the recipients, and made a report of their condition. When the number of patients fell short of the maximum, which, under the peculiar circumstances, was probably the rule, the steward chained up for the occasion some younger brother or poor relations, in order to have them clothed at the expense of the state.

The diet of these score of lunatics, including the poor relations, was an object of deep solicitude to their one hundred and fifty attendants; and the reader will be pleased to learn that the larder of the Suleimanié kitchen groaned under the weight of the most delicate viands. In the hospital archives are carefully preserved the original items of expenses for maintaining a band of hunters to scour the country for such game as is unforbidden in the Mosaic bill of fare. As in those devouter days no true Mussulmans could taste the hare or the wild-boar, these consequently abound, to the delight of their degenerate descendants, who, taking particular pains not to recognize this unclean food, highly enjoy it on the table of their infidel friends, especially during the forty days' fast of Ramazan.

In the "First Perfume," as the spring is termed in the poetic language of the East, to expel the peccant humors which had accumulated during the winter, the chief barber furbished up his lancet, and opened the campaign by binding up the arm of each patient, and letting out a pound or two of "bad blood." Close on his heels followed the ptisan and electuary makers, who placed upon each patient's tongue a purgative bolus, and washed it down by sundry empirical sherbets. Among the ingredients of the latter were com-

pounded curiously rare and repulsive drugs, unknown even to the small type of the United States Dispensatory.

Nor was the treatment of the Turkish lunatic limited to his stomach and to the soles of his feet. And here, although a smile may be allowed at many puerilities, let us hasten to acknowledge that the alienists of the East were Sauls among their European brethren, perhaps the first to recognize the dual element of insanity, that correlation betwixt mind and matter. To soar from the sensuous to the spiritual is so thoroughly un-Turkish, that religious mania is an unknown element of Eastern insanity. There was therefore marked propriety in directing all the theological fledglings of the adjacent mosque—I refer to the students, and not to the pigeons—to repair daily to the Suleimanié asylum, and get their hand in by repeating long prayers and incantations for the disenchantment of its inmates from the spell of one particular malign spirit. Praise be to Allah! the *Sheik-ul-Islam*, or Turkish Archbishop of Canterbury, had attained to such skill as chief spiritual detective, that, of the seventy thousand genii, good and bad, who expatiate in the upper ether of the Mohammedan atmosphere, he was able to point out the very Puck who disordered the brains of all crazy believers. To identify this sprite was one thing, but to restrain him was quite another; as it involved earnest supplications to a series of other sprites, whose chief business was limited to repairing the mischievous pranks of their comrade.

To distract the patient from himself and to beguile his weary hours, stone benches were placed in front of the open doorways of the wards, from which jugglers, story-tellers, buffoons, mimes, dancers, and—Heaven save the mark—musicians exercised their calling. As a recompense for such services, these artists enjoyed exemption from the annual taxes levied by their respective guilds, besides being occasionally tipped by the Howards and Frys of that day.

Such was the condition of the lunatic in those palmy days ; but making a bold leap of over three centuries, without tracing each separate element of decay, we shall find in the year 1835 a very different state of things. That imposing brigade of retainers had dwindled down to a mere corporal's guard of one jailer and four ragged turnkeys. The pisan-makers, the water-carriers, the cooks and barbers, had long since gone the way of all Mohammedan flesh. An unwholesome broth took the place of costly viands ; instead of neatness and perfumes, a disgusting filth and stench pervaded the premises ; robes and furs no longer concealed the nakedness of the inmates, but of course the chains, the iron bolts, and collars remained intact. By chronic pilfering and malfeasance, the princely revenues had vanished, and the maintenance of the establishment depended partly on the stinted charity of a curious rabble, who flocked thither to be amused.

At length, after inexcusable delay, the Sublime Porte hastily convened a special *divan*, or cabinet meeting. After the requisite number of pipes and cups of Mocha had been discussed, and beards, black and gray, had been stroked in the name of the Prophet, it was decided to invite the *Hakim-Bashi*, or physician extraordinary, to the palace, to select a staff and besom out these Augean mews. Rumor asserts that the father of this portly and dignified functionary — I have often seen him — had been promoted from the royal skewer to the royal lancet ; but that is neither here nor there. At any rate, the son, who inherited the paternal title as well as the paternal lancet, knew just about as much of the treatment of insanity as his pipe-bearer ; but genius triumphs over difficulties. Under his inspiration, which certainly evinced good common sense, the gates of the asylum were closed, the patients were isolated, and their nakedness concealed by a thin but very populous blanket, the number of inhabitants to the square inch being positively fabulous. An empty treasury forbade all luxuries,

and the pangs of hunger were barely appeased by a pittance of rice and two small loaves of sour black bread. Finally, that great Eastern therapeutic tripod, consisting of diet, bleeding, and clysters, were so heroically resorted to, that the scalp-locks of the poor wretches were very frequently clutched by the black-winged Azrael.

Four years crawled along wearily enough to the poor lunatics, but rather pleasantly to the doctor, who had gained flesh, and a decoration to boot, and was looking forward to still further promotion. But as if in fulfilment of the prophecy, that "promotion cometh not from the east nor from the west nor from the south," unexpected humiliation came from these very quarters of the globe, not excepting the north, which seems to have escaped the psalmist when boxing the compass. Russian threats, a Persian boundary complication, Albanian outlaws, and Greek brigands turned the whole energy of the Porte to the work of reorganizing its wretched army, and of equipping those few rotten hulks which had survived neglect, the worms, and the battle of Navarino. The noise of the anvil and loom never ceased ; the *chibouques* and forges were in full blast ; unprecedented was the activity in the arsenals. Many public edifices, such as schools, academies, and hospitals, were sequestered, and converted into military depots. There was a certain building, known as the Menagerie of Sultan Achmed, which belonged to the state, and constituted a very important appendage to royalty. At that time its stock consisted, as I well remember, of several ostriches, two half-starved lions, an unhappy hyena, a fox or two, and quite a large number of apes. From time immemorial all vacancies in the rank and file of this menagerie were filled by the gifts of provincial governors to their Sultan, who graciously deigned to accept these zoölogical proofs of loyalty, especially as their nourishment involved no loosening of the royal purse-strings. The arrival in Stamboul of each new re-

cruit was a welcome event to the entire population, with the slight exception of the butchers, who were taxed in turn for a daily supply of bullocks' hearts and livers.

The pashas, flushed with an unusual fit of military ardor, rebelled against the monopoly of so capacious an edifice by a few asthmatic quadrupeds. To destroy them would certainly create a tumult, in which any number of pashas' heads, as well as tails, might come to grief. The insult of their return to the donors would prompt several powerful chieftains to upset their rice-kettles, which was the vernacular for setting up the standard of revolt. Another cabinet meeting was called. The nature of its deliberations has never transpired, for the climate of Constantinople is singularly unhealthy to reporters; of which curious medical fact I could give many examples. To make a long story very short, early one hot summer morning a long string of creaking buffalo-carts filed in under the gateway of the Suleimanié Health-House, and interrupted the *namaz*, or morning devotions, of the whole staff by breaking bulk in the court-yard, and billeting the entire menagerie, cages, beasts, and keepers, upon the premises.

History is prudently silent as to the number of distinguished courtiers whose mothers', grandmothers', and great-grandmothers' graves the doctor spat upon, and whose fathers' and forefathers' shades, up to the time of the first Caliph of Bagdad, — on whom be peace, — he otherwise defiled in very indecorous pantomime. History, I repeat, is silent; but tradition asserts that the language indulged in on that memorable morning would cause us all to marvel at the vituperative resources of the Turkish language. The first effervescence of surprise once over, like a prudent general under the cannon of a superior foe, the doctor retreated with all his baggage, and without the loss of a single pipe-stem, over to one side of the court-yard, leaving the enemy in full possession of the opposite gallery. The gates of the hospital were again

thrown open to the public, to whom this striking combination of a menagerie of wild beasts and a menagerie of wild men gave infinite satisfaction; and the doctor finally put an arm of the sea and several miles of difficult country between himself and his patients.

Left without a head, the showmen of the rival menageries began to tread upon each other's slippers, and to study each other's profiles from very irritating points of perspective. Noisy disputes occurred hourly over the division of the gifts and of the alms; ugly epithets and broomsticks flew backwards and forwards across the area, to the great amusement of the visitors. Suddenly and most unaccountably these sworn enemies were seen to unite in constructing a miniature citadel under the eaves of the gallery roof, gained by a movable ladder, whence in peace and harmony they smoked over their respective charges by day, and snored over them by night.

Humanity veils her eyes from a spectacle over which demons gloated, and which for three shameful years polluted the soil of Europe. Yet, so far from being studiously concealed, this combination of madhouse and menagerie was deemed one of the most interesting sights of the capital, as many a tourist's note-book will bear me witness.

Unfruitful would be the task to unravel the tangle of Turkish statecraft. Suffice it to say, that in 1843 the Sublime Porte again smoked its pipe and sipped its Mocha, but this time to some purpose. A Mohammedan physician of European education now dislodged the showmen from their citadel: the menagerie of wild beasts disappeared as mysteriously as an apparition; once more the heavy gates swung to and shut out the rabble. Clothing and bedding were given to those lunatics who had not altogether forgotten how to use them. The teachings of civilization opened up new life to gaunt and squalid frames, whose stiffened limbs were freed from chains. The largest wards were partitioned off into cells, in which the more noisy inmates could ex-

ercise their lungs without fear of stocks and bastinado. A priest from the adjacent mosque hastened to furbish up his old sermons and fill the post of chaplain. An apothecary was coaxed to reside on the premises, and the patients to swallow his medicines. But, what was still better, the vast kitchens, being put into thorough repair, began to exhale odors of *pilaff* and *kibab*; nay, twice a day became fragrant and canorous with the roasting and bruising of coffee-grains.

The year 1857 brings us to the more pleasing task of describing the last, best, and present administration of the hospital. A well-appointed corps of male and female attendants were organized; a uniform dress gave system to the enterprise; and, above all, a piece of very good luck secured the services of Dr. Mongeri, an intelligent European physician, and ably seconded him by two medical assistants, and by twenty-one employees, including the chaplain, clerk, and apothecary. For three centuries of fortunate intolerance this hospital was denied to the Christian subjects of the Porte, that privilege, if such it may be termed, being restricted to the true believer; but now its gates were thrown open to every nationality and sect.

Constantinople, from its unique geographical position, perplexes the stranger by its medley of peoples and tongues. Sandwiched between two continents, it is the El Dorado of all the fortune-hunters of Asia, and the city of refuge to all the expatriated rogues and patriots of Europe. Hence, the doctor and his assistants are perforce polyglots.

At first the new superintendent felt awkward, and as much out of date as the odd day in leap-year; but he soon took courage. Shod with the seven-leagued boots of civilization, he brusquely jostled against the slippered Turkish drones, and, with the unexpectedness of a boomerang, now gave a quietus to time-honored customs, anon doubled up some prejudice loitering sadly behind the times.

But art is long, very, very long, in

Turkey. Its history reads like a comedy. The admission of the insane to the regenerated Health-House of Suleiman is not accompanied by those forms and certificates which other nations deem necessary as safeguards against crime, nor by the previous history of the patient. Surely, to deprive a fellow-creature of his social and political rights ought to be no hasty act; yet the present superintendent complains that friends and relatives too readily obtain an order of admission from the civil authorities, which is a model of official brevity. Thus: "The head physician of the Suleimanié Hospital will receive the bearer, Mustapha, known to be crazy, the son of the Yellow-Slippered" or "the Black-Bearded Aali"; the want of patronymics compelling this resort to descriptive nicknames. Sometimes a policeman will drag in a handcuffed prisoner and show this concise order: "Confine this unknown lunatic." Indeed, so carelessly is this managed, that the order for the admission of a man has accompanied a woman; and too often sick persons, delirious through fever, are hurried off to this asylum, either designedly or through ignorance, where they usually die from the effects of the fatigue and rudeness attending their removal. Still more frequently galley-slaves are admitted, who feign madness in hopes of escaping from premises less carefully guarded than those of the Bagnio.

Of course such official carelessness, together with the easy evasion of every law, encourages the worst crimes, and many a heart-sickening fraud has been perpetrated upon the liberty of a perfectly sane person. A large measure of this grave charge, so far as it regards the Suleimanié, must be taken retrospectively, for the present humane superintendent would never lend his aid to such an outrage; but his own authority is limited, and his enlightened efforts are often rendered powerless by the connivance or apathy of corrupt officials. Comparatively speaking, such cases in his asylum, although too fre-

quent, are isolated; let them pass: but humanity shudders at the outrages hidden in the small mad cells and dungeons of the so-called Christian churches, and especially in the reckless confinement in private houses. With such unlimited facilities for crime at his command, any person of influence, or of its equivalent, — wealth, — can, on the plea of insanity, immure an enemy, his ward, an heir, or a disobedient son, without being obliged to give the proper proofs to any magistrate, unless it may be to the parish priest or to the church beadle, who, if sublimely indifferent to bribes from those who are too poor to bribe, are not so to false representations. These are bold assertions; but to substantiate them I could bring forward fact upon fact that has fallen under my own observation. Threats of such incarceration have, to my certain knowledge, been made by men of rank to importunate creditors; whilst to confine in madhouses recusants from the faith of their fathers has been so common as to pass into a jest. Also, to evade the penalty for murder or for other crimes, the guilty parties are clamorously accused of insanity by their own influential friends, and hurriedly thrust into some obscure madhouse, where they remain until either the excitement has died away, or some amicable arrangement of blood-money or hush-money has been made. Such lawlessness is represented to be somewhat checked at present, but what old resident believes in these honeyed bulletins of reform? Still, let us be charitable; there are beams in our own eyes.

Formerly the method of conveying a male lunatic to the Suleimanié Health-House was not calculated to tone down his distorted views of life. First, an iron collar was clamped about his neck; to this one end of a long chain was riveted, the other end being locked around the waist of the first-met porter, who was summarily impressed into the service. Two policemen now pinioned his arms and shoved him along, whilst the porter, leading the way,

dragged him to the asylum gate with many a resentful tug. As a very lame apology for this rough treatment, the reader will remember that, excepting a few thoroughfares, the streets of Constantinople are too narrow for any wheeled vehicle, and Turkish ingenuity is not up to inventing a substitute, but depends upon predestinated conflagrations to widen them into carriage-ways. With his usual promptitude Dr. Mongeri took the matter in hand; a few strait-jackets and handcuffs were expressed from Paris, and the iron chains, collars, and other instruments of punishment or of restraint now rust among the labelled curiosities of the asylum museum.

For this act of philanthropy let us give the doctor a kind shake of the hand, but at the same time a disapproving shake of the head at his want of gallantry towards the other sex. It is sad to relate that, should one of the daughters of the land display any coyness in making his acquaintance, she is treated in so culinary a manner as to justify the suspicion that she is destined for the larder of some one of those ghouls of Eastern legend. After having her arms and legs trussed up like a drawn fowl, she is packed into a hamper, carefully covered over with a cloth, and placed upon the pack of a porter, who jogs along to the asylum with as much indifference as if he were carrying an unusually large and rather noisy supply of marketing.

By stepping into the clerk's office, and by turning over the records, all written on thick vellum paper resembling parchment, and in characters remarkably like a row of fish-hooks and pothooks variously inclined to the plane of the horizon, the learned visitor will find that the executive administration of the Suleimanié asylum has never been intrusted to the medical staff, where it properly belongs, but limps along under the guardianship of four cabinet ministers. The *Seraskier*, or Minister of War, provides the clothing, the furniture, and the medicines, and doles out the daily rations, which,

although simple, are very fortifying to the constitutions of a score or two of that nobleman's retainers. All general repairs are shouldered by the Minister of Pious Edifices; for Constantinople, like Rome, rejoices in a Pious as well as a Profane *Ædile*. The Minister of Finance very properly pays the wages of the nurses, — whenever they are paid, — subtracting a liberal commission for his trouble; he regulates all extraordinary expenses, and supervises the construction of any addition to the building, such as a coal-bin, a shed, or an outhouse. He must, however, first fill his pipe and have a puff over the matter with his colleague the Minister of Profane Edifices, who decides as to the utility of the proposed improvements. In addition, the latter estimates the expenses of repairs, and determines what share comes out of the funds of the War Department, what portion must be assumed by the Pious *Ædile*, and especially what amount of the current coin of the realm, in the transfer, may be safely diverted, out of the legitimate channel, into his own pocket, and into that of his noble friend of the Treasury. Of course in their councils disputes will arise, and the beard of the Prophet is frequently taken in vain; but of their harmonious alacrity the reader may rest assured, whenever there is a chance of prospecting in the public funds; for here the path of duty coincides with that of pleasure.

As a very natural consequence to this division of labor, delays prejudicial to the interests of the asylum are constantly taking place; not only from the time consumed in deciding which magnate is the proper one to attend to the aforesaid coal-bin, shed, or outhouse, but which one shall incur the expense. For instance, the doctor complains that our old friends, the pigeons, insolent with unlimited barley, were ever breaking the window-panes and trespassing on the premises. To remedy this nuisance a requisition for wire-grating was once made; but this article, being consecrated to the win-

dows of saintly mausoleums and to the rags of the devout, did not appear on the red-tape list of supplies. For years, therefore, this requisition journeyed backwards and forwards, up stairs and down stairs, from one bureau to another.

Without distinction of rank or religion, the patients are clad in a simple uniform; nor, strange to say, has much objection been made to this in a land where each one strives in dress to rival the prismatic hues. Not satisfied with gaining this point, the doctor, somewhat of a martinet, hankered after a uniformity of cut in his patients' beards; and, taking the barber into his confidence, meditated a very base plot. But there is a divinity which hedges the Oriental beard and protects each individual hair. A beard indicates the head of a family, rank, and independence; as such, it is highly venerated, almost worshipped. To swear by one's beard is an oath of solemn import; to pull another's beard is an insult to be atoned only by blood or blood-money. On the other hand, smooth must be the chin of a son, a servant, a chamberlain, or a clerk, although he may wax and stroke any length of mustache. Under this tonsorial law, no prince of the blood royal dare sport an imperial; not even the heir-apparent, whose first stubble dates from his coronation, when he girds on his sword and banishes his razor. In the encounter with such deeply rooted customs, the doctor's shears, like the Czar's, came out second best, and the asylum chins still remain a perpetual eyesore.

The amusements and occupations of the patients require a word. Newspapers, a reading-room, or a library do very well in lands where the school-master has been abroad, but here they are wholly out of place. Nor will the genius of the people admit of athletic games, or any manual labor unless of a sedentary kind. But there is no difficulty in the way of entertaining an Eastern lunatic; give him a pipe, unlimited coffee, and a rug upon which to squat, and man's chief end is at-

tained ; it is only among infidel dogs that Satan finds mischief for idle hands to do. A few more active ones, chiefly Christians, occupy themselves in sewing and patching ; indeed, so primitive is the cut of the asylum uniform, so free from the caprices of fashion, so innocent of gores and gussets, that any one who masters the difficulties of hitting the eye of a needle — that northwest passage to the bachelor — soon becomes an expert tailor.

It appears, however, that the time of the patients is chiefly spent in hunting up and quarrelling over their missing slippers and shoes. Happily Mustapha's brains, however erratic, are covered by a fixture ; he sleeps and eats and sits and walks in his turban or fez ; in it he lives and moves and has his being ; and no concatenation of excuses, however ingenious, could justify its appearance on Aali's head. But the slippers and shoes ! ah, there 's the rub ; the blemish in this otherwise admirably appointed institution. Upon entering an Oriental house, custom and good housekeeping require the street shoes to be removed at the threshold of the front door ; hence twice a day, at breakfast and dinner, supper being an unknown meal, the entire stock of the Suleimanîé shoes and slippers collects about the dining-room door in very perplexing disorder. Of course, they are forever getting mixed up, forever slipping upon wrong feet, forever being appropriated by acquisitive lunatics, forever going to some undiscovered bourne from which no asylum shoe, but a great deal of wrangling, ever returns. Barring the shoes and the beards, the doctor would be in clover.

The daily average number of patients in this asylum is one hundred and forty, nor can the building with comfort accommodate more. From 1857 to 1867, a period of ten years, there were 1,605 patients under treatment ; of these 1,259 were males and 346 females, a ratio of about four to one. This disproportion must not be taken as a correct standard of the relative liability to insanity

of the two sexes, for the following reasons : (1.) The inmates of the asylum are mainly those who are too violent to be kept at home, and women are not so prone to that form of insanity. (2.) The Turks, doubting the chastity of their wives, confine them in the prison-like apartments of the harem, secluded by close lattices and guarded by eunuchs. It therefore does violence to their prejudices to put a woman under the same roof with men, or under the care of a male physician. (3.) A crazy woman must become very violent indeed before she can inspire the same degree of fear which is excited by an insane man ; hence she is far more frequently kept at home, or else, if poor and old, is allowed to roam the streets. Often have I heard some crazy crone, standing upon the inevitable dunghill of a Turkish hamlet, spitting forth on the villagers below an abusive froth, so rich in filth and quaint obscenity that it would put to the blush the ribald fishwives of Paris or their more renowned sisters across the Channel.

From the differences of custom and education, the phases of insanity present lights and shades unknown to purely Christian communities. Thus the doctor finds that the religious observance of stated ablutions is so indoctrinated into the Mohammedan mind as to become an instinct, and greatly tends to prevent that repulsive imbecility which tries the skill and patience of European alienists. Should a patient show any such tendency, it is readily combated by awakening the idea of ceremonial uncleanness. On the other hand, the effluvia arising from the Christian person are sadly pungent ; but, as a makeweight, his linen is more clean and less populous than that of the Mussulman. The Christian patient delights to scribble upon the walls, and to exercise his art in charcoal-sketches ; the Turk looks on in admiration, but rarely ventures to imitate. The former is irascible and fault-finding ; the latter calm and dignified. There are many other points of difference, but as regards the



disposition to lose their shoes the harmony is touching.

Among the female patients there is not often found the disposition to tear or strip off their clothes; for so rigidly is woman guarded at home from every profane gaze, so peremptorily does the Koran permit a husband to divorce her should she unveil before a stranger, that this instinct of modesty remains long after every other sense of shame is lost. Again: the oppressive vacuity of the Eastern intellect, the perfumed indolence of the rich, the drowsy lethargy of the poor, the lack of education, the life-killing doctrine of fatalism, the servile cringing to superiors, which has effaced every trace of manhood,—all combine to stamp their impress upon the insane brain. "Hardly known," says the doctor, "is that restless energy of mind and body, those fierce alternations of rapture and despair, finding vent in excessive action and incoherent volubility, fretting at restraint and chafing at reproof." Equally rare is that extravagant egotism and exaggerated self-esteem, which so frequently in our own asylums lead to insubordination and treachery.

Such elements of discord are scarcely to be met with; but, torpid in body, sluggish in mind, exhibiting a mute and brutish resignation, the insane Oriental, like those chemical solutions which crystallize only when agitated, remains inert, unless rudely jostled against an idea. Taught from the cradle to grovel at the feet of his superiors, let his stolid mind once absorb the fact that the superintendent is the *Effendi*, or master, who holds the reins, and there remains no further difficulty in controlling him. At occasional intervals, however, to enliven the dull routine of hospital discipline, the doctor catches a real as well as proverbial "Tartar," who, fresh from the provinces, is too churlish a bigot to yield precedence to the "cursed son of a *giaour*," and raises quite a tempest of insubordination.

Having glanced at this truly noble institution, my next step should be to turn to its statistics, and show what

percentage the insane bear to the total population, and to the three great communities of Mohammedans, Christians, and Jews. But at the threshold a serious difficulty confronts the inquirer; namely, how to solve that vexed question as regards the number of inhabitants in the city of Constantinople. In consulting a considerable number of authorities upon this subject, I find a difference of opinion and of numerals truly disheartening. One dyspeptic economist, in order to point some gloomy vital problem, lowers the population to five hundred thousand. Equally reckless guesses are hazarded by a series of geographical adventurers, climaxed finally by a "cry from Macedonia" for "one million three hundred thousand copies of the Scriptures for the benighted souls of the great metropolis alone."

Adopting as an impartial basis for future calculations a population of nine hundred thousand, and eliminating the European and Jewish residents, the former as foreign to our inquiry, the latter because the number of their insane is not known, I find that Constantinople contains three hundred and thirty thousand native Christians, and four hundred and fifty-nine thousand persons who profess Mohammedanism. Armed with these data, I am now prepared to develop new facts; although the scant material at my command will show to disadvantage beside the affluence of European and American statistics.

During the twelve months ending March 1, 1864, 325 patients, of whom 72 were females, passed under treatment in the Suleimanié. Of this number 98, or three tenths, represented the local population, the remainder of 227 being sent from provincial towns. During the same period of time about 258 Christian patients, namely, 202 males and 56 females, were confined in the insane wards of the three Christian general hospitals. Of these, 192 claimed a residence in the city proper. In addition, about a score of wretches cower in the cells of an old Greek convent

in the island of Prinkipo, a good two hours' row from the Golden Horn, whither, even in the times of the Lower Empire, all crazy Byzantines were ferried, to be placed under the care of Saint George, its patron saint. But as that saintly warrior and alienist, in all the daubs and legends of the Greek Church, is ever depicted in desperate conflict with the Dragon, it is charitable to explain the loathsome condition of his patients by the inference that he has not yet thrust home his lance-head, and is still hard pressed by *quarte* and *tierce*.

Three hundred and ten lunatics, therefore, represent a mixed population of 789,000 souls, a proportion of one insane person to every 2,545 of the inhabitants. To subdivide still further, 330,000 native Christians support 212 insane patients in their three sectarian hospitals, a ratio of one to 1,560. On the other hand, as the 98 citizens who are confined in the tolerant Suleimanié also include outcasts from other sects, and especially from the foreign legations, only about eighty lunatics — and this is a high estimate — will represent the 459,000 Mohammedans of the metropolis, namely, one in every 5,737. Now if in France, according to M. Lunier, Inspector-General of Lunatic Asylums, there exists one lunatic to every 200 inhabitants, and one in 412 so violent as to require confinement, whilst in England the proportion is one in 432 of the population, it stands to reason that the proportion of lunatics in Constantinople should be greater than one in 2,545. The fact is, that since so many Oriental lunatics are concealed at home, made way with, or allowed to be at large, the above statistics are utterly unreliable, so far as they give the proportion of the insane to the sane inhabitants. But as these sources of error are common to all the communities, this important fact may be fairly deduced, that the tendency to insanity among the Christian subjects far exceeds that of their Moslem masters. So unexpected a result demands some explanation; and I shall

therefore attempt to trace out the causes of this startling difference.

In a measure this may be explained by the aphorism of Esquirol, "*Les progrès de la civilisation multiplient les fous*"; for the Christians are far better educated than the Turks, on whom civilization, like an unwelcome marauder, makes an occasional raid. Other causes, not so patent, exist; under currents, which show no surface ripples, and yet drift surely towards the abyss. To determine these demands a knowledge of the character, customs, habits, and religious tenets of each community is necessary.

The statistics of all Christian asylums show that the moral effect of public opinion and the twinges of an educated conscience often lead to insanity those who abandon themselves to the indulgence of their appetites. In the Ottoman race this does not hold good. Turkish society sanctions the most exhaustive excesses, and openly winks at vices forbidden alike by natural and revealed religion. Their songs, national and anacreontic, reek with the vilest filth. The coarse ribaldry of their polite conversation would not be tolerated even by our ancestors, who, like the gentle Cowper, read aloud to fireside circles the comedies of a Congreve or Wycherley. At such favorite places of resort as the "Heavenly Waters," or the "Valley of Sweet Waters," the wanton dances and lascivious couplets of strolling gypsy girls are the favorite amusements of the mothers and daughters of the land. Kara-Gueuz, the harlequin of their only national play, sets at defiance all decency of language and pantomime. So debauched a people, who know no chastity but what is barred and bolted, whose "ministering spirits" are mere concubines, and whose heaven is one vast seraglio, the demon of insanity may scourge only when devils shall again be suffered to enter into a herd of swine.

In other lands, education peoples the wards of insane asylums. In the days of the Caliphs many a Saracen's busy brain and alembic cracked in the search

after the Elixir of Life. But the times are changed, and with them the true believers, for positively much learning hath not made mad a single patient in the Suleimanié Health-House. In the Bœotian atmosphere of the East, where the midnight lamp burns only in orgies, nerve fibres are too relaxed to snap.

Utterly unknown is religious mania. No pantheistic dream, no scornful scepticism, disturbs the repose of the Oriental mind. The dogma of Fatalism so covers every inch of ground, and leaves so little elbow-room for wrangling schoolmen, that amid all the oscillations of human belief the Moslem has ever remained constant to his creed. Grave disputes have arisen, it is true, whether the canonical color of the turban should be a snow-white or a pea-green; whether Fatima or Ayesha possesses a soul, or some other germ of immortality: but in these brain jousts no wits have been lost. In short, all Moslems stand shoulder to shoulder in their religious tenets, excepting those accursed Persians, whose beards we spit upon, and whose fathers' graves we defile.

The wonderful buoyancy and elasticity of the Moslem faith is yet another cause of exemption from religious mania. It accepts as truths absurdities the most amazing, anachronisms the most incoherent, paradoxes the most monstrous. Should reason or common sense suggest an objection, "God is great" is the unanswerable reply.

For the merest trifles, over five thousand Frenchmen annually perish by their own hands; full as many Britons "sneak to death"; but what Turk was ever known to commit suicide? His only fireside is a brazier of charcoal; polished arms bristle in his girdle; deadly poisons are sold over his grocer's counter; his highway, the Bosphorus, seethes with venomous currents; and yet an implicit belief in *Kismet*, or Fate, renders him so undemonstrative of joy or sorrow, so patient under disheartening calamities, that never basely skulks from life, but with austere apathy waits for the tidal wave

of adversity to ebb. Moreover, in the presence of royalty, the pasha and the peasant are vassals; whilst neither aristocracy nor wealth are hereditary. There hardly exists a man of rank, whose life is not a romance; to-day a beggar, to-morrow clad in ermine; now chained to the oar, a week hence lolling on the divan of the Grand-Vezir. Hence in the darkest night he looks toward the orient, and hope is the nepenthe which sustains him. Even when there falls upon his ear the stealthy tread of the imperial mutes, he resorts not to suicide, but calmly exclaiming, "God is great," bares his neck to the bow-string. Can a phlegm so tough yield to insanity?

Save among a few simple-hearted mountaineers, or in some exiled member of a nomadic tribe, nostalgia is an unknown element of insanity. The young Turk yearns for no home, and is bound by hallowed ties to no spot on earth. The affectionate outgoings of his childhood are repressed; he is taught to approach his parents, not with the artless abandon of filial love, but with studied awe and measured step. Instead of showering kisses and receiving them back with interest, he reverently presses his lips to their hands, and then falling back a step or two, stands servilely with folded arms. At the age of puberty he is carefully excluded from the apartments of the harem, and is married off as soon as possible to some girl on whom he never laid eyes.

The passion of love, which in other lands has demented its thousands, is in the East so hedged in by customs and traditions, that it is as harmless as a caged wild beast. The women are closely veiled, the sexes kept scrupulously apart. Courtship being forbidden, among the men the "nervous erethism" arising from long engagements and unreciprocated love is utterly unknown. A woman may, however, become enamored of some tradesman, from whom she purchases her finery, and instances are not wanting of female victims to the tender passion.

In civilized lands mental alienation is often produced by noble attributes, such as patriotism, the love of liberty, real or imaginary dishonor; but these are qualities too delicate to take root in the jejune soil of an effete nationality. In vain will you search the wards of the Suleimanié for such soul-maladies. Nor will you have any better success with cases of melancholy and misanthropy; for, give the Osmanlee a few live coals, a coffee-pot, a pipe, and a widow's cruse of tobacco, and I defy him to grow sick of himself or of the world.

If neither education, nor religion, nor love, nor philosophy, nor immortality, nor disaster, nor solitude disturbs the Eastern brain, in the name of the Prophet what does? Without venturing upon the battle-ground of modern alienists, who range themselves under the banners of materialism and immaterialism, in reply, it may be stated broadly that the causes of insanity are divided into two great classes, the one emotional, the other somatic, or dependent on some derangement of the body. Mania arising from love or religion is an example of the first class, whilst the second embraces those cases of mental alienation resulting from injury to the brain, as from disease, want, intemperance, and accidents. Amidst education and refinement the psychical element of insanity preponderates, for the delicate and complex web of nerve fibrils, composing a highly organized brain, resembles that scientific toy, which resists many a rude blow from without, but is shivered by an in-dropping sand-grain. On the other hand, the statistics of the Suleimanié asylum show that certain pathological conditions of the body are requisite to perturbate the stagnant Mohammedan mind.

Foremost among the causes of Eastern insanity stand opium-eating and the use of the Indian hemp. Next in rank is the abuse of alcoholic drinks, especially of those European spirits, which, being distilled from anything under the sun except the forbidden "juice of the grape," are affected by

even the greenest turbaned casuist, who would perish at the stake sooner than sip a thimbleful of wine. In Constantinople and in other seaports, where the attrition of commerce has rubbed off many incrustations, and alas! much of the Oriental enamel, intemperance begets the largest percentage of lunatics. In the provinces, where the habits of the people are more primitive and where the spirit as well as the letter of the Koran is observed too strictly to sanction the use of any intoxicating beverages, almost all the lunatics are victims to the habit of opium and hashish eating. A rapid decay of mind and body is also produced by the use of other deleterious drugs, sold over every counter, and largely employed by Turkish sybarites. Space is wanting to dilate upon this interesting subject of Oriental poison-eaters. Suffice it to say that arsenic is used as a depilatory; cantharides and nux-vomica are habitually taken as aphrodisiacs, or else stealthily administered as philters; whilst corrosive sublimate is swallowed for the purpose of enhancing the dreamy narcotism of opium. This resort to *ak-sulimen*, or corrosive sublimate, is inevitable; the *Theriaki*, or opium-eater, may shiver awhile on the brink of the abyss, but into it he must plunge sooner or later. Among Mohammedan women, according to Dr. Mongeri, insanity may be traced to the excessive use of coffee and tobacco, and especially to the loss of health resulting from the measures adopted to prevent offspring. In our own land this crime of foeticide is of bastard growth and without excuse; but where polygamy prevails it is a natural offshoot, and will ever be coeval with the vitality of Islamism.

Having traced out the causes of insanity among the Moslems, let me now turn to the native Christian population and explain their greater tendency to mental alienation. Fear holds the first rank as a cause of insanity; such fear as no citizen of a free land can understand. In the palmy days of the Jani-

zaries, when human life was held so cheap that any petty lord of a manor could at pleasure hang or behead his vassals, the rural districts would have been depopulated, had not some Turkish Malthus instituted a *humane* order of knighthood, whose motto should have been, "Tails I win, heads you lose." Thus a Pasha of One Tail bore on his standard one horse's tail, which patent of nobility bestowed the right of cutting off one human head daily between sunrise and sunset, without assigning any reason, and without being called to account. More heads than one every four-and-twenty hours justly rendered him liable to reproof. A Pasha of Two Tails was entitled to two heads per day; and thus tails were added and heads subtracted in even ratio until a pashalick of five tails was the highest rank of nobility in the gift of a grateful monarch. Then followed a very lucky gap in this sequence of numbers, closed by the Sultan himself, whose rank of Sixty Tails very suitably has gained him the title of *Khiunk-yar*, or *Blood-Drinker*. Happily, those bloody days are past.

From the capture of Constantinople in 1453 down to the promulgation of the *Hatti-Houmayoun*, or Magna Charta, in 1856, a pall of terror and dismay brooded over the *rayahs*, or Christian subjects. I well remember the ignominious costumes which they were compelled by their oppressors to wear; and, when that was abolished through "outside pressure," the shameful badges of vassalage tagged on to their fezes, lest these uncircumcised dogs should be mistaken for the true believers. I well remember the time, when by gifts or by threats Christian children were enticed to repeat the words, *La Allah il Allah, Muhammed ressul Allah*, "God is the God, and Mohammed his prophet." This creed once uttered, they were claimed as converts and torn away from their parents. Years have elapsed, but never can I forget the afternoon when, seated at an open window and reading a juvenile Life of Mohammed, I first

came across these words; how, with boyish heedlessness I shouted them out at the top of my voice; how my father, pale with fear, ran into the room and silenced me by explaining the danger from being overheard; how for weeks afterwards every knock at the door sounded my doom; how oppressive was the weight of this secret, and how often I was tempted to cry out this fatal creed in the crowded streets of the city!

Those were blood-curdling times. After stealing from his house at an early hour to enter upon the labors of the day, the Armenian or Greek tradesman never knew whether his eyes would rest upon his family again. Fear, heart-rending, hopeless fear, ever dogged his footsteps,—fear for his own life or liberty; fear of confiscation or of torture; fear lest his wife should be dishonored, or his daughters torn away to some nobleman's seraglio; fear lest his sons should be forced to embrace Mohammedanism, and thus be lost to him not only in this life, but eternally in the next. The life of a street dog was absolutely more safe than his. For pastime a party of bravos, bristling with arms, and swaggering through the streets, would not unfrequently try the temper of a newly purchased weapon upon the first Christian. The dreary agony of life was measured, not by days and hours, but by heart-throbs.

I have met with several remarkable instances, and every old resident can tell off on his fingers case upon case of insanity or of kindred nervous disorders produced by harrowing suspense or paroxysms of fear. The French Revolution lasted but a few short years, and yet, during that reign of terror, the increase in insanity was most marked; *a fortiori* must four centuries of torture, of oppression, and of suspense have stamped its impress upon an entire community. It is true that the last twenty years have witnessed great improvements in the condition of the native Christians, but constant fear, constant agony, constant humiliation,

have so crushed out every trace of manhood, that they are still a cringing, fawning, and abject race. Several generations of happier descendants can alone efface the mental taints acquired in those long years of vassalage.

But this Utopian state of happiness can only occur in a change. So long as the dominant power is Moslem, never can the Turk and Christian be upon the same footing. Fortunately, to foretell the end requires no great powers of vaticination. The Ottoman is a doomed empire, Islam is a doomed religion, the Turks a doomed race. "Turkey is dying for want of Turks." What enthusiast believes in Turkish regeneration? Who is now beguiled by those siren notes of reform which yearly float to our ears across the ocean? Alas! even those fitful gleams of light which play athwart the Eastern horizon are but the phosphorescence of decay.

In times of plague or cholera the Turk shows no fear, affects no precautions, and coolly awaits either a fated death or a fated deliverance; whilst the Armenian and Greek—I write as an eyewitness—spurn all ties of blood and affection in frantic efforts at self-preservation. During the last epidemic of cholera in 1867, in the small Christian village of Buyukdéré, over sixty dead bodies were found in as many deserted houses, the occupants having fled at the first alarm, leaving their sick relatives to wrestle alone with death. Nature violated is exacting, and a fear so intense and so selfish often culminates in insanity.

Fortunately such calamities appear in cycles and are not constant; but one dire scourge, that of fire, ever hangs poised over the wood-built cities of the East. From the first feeble glimmer until a vast conflagration flaunts its crimson banners over an entire horizon, the heart grows sick and faint. The countless firebrands, the roaring of the flames, the crash of falling timbers, the explosion of mines, the howls of dogs, the shrieks and yells of men and women, the tearing of the hair, the beating of breasts, the pillaging, the

jamming of a panic-stricken mob in crooked lanes, whole streets blocked up by broken or abandoned furniture, render the confusion appalling. All presence of mind is lost; husbands become separated from their wives, children from their parents; the old and feeble are trodden down; mothers, frantic with terror, throw their infants out of windows, and rush from their burning houses, carefully bearing away some valueless utensil. As no banks exist, every man's house—although it cannot in any sense of the word be called his castle—contains his all, and a fire, consuming the accumulation of years, leaves thousands in abject poverty. Add to this the well-known morbid influence of maternal impressions, not only upon gestation, but upon its products, and we have in conflagrations a fertile source of idiocy and insanity; just as the bombardment of Vienna caused the birth of many weak-brained and idiotic children.

The passion of gaming and of speculating in land are frequent causes of insanity. There exists no nation on the face of the earth who borrow and lend to the same extent as the native Christians. The credit of the Greeks is somewhat impaired by an unpleasant habit of sticking a knife into their creditors; but if an Armenian, poor or rich, can be found in the Turkish Empire who does not confess to being exercised by some little *borge*, or debt, he deserves to be canonized.

Again, so entangled in trickery, fraud, lying, and cheating is every branch of trade, that a business transaction is but a euphemism for an exhaustive encounter between rival swindlers, in which the longer-headed rogue overreaches the other. This harassing anxiety, this constant strain of alertness,—now studying how to repress, now to allure,—the sleepless nights passed in plotting and counter-plotting, in time tell on the brain. Indeed, so notorious is it for the great Armenian bankers to have softening of the brain, that the *Seraff Ileti*, or bankers' disease, has passed into a proverb.

In my opinion one prolific source of insanity lies in certain mediæval customs which obtain among the Christian sects. Early marriages are the rule; each son, therefore, brings his bride to his father's house, which is gradually enlarged to suit the requirements of an increasing family. So many mistresses under one roof would certainly raise it, did not etiquette exact from each bride a Carthusian silence, which is rigidly and often heartlessly enforced by every capricious mother-in-law. For years—I have known it to last thirty and have heard of one authentic case lasting eighty—she may not speak unless first addressed, and must then reply in whispered monosyllables. For one month after her marriage the *galin*, or bride, cannot open her lips under any pretext whatever, and for a year does not quit the house or see any of her relatives. Even her husband cannot converse with her, much less make her the slightest gift, without the permission of the heads of the family; whilst for her to laugh in his presence, to put a question to his parent, or air a dimple before his maiden aunts, would be a gross violation of social etiquette. I have known one uxorious husband, pitying the melancholy of his wife, to smuggle in candies under his cap; and on one occasion, as he himself narrates, so many hours elapsed before he could transfer the gift, that it softened and trickled down his face, exposing him to the rebukes and jeers of the household.

When visitors call, these brides sit mute, and are ignored by all present as if they were children out of the nursery on good behavior. Under all circumstances this polite fiction must be observed. Even in professional visits I confess, *culpa mea, culpa maxima mea*, to having done the proper thing, by barely addressing a word to the poor invalid, although perhaps herself a mother, and by limiting my questions to the bustling mistress of the house, who would describe the aches of her daughter-in-law with all the artless detail of a mamma, whose infant

had just cut a tooth or was about to take to the bottle. A monotony of life so dreary, a social bondage so hateful, to girlish instincts often lead to insanity or to kindred disorders; and this result would be invariable were there not an antidote, a sort of mental bezoar. A wholesome vent to long-pent-up silence is here found in violent hysterical explosions, in outrageous fits of temper, and especially in the most frightful ululations over the dead, not only of their own kindred, but of a whole district. On such a sanitary occasion as a funeral, all the neighbors turn out to beat their breasts, to tear out their hair, to utter piercing shrieks, and to outvie one another in other gymnastic feats of grief. Foreseeing that, in the absence of epidemics, these weaker vessels, like Leyden jars, might become too highly charged for safe detonations, a thoughtful wisdom has appointed stated days in each year, on which the women visit the graveyards; where, with dishevelled hair and disordered dress, they weep and wail and howl themselves into a state of equilibrium.

Such, then, are a few of the peculiarities of Eastern insanity; for the subject is by no means exhausted, nor will it ever be. Studies in human nature can never be exhaustive, even where a unity of traits and customs exists; for there are analogies deep in the constitution of man, and common to all mankind, which science has not yet plumbed. In conclusion, with poor materials and scant statistics at his command, with but a limited knowledge of mental diseases, the writer attaches less value to this article as a contribution to science, than as a description of manners and characteristics. To map out the channels of the human mind, and buoy out its shoals and quicksands, should be the work of a master alienist,—the only trustworthy navigator in that mysterious sea; yet the humblest mariner has done good service whenever he heaves the lead and rudely chalks down the outlines of some unexplored coast.

W. Goodell, M. D.



## KATE BEAUMONT.

## CHAPTER XXXIII.

BEFORE Kate fairly recovered from her fainting fit, her brother Vincent placed a powerful opiate at her lips and she drank it, so that the first hours of her bereavement passed away in sleep, or rather in disturbed and spasmodic dozing.

Leaving her in the hands of this merciful insensibility, let us see how others were affected by the death of Kershaw. Even previous to that event Peyton Beaumont had made it his duty to exorcise Randolph Armitage from his house. When that high-flung gentleman made his appearance, on the morning after he had been put to bed drunk and with a broken scalp, his father-in-law's first words to him were, "Are you able to travel, sir?"

"I suppose I am," sullenly replied Randolph, with a scowl of mingled pain and anger.

"Then travel, sir," growled Peyton, the brown veins in his forehead and the red veins in his cheeks swelling with wrath.

Randolph started, placed one hand to his bandaged head as if to repress its beatings, made an evident effort to recover his self-possession, and seemed about to remonstrate.

"Don't you speak, sir," thundered Beaumont. "You can't have your wife and children. As a husband and as a father, as well as in every other way, you have been a brute. Get out of my house. Get out of this district. If I find you in the neighborhood to-morrow, I'll have you hunted like a wolf. Not one word, sir. Be off!"

With the air of a cowed but savage cur, Armitage walked silently out of the house, and that very day quitted Hartland for parts unknown.

Sadly and heavily, Beaumont now went to find Nellie, and said to her, "My poor child, I have sent him away."

Nellie placed her hands on her father's shoulders, as if for support, and laid her head against his cheek so as to hide her face. She remembered that it was her own husband, once very dear to her, who had thus been driven out, and she remembered also that she could not reasonably say a word against his ignominious expulsion. In that bitter moment she was fully conscious of her loneliness, her degradation as a wife, her failure as a woman. She expressed her wretchedness and her resignation in one brief sentence, "I have ceased to be a wife."

"My dear, it was time," murmured Beaumont, in hoarse, tremulous bass. "My dear child, no one can blame you," he presently added in a louder tone. "I should like to look the man in the face who would dare blame you."

The next notable event in the household, an event already related, was Kershaw's death. In the village, in the district, and even in all the midland part of the State, it produced a prodigious excitement. The profound popular respect which had for many years surrounded this "last of the barons" (as some men called him) blazed up in a flame of wrath against his murderers. All the fighting men of the region, as well as all the non-fighting men and the women, were for once virtuously indignant at an assassination. Even the intimate friends of the McAlisters found it hard to excuse them, and their numerous enemies were in a state of mind to lynch them gladly, had lynching high-toned gentlemen been ethically permissible.

The Judge, honestly horrified by the tragedy, had moral sense enough to foresee the storm which it would arouse, and to shrink from encountering it. He promptly published a card in the "Hartland Journal." In this card he expressed his sincere grief for the death

of Colonel Kershaw; he eulogized the old man's character in a style which strong feeling made eloquent; he flatly denied that his sons were responsible for the homicide, and asked the public to suspend its judgment until further information. Bruce and Wallace also put forth a joint statement, in which they asserted that neither of them had aimed at the deceased, and that their action in the *mêlée* was a justifiable defence of their brother.

But their plea was useless. Nearly all Hartland believed that they had killed Kershaw, and that in so doing they had committed an abominable crime. Even their assertion that they had not aimed at the old man was turned against them by this community of marksmen. John Charles, a fervent adherent of the Beaumonts, be it charitably remembered, expressed very pithily the prevailing opinion.

"Popped the Colonel by accident, did they?" said Mr. Charles, taking a fresh quid aboard and chewing it vigorously, while he meditated upon the infamy of the confession. "Sech men no business carryin' shootin'-irons," he resumed, in his leisurely way. "Why, I consider it one of the highest of crimes an' misdemeanors to pop a man by accident. I'll leave it out to all Hartland, if it ain't. Why, look hyer. Ef I save a man bekownst an' a purpose, I may hev good reason for it. Anyway, I know what I'm after. I do what I set out to do, an' nothin' else. You know how to count on me. You know what I'll do next time I put my hand under my jacket. Take the Beaumonts, now," instanced Mr. Charles, after another prolonged grinding. "*They* don't go round shootin' the best men in the country by accident. When they pop you, they mean it. They've shot as many as any other crowd in the State, an' never had no damn foolish accident yet, but allays bored the feller they drew bead on, an' no other. Now thar's men you can tie to; thar's men you can hev a confidence in; thar's men you can feel safe with. I tell you, I love an' respect them Beaumonts, for

what they do an' for what they don't do, for what they hit an' for what they miss. A man that 's allays doin' jest what you reckoned he was gwine to do is the man that John Charles swings his old broadbrim for. That's *so*."

After another stern assault upon his quid, he concluded his virile profession of faith, worthy surely of the heroic age.

"But as much as I love business, I hate foolin' round an' firin' wild. A feller that goes about killin' by accident, you can't tell what he'll do nor whar he'll stop. He may clean out the whole poppylation by one accident after another. Children an' niggers an' stock an' property at large ain't safe when sech a feller is loose. He can't be trusted. A decent community has no use for sech a man. In a general way he oughter be strung up with the nighest grapevine. I don't want to raise a crowd agin the McAlisters," added Mr. Charles, remembering that they were high-toned gentlemen and owned hundreds of negroes. "I've allays considered 'em hitherto as straight-shootin' men an' tolerably reliable men every way, except in politics. I'm willin', as the Judge requests in his keerd, to suspend my judgment. But I must say that so fur, accident or no accident, things is agin 'em. Yes, *sir*, as sure as cotton is white an' niggers is black, things is powerfully agin 'em."

Things were so much "agin 'em," and the Judge was so clearly aware of it, that he persisted in withdrawing his congressional candidature, though dismally uncertain whether Beaumont would now recommend him for the United States Court. In explanation of this step he put forth a second card, which was dictated, like many other political effusions, by a mixture of subtlety and right feeling, but which expressed such admirable sentiments, and expressed them so well, that it regained for him a certain measure of popular consideration.

"In consequence of the universal horror and grief at the death of the late lamented Colonel John Kershaw," he wrote, "and in view of the as yet

mysterious circumstances which seem to throw the responsibility of the tragedy upon members of my family, I withdraw my name as candidate for the House of Representatives, merely begging my esteemed fellow-citizens, and especially my faithful political friends, to believe that it is not an evil conscience which impels me to this step, but solely respect for, and sympathy with, a community mourning its noblest citizen."

"At least," thought the Judge, "I shall have a good excuse to send to Mr. Choke and his committee. And, moreover, I think it must bring people around a little."

It did bring them around somewhat, but not enough and not soon enough to influence the election, even had the Judge's adherents still persisted in considering him a candidate. The voting took place the day after Kershaw's death, and resulted in an overwhelming triumph for Peyton Beaumont, two thirds of the electors supporting him and the other third staying at home. The Judge received the news of his rival's gigantic success with the calmness of a strong man accustomed to misfortunes.

"It is what I looked for," he said to his excellent wife, with whom he consorted much in his times of trouble. "It was inevitable, — once my name withdrawn. Well, the clouds must clear up some day. Heaven," he added, feeling somehow that, because he was chastened, therefore he was good, — "Heaven will some day see that justice is done me."

He did not even show petulance to Bruce and Wallace because of the calamity which they had brought upon him.

"In general I disapprove of rencontres," he said to them. "If gentlemen must fight, they should fight under the code, in most cases. But this was an exceptional case. It was defence against assassination. You were unquestionably right, you were right in the sight of God and man, in trying to rescue your brother. The Beaumonts

themselves, unreasonable and savage as they are, must see it. I have no doubt that you saved Frank's life. I approve of your action. Approve? God bless me, I thank you for it! As for the death of poor Kershaw, time will show that your statement is correct, and that you are not responsible for it. All-discovering time and Heaven's own justice," perorated the Judge, trembling eloquently with his faith and piety.

The Judge's affairs took on brightness quicker than the reader probably sees reason to hope. The public prejudice against his family was destined to receive a prompt and potent shock. There was a grand-jury inquest into the death of Kershaw, and necessarily a post-mortem examination. Then was satisfied a craving curiosity which had kept all Hartland awake of nights. To understand this inquisitiveness, it must be stated that the fighting men of the region frequently marked their bullets, partly perhaps out of a chivalrous feeling that every one ought to take the responsibility of his own shots, and partly that each might be able to vindicate his marksmanship by identifying his proper game. It was a custom which had been introduced by those leaders in chivalry, or, as some few people said, in savagery, the Beaumonts. Of course it was expected by all the enemies of the McAlisters that the fatal bullet would disclose the letter *M*. What then was their astonishment when the letter was found to be *A*!

"*A*!" whispered Vincent, as he handed the tragical bit of lead to his father.

"*A*!" gasped Peyton Beaumont, after a long stare of amazement and a quick glance at Vincent.

"It is an ugly hieroglyphic — for us," observed Poinsett, sombrely.

"What! — was it Armitage?" demanded Tom, blurring out what the rest had shrunk from uttering.

"He was the man," responded Beaumont with drooping head. "The calamity is ten times more dreadful than we knew."

All four were silent for a time,

weighed down by the same terrible reflection, that upon their house rested the responsibility of the death of Kershaw.

"It must have been a pure accident," said Poinsett at last. "Armitage had nothing against our old friend."

"It was a stupid drunken accident of a miserable drunkard and idiot," muttered Beaumont, dashing tears of grief and rage from his eyes.

"One thing puzzles me," resumed Poinsett, whose legal mind was already cross-questioning the circumstances of the tragedy. "Armitage did all his firing before Bruce and Wallace came up. Consequently the Colonel must have known that it was not they who hit him. Now, why did he not state it?"

"Wanted to save the honor of our family," thought Tom.

"No," sighed Beaumont, shaking his head. "Kershaw was our friend, but not to the point of injustice. He was too truthful a man to let the responsibility lie at the wrong door deliberately. It is more likely that he thought the secret would perish with him, and so no one would be punished for his death. That was like Kershaw. He had no spite in him. He was the gentlest-hearted man that ever drew breath."

But Vincent had a surgeon's explanation, and it was noticeable that it at once secured the assent of his auditors, so chirurgical in mind had they become through fightings and hearing of fightings.

"Sometimes a man is not at once aware that he is hit," he said. "I have seen a fellow who had lost first blood insist upon going on with his affair, quite unaware that he was wounded, and smartly wounded at that. I have known a fellow, shot through the shoulder, who complained that the ball had gone down into his thigh, and finally discovered that the pain in the thigh was caused by a second ball which had struck him there, without causing at first any noticeable sensation. It is wonderful what hits a man may take in a moment of excitement,

without immediately remarking them. I suspect that Kershaw never really knew when he was wounded. Had he known it, I think he would have told us, he was naturally so straightforward and frank."

"You may be right, Vincent," answered Beaumont. "I remember something of the sort happening to myself."

The reminiscence was uttered quietly, and no one looked surprised at it, nor were any questions asked. The Beaumonts never babbled about their combats, and rarely mentioned them, except incidentally or when business demanded it.

"What are you going to do with *that*?" asked Tom, as Vincent walked away with the proof of Armitage's homicide.

"I am going to put it in Mattieson's hands to exhibit it to the jury," was the response.

Beaumont gave Tom a grave glance which seemed to ask, "Would you think of concealing it?"

The young fellow dropped his head and made no further remark.

When the story of the ownership of the fatal bullet spread through Hartland, there came a mighty change in public sentiment. The McAlisters were cleared of Kershaw's blood as if by a hurrah. People wanted Randolph Armitage brought to justice, and were not far from ready to lynch him, gentleman as he was. Peyton Beaumont was freely criticised (behind his back) for having allowed his son-in-law to disappear, and was even charged with having urged him to escape before his guilt should become known. Nor were there wanting low-minded gossips, incapable of appreciating the pugnacious old planter's unselfishness and strenuous sense of honor, who hinted that he had long been waiting for the Kershaw estate, and had become impatient. Furthermore, the Beaumonts were held accountable for Armitage's breach of hospitality in attacking Frank under their roof. Bruce and Wallace were justified for defending a brother

in danger of assassination. In short, popular feeling and opinion had never before run so strongly in favor of the McAlisters and against their rivals; and had the election been held after the inquest, instead of before it, the Judge might have gone into Congress by a respectable majority. Of this fact, by the way, he was the first to take notice; and he groaned over it in a spirit that was natural, though not praiseworthy.

At last, however, all the circumstances of the *mêlée* became public, and then Hartland settled down to blaming Randolph Armitage alone, considering that the other combatants had done what was right according to their knowledge, and so merited, not reprobation, but eulogy.

Nevertheless, the Beaumonts remained in a state of grief, wrath, and humiliation. Considering themselves responsible in a measure for their relative, Armitage, they were ashamed of his attack upon their father's guest, and furious at his homicide of their noble Kershaw. The death of the good old man was an awful loss to them in more ways than one. He had been not only their adviser in doing what was right, but their ægis against criticism when they had done what was wrong. On the rare occasions when society dared to condemn them for their battlings and other peccadilloes, they had been able to respond, "But we keep the faith and friendship of Kershaw, and therefore cannot be very culpable." Without him, they felt less strong than hitherto, and they mourned him on that account, as well as because they had loved him.

It would seem now as if Beaumont ought to have fulfilled his promise to Kershaw to do his best at burying the hatchet. But, instead of sending pacific messages to the McAlisters, he turned his back on them and on Hartland, and went off to Washington. He remained absent some weeks, during which nothing was known of his purposes or his doings, except that he was much seen in political circles.

From him, therefore, we turn to his sorrowing daughter, Kate.

This affectionate, sensitive, pleasantly sympathetic nature had been bruised to the core by the great calamity which had fallen upon it. Her best and wisest friend, the sweet old man of whom she had made a pet from her infancy, the being toward whose purity her own pure spirit had instinctively inclined, had been torn from her by a hideous accident, a brutal mistake. At first she had received the blow with an amazement which had the effect of incredulity. This often happens to the afflicted, and it is well that it is so. Sorrow, to use the intelligent phrase of Vincent Beaumont, is thereby distributed over a greater number of heart-beats, and thus permits the heart to beat on.

But day after day passed, and Kershaw did not return. Little by little the girl fully realized her bereavement, and little by little it appeared that she could not well endure it. To those who loved her, and therefore watched her comprehendingly, it was a terrible thing to see the storms of grief which sometimes came upon her, even when she was striving to maintain a sunny countenance. In the midst of a conversation she would be stricken dumb; her head would fall slowly back, and her eyes turn upward as if seeking to pierce other worlds; then, with a quiver of the throat, she would utter a loud, shuddering sigh. It was only a momentary spasm, for almost immediately she would regain her usual air, and perhaps finish a sentence. But short as the tremor had been, her heart had given forth a portion of its vitality, and there was less for the purposes of living. There are eruptions which at once show the power of the volcano and eat away its case.

Of course her trial was a complicated one, and her grief a legion. In losing her best and dearest friend, she had lost her chances of domestic peace and her hope of being able to live for love. Who, now that Kershaw was gone, would keep quiet those wild broods of Beaumont and McAlister

men, always ready to fly at each other's throats? What probability was there that she would ever be able to place her hand in the outreaching hand of him who had won her heart? Her father and brothers, kind as they meant to be to her, were so many causes of anxiety and terror, such was their readiness to expose life and to take it. From her sister, more unfortunate than a widow, a wife whose husband was in peril of the gallows, she had no right to demand consolation. If she looked to the past, it was a series of troubles, billow raging after billow. Its successive shocks had already weakened her, so that she was the less able to withstand the present.

The human being, bodily and spiritual, is a unity. The mind cannot chafe long without causing the strength of the body to fail. Sorrowful brooding by day, and nights of broken, unrefreshing sleep, soon made the girl an invalid, and gave her the air of one. Her rich color faded, her limpid hazel eyes became dull and despondent, and her fine figure lost somewhat of its rounded outlines.

But sadly as the physical languished, the spiritual suffered even more. Before long Kate fell into a melancholy which took an unwholesome theological cast, akin to superstition. In her diseased imagination God became a Moloch, demanding the death of the innocents of her heart. She was possessed by an impression that some great sacrifice was demanded of her. What could it be, except the man whom she now loved, as she was compelled to admit, above all other living beings?

Heavy laden with this terrible idea, and striving in vain to shake it off by efforts of reason, the girl wandered in deserts of gloom. Restless with an emotion which claimed to be remorse, she went from room to room with such a haggard face and abstracted gaze as to draw wondering stares from her relatives. One whole day she passed alone in her chamber, praying that the intolerable cup might pass from her. But the heavens were of brass; it

seemed to her as if the sun refused to shine upon her, as if all nature reproved her for her selfish rebellion.

At last, overcome by the reproaches of her mock conscience, she bowed her will to this supposed duty. Kneeling before her Bible, sobbing forth supplications for resignation, she promised to expel Frank McAlister from her heart, and to think no more of marrying him, no more of loving him.

She had expected that this vow, could she ever utter it, would give her peace. But it did not; something else was now demanded of her; the cruel Moloch of broken health and shattered nerves was insatiable; she must still sacrifice, choosing whatever was pleasantest and dearest. She must give up her home, go forth from her own flesh and blood, and labor somehow, suffer somehow, alone.

This new requisition of the mocking spirits of invalidism drove her almost frantic. Unfortunately there was no one in the family to whom she would naturally turn for counsel in such difficulties. Her aunt and brothers were not in any sense spiritually-minded; even her sister, notwithstanding her puissance of sympathy, could not comprehend her. Once, when she ventured to hint some of her dolorous impressions to Nellie, that healthy woman broke out in sound-minded indignation, telling the girl that her scruples were whimsical, and calling her a silly.

Under such circumstances it is no wonder that Kate began to receive with pleasure the consolatory visits of the Rev. Arthur Gilyard.

#### CHAPTER XXXIV.

As the Rev. Arthur Gilyard will be of some importance in our story, we must say a word or two concerning his character.

He was a model gentleman, and, making allowance for the narrowness of his moral education, a model Christian. In all those duties of his profes-

sion which he clearly saw to be duties, he was faithful in the extreme.

If he had neither public nor private reproof for some of the characteristics of Southern society which other societies denounced as sins, it was because he had not yet been able to decide that they were unmixed evils.

He doubted, for instance, whether duelling were not an instrument for the development of civilization by elevating the sense of honor and polishing manners. As for slavery, if the Bible did not assail it, why should he? If in these views he was illogical, antiquated, and provincial, he was at least perfectly honest.

These things apart, he was admirable. By nature proud, ambitious, and combative, he had made himself humble, unselfish, and gentle by assiduous self-culture. The best of sons, a fervent friend, a tireless pastor, an earnest preacher, he was loved in private and respected in public.

Notwithstanding his peaceful profession, even bellicose Peyton Beaumont admired him heartily, and said of him, "He is a gentleman," sometimes adding, "Well, of course he is. Good blood, sir; Huguenot blood. Even a clergyman, sir, can't be a gentleman without descent."

Such was the man who now came often to console Kate Beaumont, and who very soon became infatuated with his mission. In spite of her thinness and pallor, the girl was still beautiful; and in spite of her despondency and her fits of silence, she was fascinating.

There are women who charm men because they take the pains to do it, and who take pains because they are themselves interested. They are of the nature of magnets; they attract potently for the reason that they are attracted; they are creatures of strong sympathies and therefore of indefatigable activity. They win triumphs, but they pay for them. For every pulsation that they cause, they have given a pulsation. They are admirable for what they do, and for the power which enables them to do it, and for the health of moral and

physical constitution which supplies this waste of power.

The life of such a woman is as stormy and as full of exhausting labor, one may almost say, as that of a Napoleon. She can hardly be encountered without subjection, and she cannot be intelligently considered without wonder. Let no one who is not born to do it, who is not furnished by nature with the force to do it, hope to rival her. This power of fascinating, of being fascinated, and still living, is not acquired, but given. It is unconscious. She who possesses it is not aware of the possession. She acts by it, and does not know why she so acts, and does not even see that she so acts. And it is surely one of the mightiest of the gifts that are conferred upon mortals.

But there is another enchanter, very different from this one, yet equally wonderful. She is not gifted for effort, and she puts forth none. She waits, like a deity, for the worship which is due her, not even perceiving that it is due. She is as calm in appearance as Greek art, and as sure of admiration. She may be called the Washington of women, as the other is the Napoleon. Her purity and nobility of soul, obvious to every worthy beholder, are what draw adorers. The more unconscious she is of worship and the more indifferent to it, the more she commands it.

In sorrow, in the sublime forgetfulness of self which grief brings, she is especially irresistible. Whoever sees her wishes to comfort her, and brings offerings of pity and then of love. She inspires the respectful, the solemnly reverential affection which a true Catholic feels in gazing upon a *Mater Dolorosa*. A maiden, perhaps, yet already a mother of sorrows, she is at once fascinating and imposing. Men long to sound her sombre mystery, and are willing to use their lives to dispel it.

Such at this time was Kate Beaumont. Her face, of that sweet and dignified aquiline which we call Oriental, was both tender and grand with trouble. Her profound, imploring hazel



eyes demanded the pity which she never or rarely asked for in words. No man of refined feeling could look on her without querying, what is the matter with her, and what can I do for her?

How could a clergyman, whose profession it is to utter the mercy of Heaven, fail to be urgent in proffering consolation? Arthur Gilyard performed his duty with emotion, and he suffered the penalty of so performing it. We have not space to show how sympathy grew in his heart from one form into another; we must compress the whole of this passionate evolution into one phrase, — he fell in love.

Now imagine Kate Beaumont in daily intercourse with this pitying, worshipping young man, and receiving from him the only ideas that could give her any semblance of peace or joy. What wonder if an impression should come upon her, like a message delivered by some invisible archangel, commanding her to revere her comforter, to imitate his beautiful life, to renounce like him a dying world, and like him devote herself to the good of others? She had thoughts of entering a hospital as a nurse, or of going abroad as a teacher of the heathen. But, woman-like with all her self-abnegation, she felt that she needed in these labors a fellow-apostle, who should be her support and guide. So also felt and thought the Rev. Arthur Gilyard, remembering meanwhile that his people had been urgent with him to take a wife, and trusting that Heaven had shown him one who was worthy to share his mission.

But this strange courtship, this courtship which strove to be unconscious of its own real nature and purpose, must have the go-by for the present. We are called upon to turn to an unpleasant figure in our drama. Mrs. Chester is about to make trouble, and must be watched.

Notwithstanding a certain constant jealousy of Kate, notwithstanding that it always annoyed her to see another woman admired, Aunt Marian's first

feeling with regard to the Gilyard courtship was mainly gratification. The harebrained, spiteful old flirt had not yet forgiven Frank McAlister for preferring a niece to an aunt; frivolous as she seemed, she had sincerity and earnestness enough to hate him heartily and to want him to be miserable. "If Kate takes this stick of a minister," she said to her unamiable self, "it will plague that tall brute properly."

But we must be more serious than usual with Mrs. Chester. A singular change, capable of germinating ugly consequences, had come over this always sufficiently singular woman. Whether it was that the late startling events in the family life had shaken her nervous system, or whether it was that some constitutional transition or some occult decay of health had suddenly diminished her power of self-control, at all events she was in an uncommonly excitable state. She was as restless, dissatisfied, and fretful as a teething baby. Always troubled with plans and wants, she had them now by scores, and had them dreadfully. Every day some new project for being happy was proposed, advocated with pettish eagerness, and dropped for another. She was as agitated in body as in spirit. She could not sit still; into a room, and out of it; changing from sofa to settee; always in movement. At last people began to notice how she buzzed about, how incessantly and eagerly she talked, how oddly her black eyes sparkled.

"What the doose is the matter with Aunt Marian?" grumbled Tom, annoyed by her humming-bird activity. "I'd as lieve have a basket of hornbugs in the house. If she should bang against the ceiling and come down kicking on the floor, I should n't be astonished."

"She is only a good deal more like herself than usual," observed the philosophic Poinsett. "We are all of us annoying when we are excessively in character."

"She is behaving queerly, even for

her," judged Vincent, the semiphysician.

Well, among her numerous projects, Mrs. Chester conceived that of going to Washington with Representative Beaumont, keeping house for him during session time, giving grand receptions, having members of the Cabinet to dinner, coquetting with mustached secretaries of legation, and becoming nationally famous as a queen of society. A judicious portion of this enchanting prospect, that is to say, such part of it as included having one's own nice bed and excellent cookery in a capital not famous for such things, she had set before the mind's eye of her brother just previous to his leaving Hartland.

"I would take a house there, if I could have my daughters with me," replied Beaumont, always a father.

Mrs. Chester frowned: she did not want the daughters along; they would be rivals with the secretaries.

"Do you think I could n't take care of you, Peyton?" she asked, reproachfully; "an old housekeeper like me!"

"That is n't it," answered Peyton, who nevertheless had his doubts. "I don't want the expense of a Washington house, and Washington hospitalities, of course, unless my children, my girls at least, can share the pleasure with me. You are very kind, Marian," he added, with judgment. "But, you see, I am an old fool of a father."

"I know you are," retorted Mrs. Chester, snappishly. But in another instant this versatile gadfly changed her direction and decided to accept her nieces.

"Let the girls come, if they wish it," she said. "We shall be all the gayer."

"Gayer!" almost growled Beaumont. "How can they be gay? How can they go into society at all? You know what a row Armitage has made, and that he has disappeared."

"O, certainly, Nellie can't go," admitted Mrs. Chester, thinking, so much the better.

"Nor will Kate, I am sure," added Beaumont.

"Why not? He was only her grandfather."

Peyton gave his sister rather a black look, and replied, "That is a good deal, especially when he was the man he was. My God, we let the dead slip out of mind soon enough. Would you have us hurry up our forgetting?"

"You are always snapping at me," said the lady, with a violent gesture which showed how slight was her self-command. "You are very hard-hearted."

Beaumont stared in amazement and indignation. Then, for the first time perhaps, he noticed the unusual brilliancy and unsteadiness of his sister's eye, and wondered whether she were as well as usual. Deciding that she was not fit for controversy, and that he as a man ought to show forbearance, he made no answer to her attack. She will discover on reflection, he said to himself, who it is that has been hard-hearted.

He ought to have known his sister better; she was not a person to see herself as others saw her; she was as incapable of introspection as a cat. It is worthy of note, by the way, as an instance of her versatility, that she had promptly dismissed her interest in the Gilyard courtship, on discovering that it might interfere with her Washington whimwham.

"I think you don't sufficiently consider Kate's interests," she resumed. "Her health, poor child, is suffering. She ought to be taken away from a place where she has met with such affliction. She needs amusement. You ought to have her with you, whether she wants to go or not. She need n't be very gay, you know," explained Mrs. Chester, thinking that she would receive the mustached secretaries while Kate should sit up stairs and read her Bible. "I could take the heaviest part of the entertaining off her hands. She could just drive about and see the sights and recover her cheerfulness."

Beaumont grinned, almost audibly.

His sister had already set up a carriage at his expense in Washington. He said to himself, How like her!

"You are right about Kate," he observed, aloud. "She does need change of scene and air. Well, when session opens, if she feels disposed to go with me, I will set up a house."

The next morning he departed for the capital on the mysterious business of which we have already spoken.

Mrs. Chester now turned her mind to bringing Kate into the Washington project. Taking advantage of a moment when the girl seemed more cheerful than usual, she went at her with the smile of an angel, that is, of a fallen one.

"Your father is very anxious to keep house this coming session," she began. "He is sick of those wretched hotels, and wants his own bed and his own table. His plan is to take you and me with him, and have a comfortable home, you know, and give a few dinners and receptions, and be somebody in society there. It will be so much for his interest, and so much for his comfort too! I am so glad he has settled upon it."

Now this was stating the matter pretty strongly, was it not? Did Mrs. Chester mean to lie or to exaggerate? Well, not exactly; she did not see that she was lying or exaggerating much; perhaps she did not see that she was doing so at all. She was one of those persons who desire so impulsively and passionately, that they easily impute their desires to other people. She stretched the truth and annexed what was not the truth almost unconsciously. No doubt, also, her present abnormal nervousness may account for somewhat of her audacity of invention.

"Receptions in Washington!" murmured Kate. The sorrowing soul shrank from gayeties as an invalid might shrink from a voyage among the chilly glitter of icebergs.

"O, I will see to them mainly," offered Mrs. Chester, that child of forty-five. "You could be in or out, as you wished."

"I don't see how I could well avoid them, if I were in the house."

"Well, why should you avoid them?" demanded Mrs. Chester, with shocking cheerfulness.

"But, dear aunt, I cannot think of it," replied the girl, piteously. "How can I think of it?"

"O, don't be so weak-minded," exhorted the dear aunt. "Do try to think of somebody besides yourself," she added, finding one of the most sympathetic beings in the world guilty of egotism. "You ought to get at your sewing at once," she continued, remembering perhaps what a fascinating business dressmaking is to women, and how quickly it can give them a fresh zest for life.

"If my father really wishes me to go to Washington, I must go," said Kate, sadly.

But during the day she wrote to her father; and before long she received a reply, leaving the matter entirely to her choice; and, armed with this letter, she once more faced her aunt.

"There, you have spoiled all," snapped Mrs. Chester. "You went and cried to him, and melted him as usual. You are the most selfish, the slyest, the —"

"Aunt Marian, you do me injustice," interrupted Kate, her eyes opening wide with the astonishment of maligned innocence.

"O, do I? I should think I did. Ha, ha. Well, I suppose so," replied Aunt Marian with incoherent irony. "Perhaps I do the young man injustice, too," she added more intelligibly.

Kate, however, did not understand. A blush slightly tinted her cheek, but it did not refer to the Reverend Gilyard. She simply saw that she was attacked, and she flushed under the outrage.

"But I understand, miss," proceeded Mrs. Chester, in a truly irrational passion. "A young minister, a sweet-voiced young minister, with solemn, saintly blue eyes, is a great consolation. O, I have seen many young girls comforted that way before now! I am not a fool, miss. I know my own sex."

The coarse insult pierced even through Kate's incredulity that an insult could be meant. Without a word she put her hands to her ears and escaped from her denaturalized tormentor.

"She will tell her father of me," thought Mrs. Chester, with a transitory terror. But after a minute of reflection, or rather of certain emotions which served her in place of it, she burst out violently, "I'll stop this courting."

Her next notable dialogue on this subject was with Mrs. Devine, the mother of our little coquette, Jenny. Mrs. Devine was one of those mild, soft-spoken women who have no mind nor will of their own, but who, in carrying out the desires of some adored being, can show the unexpected persistence and pluck of a setting hen. Unlike Mrs. Chester in character and much disapproving her worldly ways, she nevertheless consorted with her a good deal, because of old fellowship in the langsyne of boarding-school, and because of the intimacy between Jenny and Kate.

Now Mrs. Devine's heart was bent on getting her darling minister married, and she had settled upon Kate Beaumont as the best match attainable for him. Such a dear, good, lovely girl was surely a very proper prize for such a dear, good, lovely man. There was money there, too, and Mr. Gilyard undoubtedly ought to have money, he was so indifferent to it and knew so little how to keep it. There had been a time when Mrs. Devine had pinched and saved on his account, thinking that perchance he might become the steward of Jenny's moderate fortune. But he had not been so guided; and the mother had finally had the grace to see that her daughter was unfit to be a minister's wife,—had acknowledged with humility that she was much too thoughtless and gay. And surely Providence was in it; for, if her idol had married Jenny, he could not have married Kate; and Kate was just the girl to be able to appreciate the idol and make him comfortable on his altar.

Well, Mrs. Devine had prayed for

this match, had intrigued for it, had prophesied it. Accordingly Mrs. Chester, who did not desire the match lest it should prevent her from going to Washington, had a bone to pick with Mrs. Devine.

"I hear that you want your minister to marry my niece," was the opening attack of this energetic, though desultory woman.

The setting hen struck out promptly and gallantly in defence of the eggs which she was hatching.

"I am sure she could not find a better husband," she replied. "I am sure it is better to marry a man like Mr. Gilyard than to plunge into the dissipations of Washington."

Mrs. Chester was very excitable in these days, remember; and this attack upon her favorite project touched her where she was most sensitive.

"It seems to me, Mrs. Devine, that you trouble yourself too much about other people's girls," she replied with flashing eyes. "I should say that you had quite enough to do with keeping your own duckling out of puddles."

"What have you got now to say against Jenny?" demanded Mrs. Devine, forgetting even her minister in defending her daughter.

Mrs. Chester had nothing special to say against Jenny; so she changed her front once more.

"And what have you got to say against Kate's going to Washington?" she asked.

"I have much to say against it," replied Mrs. Devine, with the bland but annoying firmness of people who know that they are doing their duty. "I think it would be very wrong to take her into the gay world just when her heart has been softened by the death of dear, good old Colonel Kershaw. I think that I am bound, as her friend and as one who wishes her highest good, to bear my testimony against any such step."

Mrs. Chester would hear no more. She was quite unable to restrain the nervous irritability which of late perpetually gnawed her, and set her flying

not only at her fellow "humans," but also at cats and dogs, and even at things inanimate. She broke out in such a fit of passion as one seldom sees in a lady outside of a lunatic asylum.

"I know what you mean by your pious talk, Sally Devine," she chattered. "You want to keep Kate here so that your stick of a minister can court her. You are stark crazy about that pale-faced, white-eyed, white-livered creature. You know that Kate Beaumont is the best match in the district, and you want her money and niggers to support him. O, you need n't make eyes at me as if I were breaking all the Ten Commandments at once. I don't care if he is a clergyman. I don't like him. I don't like his looks. He has a white liver. He's just that kind of a man that the niggers call a white-livered man. And he's a poor stick of a minister. When he looks at the daughter of Peyton Beaumont, he looks altogether too high for him. Kate Beaumont is for his betters. She is fit for any planter or any politician in the State. When you put up your little man to jumping for her, you put him up to making himself ridiculous."

Mrs. Devine was dumbfounded with horror and amazement. Mrs. Chester was talking with a violence which even in her was extraordinary. Not only was her language violent, but her manner also. Her gestures, her flashing eyes, and her loudness of tone all showed an unwomanly and abnormal excitement. Mrs. Devine even thought, just for one moment, "Is she crazy?"

"I want you to let our Beaumont affairs entirely alone," resumed Mrs. Chester, who had merely paused to catch her breath. "We are able to take care of our own young lady. Do you take care of yours." At this point, remembering how much Jenny had made of Frank McAlister some time previous, her anger received a fresh accession, and she added, "She needs it enough, — the little flirt!"

Even sense of duty and of martyrdom in a just cause could not enable Mrs. Devine to hear more. Insulted

through her daughter, and with a sense of degradation in being made the butt of such glarings and such language, she rose and hurried out of the room, crying with vexation.

We beg that the reader will not be equally shocked, and shut his eyes upon the very name of Mrs. Chester hereafter. Sooner or later he will learn the true cause of her unwomanly outbreak, and will probably in a measure pardon her for it.

It so happened that while hastening across the yard, Mrs. Devine met Kate Beaumont. In the weakness of abused femininity, suffering from instant outrage, and remembering also how Mrs. Chester had formerly abused Jenny to her face, the injured woman did not wisely conceal the cause of her weeping.

"I have been insulted by your aunt," she sobbed. "Insulted because I thought it my duty to protest against your being dragged into the vanities and follies of Washington. I have done my duty in this house for the last time. I am sorry, but I can't help it."

With these words she tore away, rushed into her carriage, and was driven off. It will be observed that she said nothing about the Rev. Mr. Gilyard, either because she thought it was right so to do, or because she thought it was wise. Even conscientious people, when of the illogical turn of Mrs. Devine, are apt to indulge in such concealments, regarded by stronger heads as prevarications.

Kate, although a hater of duelling, rencontres, and the like, had what may be called gentlemanly ideas of hospitality and of honor. The fact that a Beaumont had insulted a guest under the Beaumont roof-tree, roused in her such indignation that she forgot her sorrows, forgot her melancholies, and lost somewhat of her singular gentleness. As she entered the house and advanced upon Mrs. Chester, with a marble face and the step of a Juno, she looked much more like her spirited sister than like herself. For the first time in this whole story she was angry.

We regret to use the word in connection with her, it has such ugly associations; and yet her anger was just, honorable, and becoming.

"Aunt Marian," she said, "I hear that you have been attacking Mrs. Devine, and because of my affairs."

"I did not," asserted Aunt Marian.

"I do not know what to make of this," replied Kate, steadily gazing into Mrs. Chester's wandering eyes. "Mrs. Devine tells me that you had words with her about my going to Washington."

Mrs. Chester had at first been strangely afraid of her niece. But as she stood there calling her to account, she became suddenly very angry with her, so angry as to lose all her self-control and to forget her cunning.

"Yes, I did have words with her," she broke out. "I let her know her place here. She wants to prevent our going to Washington, and to marry you to that white-livered minister. I let her know that she was an interfering gossip. I did, and I will again."

"Aunt Marian, this cannot be," said Kate, speaking with the steadiness of a Fate. "This is my father's house, and guests cannot be insulted in it. If you do not write an apology to Mrs. Devine, I shall lay the whole matter before him."

"Will you go to Washington?" was Mrs. Chester's only answer.

"I am not going to Washington," decreed Kate.

"Then I won't stay here another day," declared Mrs. Chester in loud anger. "I won't stay here to be ground down and insulted. I'll go and keep house for Bent Armitage."

Kate did not believe her. She was mainly occupied in wondering at the woman's unusual excitement. She decided that time would be the best medicine for it, and that for the present she would say nothing more to irritate her. When Mrs. Chester should come to herself, and should get over her disappointment about the collapse of the Washington project, she would probably have a mild turn and send an

apology to Mrs. Devine. So trusting, Kate left her.

But the next morning Mrs. Chester slyly set off for Saxonburg with bag and baggage, alighting upon the hospitality of the astonished Bentley Armitage, who was keeping bachelor's hall in his brother's house. And there, inspired perhaps by a bee in her bonnet, she commenced making fresh trouble for Beaumonts and McAlisters.

## CHAPTER XXXV.

"WHAT is up now?" were Bent Armitage's first words to Mrs. Chester when she rustled suddenly into his lonely lodgings.

Puzzled by her unexpected advent, he supposed that she could only have come to bring him some startling news of Randolph, still a fugitive from such justice as homicidal high-flung gentlemen had in those days to fear in South Carolina.

"I am driven from my brother's house by my brother's children," answered Mrs. Chester in an excited, tragical way which struck him as both singular and ludicrous. "Have you a place where I can hide my head?"

"Lots of places to hide heads in," answered the reassured Bentley, his queer smile, a smile indescribably and perhaps unintentionally quizzical, curling up into one cheek. "This old rookery is just the spot for hiding heads, or bodies either, for that matter. Any number of handy closets for skeletons."

Mrs. Chester dropped various bundles on the floor, and then dropped herself with equal helplessness into an arm-chair, gasping as if she had run all the way from Hartland.

"So the boys have been turning up rusty?" inquired Bent, after picking up the fallen packages and seeing otherwise to his visitor's baggage.

"It's the girls," said Mrs. Chester. "I can get along with men."

Bentley smiled again; she was about right there.

"I had hoped, or rather I was afraid, that you brought news of Randolph," he added, turning grave.

Starting off suddenly, like a turbine-wheel when the water is let on, Mrs. Chester told the whole story of the killing of Colonel Kershaw. Her distinctness of memory was wonderful; she related every incident of the tragedy with amazing minuteness, picturesque, and fluency; she was extremely interesting and even amusing. Another noteworthy circumstance was that she talked with such rapidity as to throw off a slight spattering of foam from her lips.

"I knew all that," said Bentley, when he found a chance to speak. "But where is he now? That's the point."

"I don't know," replied Mrs. Chester with curious dryness and indifference. "Give me some writing-materials. I want to write a letter."

Pen and paper being furnished, she commenced writing with singular slowness and hesitation, using first her right hand and then her left.

"I am disguising my hand," she presently explained. "It is an anonymous letter."

Before Bentley could fairly say, "The dickens it is!" she added, her eyes flashing spitefully, "It is to Frank McAlister."

Bentley was astonished, but amused. He had heard somewhat of the woman's fancy for the young giant. Was she going, at her respectable age, to send him a valentine?

"I want to make him miserable," she continued.

"I've no objection," observed Bent, lighting a cigar, and watching her through the smoke. "Sock it to him."

"I am going to tell him," went on Mrs. Chester, with a sullen, absent-minded air, — "I am going to tell him that Kate is engaged to Arthur Gilyard."

Bentley turned pale and dropped his cigar.

"He'll believe, it and he'll be miserable, — he'll believe it, and he'll

be miserable," repeated Mrs. Chester, with an air of savage pleasure in the iteration.

"But it is n't true?" asked, or rather implored, Bentley.

"It is," answered Mrs. Chester. "And O, ain't I glad of it? I hate those McAlisters!"

The unhappy youngster rose and left the room. When he returned, a few minutes later, he had the look of a man who has risen from an illness. Mrs. Chester, who had by this time finished and directed her letter, went on talking about the McAlisters precisely as if she had been talking about them all the while, unconscious of his absence.

"The feud has lasted seventy years now," she said. "There have been three generations in it. There have been fourteen Beaumonts killed in it and thirteen McAlisters. We still owe them one. Just think of it: Peyton is the only one left of seven brothers; all the rest died in their boots, as the saying is. Until three years ago, our family has never been out of mourning since I can remember. And now Kate is in mourning for her grandfather."

Bentley softly whistled a plaintive Methodist tune which recalled a chorus commencing, "O, there will be mourning, — mourning, mourning, mourning."

"Yes, there has been mourning," said Mrs. Chester, recognizing the air; "and there will be more. It can't stop here. We owe them one, and we must pay the debt. I don't know who will do it, but somebody will. Your brother missed his mark. He fired at a McAlister, and hit Colonel Kershaw. Perhaps you'll be the next one to take up the old quarrel. Ain't you Beaumont enough?"

"Scarcely," was Bent's dry answer.

"O well. You are not married into the family; but you may be. I thought at one time you were going to take Kate. Why did n't you?"

"Did n't hear any loud call to do so," said Bent. His words were jocose, but his manner was tragic.

"O, I know," went on Mrs. Chester.



"That Frank McAlister got in your way. He stopped it."

"Did he?" asked Bentley.

"You could have got her, if it had n't been for him."

False as this undoubtedly was, Bentley had himself supposed it to be true, unwilling to believe that his love had been declined simply on account of his own demerits.

"Of course he slandered you," said Mrs. Chester.

"O no," protested Bentley, who, notwithstanding the credulity of anxiety, found this hard to credit.

"He began it with his eyes," continued Mrs. Chester. "He used to look at you and then look at her in a way that was the same thing as a warning. She understood him. I could see that she did. After one of those looks, she used to avoid you. O, you don't know how quick women are at taking hints! I know them. A hint goes further with them than a long argument. They think it over by themselves and make ever so much out of it. It is the best way to lead them, to give them little hints and winks. I have found out a thousand things that way. But Frank McAlister did n't stop there. After a while he went on to talk to her about you. He said you were a drunkard and would make her miserable."

Mrs. Chester's disordered imagination invented so rapidly, that her tongue could hardly keep up with it. She talked so volubly and by moments so indistinctly, that Bentley found some difficulty in following her. It may seem singular that he should have credited her babble; but it must be remembered that she had him upon a subject where his wits were at a disadvantage; that in talking to him of Kate Beaumont she used a spell which paralyzed his judgment.

"Look here, this is too much," he exclaimed at last, starting up and striding about, his partially disabled foot slapping the floor more paralytically than usual.

"Of course it is too much," replied Mrs. Chester, eagerly. "I don't see how you can endure it."

"I can't," said Bentley, rushing out of the room.

It was evening when this conversation took place. Before bedtime Bent was under the influence of the hereditary devil of his family. In trouble as well as in joy, in seasons of wrath as well as in seasons of conviviality, in all times of excitement and too often in times of dulness, it was the custom of the Armitages to betake themselves to whiskey. As certain peoples in a state of revolution elevate a tyrant to power, so this breed, when distracted by emotions, enthroned alcohol.

In the morning, rising from the irritation of evil slumbers, Bentley resumed his drinking before breakfast, keeping it up all day and for days following. There were some strange scenes of carousal in the lonely mansion. Mrs. Chester, we remember, was an ardent admirer of men, and especially of young men; and even in her present excitement she did not forget her old predilection. She took to flattering and petting Bent Armitage, as she had once flattered and petted Frank McAlister. She was so thankful for what little attention she got from him, that she did not mind his semi-intoxication, and indeed ministered unto it. She mixed his liquor and set it before him in a coquettish, hoydenish, juvenile way, sincerely gratified to serve him. She was a cracked old Cleopatra waiting on a young rough of an Antony. It was a spectacle which could be painted as ludicrous, but which I can only paint as woful and horrible.

The more Bent drank, and the more irrational and savage he became with his long debauch, the more completely he credited Mrs. Chester's tales concerning Frank McAlister's slanders of himself. For the feud he cared nothing; even in his present wild state, he knew that he had nothing to do with it; his native clearness of head asserted itself thus far. But he did believe that Frank had injured him, and he did want to shoot the fellow. He used to go to sleep muttering, "Hang Frank

McAlister ! Hang all the McAlisters ! Hang Frank McAlister particularly ! Hang him particularly ! " Only, in place of the word " hang," he used a stronger objurcation.

Alcohol is a magician. It tears down a man's natural character in an hour, and builds him a new one. It accomplishes miracles which remind one of the doctrine of the transmigration of souls. Under its enchantment your body is forsaken by the spirit which belongs to it, and entered upon by a spirit which you knew not of, any more than if it came from another world. Bentley Armitage, a far better fellow than Randolph, and also furnished with more common sense, was presently on his way to Hartland to fight Frank McAlister, following precisely in the steps of his addle-pated brother, under the same frenzying influence. It was the stupid iteration of that, stupidest of possessing demons, "rum-madness."

But, though playing Randolph's part after him, he did it with another port and mask. Even in his inebriety he kept his knowing look and quizzical smile, rather exaggerating them than otherwise. Moreover, instead of im- providently depending for drink on station bar-rooms and on the bottles of wayfarers, he carried with him a full demijohn. In his slangy way he called this his "wine-press," and when he treated his fellow-travellers, which he did often and liberally, he always said with tiresome repetition, "Won't you have some of the wine of astonishment ?" It must be understood that he was not in a helpless state ; that he did not reel and stammer and hic- cough and talk incoherencies. He was simply in an exasperated nervous state because of a long spree.

Arrived in Hartland, he had sense enough not to go to the Beaumont house, knowing to a certain extent what his condition was, and not wishing to present himself thus before Kate. He took the one hack of the little town and drove to the one hotel with his valise and demijohn. After

tea he thought himself sober enough to face his relatives, the Devines, and repaired to their house with the hope of learning that the Gilyard engagement was a fiction. The moment that Jenny laid eyes on him, she detected his status ; for being a student of men, she knew him thoroughly, habits, expression, and all.

"What are you here for, Bent ?" she asked at once, with not a little tartness.

"O, I am around," he replied, trying to smile naturally. "I am going to and fro in the earth, like Satan, you know."

"Exactly," said Jenny. "What are you going on in this way for ? You 'll be doing something to worry us. Where is your baggage ? Why did n't you come here at once ? You had better go up stairs and take a nap."

"Come, don't jump on a man the minute you see him," protested Bentley, with a momentary sense of humiliation at being so quickly guessed out and so sharply lectured. "I am a two-legged creature without feathers, I believe. I don't need a coop."

"I wish you would come here and let us take care of you," insisted Jenny. "You are not fit to be about alone. Shame on you, you great baby ! There, you sha' n't go," she added, running to the door, shutting it upon him and placing her plump shoulders against it. "Now I want to know what you are in Hartland for."

"How you do jockey me !" he said, with the magnanimous smile of a man who feels that he could resist if he would. "See here, Jenny," he added, after a scowl of trouble. "Is — is Kate Beaumont — is she engaged ? Mrs. Chester tells me that she is engaged to the minister, Gilyard. Is it true ?"

Jenny hesitated ; a flash passed through her hazel eyes ; it was a gleam of mingled reflection and decision.

"He has been very attentive to her," she replied. "And, if Mrs. Chester told you so, why, of course, Mrs. Chester knows."

Bentley, his face sobered and ennobled at once by intense grief, advanced to the door and seized the knob firmly.

"Where are you going?" demanded Jenny, without giving way.

"I am going back to Saxonburg," he whispered.

"Right," she said, letting him out. "I am sorry for you, Bentley; I am indeed. But you had better go."

Unfortunately there was no train up country till the next day. During the evening a number of Bentley's boon companions found him at the hotel, and beguiled him into a carouse which lasted till near morning. When he awoke from a brief and feverish sleep, he had lost the gentle sentiments which Jenny's feminine magnetism had instilled into him, and was ready in his semi-delirium to fight the first creature which approached him, whether it were a man, or a royal Bengal tiger, or a turtle-dove. He resolved to stay in Hartland and do battle with Frank McAlister. Part of the day passed in wandering about the streets, heavy laden with bowie-knife, pistols, and ammunition, including whiskey, waiting for the appearance of his slanderer. But after dinner, meeting with that martial young lawyer, Jobson, he communicated his griefs to him, and under his dictation drew up a challenge in the approved style of old General Johnson, the document being as rhetorical and almost as voluminous as Cicero's Orations against Verres. This "flight of eloquence" was despatched to its destination by the hands of that most bloodthirsty paradox, invented by the code of honor, and ironically denominated "a friend."

We must see now how the cartel was received at the McAlister residence.

Perhaps, however, we ought first to note what was the general state of mind of the challenged party, and what had been his moral history, since we left him retiring from the *mêlée* in which Colonel Kershaw had fallen.

His moral history referred solely to Kate Beaumont; he thought of nothing

else, and as it were knew nothing else. But while he thus lived solely for her, he believed that she could never live for him. It was not her heirship to a large estate which put her beyond his reach. He was not ashamed to sue for her because she had become rich; he respected himself too much to entertain that kind of shame, loved her too much to suffer it to trammel him. Besides, he would one day be rich himself, at least sufficiently so to live like a gentleman. In his magnanimous and manly opinion, the match would be an equal one, only for this, that Kate was individually far his superior, as she was far the superior of any man.

But the perpetual conflicts and tragedies, — that last degrading *mêlée* and that last horrible tragedy, — how could he bridge them over so as to reach her? It seemed impossible; a sea of blood blown upon by winds of hate lay between them, — a sea which grew wider and stormier at every attempt to span it. Fate had been so long and violently against him, that it had almost wearied him out and stripped him of hope. But not of desire: he still longed passionately for her; all the more passionately because of disappointments and barriers.

While he was thus fighting weakly with despair (as a man fights who only receives blows and cannot return them) he received Mrs. Chester's anonymous gossip as to the Gilyard engagement. At first he declared to himself with angry contempt that he would not believe it; and then, comparing it with what he knew of the young clergyman's visits to the Beaumont place, he did believe it. It may be supposed that life had very little value in his eyes when, a few days later, he opened Bent Armitage's challenge.

He read the challenge with amazement, and it was surely an amazing paper. It was as full of specifications as an old-time indictment; it charged him with calumniating Bentley and Randolph Armitage at divers times and in sundry places; in short, it contained

the whole substance of Mrs. Chester's malicious or crazy inventions.

"I wonder he did n't add, and for kicking up a blamed fuss generally," remarked Wallace, to whom Frank handed the three or four sheets of foolscap. "But I say, old fellow, for a man who pretends to be peaceable, you get into an awful number of squabbles."

"I know nothing about these things," said Frank. "He must be insane."

"I'll fight him myself," offered Wallace, who had lately been rejected by Jenny Devine, and did not feel that life was worth keeping.

"It is not your business," replied Frank, remembering the story about Gilyard, and feeling also that life was a burden.

"Well, what do you mean to do,

with your notions about duelling?" asked Wallace.

"I shall deny these ridiculous charges. Then, if he persists in picking a quarrel with me, — and I suppose that is his object, — I shall defend myself."

"You mean a rencontre?"

"I hate the word," said Frank. "But poor as life is, I have a right to defend it, and I shall do so."

"Of course, you might put him under bonds to keep the peace," suggested Wallace, doubtfully.

"O, is it worth while?" groaned Frank, almost wishing for a bullet in his brains.

"No," said Wallace. "We gentlemen don't do it. We gentlemen are like necessity; we know no law. Law is for our inferiors."

"Or for our betters," said Frank.

*J. W. DeForest.*

## THE SPHINX.

SHE fronts the traveller as he goes,  
A power to threaten and beguile;  
And fear and love awake before  
Her lion strength, her woman smile.

She bids him seek her mystery,  
And solve her riddle strange and dim;  
With art and wisdom matched against  
The doom that waits to conquer him.

But vain the contest and the toil,  
The weary heart, the wasted breath;  
The mystic meaning still is veiled,  
And all endeavor ends in death.

For, should her master-spirit rise  
And lay her secret bare and free,  
She from her eminence must fall,  
And cease from strife, and cease to be.

O life! whose subtle charm allures,  
O life! whose will inviolate  
Forever challenges the soul  
To solve the mystery of fate;

And strive where it shall not attain,  
And grasp at shadows that elude;  
Till, faltering, it quits the chase,  
And leaves the tempter unsubdued.

*M. E. N. Hatheway.*

## WAYSIDE PIKES.

OUR return from Mount Tyndall to such civilization as flourishes around the Kaweah outposts was signalized by us chiefly as to our *cuisine*, which offered now such bounties as the potato, and once a salad, in which some middle-aged lettuce became the vehicle for a hollow mockery of dressing. Two or three days, during which we dined at brief intervals, served completely to rest us, and put in excellent trim for further campaigning all except Professor Brewer, upon whom a constant toothache wore painfully, — my bullet-mould failing even upon the third trial to extract the unruly member.

It was determined we should ride together to Visalia, seventy miles away, and the more we went the more impatient became my friend, till we agreed to push ahead through day and night, and reached the village at about sunrise in a state of reeling sleepiness quite indescribably funny.

At evening, when it became time to start back for our mountain camp, my friend at last yielded consent to my project of climbing the Kern Sierras to attempt Mount Whitney; so I parted from him, and, remaining at Visalia, outfitted myself with a pack-horse, two mounted men, and provisions enough for a two weeks' trip.

I purposely avoid telling by what route I entered the Sierras, because there lingers in my breast a desire to see once more that lovely region, and failing, as I do, to confide in the people, I fear lest, if the camp I am going to describe should be recognized, I might, upon revisiting the scene, suffer harm, or even come to an untimely end. I refrain, then, from telling by what road I found myself entering the region of the pines one lovely twilight evening, two days after leaving Visalia. Pines, growing closer and closer, from sentinels gathered to groups, then

stately groves, and at last, as the evening wore on, assembled in regular forest, through whose open tops the stars shone cheerfully.

I came upon an open meadow, hearing in front the rush of a large brook, and directly reached two camp-fires, where were a number of persons. My two hirelings caught and unloaded the pack-horse, and set about their duties, looking to supper and the animals, while I prospected the two camps. That just below me, on the same side of the brook, I found to be the bivouac of a company of hunters, who, in the ten minutes of my call, made free with me, hospitably offering a jug of whiskey, and then went on in their old eternal way of making bear-stories out of whole cloth.

I left them with a belief that my protoplasm and theirs must be different, in spite of Mr. Huxley, and passed across the brook to the other camp. Under noble groups of pines smouldered a generous heap of coals, the ruins of a mighty log. A little way from this lay a confused pile of bedclothes, partly old and half-bald buffalo-ropes, but, in the main, thick strata of what is known to irony as comforters, upon which, outstretched in wretched awkwardness of position, was a family, all with their feet to the fire, looking as if they had been blown over in one direction, or knocked down by a single bombshell. On the extremities of this common bed, with the air of having got as far from each other as possible, the mother and father of the Pike family reclined; between them were two small children — a girl and boy — and a huge girl, who, next the old man, lay flat upon her back, her mind absorbed in the simple amusement of waving one foot (a cowhide eleven) slowly across the fire, squinting, with half-shut eye, first at the vast shoe and thence at the fire, alternately hiding

bright places and darting the foot quickly in the direction of any new display of heightening flame. The mother was a bony sister, in the yellow, shrunken, of sharp visage, in which were prominent two cold eyes and a positively poisonous mouth; her hair, the color of faded hay, was tangled about her head. She rocked jerkily to and fro, removing at intervals a clay pipe from her mouth in order to pucker her thin lips up to one side, and spit with precision upon a certain spot in the fire.

I have rarely felt more difficulty in opening a conversation, and was long before venturing to propose, "You seem to have a pleasant camp-spot here." The old woman sharply, and in almost a tone of affront, answered, "They's wus, and then again they's better."

"Doos well for our hogs," inserted the old man. "We've a band of pork that make out to find feed."

"Oh! how many have you?" I asked.

"Nigh three thousand."

"Won't you set?" asked madam; then, turning, "You, Susan, can't you try for to set up, and not spread so? Hain't you no manners, say?"

At this the massive girl got herself somewhat together, and made room for me, which I declined, however.

"Prospecting?" inquired madam.

"I say huntin'," suggested the man.

"Maybe he's a cattle-feller," interrupted the little girl.

"Goin' somewhere, ain't yer?" was Susan's guess.

I gave brief account of myself, evidently satisfying the social requirements of all but the old woman, who at once classified me as not up to her standard. Susan saw this, so did her father, and it became evident to me in ten minutes' conversation that they two were always at one, and made it their business to be in antagonism to the mother. They were then allies of mine from nature, and I felt at once at home. I saw, too, that Susan, hav-

ing slid back to her horizontal position when I declined to share her rightful ground, was watching with subtle solicitude that fated spot in the fire, opposing sympathy and squints accurately aligned by her shoe to the dull spot in the embers, which slowly went out into blackness before the well-directed fire of her mother's saliva.

The shouts which I heard proceeding from the direction of my camp were easily translatable into summons for supper. Mr. Newty invited me to return later and be sociable, which I promised to do, and, going to my camp, supped quickly and left the men with orders about picketing the animals for the night, then, strolling slowly down to the camp of my friends, seated myself upon a log by the side of the old gentleman. Feeling that this somewhat formal attitude unfitted me for partaking to the fullest degree the social ease around me, and knowing that my buckskin trousers were impervious to dirt, I slid down in a reclining posture with my feet to the fire, in absolute parallelism with the rest of the family.

The old woman was in the exciting *dénouement* of a coon-story, directed to her little boy, who sat clinging to her skirt and looking in her face with absorbed curiosity. "And when Johnnie fired," she said, "the coon fell and busted open." The little boy had misplaced his sympathies with the raccoon, and having inquired plaintively, "Did it hurt him?" was promptly snubbed with the reply, "Of course it hurt him. What do you suppose coons is made for?" Then turning to me she put what was plainly enough with her a test-question: "I allow you have killed your coon in your day?" I saw at once that I must forever sink beneath her standard, but, failing in real experience or accurate knowledge concerning the coon, I knew no subterfuges would work with her. Instinct had taught her that I had never killed a coon, and she had asked me thus ostentatiously to place me at once and forever before the family in my true light. "No,

ma'am," I said; "now you speak of it, I realize that I never have killed a coon." This was something of a staggerer to Susan and her father, yet as the mother's pleasurable dissatisfaction with me displayed itself by more and more accurate salivary shots at the fire, they rose to the occasion, and began to palliate my past. "Maybe," ventured Mr. Newty, "that they don't have coon round the city of York"; and I felt that I needed no self-defence when Susan firmly and defiantly suggested to her mother that perhaps I was in better business.

Driven in upon herself for some time, the old woman smoked in silence, until Susan, seeing that her mother gradually quenched a larger and larger circle upon the fire, got up and stretched herself, and giving the coals a vigorous poke swept out of sight the quenched spot, thus readily obliterating the result of her mother's precise and prolonged expectoration; then flinging a few dry boughs upon the fire, illumined the family with the ruddy blaze, and sat down again, leaning upon her father's knee with a faint light of triumph in her eye.

I ventured a few platitudes concerning pigs, not penetrating the depths of that branch of rural science enough to betray my ignorance. Such sentiments as "A little piece of bacon well broiled for breakfast is very good," and "Nothing better than cold ham for lunch," were received by Susan and her father in the spirit I meant, — of entire goodwill toward pork generically. I now look back in amusement at having fallen into this weakness, for the Mosaic view of pork has been mine from infancy, and campaigning upon government rations has, in truth, no tendency to dim this ancient faith.

By half past nine the gates of conversation were fairly open, and our part of the circle enjoyed itself socially, — taciturnity and clouds of Virginia plug reigning supreme upon the other. The two little children crept under comforters somewhere near the middle of the bed, and subsided pleasantly

to sleep. The old man at last stretched sleepily, finally yawning out, "Susan, I do believe I am too tired out to go and see if them corral bars are down. I guess you'll have to go. I reckon there ain't no bears round to-night." Susan rose to her feet, stretched herself with her back to the fire, and I realized for the first time her amusing proportions. In the region of six feet, tall, square-shouldered, of firm iron back and heavy mould of limb, she yet possessed that suppleness which enabled her as she rose to throw herself into nearly all the attitudes of the Niobe children. As her yawn deepened, she waved nearly down to the ground, and then, rising upon tiptoe, stretched up her clinched fists to heaven with a groan of pleasure. Turning to me she asked, "How would you like to see the hogs?" The old man added, as an extra encouragement, "Pootiest band of hogs in Tulare County! There's littler of the real sissor-bill nor Mexican racer stock than any band I have ever seen in the State. I driv the original outfit from Pike County to Oregon in '51 and '52." By this time I was actually interested in them, and joining Susan we passed out into the forest.

We walked silently on four or five minutes through the woods, coming at last upon a fence which margined a wide circular opening in the wood. The bars, as her father had feared, were down. We stepped over them, quietly entered the enclosure, put them up behind us, and proceeded to the middle, threading our way among sleeping swine to where a lonely tree rose to the height of about two hundred feet. Against this we placed our backs, and Susan waved her hand in pride over the two acres of tranquil pork. The eye, after accustoming itself to the darkness, took cognizance of a certain ridginess of surface which came to be recognized as the objects of Susan's pride.

Quite a pretty effect was caused by the shadow of the forest, which, cast obliquely downward by the moon, di-



vided the corral into halves of light and shade.

The air was filled with heavy breathing, interrupted by here and there a snore, and at times by crescendos of tumult, caused by forty or fifty pigs doing battle for some favorite bed-place.

I was informed that Susan did not wish me to judge of them by dark, but to see them again in full light of day. She knew each individual pig by its physiognomy, having, as she said, "grown with 'em."

As we strolled back toward the bars a dusky form disputed our way, — two small, sharp eyes and a wild crest of bristles were visible in the obscure light. "That's Old Arkansas," said Susan; "he's eight year old come June, and I never could get him to like me." I felt for my pistol, but Susan struck a vigorous attitude, ejaculating, "S-S-oway, Arkansas!" She made a dash in his direction; a wild scuffle ensued, in which I heard the dull thud of Susan's shoe, accompanied by, "Take that, dog-on-you!" a cloud of dust, one shrill squeal, and Arkansas retreated into the darkness at a business-like trot.

When quite near the bars the mighty girl launched herself in the air, alighting with her stomach across the topmost rail, where she hung a brief moment, made a violent muscular contraction, and alighted upon the ground outside, communicating to it a tremor quite perceptible from where I stood. I climbed over after her, and we sauntered under the trees back to camp.

The family had disappeared, a few dry boughs, however, thrown upon the coals, blazed up, and revealed their forms in the corrugated topography of the bed.

I bade Susan good night, and before I could turn my back she kicked her number-eleven shoes into the air, and with masterly rapidity turned in, as Minerva is said to have done, in full panoply.

Seated upon my blankets next morning, I beheld Susan's mother drag forth the two children one after another, by

the napes of their necks, and, shaking the sleep out of them, propel them spitefully toward the brook; then taking her pipe from her mouth she bent low over the sleeping form of her huge daughter, and in a high, shrill, nasal key screeched in her ear, "Yew Suse! Get up and let the hogs out!"

The idea thrilled into Susan's brain, and with a violent suddenness she sat bolt upright, brushing her green-colored hair out of her eyes, and rubbing those valuable but bleared organs with the ponderous knuckles of her forefingers.

By this time I started for the brook for my morning toilet, and the girl and I met upon opposite banks, stooping to wash our faces in the same pool. As I opened my dressing-case her lower jaw fell, revealing a row of ivory teeth rounded out by two well-developed "wisdoms," which had all that dazzling grin one sees in the show-windows of certain dental practitioners. It required but a moment to gather up a quart or so of water in her broad palms, and rub it vigorously into a small circle upon the middle of her face, the moisture working outward to a certain high-water mark, which, along her chin and cheeks, defined the limits of former ablution; then, baring her large red arms to the elbow, she washed her hands, and stood resting them upon her hips, dripping freely, and watching me with intense curiosity.

When I reached the towel process, she herself twisted her body after the manner of the Belvedere torso, bent low her head, gathered up the back breadths of her petticoat, and wiped her face vigorously upon it, which had the effect of tracing concentric streaks irregularly over her countenance.

I parted my hair by the aid of a small dressing-glass, which so fired Susan that she crossed the stream with a mighty jump, and stood in ecstasy by my side. She borrowed the glass, and then my comb, rewashed her face, and fell to work diligently upon her hair.

All this did not so limit my percep-

tion as to prevent my watching the general demeanor of the family. The old man lay back at his ease, puffing a cloud of smoke; his wife, also emitting volumes of the vapor of "navy plug," squatted by the camp-fire, frying certain lumps of pork, and communicating an occasional spiral jerk to the coffee-pot, with the purpose, apparently, of stirring the grounds. The two children had gotten upon the back of a contemplative ass, who stood by the upper side of the bed quietly munching the corner of a comforter.

My friend was in no haste. She squandered much time upon the arrangement of her towy hair, and there was something like a blush of conscious satisfaction when she handed me back my looking-glass and remarked ironically, "O no, I guess not, — no, sir."

I begged her to accept the comb and glass, which she did with maidenly joy.

This unusual toilet had stimulated with self-respect Susan's every fibre, and as she sprung back across the brook and approached her mother's camp-fire, I could not fail to admire the magnificent turn of her shoulders and the powerful, queenly poise of her head. Her full, grand form and heavy strength reminded me of the statues of Ceres, yet there was withal a very unpleasant suggestion of fighting trim, a sort of prize-ring manner of swinging the arms and hitching of the shoulders.

It required my Pike County friends but ten minutes to swallow their pork and begin the labors of the day.

Susan, after a second appeal from her mother, ran over to the corral and let out the family capital, who streamed with exultant grunt through the forest, darkening the fair green meadow gardens, and happily passing out of sight.

When I had breakfasted I joined Mr. Newty in his trip to the corral, where we stood together for hours, during which I had mastered the story of his years since, in 1850, he left his old home in Pike of Missouri.

It was one of those histories common

enough through this wide West, yet never failing to startle me with its horrible lesson of social disintegration, of human retrogression.

That brave spirit of Westward Ho! which has been the pillar of fire and cloud leading on the weary march of progress over stretches of desert, lining the way with graves of strong men; of new-born lives; of sad, patient mothers, whose pathetic longing for the new home died with them; of the thousand old and young whose last agony came to them as they marched with eyes straining after the sunken sun, and whose shallow barrows scarcely lift over the drifting dust of the desert; that restless spirit which has dared to uproot the old and plant the new, kindling the grand energy of California, laying foundations for a State to be, is admirable, is poetic, is to fill an immortal page in the story of America; but when, instead of wresting from new lands something better than the old can give, it degenerates into mere weak-minded restlessness, killing the power of growth, the ideal of home, the faculty of repose, it results in that race of perpetual emigrants who roam as dreary waifs over the West, losing possessions, love of life, love of God, slowly dragging from valley to valley till they fall by the wayside, happy if some chance stranger performs for them the last rites, — often less fortunate, as blanched bones and fluttering rags upon too many hillsides plainly tell.

The Newtys were of this dreary brotherhood. In 1850, with a small family of that authentic strain of high-bred swine for which Pike County is widely known, as Mr. Newty avers, they bade Missouri and their snug farm good by, and, having packed their household goods into a wagon drawn by two spotted oxen, set out with the baby Susan for Oregon, where they came after a year's march, tired, and cursed with a permanent discontent. There they had taken up a rancho, a quarter-section of public domain, which at the end of two years was "improved" to the extent of the "neatest

little worm-fence this side of Pike," a barn, and a smoke-house. "In another year," said my friend, "I'd have dug for a house, but we tuck ager and the second baby died." One day there came a man who "let on that he knowed" land in California much fairer and more worthy tillage than Oregon's best, so the poor Newtys harnessed up the wagon and turned their backs upon a home nearly ready for comfortable life, and swept south with pigs and plunder. Through all the years this story had repeated itself, new homes got to the verge of completion, more babies born, more graves made, more pigs, which replenished as only the Pike County variety may, till it seemed to me the mere multiplication of them must reach a sufficient dead weight to anchor the family; but this was dispelled when Newty remarked: "These yer hogs is awkward about moving, and I've pretty much made my mind to put 'em all into bacon this fall, and sell out and start for Montana."

Poor fellow! at Montana he will probably find a man from Texas, who in half an hour will persuade him that happiness lies there.

As we walked back to their camp, and when Dame Newty hove in sight, my friend ventured to say, "Don't you mind the old woman and her coons. She's from Arkansas. She used to say no man could have Susan who couldn't show coon-skins enough of his own killing to make a bedquilt, but she's over that mostly." In spite of this assurance my heart fell a trifle when, the first moment of our return, she turned to her husband and asked, "Do you mind what a dead-open-and-shut on coons our little Johnny was when he was ten years old?" I secretly wondered if the dead-open-and-shut had anything to do with his untimely demise at eleven, but kept silence.

Regarding her as a sad product of the disease of chronic emigration, her hard thin nature, all angles and stings, became to me one of the most depressing and pathetic spectacles, and the more when her fever-and-ague boy, a

mass of bilious lymph, came and sat by her, looking up with great haggard eyes as if pleading for something, he knew not what, but which I plainly saw only death could bestow.

Noon brought the hour of my departure. Susan and her father talked apart a moment, then the old man said the two would ride along with me for a few miles, as he had to go in that direction to look for new hog-feed.

I despatched my two men with the pack-horse, directing them to follow the trail, then saddled my Kaweah and waited for the Newtys. The old man saddled a shaggy little mountain pony for himself, and for Susan strapped a sheepskin upon the back of a young and fiery mustang colt.

While they were getting ready, I made my horse fast to a stake and stepped over to bid good by to Mrs. Newty. I said to her in tones of deference, "I have come to bid you good by, madam, and when I get back this way I hope you will be kind enough to tell me one or two really first-rate coon-stories. I am quite ignorant of that animal, having been raised in countries where they are extremely rare, and I would like to know more of what seems to be to you a creature of such interest." The wet, gray eyes relaxed, as I fancied, a trifle of their asperity; a faint kindle seemed to light them for an instant as she asked, "You never see coons catch frogs in a spring branch?"

"No, madam," I answered.

"Well, I wonder! Well, take care of yourself, and when you come back this way stop along with us, and we'll kill a yearlin', and I'll tell you about a coon that used to live under grandfather's barn." She actually offered me her hand, which I grasped and shook in a friendly manner, chilled to the very bone with its damp coldness.

Mr. Newty mounted, and asked me if I was ready. Susan stood holding her prancing mustang. To put that girl on her horse after the ordinary plan would have required the strength of Samson, or the use of a step-ladder,

neither of which I possessed ; so I waited for events to develop themselves. The girl stepped to the left side of her horse, twisted one hand in the mane, laying the other upon his haunches, and, crouching for a jump, sailed through the air, alighting upon the sheepskin. The horse reared, and Susan, twisting herself around, came right side up with her knee upon the sheepskin, shouting, as she did so, "I guess you don't get me off, sir!" I jumped upon Kaweah, and our two horses sprang forward together, Susan waving her hand to her father, and crying, "Come along after, old man!" and to her mother, "Take care of yourself!" which is the Pike County for *Au revoir!* Her mustang tugged at the bit, and bounded wildly into the air. We reached a stream bank at full gallop, the horses clearing it at a bound, sweeping on over the green floor and under the magnificent shadow of the forest. Newty, following at an humble trot, slopped through the creek, and when I last looked he had nearly reached the edge of the wood.

I could but admire the unconscious excellence of Susan's riding, her firm, immovable seat, and the perfect coolness with which she held the fiery horse. This quite absorbed me for five minutes, when she at last broke the silence by the laconic inquiry, "Does yourn buck?" To which I added the reply that he had only occasionally been guilty of that indiscretion. She then informed me that the first time she had mounted the colt he had "nearly bucked her to pieces ; he had jumped and jounced till she was plum tucked out" before he had given up. Gradually reining the horses down and inducing them to walk, we rode side by side through the most magnificent forest of the Sierras, and I determined to probe Susan to see whether there were not, even in the most latent condition, some germs of the appreciation of nature. I looked from base to summit of the magnificent shafts, at the green plumes which traced themselves against the sky, the exquisite

fall of purple shadows and golden light upon trunks, at the labyrinth of glowing flowers, at the sparkling whiteness of the mountain brook, and up to the clear matchless blue that vaulted over us, then turned to Susan's plain, honest face, and gradually introduced the subject of trees. Ideas of lumber and utilitarian notions of fence-rails were uppermost in her mind ; but I briefly penetrated what proved to be only a superficial stratum of the materialistic, and asked her point-blank if she did not admire their stately symmetry. A strange, new light gleamed in her eye as I described to her the growth and distribution of forests, and the marvellous change in their character and aspects as they approached the tropics. The palm and the pine, as I worked them up to her, really filled her with delight, and prompted numerous interested and intelligent queries, showing that she thoroughly comprehended my drift.

In the pleasant hour of our chat I learned a new lesson of the presence of undeveloped seed in the human mind.

Mr. Newty at last came alongside and remarked that he must stop about here. "But," he added, "Susan will go on with you about half a mile, and come back and join me here after I have taken a look at the feed." As he rode out into the forest a little way he called me to him, and I was a little puzzled at what seemed to be the first traces of embarrassment I had seen in his manner.

"You'll take care of yourself, now, won't you?" he asked. I tried to convince him that I would.

A slight pause.

"You'll take care of yourself, won't you?"

He might rely on it, I was going to say.

He added, "Thet — thet — thet man what gets Susan *has half the hogs!*"

Then turning promptly away, he spurred the pony, and his words as he rode into the forest were, "Take good care of yourself!"

Susan and I rode on for half a mile, until we reached the brow of a long

descent, which she gave me to understand was her limit.

We shook hands and I bade her good by, and as I trotted off these words fell sweetly upon my ear, "Say, you'll take good care of yourself, won't you, say?"

I took pains not to overtake my camp-men, wishing to be alone; and as I rode for hour after hour the picture of this family stood before me in all its deformity of outline, all its poverty of detail, all its darkness of future, and I believe I thought of it too gravely to enjoy as I might the subtle light of comedy which plays about these hard, repulsive figures.

In conversation I had caught the clew of a better past. Newty's father was a New-Englander, and he spoke of him as a man of intelligence and, as I should judge, of some education. Mrs. Newty's father had been an Arkansas judge, not perhaps the most enlightened of men, but still very far in advance of herself. The conspicuous retrogression seemed to me an example of the most hopeless phase of human life. If, as I suppose, we may all sooner or later give in our adhesion to the Darwinian view of development, does not the same law which permits such splendid scope for the better open up to us also possible gulfs of degradation, and are not these chronic emigrants whose broken-down wagons and weary faces greet you along the dusty highways of the far West melancholy examples of beings who have forever lost the conservatism of home and the power of improvement?

One October day, as Kaweah and I travelled by ourselves over a lonely foothill trail, I fell to wondering if ever an artist should arise to paint our Sierras as they are, with all their color-glory, innumerable pine and countless pinnacle, gloom of tempest, or splendor, where rushing light shatters itself upon granite crag, or burns in dying rose upon far fields of snow.

Had I rubbed Aladdin's lamp? A

turn in the trail brought suddenly in view a man who sat under shadow of oaks, painting upon a large canvas.

As I approached, the artist turned half round upon his stool, rested palette and brushes upon one knee, and in a familiar tone said, "Dern'd if you ain't just naturally ketched me at it! Get off and set down. You ain't going for no doctor, I know."

My artist was of short, good-natured, butcher-boy make-up, dressed in what had formerly been black broadcloth, with an enlivening show of red flannel shirt about the throat, wrists, and a considerable display of the same where his waistcoat might once have overlapped a strained but as yet coherent waistband. The cut of these garments, by length of coat-tail and voluminous leg, proudly asserted a "Bay" origin. His small feet were squeezed into tight, short boots, with high, raking heels.

A round face, with small full mouth, non-committal nose, and black protruding eyes, showed no more sign of the ideal temperament than did the broad daub upon his square yard of canvas.

"Going to Copples's?" inquired my friend.

That was my destination, and I answered, "Yes."

"That's me," he ejaculated. "Right over there, down below those two oaks! Ever there?"

"No."

"My *studio*'s there now"; giving impressive accent to the word.

All the while these few words were passing he scrutinized me with unconcealed curiosity, puzzled, as well he might be, by my dress and equipment. Finally, after I had tied Kaweah to a tree and seated myself by the easel, and after he had absently rubbed some raw sienna into his little store of white, he softly ventured: "Was you looking out a ditch?"

"No," I replied.

"He neatly rubbed up the white and sienna with his 'blender,' unconscious-ly adding a dash of Veronese green;

gazed at my leggings, then at the barometer, and again meeting my eye with a look as if he feared I might be a disguised duke, said in slow tone, with hyphens of silence between each two syllables, giving to his language all the dignity of an unabridged Webster, "I would take pleasure in stating that my name is Hank G. Smith, artist"; and, seeing me smile, he relaxed a little, and giving the blender another vigorous twist; added, "I would request yours."

Mr. Smith having learned my name, occupation, and that my home was on the Hudson, near New York, quickly assumed a familiar me-and-you-old-fel' tone, and rattled on merrily about his winter in New York spent in "going through the Academy,"—a period of deep moment to one who before that only painted wagons for his livelihood.

Storing away canvas, stool, and easel, in a deserted cabin close by, he rejoined me, and, leading Kaweah by his lariat, I walked beside Smith down the trail toward Copples's.

He talked freely, and as if composing his own biography, beginning: "California-born and mountain-raised, his nature soon drove him into a painter's career." Then he reverted fondly to New York and his experience there.

"O no!" he mused in pleasant irony, "he never spread his napkin over his legs and partook French victuals up to old Delmonico's."

Mr. Smith found relief in meeting one so near himself, as he conceived me to be, in habit and experience. The long-pent-up emotions and ambitions of his life found ready utterance, and a willing listener.

I learned that his aim was to become a characteristically California painter, with special designs for making himself famous as the delineator of mule-trains and ox-wagons; to be as he expressed it, "the Pacific Slope Bonheur."

"There," he said, "is old Eastman Johnson; he's made the raffle on barns, and that everlasting girl with the ears

of corn; but it ain't *life*, it ain't got the real git-up. If you want to see *the* thing, just look at Gerome; his Arab folks and Egyptian dancing-girls, they ain't assuming a pleasant expression and looking at spots while their likenesses is took. H. G. will discount Eastman yet."

He avowed his great admiration of Church, who, though he had a little leaning toward Mr. Gifford, alone met his hearty approval.

"It's all Bierstadt and Bierstadt and Bierstadt nowadays! What has he done but twist and skew and distort and discolor and belittle and be-pretty this whole doggonned country? Why, his mountains are too high and too slim; they'd blow over in one of our fall winds. I've herded colts two summers in Yosemite, and, honest now, when I stood right up in front of his picture, I did n't know it. He has n't what old Ruskin calls for."

By this time the station buildings were in sight, and far down the cañon, winding in even grade around spur after spur, outlined by a low, clinging cloud of red dust, we could see the great Sierra mule-train,—that industrial gulf-stream flowing from California plains over into arid Nevada, carrying thither materials for life and luxury. In a vast perpetual caravan of heavy wagons, drawn by teams of from eight to fourteen mules, all the supplies of many cities and villages were hauled across the Sierra at an immense cost, and with such skill of driving and generalship of mules as the world has never seen before.

Our trail descended toward the grade, quickly bringing us to a high bank immediately overlooking the trains a few rods below the group of station buildings.

I had by this time learned that Copples, the former station-proprietor, had suffered amputation of the leg three times, receiving from the road-men, in consequence, the name of "Cut-off," and that, while his doctors disagreed as to whether they had better try a fourth, the kindly hand of death had spared



him that pain, and Mrs. Copples an added extortion in the bill.

The dying "Cut-off" had made his wife promise she would stay by and carry on the station until all his debts, which were many and heavy, should be paid, and then do as she chose.

The poor woman, a New-Englander of some refinement, lingered, sadly fulfilling her task, though longing for liberty.

When Smith came to speak of Sarah Jane, her niece, a new light kindled in his eye.

"You never saw Sarah Jane?" he inquired.

I shook my head.

He went on to tell me that he was living in hope of making her Mrs. H. G., but that the bar-keeper also indulged a hope, and as this important functionary was a man of ready cash, and of derringers and few words, it became a delicate matter to avow open rivalry; but it was evident my friend's star was in the ascendant; and, learning that he considered himself to possess the "dead-wood," and to have "gaited" the bar-keeper, I was more than amused, even comforted.

It was a pleasure to sit there leaning against a vigorous old oak while Smith opened his heart to me, in easy confidence, and, with quick eye watching the passing mules, pencilled in a little sketch-book a leg, a head, or such portions of body and harness as seemed to him useful for future works.

"These are notes," he said, "and I've pretty much made up my mind to paint my great picture on a *gee-pull*. I'll scumble in a sunset effect, lighting up the dust, and striking across the backs of team and driver, and I'll paint a come-up-there-damn-you look on the old teamster's face, and the mules will be just a humping their little selves and laying down to work like they'd expire. And the wagon! Don't you see what fine color-material there is in the heavy load and canvas-top with sunlight and shadow in the folds? And that's what's the matter with H. G. Smith. Orders, sir, orders;

that's what I'll get then, and I'll take my little old Sarah Jane and light out for New York, and you'll see *Smith* on a studio doorplate, and folks 'll say, Fine feeling for nature, has Smith!"

I let this singular man speak for himself in his own vernacular, pruning nothing of its idiom or slang, as you shall choose to call it.

The breath of most Californians is as unconsciously charged with slang as an Italian's with garlic, and the two, after all, have much the same function; you touch the bowl or your language, but should never let either be fairly recognized in salad or conversation. Yet Smith's English was the well undefiled when compared with what I every moment heard from the current of teamsters which set constantly by us in the direction of Copples's.

Smith and I followed, and as we neared the house he punched me familiarly and said, as a brown petticoat disappeared in the station door, "There's Sarah Jane! When I see that girl I feel like I'd reach out and gather her in"; then clasping her imaginary form as if she was about to dance with him, he executed a couple of waltz turns, softly intimating, "That's what's the matter with H. G."

As a hotel, Copples's is on the Mongolian plan, which means that dining-room and kitchen are given over to the mercies—never very tender—of Chinamen; not such Chinamen as learned the art of pig-roasting that they might be served up by Elia, but the average John, and a sadly low average that John is. I grant him a certain general air of thrift, admitting, too, that his lack of sobriety never makes itself apparent in loud Celtic brawl. But he is, when all is said, and in spite of timid and fawning obedience, a very poor servant.

Now and then at a friend's house it has happened to me that I dined upon artistic Chinese cookery, and all they who come home from living in China smack their lips over the relishing *cuisine*. I wish they had sat down



that day at Copples's. No; on second thought I would spare them.

John may go peacefully to North Adams and make shoes for us, but I shall not solve the awful domestic problem by bringing him into my kitchen.

After the warning bell, fifty or sixty teamsters inserted their dusty heads in buckets of water, turned their once white neck-handkerchiefs inside out, producing a sudden effect of clean linen, and made use of the two mournful wrecks of combs which hung on strings at either side of the Copples mirror. Many went to the bar and partook of a "dust-cutter." There was then such clearing of throats, and such loud and prolonged blowing of noses as may not often be heard upon this globe.

In the calm which ensued, conversation sprung up on "lead harness," the "Stockton wagon that had went off the grade," with here and there a sentiment called out by two framed lithographic belles, who in great richness of color and scantiness of raiment flanked the bar-mirror;—a dazzling reflector chiefly destined to portray the bar-keeper's back hair, which work of art involved much affectionate labor.

A second bell and rolling away of doors revealed a long dining-room, with three parallel tables, cleanly set and watched over by Chinamen, whose fresh white clothes and bright olive-buff skin made a contrast of color which was always chief among my yearnings for the Nile.

While I loitered in the background every seat was taken, and I found myself with a few dilatory teamsters destined to await a second table.

The dining-room communicated with a kitchen beyond by means of two square apertures cut in the partition wall. Through these portholes a glare of red light poured, except when the square framed a Chinese cook's head, or discharged hundreds of little dishes.

The teamsters sat down in patience, a few of the more elegant sort cleaned their nails with the three-tine forks,

others picked their teeth with them, and nearly all speared with this implement small specimens from the dishes before them, securing a pickle or a square inch of pie or even that luxury a dried apple; a few, on tilted-back chairs, drummed upon the bottom of their plates the latest tune of the road.

When fairly under way the scene became active and animated beyond belief. Waiters, balancing upon their arms twenty or thirty plates, hurried along and shot them dexterously over the teamsters' heads with crash and spatter. Beans swimming in fat, meats slimed with pale ropy gravy, and over everything a faint Mongol odor,—the flavor of moral degeneracy and of a disintegrating race. Sharks and wolves may no longer be figured as types of prandial haste. My friends, the teamsters, stuffed and swallowed with a rapidity which was alarming but for the dexterity they showed, and which could only have come of long practice. In fifteen minutes the room was empty, and those fellows who were not feeding grain to their mules lighted cigars and lingered around the bar.

Just then my artist rushed in, seized me by the arm, and said in my ear, "We'll have *our* supper over to Mrs. Copples's. O no, I guess not—Sarah Jane—arms peeled—cooking up stuff—old woman gone into the milk-room with a skimmer." He then added that if I wanted to see what I had been spared, I might follow him. We went round an angle of the building and came upon a high bank, where, through wide-open windows, I could look into the Chinese kitchen. By this time the second table of teamsters were under way, and the waiters yelled their orders through to the three cooks. This large unpainted kitchen was lighted up by kerosene lamps. Through clouds of smoke and steam dodged and sprang the cooks, dripping with perspiration and grease, grabbing a steak in the hand and slapping it down on the grid-iron, slipping and sliding around on the floor, dropping a card of biscuits

and picking them up again in their fists, which were garnished by the whole bill of fare. The red papers with Chinese inscriptions, and little joss-sticks here and there pasted upon each wall, the spry devils themselves, and that faint sickening odor of China which pervaded the room, combined to produce a sense of deep sober gratitude that I had not risked their fare.

"Now," demanded Smith, "you see that there little white building yonder?"

I did.

He struck a contemplative position, leaned against the house, extending one hand after the manner of the minstrel sentimentalist, and softly chanted, —

"'T is, O 't is the cottage of me love';

and there's where they're getting up as nice a little supper as can be found on this road or any other. Let's go over!"

So we strolled across an open space where were two giant pines towering sombre against the twilight, a little mountain brooklet, and a few quiet crows.

"Stop," said Smith, leaning his back against a pine, and encircling my neck affectionately with an arm; "I told you, as regards Sarah Jane, how my feelings stand. Well now you just bet she's on the reciprocate! When I told old woman Copples I'd like to invite you over, Sarah Jane she past me in the doorway, and said she, 'Glad to see *your* friends.'" Then *sotto voce*, for we were very near, he sang again, —

"'T is, O 't is the cottage of me love';

"and C. K.," he continued familiarly, "you're a judge of wimmen," chucking his knuckles into my ribs, whereat I jumped; when he added, "There, I knew you was. Well, Sarah Jane is a derved magnificent female; number three boot, just the height for me. *Venus de Copples*, I call her, and would make the most touching artist's wife in this planet. If I design to paint a head, or a foot, or an arm, get my little old Sarah Jane to peel the particular

charm, and just whack her in on the canvas."

We passed in through low doors, turned from a small dark entry into the family sitting-room, and were alone there in presence of a cheery log-fire which good-naturedly bade us welcome, crackling freely and tossing its sparks out upon floor of pine and coyote-skin rug. A few old framed prints hung upon dark walls, their faces looking serenely down upon the scanty old-fashioned furniture, and windows full of flowering plants. A low-cushioned chair, not long since vacated, was drawn close by the centre-table, whereon were a lamp, and a large open Bible with a pair of silver-bowed spectacles lying upon its lighted page.

Smith made a gesture of silence toward the door, touched the Bible, and whispered, "*Here's* where old woman Copples lives, and it is a good thing; I read it aloud to her evenings, and I can just feel the high local lights of it. It'll fetch H. G. yet!"

At this juncture the door opened; a pale, thin, elderly woman entered, and with a tired smile greeted me. While her hard labor-stiffened, needle-roughened hand was in mine, I looked into her face and felt something (it may be, it must be but little, yet something) of the sorrow of her life; that of a woman large in sympathy, deep in faith, eternal in constancy, thrown away on a rough worthless fellow. All things she hoped for had failed her; the tenderness which never came, the hopes years ago in ashes, the whole world of her yearnings long buried, leaving only the duty of living and the hope of Heaven. As she sat down, took up her spectacles and knitting, and closed the Bible, she began pleasantly to talk to us of the warm bright autumn nights, of Smith's work, and then of my own profession, and of her niece, Sarah Jane. Her genuinely sweet spirit and natively gentle manner were very beautiful, and far, overbalanced all traces of rustic birth and mountain life.

O that unquenchable Christian fire,

how pure the gold of its result ! It needs no practised elegance, no social greatness, for its success ; only the warm human heart, and out of it shall come a sacred calm and gentleness, such as no power, no wealth, no culture may ever hope to win. No words of mine would outline the beauty of that plain weary old woman, the sad sweet patience of those gray eyes, nor the spirit of overflowing goodness which cheered and enlivened the half-hour we spent there.

H. G. might perhaps be pardoned for showing an alacrity when the door again opened and Sarah Jane rolled, I might almost say trundled in, and was introduced to me. Sarah Jane was an essentially Californian product, as much so as one of those vast potatoes or massive pears ; she had a suggestion of State-Fair in the fulness of her physique, yet withal was pretty and modest. If I could have rid myself of a fear that her buttons might sooner or later burst off and go singing by my ear, I think I might have felt as H. G. did, that she was a "magnificent female" with her smooth brilliant skin and ropes of soft brown hair.

H. G., in presence of the ladies, lost something of his original flavor, and rose into studied elegance, greatly to the comfort of Sarah, whose glow of pride as his talk ran on came without show of restraint.

The supper was delicious.

But Sarah was quiet, quiet to H. G. and to me, until after tea, when the old lady said, "You young folks will have to excuse me this evening," and withdrew to her chamber.

More logs were then piled on the sitting-room hearth, and we three gathered in semicircle. Presently H. G. took the poker and twisted it about among coals and ashes, prying up the oak sticks, as he announced in a measured, studied way, "An artist's wife, that is," he explained, "an Academician's wife orter, well, she 'd orter *sabe* the beautiful, and take her regular æsthetics ; and then again," he continued, in explanatory tone, "she 'd

orter know how to keep a hotel, derned if she had n't, for it's rough like furst off, 'fore a feller gits his name up. But then when he does, though, she's got a salubrious old time of it. It's touch a little bell" (he pressed the andiron-top to show us how the thing was done), "and 'Brooks, the morning paper !' Open your regular Herald : —

"ART NOTES. — Another of H. G. Smith's tender works entitled 'Off the Grade,' so full of out-of-doors and subtle feeling of nature, is now on exhibition at Goupil's."

"Look down a little further.

"ITALIAN OPERA. — Between the acts all eyes turned to the *distinguee* Mrs. H. G. Smith, who looked," — then turning to me, and waving his hand at Sarah Jane, "I leave it to you if she don't."

Sarah Jane assumed the pleasing color of the sugar-beet without seeming inwardly unhappy.

"It's only a question of time with H. G.," continued my friend. "Art is long, you know, derned long, and it may be a year before I paint my great picture, but after that Smith works in lead harness."

He used the poker freely, and more and more his flow of hopes turned a shade of sentiment to Sarah Jane, who smiled broader and broader, showing teeth of healthy whiteness.

At last I withdrew and sought my room, which was H. G.'s also, and his studio. I had gone with a candle around the walls whereon were tacked studies and sketches, finding here and there a bit of real merit among the profusion of trash, when the door burst open and my friend entered, kicked off his boots and trousers, and walked up and down at a sort of quadrille step, singing : —

"Yes, it's the cottage of me love ;

You bet, it's the cottage of me love,"

and what's more, H. G. has just had his genteel good-night kiss ; and when and where is the good old bar-keep ? "

Slowly from this atmosphere of art I passed away into the tranquil land of dreams.

Clarence King.

## WATCH AND WARD.

## IN FIVE PARTS: PART FOURTH.

## VII.

ON arriving at the landing-place of the European steamer Hubert found the passengers filing ashore from the tug-boat in which they had been transferred from the ship. He instructed himself, as he took his place near the gangway, to allow for change in Nora's appearance; but even with this allowance, none of the various advancing ladies seemed to be Nora. Suddenly he found himself confronted with a fair stranger, a smile, and an outstretched hand. The smile and the offered hand of course proclaimed the young lady's identity. Yet in spite of them, Hubert stood amazed. Verily, his allowance had been small. But the next moment, "Now you speak," he said, "I recognize you"; and the next he had greeted Mrs. Keith, who immediately followed her companion; after which he ushered the two ladies, with their servant and their various feminine *impedimenta*, into a carriage. Mrs. Keith was to return directly to her own house, where, hospitable even amid prospective chaos, she invited Hubert to join them at dinner. He had, of course, been obliged to inform Nora off-hand of the cause of Roger's absence, though as yet he made light of his illness. It was agreed, however, that Nora should remain with her companion until she had communicated with her guardian.

Entering Mrs. Keith's drawing-room a couple of hours later, Hubert found the young girl on her knees before the hearth. "I'm rejoicing," she said, "in the first honest fire I've seen since I left home." He sat down near by, and in the glow of the firelight he noted her altered aspect. A year, somehow, had made more than a year's difference. Hubert, in his intercourse with women, was accustomed to indulge in a sort of

still, cool contemplation which, as a habit, found favor according to the sensibility of the ladies touching whom it was practised. It had been intimated to him more than once, in spite of his cloth, that just a certain turn of the head made this a license. But on this occasion his gaze was all respectful. He was lost in admiration. Yes, Nora was beautiful! Her beauty struck him the more that, not having witnessed the stages quick and fine by which it had come to her, he beheld now as a sudden revelation the consummate result. She had left home a simple maiden of common gifts, with no greater burden of loveliness than the slender, angular, neutral grace of youth and freshness; yet here she stood, a woman turned, perfect, mature, superb! It was as if she had bloomed into golden ripeness in the potent sunshine of a great contentment; as if, fed by the sources of æsthetic delight, her nature had risen calmly to its uttermost level and filled its measured space with a deep and lucid flood. A singular harmony and serenity seemed to pervade her person. Her beauty lay in no inordinate perfection of individual features, but in the deep sweet fellowship which reigned between smile and step and glance and tone. The total effect was an impression of the simplest and yet most stately loveliness. "Pallas Athene," said Hubert to himself, "sprang full-armed, we are told, from the brain of Jove. What a pity! What an untruth! She was born in the West, a plain, fair child; she grew through years and pinafores and all the changes of slow-coming comeliness. Then one fine day she was eighteen and she wore a black silk dress of Paris!" Meanwhile Pallas Athene had been asking about Roger. "Shall I see him to-morrow, at least?" she demanded.

"I doubt it; he'll not get out for a number of days."

"But I can easily go to him. Dearest Roger! How things never turn out as we arrange them! I had arranged this meeting of ours to perfection! He was to dine with us here, and we were to talk, talk, talk, till midnight, and then I was to go home with him; and there we were to stand leaning on the banisters at his room door, and talk, talk, talk till morning."

"And where was I to be?" asked Hubert.

"I had n't arranged for you. But I expected to see you to-morrow. To-morrow I shall go to Roger."

"If the doctor allows," said Hubert.

Nora rose to her feet. "You don't mean to say, Hubert, that it's as bad as *that*?" She frowned a little and bent her eyes eagerly on his face. Hubert heard Mrs. Keith's voice in the hall; in a moment their *tête-à-tête* would be at an end. Instead of answering her question — "Nora," he said, in his deepest, lowest voice, "you're beautiful!" He caught her startled, unsatisfied glance; then he turned and greeted Mrs. Keith. He had not pleased Nora, evidently; it was premature. So to efface the solemnity of his speech, he repeated it aloud; "I tell Nora she is beautiful!"

"Bah!" said Mrs. Keith; "you need n't tell her; she knows it."

Nora smiled unconfusedly. "O, say it all the same!"

"Was n't it the French ambassador, in Rome," Mrs. Keith demanded, "who attacked you in that fashion? He asked to be introduced. There's an honor! *Mademoiselle, vous êtes parfaitement belle.*"

"Frenchwomen, as a rule, are not *parfaitement belles*," said Nora.

Hubert was a lover of the luxuries and splendors of life. He had no immediate personal need of them; he could make his terms with narrow circumstances; but his imagination was a born aristocrat. He liked to be reminded that certain things were, — ambassadors, ambassadorial compli-

ments, old-world drawing-rooms, with dusky moulded ceilings. Nora's beauty, to his vision, took a deeper color from this homage of an old starred and gartered *diplomat*. It was sound, it had passed the ordeal. He had little need at table to play at discreet inattention. Mrs. Keith, preoccupied with her housekeeping and the "dreadful state" in which her freshly departed tenants had left her rooms, indulged in a tragic monologue and dispensed with responses. Nora, looking frankly at Hubert, consoled their hostess with gentle optimism; and Hubert returned her looks, wondering. He mused upon the mystery of beauty. What sudden gift had made her fair? She was the same tender slip of girlhood who had come trembling to hear him preach a year before; the same, yet how different! And how sufficient she had grown, withal, to her beauty! How with the added burden had come an added strength, — with the greater charm a greater force, — a force subtle, sensitive, just faintly self-suspecting. Then came the thought that all this was Roger's, — Roger's investment, Roger's property! He pitied the poor fellow, lying senseless and helpless, instead of sitting there delightedly, drawing her out and showing her off. After dinner Nora talked little, partly, as he felt, from anxiety about her friend, and partly because of that natural reserve of the altered mind when confronted with old associations. He would have been glad to believe that she was taking pensive note of his own appearance. He had made his mark in her mind a twelvemonth before. Innumerable scenes and figures had since passed over it; but his figure, Nora now discovered, had not been trampled out. Fixed there indelibly, it had grown with the growth of her imagination. She knew that she had vastly changed, and she had wondered ardently whether Hubert would have lost favor with difference. Would he suffer by contrast with people she had seen? Would he seem graceless, colorless, common? Little by little, as

his presence defined itself, it became plain to her that the Hubert of the past had a lease of the future. As he rose to take his leave, she begged him to let her write a line to Roger, which he might carry.

"He'll not be able to read it," said Hubert.

Nora mused. "I'll write it, nevertheless. You'll place it by his bedside, and the moment he is better he will find it at hand."

When she had left the room, Mrs. Keith demanded tribute. "Have n't I done well? Have n't I made a charming girl of her?"

"She does you vast credit," said Hubert, with a mental reservation.

"O, but wait awhile! You've not seen her yet. She's tired and anxious about your cousin. Wait till she comes out. My dear Mr. Lawrence, she's perfect. She lacks nothing, she has nothing too much. You must do me justice. I saw it all in the rough, and I knew just what it wanted. I wish she were my daughter: you should see great doings! And she's as good as gold! It's her nature. After all, unless your nature's right, what are you?" But before Hubert could reply to this little spasm of philosophy, Nora reappeared with her note.

The next morning Mrs. Keith went to call officially upon her mother-in-law; and Nora, left alone and thinking much of Roger's condition, conceived an intense desire to see him. He had never been so dear to her as now, and no one's right to be with him was equal to hers. She dressed hastily and repaired to the little dwelling they were to have so cosily occupied. She was admitted by her old friend Lucinda, who, between trouble and wonder, found a thousand things to say. Nora's beauty had never received warmer tribute than the affectionate marvellings of this old woman who had known her early plainness so well. She led her into the drawing-room, opened the windows and turned her about in the light, patted her braided tresses, and rejoiced with motherly unction in her

tallness and straightness and elegance. Of Roger she spoke with tearful eyes. "It would be for him to see you, my dear," she said; "he'd not be disappointed. You're better than his brightest dreams. O, I know all about it! He used to talk to me evenings, after you were in bed. 'Lucinda, do you think she's pretty? Lucinda, do you think she's plain? Lucinda, do you dress her warm? Lucinda, have you changed her shoes? And mind, Lucinda, take good care of her hair; it's the only thing we're sure of!' Yes, my dear, you've me to thank for these big braids. Would he feel sure of you now, poor man? You must keep yourself in cotton-wool till he recovers. You're like a picture; you ought to be enclosed in a gilt frame and stand against the wall." Lucinda begged, however, that Nora would not insist upon seeing him; and her great reluctance betraying his evil case, Nora consented to wait. Her own slight experience could avail nothing. "He's flighty," said Lucinda, "and I'm afraid he would n't recognize you. If he should n't, it would do you no good; and if he should, it would do him none; it would increase his fever. He's bad, my dear, he's bad; but leave him to me! I nursed him as a baby; I nursed him as a boy; I'll nurse him as a man grown. I've seen him worse than this, with the scarlet fever at college, when his poor mother was dying at home. Baby, boy, and man, he's always had the patience of a saint. I'll keep him for you, Miss Nora, now I've seen you! I should n't dare to meet him in heaven, if I were to let him miss you!"

When Lucinda had returned to her bedside duties, Nora wandered about the house with a soundless tread, taking melancholy note of the preparations Roger had made for her return. His choice, his taste, his ingenuity, were everywhere visible. The best beloved of her possessions from the old house in the country had been transferred hither and placed in such kindly half-lights as would temper justice with



mercy; others had been replaced at a great cost. Nora went into the drawing-room, where the blinds were closed and the chairs and sofas shrouded in brown linen, and sat sadly revolving possibilities. How, with Roger's death, loneliness again would close about her; how he was her world, her strength, her fate! He had made her life; she needed him still to watch his work. She seemed to apprehend, as by a sudden supernatural light, the strong essence of his affection, his wisdom, his alertness, his masterly zeal. In the perfect stillness of the house she could almost hear his tread on the stairs, hear his voice utter her name with that tender adjustment of tone which conveyed a benediction in a commonplace. Her heart rose to her throat; she felt a passionate desire to scream. She buried her head in a cushion to stifle the sound; her silent tears fell upon the silk. Suddenly she heard a step in the hall; she had only time to brush them away before Hubert Lawrence came in. He greeted her with surprise. "I came to bring your note," he said; "I didn't expect to find you."

"Where can I better be?" she asked, with intensity. "I can do nothing here, but I should look ill elsewhere. Give me back my note, please. It doesn't say half I feel." He returned it and stood watching her while she tore it in bits and threw it into the empty fireplace. "I have been wandering over the house," she added. "Everything tells me of poor Roger." She felt an indefinable need of protesting of her affection for him. "I never knew till now," she said, "how much I loved him. I'm sure you don't know him, Hubert; not as I do. I don't believe any one does. People always speak of him with a little air of amusement. Even Mrs. Keith is witty at his expense. But I know him; I grew to know him in thinking of him while I was away. There's more of him than the world knows or than the world would ever know, if it was left to his modesty and the world's stupidity!"

Hubert made her a little bow, for her eloquence. "But I mean to put an end to his modesty. I mean to say, 'Come, Roger, hold up your head and speak out your mind and do yourself common justice.' I've seen people without a quarter of his goodness who had twenty times his assurance and his success. I shall turn the tables! People shall have no favor from me, unless they recognize Roger. If they want me, they must take him too. They tell me I'm a beauty, and I can do what I please. We shall see. The first thing I shall do will be to tip off their hats to the best man in the world."

"I admire your spirit," said Hubert. "Dr. Johnson liked a good hater; I like a good lover. On the whole, it's more rarely found. But aren't you the least bit Quixotic, with your terrible good-faith? No one denies that Roger is the best of the best of the best! But do what you please, Nora, you can't make pure virtue entertaining. I, as a minister, you know, have often regretted this dreadful Siamese twinning that exists between goodness and dullness. I have my own little Quixotisms. I've tried to cut them in two; I've dressed them in the most opposite colors; I've called them by different names; I've boldly denied the connection. But it's no use; there's a fatal family likeness! Of course you're fond of Roger. So am I, so is every one in his heart of hearts. But what are we to do about it? The kindest thing is to leave him alone. His virtues are of the fireside. You describe him perfectly when you say that everything in the house here sings his praise — already, before he's been here ten days! The chairs are all straight, the pictures are admirably hung, the locks are oiled, the winter fuel is stocked, the bills are paid! Look at the tidies pinned on the chairs. I'll warrant you he pinned them with his own hands. Such is Roger! Such virtues, in a household, are priceless. He ought never to marry; his wife would die for want of occupation."



What society cares for in a man is not his household virtues, but his worldly ones. It wants to see things by the large end of the telescope, not by the small. 'Be as good as you please,' says society, 'but unless you're interesting, I'll none of you!'

"Interesting!" cried Nora, with a rosy flush. "I've seen some very interesting people who have bored me to death. But if people don't care for Roger, it's their own loss!" Pausing a moment she fixed Hubert with the searching candor of her gaze. "You're unjust," she said.

This charge was pleasant to the young man's soul; he would not, for the world, have summarily rebutted it. "Explain, dear cousin," he said, smiling kindly. "Wherein am I unjust?"

It was the first time he had called her cousin; the word made a sweet confusion in her thoughts. But looking at him still while she collected them, "You don't care to know!" she cried. "Not when you smile so! You're laughing at me, at Roger, at every one!" Clever men had ere this been called dreadfully satirical before by pretty women; but never, surely, with just that imperious *naïveté*. She spoke with a kind of joy in her frankness; the sense of intimacy with the young man had effaced the sense of difference.

"The scoffing fiend! That's a pretty character to give a clergyman!" said Hubert.

"Are you, at heart, a clergyman? I've been wondering."

"You've heard me preach."

"Yes, a year ago, when I was a silly little girl. I want to hear you again."

"Nay, I've gained my crown, I propose to keep it. I'd rather not be found out. Besides, I'm not preaching now; I'm resting. Some people think me a clergyman, Nora," he said, lowering his voice with a hint of mock humility. "But do you know you're formidable, with your fierce friendships and your divine suspicions? If you doubt of me, well and good. Let me walk like a Homeric god in a

cloud; without my cloud, I should be sadly ungodlike. Eh! for that matter, I doubt of myself, on all but one point, — my sincere regard for Roger. I love him, I admire him, I envy him. I'd give the world to be able to exchange my restless imagination for his silent, sturdy usefulness. I feel as if I were toiling in the sun, and he were sitting under green trees resting from an effort which he has never needed to make. Well, virtue I suppose is welcome to the shade. It's cool, but it's dreadfully obscure! People are free to find out the best and the worst of *me*! Here I stand, with all my imperfections on my head, tricked out with a white cravat, baptized with a *reverend*, (heaven save the mark!) equipped with platform and pulpit and text and audience, — erected into a mouthpiece of the spiritual aspirations of mankind. Well, I confess our sins; that's good humble-minded work. And I must say, in justice, that when once I don my white cravat (I insist on the cravat, I can do nothing without it) and mount into the pulpit, a certain gift comes to me. They call it eloquence; I suppose it is. I don't know what it's worth, but they seem to like it."

Nora sat speechless, with expanded eyes, hardly knowing whether his humility or his audacity became him best; flattered, above all, by what she deemed the recklessness of his confidence. She had removed her hat, which she held in her hand, gently curling its great black feather. Few things in a woman could be fairer than her free uncovered brow, illumined with her gentle wonder. The moment, for Hubert, was critical. He knew that a young girl's heart stood trembling on the verge of his influence; he felt, without fatuity, that a glance might beckon her forward, a word might fix her there. Should he speak his word? This mystic precinct was haunted with the rustling ghosts of women who had ventured within and found no rest. But as the innermost meaning of Nora's beauty grew vivid before him, it seemed

to him that she, at least, might purge it of its sinister memories and dedicate it to peace. He knew in his conscience that to such as Nora he was no dispenser of peace; but as he looked at her she seemed to him as an angel knocking at his gates. He could not turn her away. Let her come, at her risk! For angels there is a special providence. "Don't think me worse than I am," he said, "but don't think me better! I shall love Roger well until I begin to fancy that you love him too well. Then — it's absurd perhaps, but I feel it will be so — I shall be jealous."

The words were lightly uttered, but his eyes and voice gave them value. Nora colored and rose; she went to the mirror and put on her hat. Then turning round with a laugh which, to one in the secret, might have seemed to sound the coming-of-age of her maiden's fancy, "If you mean to be jealous," she said, "now 's your time! I love Roger now with all my heart. I can't do more!" She remained but a moment longer.

Her friend's illness baffled the doctors; a sceptic would have said it obeyed them. For a fortnight it went from bad to worse. Nora remained constantly at home, and played but a passive part to the little social drama enacted in Mrs. Keith's drawing-room. This lady had already cleared her stage and rung up her curtain. To the temporary indisposition of her *jeune première* she resigned herself with that serene good grace which she had always at command and which was so subtle an intermixture of kindness and shrewdness that it would have taken a wiser head than Nora's to apportion them. She valued the young girl for her social uses; but she spared her at this trying hour just as an *impresario*, with an eye to the whole season, spares a *prima donna* who is threatened with bronchitis. Between these two there was little natural sympathy, but in place of it a wondrous adjustment of caresses and civilities; little confidence, but innumerable confidences. They had

quietly judged each other and each sat serenely encamped in her estimate as in a high strategical position. Nevertheless I would have trusted neither one's account of the other. Nora, for perfect fairness, had too much to learn and Mrs. Keith too much to unlearn. With her companion, however, she had unlearned much of that circumspect jealousy with which, in the interest of her remnant of youth and beauty, she taxed her commerce with most of the fashionable sisterhood. She strove to repair her one notable grievance against fate by treating Nora as a daughter. She mused with real maternal ardor upon the young girl's matrimonial possibilities, and among them upon that design of which Roger had dropped her a hint of old. He held to his purpose of course; if he had fancied Nora then, he could but fancy her now.

But were his purpose and his fancy to be viewed with undiminished complacency? What might have been great prospects for Nora as a plain, homeless child, were small prospects for a young lady gifted with beauty which, with time, would bring the world to her feet. Roger would be the best of husbands; but in Mrs. Keith's philosophy, a very good husband might stand for a very indifferent marriage. She herself had married a fool, but she had married well. Her easy, opulent widowhood was there to show it. To call things by their names, would Nora, in marrying Roger, marry money? Mrs. Keith was at loss to appraise the worldly goods of her rejected suitor. At the time of his suit she had the matter at her fingers' ends; but she suspected that since then he had been lining his pockets. He puzzled her; he had a way of seeming neither rich nor poor. When he spent largely, he had the air of one straining a point; yet when he abstained, it seemed rather from taste than necessity. She had been surprised more than once, while abroad, by his copious remittances to Nora. The point was worth looking up. The reader

will agree with me that her conclusion warranted her friend either a fool or a hero; for she graciously assumed that if, financially, Roger should be found wanting, she could easily prevail upon him to give the *pas* to a possible trio of Messrs. So-and-So, millionnaires to a man. Never was better evidence that Roger passed for a good fellow. In any event, however, Mrs. Keith had no favor to spare for Hubert and his marked and increasing "attentions." She had determined to beware of a false alarm; but meanwhile she was vigilant. Hubert presented himself daily with a report of his cousin's condition, — a report most minute and exhaustive, seemingly, as a couple of hours were needed to make it. Nora, moreover, went frequently to her friend's house, wandered about aimlessly, and talked with Lucinda; and here Hubert was sure to be found, or to find her, engaged in a similar errand. Roger's malady had defined itself as virulent typhus fever; strength and reason were at the lowest ebb. Of course on these occasions Hubert walked home with the young girl; and as the autumn weather made walking delightful, they chose the longest way. They might have been seen at this period perambulating in deep discourse certain outlying regions, the connection of which with the main line of travel between Mrs. Keith's abode and Roger's was not immediately obvious. Apart from her prudent fears, Mrs. Keith had a scantier kindness for Hubert than for most comely men. She fancied of him that he meant nothing, — nothing at least but the pleasure of the hour; and the want of a certain masterly intention was of all shortcomings the one she most deprecated in a clever man. "What is he, when you come to the point?" she impatiently demanded of a friend to whom she had imparted her fears. "He's neither fish nor flesh, neither a priest nor a layman. I like a clergyman to bring with him a little odor of sanctity, — something that rests you, after common talk. Nothing is so

pleasant, near the fire, at the sober end of one's drawing-room. If he does n't fill a certain place, he's in the way. The Reverend Hubert is sprawling everywhere at once. His manners are neither of this world nor, I hope, of the next. Last night he let me bring him a cup of tea and sat lounging in his chair while I put it in his hand. O, he knows what he's about. He's pretentious, with all his *nonchalance*. He finds Bible texts rather meagre fare for week-days; so he consoles himself with his pretty parishioners. To be one, you need n't go to his church. Is Nora, after all I've done for her, going to rush into one of these random American engagements? I'd rather she married Mr. Jenks the carpenter, outright."

But in spite of Mrs. Keith's sinister previsions, these young persons played their game in their own way, with larger moves, even, and heavier stakes, than their shrewd hostess suspected. As Nora, for the present, declined all invitations, Mrs. Keith in the evening frequently went out alone and left her perforce in the drawing-room to entertain Hubert at her ease. Roger's illness furnished a grave undercurrent to their talk and gave it a tone of hazardous melancholy. Nora's young life had known no such hours as these. She hardly knew, perhaps, just what made them what they were. She hardly wished to know; she shrank from staying the even lapse of destiny with a question. The scenes of the past year had gathered into the background like a huge distant landscape, glowing with color and swarming with life; she seemed to stand with her friend in the double shadow of a passing cloud and a rustling tree, looking off and away into the mighty picture, caressing its fine outlines and lingering where the haze of regret lay purple in its hollows, — while he whispered the romance of hill and dale and town and stream. Never, she fondly fancied, had a young couple conversed with less of narrow exclusion; they took all history, all culture, into their

confidence; the radiant light of an immense horizon seemed to shine between them. Nora had felt deliciously satisfied; she seemed to live equally in every need of her being, in soul and sense, in heart and mind. As for Hubert, he knew nothing, for the time, save that the angel was within his gates and must be treated to angelic fare. He had for the time the conscience, or the no-conscience, of a man who is feasting on the slopes of Elysium. He thought no evil, he designed no harm; the hard face of destiny was twisted into a smile. If only, for Hubert's sake, this had been an irresponsible world, without penalties to pay, without turnings to the longest lanes! If the peaches and plums in the garden of pleasure had no cheeks but ripe ones, and if, when we have eaten the fruit, we had n't to dispose of the stones! Nora's charm of charms was a cool maidenly reserve which Hubert both longed and feared to make an end of. While it soothed his conscience it irritated his ambition. He wished to know in what depth of water he stood; but no telltale ripple in this tropic calm availed to register the tide. Was he drifting in mid-ocean, or was he cruising idly among the sandy shallows? I regret to say, that as the days elapsed Hubert found his rest troubled by this folded rose-leaf of doubt; for he was not used to being baffled by feminine riddles. He determined to pluck out the heart of the mystery.

One evening, at Mrs. Keith's urgent request, Nora had prepared to go to the opera, as the season was to last but a week. Mrs. Keith was to dine with some friends and go thither in their company; one of the ladies was to call for Nora after dinner, and they were to join the party at the theatre. In the afternoon came a young German lady, a pianist of merit who had her way to make, a niece of Nora's regular professor, with whom Nora had an engagement to practise duets twice a week. It so happened that, owing to a violent rain, Miss Lilienthal had been

unable to depart after their playing; whereupon Nora had kept her to dinner, and the two, over their sweetbread, had sworn an eternal friendship. After dinner Nora went up to dress for the opera, and, on descending, found Hubert sitting by the fire deep in German discourse with the musical stranger. "I was afraid you'd be going," said Hubert; "I saw *Don Giovanni* on the placards. Well, lots of pleasure! Let me stay here awhile and polish up my German with mademoiselle. It's great fun. And when the rain's over, Fräulein, perhaps you'll not mind my walking home with you."

But the Fräulein was gazing in mute envy at Nora, standing before her in festal array. "She can take the carriage," said Nora, "when we have used it." And then reading the burden of that wistful regard—"Have you never heard *Don Giovanni*?"

"Often!" said the other, with a poignant smile.

Nora reflected a moment, then drew off her gloves. "You shall go, you shall take my place. I'll stay at home. Your dress will do; you shall wear my shawl. Let me put this flower in your hair, and here are my gloves and my fan. So! You're charming. My gloves are large,—never mind. The others will be delighted to have you; come to-morrow and tell me all about it." Nora's friend, in her carriage, was already at the door. The gentle Fräulein, half shrinking, half eager, suffered herself to be hurried down to the carriage. On the doorstep she turned and kissed her hostess with a fervent "*Du allerliebste!*" Hubert wondered whether Nora's purpose had been to please her friend or to please herself. Was it that she preferred his society to Mozart's music? He knew that she had a passion for Mozart. "You've lost the opera," he said, when she reappeared; "but let us have an opera of our own. Play something; play Mozart." So she played Mozart for more than an hour; and I doubt whether, among the singers who filled the theatre with their

melody, the great master found that evening a truer interpreter than the young girl playing in the lamplit parlor to the man she loved. She played herself tired. "You ought to be extremely grateful," she said, as she struck the last chord; "I have never played so well."

Later they came to speak of a novel which lay on the table, and which Nora had been reading. "It's very silly," she said, "but I go on with it in spite of myself. I'm afraid I'm too easily pleased; no novel is so silly I can't read it. I recommend you this, by the way. The hero is a young clergyman endowed with every grace, who falls in love with a fair Papist. She is wedded to her faith, and though she loves the young man after a fashion, she loves her religion better. To win his suit he comes near going over to Rome; but he pulls up short and determines the mountain shall come to Mahomet. He sets bravely to work, converts the young lady, baptizes her with his own hands one week, and marries her the next."

"Heaven preserve us! what a hotch-potch!" cried Hubert. "Is that what they are doing nowadays? I very seldom read a novel, but when I glance into one, I'm sure to find some such stuff as that! Nothing irritates me so as the flatness of people's imagination. Common life—I don't say it's a vision of bliss, but it's better than that! Their stories are like the underside of a carpet,—nothing but the stringy grain of the tissue—a muddle of figures without shape and flowers without color. When I read a novel my imagination starts off at a gallop and leaves the narrator hidden in a cloud of dust; I have to come jogging twenty miles back to the *dénouement*. Your clergyman here with his Romish sweet-heart must be a very pretty fellow. Why didn't he marry her first and convert her afterwards? Is n't a clergyman after all, before all, a man? I mean to write a novel about a priest who falls in love with a pretty Mahometan and swears by Allah to win her."

"Ah Hubert!" cried Nora, "would you like a clergyman to love a pretty Mahometan better than the truth?"

"The truth? A pretty Mahometan may be the truth. If you can get it in the concrete, after shivering all your days in the cold abstract, it's worth a bit of a compromise. Nora, Nora!" he went on, stretching himself back on the sofa and flinging one arm over his head, "I stand up for passion! If a thing can take the shape of passion, that's a fact in its favor. The greater passion is the better cause. If my love wrestles with my faith, as the angel with Jacob, and if my love stands uppermost, I'll admit it's a fair game. Faith is faith, under a hundred forms! Upon my word, I should like to prove it, in my own person. What a fraction of my personality is this clerical title! How little it expresses; how little it covers! On Sundays, in the pulpit, I stand up and talk to five hundred people. Does each of them, think you, appropriate his five hundredth share of my discourse? I can imagine talking to one person and saying five hundred times as much, even though she were a pretty Mahometan or a prepossessing idolatress! I can imagine being five thousand miles away from this blessed Boston,—in Turkish trousers, if you please, with a turban on my head and a chibouque in my mouth, with a great blue ball of Eastern sky staring in through the round window, high up; all in divine *insouciance* of the fact that Boston was abusing, or, worse still, forgetting me! That Eastern sky is part of the *mise en scène* of the New Testament,—it has seen greater miracles! But, my dear Nora," he added, suddenly, "don't let me muddle your convictions." And he left his sofa and came and leaned against the mantel-shelf. "This is between ourselves; I talk to you as I would to no one else. Understand me and forgive me! There are times when I must speak out and make my bow to the possible, the ideal! I must protest against the vulgar assumption of people who don't see beyond their noses;

that people who do, you and I, for instance, are living up to the top of our capacity, that we are contented, satisfied, balanced. I promise you I'm not satisfied, not I! I've room for more. I only half live; I'm like a purse filled at one end with small coin and empty at the other. Perhaps the other will never know the golden rattle! The Lord's will be done! I can say that with the best of them. But I shall never pretend that I've known happiness, that I've known life. On the contrary, I shall maintain I'm a failure! I had the wit to see, but I lacked the courage to do—and yet I've been called reckless, irreverent, audacious. My dear Nora, I'm the veriest coward on earth; pity me if you don't despise me. There are men born to imagine things, others born to do them. Evidently, I'm one of the first. But I *do* imagine them, I assure you!"

Nora listened to this flow of sweet unreason without staying her hand in the work, which, as she perceived the drift of his talk, she had rapidly caught up, but with a beating heart and a sense of rising tears. It was a ravishing medley of mystery and pathos and frankness. It was the agony of a restless soul, leaping in passionate rapture from the sickening circle of routine. Of old, she had thought of Hubert's mind as immutably placid and fixed; it gave her the notion of lucid depth and soundless volume. But of late, with greater nearness, she had seen the ripples on its surface and heard it beating its banks. This was not the first time; but the waves had never yet broken so high; she had never felt their salt spray on her cheeks. He had rent for her sake the seamless veil of the temple and shown her its gorgeous gloom. Before her, she discerned the image of the *genius loci*, the tutelar deity, with a dying lamp smoking at its feet and a fissure in its golden side. The rich atmosphere confused and enchanted her. The pavement under her feet seemed to vibrate with the mournful music of a retreating choir. She went on with her work,

mechanically taking her stitches. She felt Hubert's intense blue eyes; the little blue flower in her tapestry grew under her quick needle. A great door had been opened between their hearts; she passed through it. "What is it you imagine," she asked, with intense curiosity; "what is it you dream of doing?"

"I dream," he said, "of breaking a law for your sake!"

The answer frightened her; it savored of the disorder of passion. What had she to do with broken laws? She trembled and rolled up her work. "I dream," she said, trying to smile, "of the romance of keeping laws. I expect to get a deal of pleasure out of it yet." And she left her chair. For an instant Hubert was confused. Was this the last struggle which precedes submission or the mere prudence of indifference? Nora's eyes were on the clock. It rang out eleven. "To begin with," she said, "let me keep the law of 'early to bed.' Good night!"

Hubert wondered; he hardly knew whether he was rebuked or challenged. "You'll at least shake hands," he said, reproachfully.

A deeper consciousness had somehow been opened in her common consciousness, and she had meant in self-defence to omit this ceremony. "Good night," she repeated, letting him take her hand. Hubert gazed at her a moment and raised it to his lips. She blushed and rapidly withdrew it. "There!" cried Hubert. "I've broken a law!"

"Much good may it do you!" she answered, and went her way. He stood for a moment, waiting, and fancying, rather fatuously, that she might come back. Then, as he took up his hat, he wondered whether she too was not a bit of a coquette.

Nora wondered on her own side whether this scene had not been the least bit a *pièce de circonstance*. For a day love and doubt fared in company. Lucinda's mournful discourse on the morrow was not of a nature to restore her calmness. "Last night," said Roger's nurse, "he was very bad.



He woke out of his lethargy, but oh, on the other side of sense ! He talked all night about you. If he murmurs a word, it's always your name. He asked a dozen times if you had arrived, and forgot as often as I told him — he, dear man, who used to remember to a collar what he'd put into the wash ! He kept wondering whether anything had happened to you. Late in the evening, when the carriages began to pass, he cried out over each that it was you, and what would you think of him for not coming to meet you ? 'Don't tell her how bad I am,' he says ; 'I must have been in bed two or three days, have n't I, Lucinda ? Say I'll be out to-morrow ; that I've only a little cold ; that she's not to mind it, Hubert will do everything for her.' And then when, at midnight, the wind began to blow, he declared it was a storm, that your ship was on the coast. God keep you safe ! Then he asked if you were changed and grown ; were you pretty, were you tall, would he know you ? And he took the hand-glass and looked at himself and wondered if you would know him. He cried out that he was ugly, he was horrible, you'd hate him. He bade me bring him his razors and let him shave ; and when I would n't, he began to rage and call me names, and then he broke down and cried like a child." Hearing these things, Nora prayed almost angrily for Roger's recovery, — that he might live to see her more cunningly and lovingly his debtor. She wished to do something, she hardly knew what, not only to prove, but forever to commemorate, her devotion. Her fancy moulded with dim prevision the monumental image of some pious sacrifice. You would have marvelled to see, meanwhile, the easy breathing of her conscience. To serve Roger, to please Roger, she would give up her dream of Hubert. But best of all, if the clement skies should suffer that Hubert and she, one in all things else, should be one in his affection, one in his service !

For a couple of days she saw nothing

of Hubert. On the third there came excellent news of Roger, who had taken a marked turn for the better, and was out of the woods. She had declined, for the evening, a certain most seductive invitation ; but on the receipt of these tidings she revoked her refusal. Coming down to the drawing-room with Mrs. Keith, dressed and shawled, she found Hubert in waiting, with a face which uttered bad news. Roger's improvement had been momentary, a relapse had followed, and he was worse than ever. She tossed off her shawl with an energy not unnoted by her duenna. "Of course I can't go," she said. "It's neither possible nor proper." Mrs. Keith would have given the camellia out of her *chignon* that this thing should not have happened in just this way ; but she submitted with a good grace — for a duenna. Hubert went down with her to her carriage. At the foot of the stairs she stopped, and while gathering up her skirts, "Mr. Lawrence," she demanded, "are you going to remain here ?"

"A little while," said Hubert, with his imperturbable smile.

"A very little while, I hope." She had been wondering whether admonition would serve as a check or a stimulus. "I need hardly to tell you that the young lady up stairs is not a person to be trifled with."

"I hardly know what you mean," said Hubert. "Am I a person to trifle ?"

"Is it serious, then ?"

Hubert hesitated a moment. She perceived a sudden watchful quiver in his eye, like a sword turned edge outward. She unsheathed one of her own steely beams, and for the tenth of a second there was a dainty crossing of blades. "I admire Miss Lambert," cried Hubert, "with all my heart."

"True admiration," said Mrs. Keith, "is one half respect and the other half self-denial."

Hubert laughed, ever so politely.

"I'll put that in a sermon," he said.

"O, I have a sermon to preach you," she answered. "Take your hat and go."



He made her a little bow, "I'll go up and get my hat." Mrs. Keith, catching his eye as he closed the carriage door, wished to heaven that she had held her tongue. "I've done him injustice," she murmured as she went. "I've fancied him light, but I see he's vicious." Hubert, however, kept his promise in so far as that he did take up his hat. Having held it a moment, he put it down. He had reckoned without his hostess! Nora was seated by the fire, with her bare arms folded, with a downcast brow. Dressed in pale corn-color, her white throat confined by a band of blue velvet, sewn with a dozen pearls, she was not a subject for summary farewells. Meeting her eyes, he saw they were filled with tears. "You mustn't take this thing too hard," he said.

For a moment she said nothing; then she bent her face into her hands and her tears flowed. "O poor, poor Roger!" she cried.

Hubert watched her weeping in her ball-dress those primitive tears. "I've not given him up," he said at last. "But suppose I had—" She raised her head and looked at him. "O," he cried, "I should have a hundred things to say. Both as a minister and as a man, I should preach resignation. In this crisis, let me speak my mind. Roger is part of your childhood; your childhood's at an end. Possibly, with it, he too is to go! At all events you're not to feel that in losing him you lose everything. I protest! As you sit here, he belongs to your past. Ask yourself what part he may play in your future. Believe me, you'll have to settle it, you'll have to choose. Here, in any case, *your* life begins. Your tears are for the dead past; this is the future, with its living needs. Roger's fate is only one of them."

She rose, with her tears replaced by a passionate gravity. "Ah, you don't know what you say!" she cried. "Talk of my future if you like, but not of my past! No one can speak of it, no one knows it! Such as you see me here, bedecked and bedizened, I'm a pen-

niless, homeless, friendless creature! But for Roger, I might be in the streets! Do you think I've forgotten it, that I ever can? There are things that color one's life, memories that last forever. I've my share! What am I to settle, between whom am I to choose? My love for Roger's no choice, it's part and parcel of my being!"

She seemed to shine, as she spoke, with a virginal faithfulness which commanded his own sincerity. Hubert was inspired. He forgot everything but that she was lovely. "I wish to heaven," he cried, "that you had never ceased to be penniless and friendless! I wish Roger had left you alone and not smothered you beneath this monstrous burden of gratitude! Give him back his gifts! Take all I have! In the streets? In the streets I should have found you, as lovely in your poverty as you're now in your finery, and a thousand times more free!" He seized her hand and met her eyes with the frankness of passion. Pain and pleasure, at once, possessed Nora's heart. It was as if joy, bursting in, had trampled certain tender flowers which bloomed on the threshold. But Hubert had cried, "I love you! I love you!" and joy had taken up the words. She was unable to speak audibly; but in an instant she was spared the effort. The servant hastily came in with a note superscribed with her name. She motioned to Hubert to open it. He read it aloud. "Mr. Lawrence is sinking. You had better come. I send my carriage." Nora's voice came to her with a cry,—"He's dying, he's dying!"

In a minute's time she found herself wrapped in her shawl and seated with Hubert in the doctor's *coupé*. A few moments more and the doctor received them at the door of Roger's room. They passed in and Nora went straight to the bed. Hubert stood an instant and saw her drop on her knees at the pillow. She flung back her shawl with vehemence, as if to release her hands; he was unable to see where she placed

them. He went on into the adjoining chamber, of which the door stood open. The room was dark, the other lit by a night-lamp. He stood listening awhile, but heard nothing; then he began to walk slowly to and fro, past the doorway. He could see nothing but the shining train of Nora's dress lying on the carpet beyond the angle of the bed. He wanted terribly to see more, but he feared to see too much. At moments he fancied he heard whispers. This lasted some time; then the doctor came in, with what seemed to him an odd, unprofessional smile. "The young lady knows a few remedies not taught in the schools," he whispered. "He has recognized her. He's good for to-night, at least. Half an hour ago he had no pulse at all, but this has started it. I'll come back in an hour." After he had gone Lucinda came, self-commissioned, and shut the door in Hubert's face. He stood a moment, with an unreasoned sense of insult and defeat. Then he walked straight out of the house. But the next morning, after breakfast, a more generous sentiment moved him to return. The doctor was just coming away. "It was a Daniel come to judgment!" the doctor declared. "I verily believe she saved him. He'll be sitting up in a fortnight!" Hubert learned that, having achieved her miracle, Nora had returned to Mrs. Keith's. What arts she had used he was left to imagine. He had still a sore feeling of having just missed a crowning joy; but there might yet be time to grasp it. He felt, too, an urgent need of catching a glimpse of the after-glow of Nora's mystical effluence. He repaired to Mrs. Keith's, hoping to find the young girl alone. But the elder lady, as luck would have it, was established in the drawing-room, and she made haste to inform him that Nora, fatigued by her "watching," had not yet left her room. But if Hubert was sombre, Mrs. Keith was radiant. Now was her chance to preach her promised sermon; she had just come into possession of facts which furnished a capital text.

"I suppose you'll call me a meddling busybody," she said. "I confess I seem to myself a model of forbearance. Be so good as to tell me in three words whether you are in love with Nora."

Taken thus abruptly to task, Hubert, after a moment's trepidation, kept his balance. He measured the situation at a glance, and pronounced it bad. But if heroic urbanity would save it, he would be urbane. "It's hardly a question to answer in two words," he answered, with an ingenuous smile. "I wish you could tell me!"

"Really," said Mrs. Keith, "it seems to me that by this time you might know. Tell me at least whether you are prepared to marry her?"

Hubert hesitated just an instant. "Of course not—so long as I'm not sure I'm in love with her!"

"And pray when will you make up your mind? And what's to become of poor Nora meanwhile?"

"Why, Mrs. Keith, if Nora can wait, surely you can." The urbanity need not be all on his side.

"Nora can wait? That's easily said. Is a young girl a thing to be tried like a horse, to be taken up and dropped again? O Mr. Lawrence, if I had ever doubted of the selfishness of men! What this matter has been for you, you know best yourself; but I can tell you that for Nora it has been serious!" At these words Hubert passed his hand nervously through his hair and walked to the window. "The fop!" said Mrs. Keith, *sotto voce*. "His vanity is tickled, on the very verge of exposure. If you are not consciously, passionately in love, you have no business here," she proceeded. "Retire, quietly, expeditiously, humbly. Leave Nora to me. I'll heal her bruises. They shall have been wholesome ones."

Hubert felt that these peremptory accents implied a menace; and that the lady spoke by book. His vanity rankled, but discretion drew a long breath. For a fortnight it had been shut up in a closet. He thanked the

Lord they had no witnesses ; with Mrs. Keith, for once, he could afford to sing small. He remained silent for a moment, with his brow bent in meditation. Then turning suddenly, he took the bull by the horns. "Mrs. Keith," he said, "you've done me a service. I thank you sincerely. I have gone further than I meant ; I admit it. I'm selfish, I'm vain, I'm anything you please. My only excuse is Nora's loveliness. It had beguiled me ; I had forgotten that this is a life of hard logic." And he bravely took up his hat.

Mrs. Keith was primed for a "scene" ; she was annoyed at missing it, and her easy triumph led her on. She thought, too, of the young girl up stairs, combing out her golden hair, and dreaming less of the logic than the poetry of life. She had dragged a heavy gun to the front ; she determined to fire her shot. So much virtue had never inspired her with so little respect. She played a moment with the bow on her morning-dress. "Let me thank you for your great humility," she said. "Do you know I was going to be afraid of you, so that I had intrenched myself behind a great big preposterous fact ? I met last evening Mrs. Chatterton of New York. You know she's a great talker, but she talks to the point. She mentioned your engagement to a certain young lady, a dark-eyed person — need I repeat the name ?" Nay, it was as well she should n't ! Hubert stood before her, flushing crimson, with his blue eyes flashing cold wrath. He remained silent a moment, shaking a scornful finger at her. "For shame, madam," he cried. "That's shocking taste ! You might have been generous ; it seems to me I deserve it." And with a summary bow he departed.

Mrs. Keith repented of this extra touch of zeal ; the more so as she found that, practically, Nora was to be the victim of the young man's displeasure. For four days he gave no sign ; Nora was left to explain his absence as she might. Even Roger's amendment failed to console her. At

last, as the two ladies were sitting at lunch, his card was brought in, superscribed *P. P. C.* Nora read it in silence, and for a moment rested her eyes on her companion with a piteous look which seemed to cry, "It's *you* I've to thank for this !" A torrent of remonstrances rose to Nora's lips, but they were sealed by the reflection that, though her friend might have provoked Hubert's desertion, its desperate abruptness pointed to some deeper cause. She pretended to occupy herself with her plate ; but her self-control was rapidly ebbing. She silently rose and retreated to her own room, leaving Mrs. Keith moralizing over her mutton-chop, upon the miseries of young ladyhood and the immeasurable egotism of the man who had rather produce a cruel effect than none at all. The various emotions to which Nora had been recently exposed proved too much for her strength ; for a week after this she was seriously ill. On the day she left her room she received a short note from Hubert.

"NEW YORK.

"DEAR FRIEND : You have, I suppose, been expecting to hear from me ; but I have not written, because I am unable to write as I wish and unwilling to write as — other people would wish ! I left Boston suddenly, but not unadvisedly. I shall for the present be occupied here. The last month I spent there will remain one of the best memories of my life. But it was time it should end ! Remember me a little — what do I say ? — forget me ! Farewell. I received this morning from the doctor the best accounts of Roger."

Nora handled this letter somewhat as one may imagine a pious maiden of the antique world to have treated a messenger from the Delphic oracle. It was obscure, it was even sinister ; but deep in its sacred dimness there seemed to glow a fiery particle of truth. She locked it up in her dressing-case and wondered and waited. Shortly after came a missive of a different

cast. It was from her cousin, George Fenton, and also dated New York.

"DEAR NORA: You have left me to find out your return in the papers. I saw your name a month ago in the steamer's list. But I hope the fine people and things you have been seeing have n't driven me quite out of your heart, and that you have a corner left for your poor old cousin and his scrawls. I received your answer to my letter of last February; after which I immediately wrote again, but in vain! Perhaps you never got my letter; I could scarcely decipher your Italian address. Excuse my want of learning! Your photograph is a joy forever. Are you really as good looking as that? It taxes even the credulity of one who knows how pretty you used to be; how good you must be still. When I last wrote I told you of my having taken stock in an enterprise for working over refuse iron, — dreadful trade! What do you care for refuse iron? It's awfully dirty and not fit to be talked of to a fine lady like you. Still, if you have any odd bits, — old keys, old nails, — the smallest contributions thankfully received! We think there's money in it; if there is n't, I'm afloat again; but again I suppose I shall drift ashore. If this fails, I think of going to Texas. I wish hugely I might see you before the bloom of my youth is sicklied o'er by an atmosphere of iron-rust. Get Mr. Lawrence to bring you to New York for a week. I suppose it would n't do for me to call on you in the light of day; but I might take service as a waiter at your hotel, and express my sentiments in strong tea and soft mutton-chops. Does he still loathe me, Mr. Lawrence? Poor man, tell him to take it easy; I sha'n't trouble him again. Are you ever lonely in the midst of your grandeur? Do you ever feel that, after all, these people are not of your blood and bone? I should like you to quarrel with them, to know a *day's* friendlessness or a *day's* freedom, so that you might remember that here

in New York, in a dusty iron-yard, there is a poor devil who is yours without question, without condition, and till death!"

### VIII.

Roger's convalescence went bravely on. One morning as he lay coquetting deliciously with returning sense, he became aware that a woman was sitting at his window in the sun. She seemed to be reading. He fancied vaguely that she was Lucinda; but at last it occurred to him that Lucinda was not addicted to literature, and that Lucinda's tresses, catching the light, were not of a kind to take on the likeness of a queenly crown. She was no vision; his visions had been dark and troubled; and this image was radiant and fixed. He half closed his eyes and watched her lazily through the lids. There came to him, out of his boyish past, a vague, delightful echo of the "Arabian Nights." The room was gilded by the autumn sunshine into the semblance of an enamelled harem court; he himself seemed a languid Persian, lounging on musky cushions; the fair woman at the window a Scheherazade, a Badoura. He closed his eyes completely and gave a little groan, to see if she would move. When he opened them, she had moved; she stood near his bed, looking at him. For a moment his puzzled gaze still told him nothing but that she was fictitiously fair. She smiled and smiled, and, after a little, as he only stared confusedly, she blushed, not like Badoura or Scheherazade, but like Nora. Her frequent presence after this became the great fact in his convalescence. The thought of her beauty filled the long empty hours during which he was forbidden to do anything but grow strong. Sometimes he wondered whether his impression of it was only part of the universal optimism of a man with a raging appetite. Then he would question Lucinda, who would shake her head and chuckle with elderly archness. "Wait till you're on your feet, sir, and judge

for yourself," she would say. "Go and call on her at Mrs. Keith's, and then tell me what you think." He grew well with a beating heart; he would have stayed his recovery for the very dread of facing his happiness. He muffled his pulse in a kind of brooding gravity which puzzled the young girl, who began to wonder whether his illness had left a flaw in his temper. Toward the last, Roger began to blush for his lingering aroma of medicine, and to wish to make a better appearance. He made a point, for some days, of refusing to see her, — always with a loving message, of course, conveyed through Lucinda. Meanwhile, he was shaved, anointed, and costumed. Finally, on a Sunday, he discarded his dressing-gown and sat up clothed and in his right mind. The effort, of course, gave him a huge appetite, and he dealt vigorous justice upon his luncheon. He had just finished, and his little table was still in position near his arm-chair, when Nora made her appearance. She had been to church, and on leaving church had taken a long walk. She wore one of those dark rich toilets of early winter, so becoming to fair beauties; but her face lacked freshness; she was pale and tired. On Roger's remarking it, she said the service had given her a headache; as a remedy, she had marched off briskly at hazard, missed her way and wandered hither and thither. But here she was, safe and sound and hungry. She petitioned for a share in certain eleemosynary dainties, — that heavy crop of forbidden fruit, which blooms in convalescence, — which she had perceived wasting their sweetness in the dining-room. Hereupon she took off her bonnet and was bountifully served at Roger's table. She ate largely and hungrily, jesting at her appetite and getting back her color. Roger leaned back in his chair, watching her, carving her partridge, offering her this and that; in a word, falling in love. It happened as naturally, as he had never allowed for it. The flower of her beauty had bloomed in a night, that of

his passion in a day. When at last she laid down her fork, and, sinking back in her chair, folded her hands on her arms and sat facing him with a friendly, pointless, satisfied smile, and then raising her goblet, threw back her head and showed her white throat and glanced at him over the brim, while he noted her plump ringless hand, with the little finger curled out, he felt that he was in health again. She strolled about the room, idly touching the instruments on his dressing-table and the odds and ends on his chimney-piece. Her dress, which she had released from the loops and festoons then in fashion, trailed rustling on the carpet, and lent her a sumptuous, ladyish air which seemed to give a price to this domiciliary visit. "Everywhere, everywhere, a little dust," she said. "I see it's more than time I should be back here. I have been waiting for you to invite me; but as you don't seem inclined, I invite myself."

Roger said nothing for a moment. Then with a blush: "I don't mean to invite you; I don't want you."

Nora stared. "Don't want me? *Par exemple!*"

"I want you as a visitor, but not as a —" And he fumbled for his word.

"As a 'regular boarder'?" she took it gayly. "You turn me out of doors?"

"No; I don't take you in — yet awhile. My dear child, I have a reason."

Nora wondered, still smiling. "I might consider this very unkind," she said, "if I had n't the patience of an angel. Could you favor me with a hint of your reason?"

"Not now," he answered. "Never fear," he cried, with a laugh. "When it comes, it will be all-sufficient!" But he imparted it, a couple of days after, to Mrs. Keith, who came late in the afternoon to present her compliments on his recovery. She displayed an almost sisterly graciousness, enhanced by a lingering spice of coquetry; but somehow, as she talked, he felt as if she were an old woman and he still a young man. It seemed a sort of hear-

say that they should ever have been mistress and lover. "Nora will have told you," he said, "of my wishing you to kindly keep her awhile. I can give you no better proof of my regard, for the fact is, my dear friend, I'm in love with her."

"Come!" she cried. "This is interesting."

"I wish her to accept me freely, as she would accept any other man. For that purpose I must cease to be, in all personal matters, her guardian."

"She must herself forget her wardship, if there is to be any sentimentalizing between you, — all but forget it, at least. Let me speak frankly," she went on. Whereupon Roger frowned a bit, for he had known her frankness to be somewhat incisive. "It's all very well that you should be in love with her. You're not the first. Don't be frightened; your chance is fair. The needful point is that she should be just the least bit in love with you."

He shook his head with melancholy modesty. "I don't expect that. She loves me a little, I hope; but I say nothing to her imagination. Circumstances are fatally against it. If she falls in love, it will be with a man as unlike me as possible. Nevertheless, I do hope she may, without pain, learn to think of me as a husband. I hope," he cried, with appealing eyes, "that she may see a certain rough propriety in it. After all, who can make her such a husband as I? I'm neither handsome, nor clever, nor accomplished, nor known. She might choose from a dozen men who are. Pretty lovers doubtless they'd make; but, my friend, it's the *husband*, the husband, that counts!" And he beat his clenched hand on his knee. "Do they know her, have they watched her, as I have done? What are their months to my years, their vows to my acts? Mrs. Keith!" — and he grasped her hand as if to call her to witness, — "I undertake to make her happy. I know what you can say, — that a woman's happiness is worth nothing unless imagination lends a hand. Well, even as

a lover, perhaps I'm not a hopeless case! And then, I confess, other things being equal, I'd rather Nora should n't marry a poor man."

Mrs. Keith spoke, on this hint. "You're a rich one then?"

Roger folded up his pocket-handkerchief and patted it out on his knee, with pregnant hesitation. "Yes, I'm rich, — I may call it so. I'm rich!" he repeated with unction. "I can say it at last." He paused a moment, and then, with admirable *bonhomie*: "I was not altogether a pauper when you refused me. Since then, for the last six years, I have been saving and sparing and counting. My purpose has sharpened my wits, and fortune, too, has favored me. I've speculated a little, I've handled stock and turned this and that about, and now I can offer my wife a very pretty fortune. It's been going on very quietly; people don't know it; but Nora, if she cares to, shall show 'em!" Mrs. Keith colored and mused; she was lost in a tardy afterthought. "It seems odd to be talking to you this way," Roger went on, exhilarated by this *résumé* of his career. "Do you remember that letter of mine from P——?"

"I did n't tear it up in a rage," she answered. "I came across it the other day."

"It was rather odd, my writing it, you know," Roger confessed. "But in my sudden desire to register a vow, I needed a friend. I turned to you as my best friend." Mrs. Keith acknowledged the honor with a little bow. Had she made a mistake of old? She very soon decided that Nora should not repeat it. Her hand-shake, as she left her friend, was generous; it seemed to assure him that he might count upon her.

When, soon after, he made his appearance in her drawing-room, she gave him many a hint as to how to play his cards. But he irritated her by his slowness; he was too circum-spect by half. It was only in the evening that he took a hand in the game. During the day, he left Nora to her



own affairs, and was in general neither more nor less attentive than if he had been some susceptible stranger. To spectators his present relation with the young girl was somewhat puzzling; though Mrs. Keith, "by no ambiguous giving out," had diffused a sympathetic expectancy. Roger wondered again and again whether Nora had guessed his meaning. He observed in her at times, in talk, he fancied, a forced nervous levity which seemed born of a need to conjure away the phantom of sentiment. And of this hostile need, of course, he hereupon strove to trace the lineage. He talked with her little, as yet, and never interfered in her talk with others; but he watched her devotedly from corners, and caught her words through the hum of voices, at a distance, while she exchanged soft nothings with the rank and file of her admirers. He was lost in incredulity of his good fortune; he rubbed his eyes. O heavenly favor of fate! Sometimes, as she stood before him, he caught her looking at him with heavy eyes and uncertain lips, as if she were on the verge of some passionate confidence. Adding this to that, Roger found himself rudely confronted with the suspicion that she was in love. Search as he could, however, he was unable to find his man. It was no one there present; they were all alike wasting their shot; the enemy had stolen a march and was hidden in the very heart of the citadel. He appealed distractedly to Mrs. Keith. "Love-sick, — lovesick is the word," he groaned. "I've read of it all my days in the poets, but here it is in the flesh. Poor girl, poor girl! She plays her part well; she's wound up tight; but the spring will snap and the watch run down. D—n the man! I'd rather he had her than sit and see this." He saw that his friend had bad news. "Tell me everything," he said; "don't spare me."

"You've noticed it at last," she answered. "I was afraid you would. Well! he's not far to seek. Think it over; can't you guess? My dear Mr.

Lawrence, you're celestially simple. Your cousin Hubert is not."

"Hubert!" Roger echoed, staring. A spasm passed over his face; his eyes flashed. At last he hung his head. "Good heavens! Have I done it all for Hubert?"

"Not if I can help it!" cried Mrs. Keith, with force. "She mayn't marry you; but at the worst, she sha'n't marry him!"

Roger laid his hand on her arm; first heavily, then gently. "Dear friend, she must be happy, at any cost. If she loves Hubert, she must marry him. I'll settle an income!"

Mrs. Keith gave his knuckles a great rap with her fan. "You'll settle a fiddlestick! You'll keep your money and you'll have Miss Nora. Leave it to me! If you have no regard for your rights, at least I have."

"Rights? what rights have I? I might have let her alone. I needn't have settled down on her in her helpless childhood. O, Hubert's a happy man! Does he know it? You must write to him. I can't!"

Mrs. Keith burst into a ringing laugh. "Know it? You're amazing! Hadn't I better telegraph?"

Roger stared and frowned. "Does he suspect it then?"

Mrs. Keith rolled up her eyes. "Come," she said, "we must begin at the beginning. When you speak of your cousin, you open up a gulf. There's not much in it, it's true; but it's a gulf. Your cousin is a knave, — neither more nor less. Allow me; I know what I say. He knew, of course, of your plans for Nora?" Roger nodded. "Of course he did! He took his chance, therefore, while you were well out of the way. He lost no time, and if Nora is in love with him, he can tell you why. He knew that he couldn't marry her, that he shouldn't, that he wouldn't. But he made love to her, to pass the time. Happily, it passed soon. I had of course to be cautious; but as soon as I saw how things were going, I spoke, and spoke to the point. Though he's a knave,



he's no fool ; that was all he needed. He made his excuses, such as they were ! I shall know in future what to think of him."

Roger shook his head mournfully. "I'm afraid it's not to be so easily settled. As you say, Hubert's a gulf. I never sounded it. The fact remains, they love each other. It's hard, but it's fatal."

Mrs. Keith lost patience. "Don't try the heroic ; you'll break down," she cried. "You're the best of men, but I'll warrant you no saint. To begin with, Hubert doesn't love her. He loves no one but himself ! Nora must find her happiness where women as good have found it before this, in a sound, sensible marriage. She can't marry Hubert ; he's engaged to another person. Yes, I have the facts ; a young girl in New York with whom he has been off and on for a couple of years, but who holds him to his bargain. I wish her joy of it ! He's not to be pitied ; she's not Nora, but she's a nice girl, and she's to have money. So good-by to Hubert ! As for you, cut the knot ! She's a bit sentimental just now ; but one sentiment, at that age, is as good as another ! And, my dear man, the girl has a conscience, it's to be hoped ; give her a chance to show it. A word to the wise !"

Thus exhorted, Roger determined to act. The next day was a Sunday. While the ladies were at church he took up his position in their drawing-room. Nora came in alone ; Mrs. Keith had made a pretext for ascending to her own room, where she waited, breathing stout prayers. "I'm glad to find you," Nora said. "I have been wanting particularly to speak to you. Isn't my probation over ? Can't I now come back ?"

"It's about that," he answered, "that I came to talk to you. The probation, Nora, has been mine. Has it lasted long enough ! Do you love me yet ? Come back to me, come back to me as my wife."

She looked at him, as he spoke, with

a clear, unfrightened gaze, and, with his last words, broke frankly into a laugh. But as his own face was intensely grave, a gradual blush arrested her laugh. "Your wife, Roger ?" she asked gently.

"My wife. I offer you my hand. Dear Nora, is it so incredible ?"

To his uttermost meaning, somehow, her ear was still closed, as if she fancied he was half joking. "Is that the only condition on which we can live together ?"

"The only one — for me !"

She looked at him, still sounding his eyes with her own. But his passion, merciful still, retreated before her frank doubt. "Ah," she said, smiling, "what a pity I have grown up !"

"Well," he said, "since you're grown we must make the best of it. Think of it, Nora, think of it. I'm not so old, you know. I was young when we began. You know me so well ; you'd be safe. It would simplify matters vastly ; it's at least to think of," he went on, pleading for very tenderness, in this pitiful minor key. "I know it must seem odd ; but I make you the offer !"

Nora was painfully startled. In this strange new character of a lover she seemed to see him eclipsed as a friend, now when, in the trouble of her love, she turned longingly to friendship. She was silent awhile, with her embarrassment. "Dear Roger," she answered, at last, "let me love you in the old, old way. Why need we change ? Nothing is so good, so safe as that. I thank you from my heart for your offer. You've given me too much already. Marry any woman you please, and I'll be her serving-maid."

He had no heart to meet her eyes ; he had wrought his own fate. Mechanically, he took up his hat and turned away, without speaking. She looked at him an instant, uncertain, and then, loath to part with him so abruptly, she laid her arm round his neck. "You don't think me unkind ?" she said. "I'll do anything for you on earth." — "but that," was unspoken, yet Roger heard it. The dream of years

was shattered; he felt sick; he was dumb. "You forgive me?" she went on. "O Roger, Roger!" and, with a strange inconsequence of lovingness, she dropped her head on his shoulder. He held her for a moment as close as he had held his hope, and then released her as suddenly as he had parted with it. Before she knew it, he was gone.

Nora drew a long breath. It had all come and gone so fast that she was bewildered. It had been what she had heard called a "chance." Suppose she had grasped at it? She felt a kind of relief in the thought that she had been wise. That she had been cruel, she never suspected. She watched Roger, from the window, cross the street and take his way up the sunny slope. Two ladies passed him, friends as Nora saw; but he made no bow. Suddenly Nora's reflections deepened and the scene became portentous. If she had been wrong, she had been horribly wrong. She hardly dared to think of it. She ascended to her own room, to counsel with familiar privacy. In the hall, as she passed, she found Mrs. Keith at her open door. This lady put her arm round her waist, led her into the chamber toward the light. "Something has happened," she said, looking at her curiously.

"Yes, I've had an offer. From Roger."

"Well, well?" Mrs. Keith was puzzled by her face.

"Isn't he good? To think he should have thought it necessary! It was soon settled."

"Settled, dearest? How?"

"Why—why—" And Nora began to smile the more resolutely, as her imagination had taken alarm. "I declined."

Mrs. Keith released her with a gesture almost of repulsion. "Declined? Unhappy girl!" The words were charged with a sort of righteous indignation so unusual to the speaker, that Nora's conscience took the hint.

She turned very pale. "What have I done?" she asked, appealingly.

"Done, my dear? You've done a blind, cruel act! Look here." And Mrs. Keith having hastily ransacked a drawer, turned about with an open letter. "Read that and repent."

Nora took the letter; it was old and crumpled, the ink faded. She glanced at the date,—that of her first school-year. In a moment she had read to the closing sentence. "It will be my own fault if I have n't a perfect wife." In a moment more its heavy meaning overwhelmed her; its vital spark flashed back over the interval of years. She seemed to see Roger's bent, stunned head in the street. Mrs. Keith was frightened at her work. Nora dropped the letter and stood staring, open-mouthed, pale as death, with her poor young face blank with horror.

*H. James Jr.*

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## CALIFORNIA SAVED.

CALIFORNIA saved the Republic once, and has been saved by it in return. How saved?

Did it ever occur to the reader how opportune was the discovery of the placers at Coloma, coming, as it did, right upon the heels of the conquest of Mexico? The heroes of Buena Vista and Chapultepec had, by that conquest, been enabled to spy out the land and

the mines, and straightway there was a current of adventure and speculation setting toward her fabulous silver. But the fame of California turned aside this current, let us hope forever. American men and American money would have grouped themselves about the richest mines, and, becoming compactly knit together in strong towns, would have revolted, as the Lone Star Republic

did, and brought Mexico knocking at our doors eventually. And Mexico is death. Rome girdled nearly all the known world with victories; but from the day when her legions went down to Egypt there was opened a fountain of corruption and contention which subverted the empire. The day when we add Mexico it becomes our Egypt. California saved us from Mexico, however, at least temporarily, and we need not revolve these Babylonian members further.

The reader may, however, regard this as a case only vaguely made out, and negative at least; but there is another and a very positive element of salvation which California brought to the Republic struggling for life, in the \$131,300,000 of her gold product during the four years of the war, to say nothing of the million or more contributed out of her prodigal generosity toward the Sanitary fund. There has never been any adequate official acknowledgment of the mighty succor given by California to the life of the nation in those evil days. But Congress understood it well when there came a rumor and a dread that some losel rebel might fall foul of the monthly argosy, heavy with *oro Americano*, off the coast of Mazatlan, and when, in all haste, though in the midst of a gigantic and immensely expensive civil war, it voted millions to set the overland railroad digging. General Grant understood it when, upon the completion of that railroad, he congratulated the country that it was able now to reach over, and finger its "strong box" quickly in the day of its necessity.

But it is the main business of this paper to show how the Republic has not been ungrateful, and how California has in turn been rescued. And, first, it will be in order to inquire, at considerable length, into that condition and prospect of affairs from which, by an agency hereinafter to be set forth, this noble State was delivered.

In the winter of 1869-70, following the completion of that railroad which

many a man had looked forward to as about to restore, in some inexplicable manner, the "flush times" of 1850, everybody was asking, "What ails California?" In many a mountain mining town, which once resounded with the blast of the powder, the clank of the quartz-mill, and the merry click of the pistol, the doors were shut in the streets, and the sound of the grinding was low. The silver-mills were dry, the gold ran thin in the sluices, in many places the harvest had been shortened, and the "blanket-men" were abroad in ominous numbers. The mortgages on real estate in San Francisco crept up to the alarming figure of \$30,000,000. The immigrants did not arrive in the multitudinous hosts expected. The interior real estate which the sharks had grabbed by leagues and townships did not appreciate, but tumbled far down, and the weight of their borrowed money, at a frightful interest, was sinking them daily deeper than ever luckless digger floundered in the wintry "adobe" bogs of Salsapentos. Three thousand hungry men marched in procession through the streets of San Francisco, demanding work or bread,—a worse earthquake than ever rumbled up from the regions of grim Pluto, but, happily, one which can more easily be managed.

Sü, the venerable and godlike, says: "Every good and bad action will in the end receive its merited recompense; fly high or run far, still will it be difficult to escape." Wherein had California sinned, that her misdeed found her out so swiftly and so certainly?

*Capital.* The Chinaman performs as tidy scrubbing and cooking for \$20 or \$25 a month as Irish girls do for \$30 or \$35. He is tractable, patient, and obedient.

*Labor.* He buys the least possible quantity of home produce and manufactures on which he can keep body and soul together, bringing even his wretched clothing and his rice from China; therefore, he starves the butchers, grocers, bakers, etc.

C. It is his deft and nimble industry that gives us washing at half price and woollen blankets cheaper. Without him we could sustain no manufactures at all on this coast, against your obstinate and senseless strikes and eight-hour rules, to say nothing of Eastern competition; therefore you are benefited in spite of yourself, through shoes reduced and clothing lower.

L. He carries away with him all his earnings to China; makes no improvements, except the vilest huts, which were better burned; and will not even enrich the soil with his miserable body, but gathers up two car-loads of bones all along the Central Pacific, and ships them home. He has carried away millions which ought to have gone to encourage our artisans and grocers.

C. Look at the improvements for which we are indebted to his cheap and supple utility! But for the Chinese, the Union Pacific, with its easier grades and swarms of Irishmen, would have outstripped the Central Pacific, forced the point of junction far westward, and so have thrown the vast trade of Utah, Idaho, and Montana into the hands of Chicago. The Chinese rescued the commercial future of San Francisco.

L. The Chinamen labor for such pitiful wages that they undermine Caucasians, degrade the standard of wages so that no white labor can live with any decency or self-respect, and so drive thousands of men with families into downright beggary or thievery.

C. Every man has the right to employ what color of labor he will. If you are not content to labor for such wages as we, in the present universal depression, can give, you can go hang.

L. We will burn before we will hang.

And so burn it was. From a church in San José, which dared teach Chinamen the Catechism, to a railroad owned by a company which dared employ Chinese conductors on Chinese trains, the smoke went up, and only ashes were left. For months the larger cities were in a fever of alarm, and the police hunted incendiaries like dogs.

Most of the above discussion is of

the very wretchedest and most superficial quality, and the cancer must be probed deeper.

*Imprimis.* The mineral wealth of California has had a very unfortunate effect on large masses of the population in a twofold manner, illustrating the remark of Humboldt, made long before this El Dorado was known, that the influence of mines on the progressive cultivation of the earth is more durable than the mines themselves. First, they infected men with that mobility fever which seems to cling to most Californians till they make their last little entry of real estate. Second, many miners were attracted by the admirable adaptation of the Sierra Nevada foot-hills to vine culture, and gradually beat their picks into mattocks and their long-handled shovels into ploughs. But, most unfortunately, they never could get titles to their little vineyards, because the government, until very recently, held the land as "mineral land." A writer who has lived in these equivocal regions says: "Twenty years of one's life thus spent, without an anchor for hope or a certain haven ahead, will do much to undermine and demoralize the most stable character. Thousands of our earlier pioneers have suffered from the first, and are suffering to this hour, from that insecurity in their landed possessions which robs life of all its noblest incentives. . . . In this uncertain condition of things almost a generation has gone by; families have been reared and children have grown up without any noble aims in life; the instability of their condition woven into the life-threads of their characters. . . . A dispirited band of idlers, robbed of a purpose or legitimate pursuit in life, comes pouring into the large cities. San Francisco is overrun with them at this very moment."

The government is setting about the survey and sale of these mineral lands, but already great and irreparable injury has resulted from the delay. The amount of "poor white trash" (I beg the reader's pardon for using this mean

phrase, but to Americans it is more expressive than any other) which this delay has created is melancholy to contemplate.

Another most fruitful source of this fatal class of population is the infamous fraud of the old Spanish grants, pseudo and genuine, together with the iniquitous avarice of speculators. To liken great things to small, there is here something like that old monopoly, the Roman Empire, as it was in the third and fourth centuries, when the hordes of the savage and homeless tribes began to surge against its borders, and strain their bloodshot eyes across its walls toward the riotous opulence within. A man in Tulon valley owns a million dollars' worth of land for his herds to roam upon; yet he comes up to Sacramento, stands up in his place in the legislature, and fights like a villain against a projected railroad, because, forsooth, it would cleave his principality and induce settlement! And for want of that railroad the farmers pay half the value of their wheat for transportation. Another in Kern valley owns 230,000 acres, but sixty families go home to Texas because they can find no useful land. Another, near Santa Barbara, claims 247,000 acres, and the people of that city hold an indignation meeting, because no farmers can colonize near them, and that one ranch is throttling them like an African boa. And even mutton is not cheap. Another in San Luis Obispo owns 63,000 acres, so selected with reference to springs, ranges, etc., that he has absolute control of 40,000 acres of government land around him. A dozen poor men could live on this land, each keeping a few hundred sheep, but this man can crush them all by "pasturing them out," and refusing them access to his springs.

What are the consequences? In crossing the continent, I passed on foot through the whole length of Southern California, and I was sickened and saddened beyond expression at the evidences of the rapidity with which this section is filling up with

"poor white trash." Anywhere among the hills, all softened with a film of tender, lilac, *chiaroscuro* haze, brightly green on the north side with the *chamiral*, but on the south side nibbled bare and dusty by the flocks of some great shepherd lord, you shall find these families in abandoned shepherd's huts or cottonwood cabins. They are each a lank and sallow couple, with the unmistakable Pike County twang, and seven white-headed girls. A spring of water is hard by; under the overshadowing live-oak hangs a half-eaten carcass of venison; in the cabin there is a kerosene-can full of wild honey. That is all. This class is created by Chinese competition, by the old Spanish and speculative infamies, and by that ingrained vagabondism which never will be stamped out of California until placer mining gives place to the steadfast industry of deep mining.

Come north and look again. On these vast plains of the San Joaquin and Sacramento valleys, in the midst of a boundless contiguity of wheat, the equal of which does not wave on earth, stands a mean, unplanned, unshaded shanty. Starr King says, "The farmer is king"; but in California he abides in a hovel, though he may own thousands. For days and days together the whistle of the steam-thresher can be heard, to-day here, to-morrow there, but always on this one man's ranch. The gang of laborers, almost black with dust, follow the machine through the season; for these six weeks of threshing are their principal labor and "job" of the year. When the summer is past, and the wheat sacked in the field, they flock into the towns, and as soon as they and their coin have parted company they sally forth again, aimless, hopeless, incurable "blanket-men."

These iniquitous monopolies ought to have been broken up long ago, and a portion tossed out to every honest man who would work and save and pay. Californians have pointed over and over again to the land monopolies of Michigan and Illinois, and predicted that

theirs would be dissolved in the same manner. But they forgot that those States had no Chinese. The evil influence of the Chinese in perpetuating these monopolies has been, not that they bought land themselves, but that they scared men away. Mongolophobia has the same effect in California that negrophobia has in South Carolina. Hon. F. M. Pixley (Republican) declared in a lecture that the Chinese had scared away thirty thousand men from California.

The bane of California has always been that it had an excess of hirelings, bachelors, and a lack of families; and the Chinese have perpetuated this evil in a double manner. They sat up no household Lares and Penates themselves, and they frightened away men who would. They are the worst possible hireling element that could go on the farms, for they dislike to labor for small isolated farmers, but prefer to drive business in gangs; hence they have helped to ruin the hard-fisted yeomanry who are the sheet-anchor of any country, and assisted to build up the ranches already too great.

California was unfortunate in the first construction of its society and business. With the discovery of gold there drifted rapidly upon these shores wave after wave of splendid and adventurous humanity, mingled with the baser froth and spume; and thus a fortunate and energetic few, by the mere fact of their presence, waxed rich and mighty in the land, willy nilly. They could not help themselves; they had "greatness thrust upon them." The State has had but two Governors, and the metropolis but two Mayors, who did not "come here in '49 or the spring of '50," as the old pioneers are so fond of phrasing it. Thus, what with the Spanish land grants, and the immense grabs which were made in that famous year into this waste and unhandled wild, we have here something bordering hard upon English primogeniture, with all its train of evils. There are these energetic or fortunate few, *inter pares primi*, under whose magic

touch everything has turned into gold. They are strong and great and happy. They have the banks, the express and stage companies, the ranches, the steamboats, the railroads. "Opposition" in this country means "the second son," it means a losing game. These men are anxious to see California grow, partly because of a commendable public pride, partly because its growth is their wealth. It irks them to see "enterprises of great pith and moment" languish for want of laborers. Many of them are parvenus, and hardly brook the lordly uses and the arrogance of the sometime miners and speculators, who have drifted down from loss to loss, and lodged at last, as common laborers, with soured tempers and broken bodies, in this soft and sunny clime.

At this point step in the Chinese. I do the employers the justice to believe them when they affirm they prefer white laborers. Even the Central Pacific managers struggled on for years with white labor alone; and it was only when the Union Pacific was gaining fearfully on them, and was likely to push the junction point back nearly to California, that they reluctantly took Chinamen. For this they were so violently attacked that, in defending themselves, they naturally overshot the mark, pushed the defence into a matter of supererogation, and became, in some sort, the great Chinese champions. It is all the more lamentable that the white laborers, by their absurd and infamous arrogance, have wrought their own harm, and badgered employers into replacing them with Chinese. It seems as if, almost in proportion as white laborers in California are worthless, in that same proportion are they outrageously dictatorial. The Chinese are a tame and feeble folk, docile, exceedingly imitative, and, in certain small and nimble labors, remarkably industrious. In the hot and heavy work of railroads and farms, however, they are admitted and notable failures; yet, by grouping them in masses, the contractors could make them do some-

thing by main strength and awkwardness.

Thus it was the Mongolians were supplanting the vagabonds, "those unfortunates, the Helots of mankind," of whom the mines supplied so many, — which was well enough, — but were gaining such a foothold as to scare away a better class, — which was evil and only evil. California was sailing down a glittering track of prosperity toward hideous moral and social ruin. Of all desirable things, this State most needs, and will have the greatest trouble in securing, a hard-fisted middle class, to redeem her from the infamy of money-jugglers and of vagabonds. If the Chinese brought their wives and stayed for life, their remarkable imitiveness would soon have turned them into the best of citizens; but, as it was, they were only making California hollow. There is no health for the State, so fond of city life, except in making what voting population can be induced to stay in the country as numerous as possible. And it was the Chinese who were rooting out this priceless yeomanry, as the slaves of Italy, in the time of the Roman Empire, rooted out the independent peasantry.

Now that the crisis has passed, and Chinese immigration is in rapid decline, it may be well to give a few figures, to show whither we were tending. In the decade ending with 1850 only 35 Chinese arrived; in that ending with 1860, 41,396; in that ending with 1870, 67,466. But the significant fact was that, while the rate of Caucasian immigration was decreasing, that of the Mongolian was increasing, and these two facts stood partly in the relation of cause and effect. Thus, in the first five months of 1870, when the Chinese immigration was about at high-water mark, the Caucasian gain of San Francisco was 6,637 and the Mongolian was 5,109. In the month of May, 1870, the Caucasian gain was 1,716, while the Mongolian was actually greater, being 2,854! That was not a happy circumstance. In 1860 the popula-

tion of San Francisco had only 4.07 per cent of Chinese, in 1870 it had 7.7 per cent. True, the actual number of Caucasian arrivals in the State was always much larger than that of the Mongolians; but the steady gain of the percentage of the latter over that of the former was not an auspicious portent.

As to the Chinese themselves, no man with any heart of human pity in his breast could harbor any malice toward these poor, cowering souls, braving the perils of a vast ocean and the accursed barbarism of the "superior race" after they arrived, in the hope of being able to carry back to their wretched homes some poor little remnant of gold for their families. If they had come in families, that they might have been built into the nation, no sensible man could have done other than welcome them; but coming only as slaves to their companies, and dwelling apart, with their hideous and unnatural customs intact, an *imperium in imperio*, they were rotting out the heart of the people.

And one of the most deplorable elements of the social and moral condition of California which this unhappy question of the Chinese introduced was the ignoble and belittling tyranny of party which it brought.

On one side the mean and pitiful necessity of defending that against which a man's secret best convictions revolt; and on the other, the brutal demagoguery and pretended assent to the infamous propositions of the mob. In all those years while California was slowly filling up with these wretched slaves, the best and most influential voices, those which alone could be heard in Washington, were smothered and silent as ever the press of the South was in the days of the oligarchy; or else, goaded by the wretched ravings of the anti-Coolie organs or the infernal atrocities of the mob, they sallied out and besmeared the Chinaman's wounds with the balm of protestations to an extent which was offensive. The press of California is more nobly independent in politics



than that of any other State, but it was as absolutely bound hand and foot in regard of the Chinese question as ever were the organs of Louisiana touching slavery.

"If society must have 'maudsills,' it is certainly better to take them from a race which would be benefited by even that position in a civilized community, than subject a portion of our own race to a position which they have outgrown."

The above is an authoritative and representative utterance, and how much it sounds like the old *ante-bellum* reasoning of Governor Hammond and *Debow's Review*, by which it was demonstrated that the presence of the negro was the elevation of the white man. And the "poor white trash" are the answer.

"The clear-headed capitalist rejects the present one per cent for the future five per cent per month for his capital, and adds thereto the gratification of having done his part in forwarding the interests of all mankind."

This is from the same authoritative source. It was not often that more arrogant and arrogant foolery was uttered by the South in the palmy days of King Cotton. It was getting to be high time that a way should be found for introducing into California a pretty good supply—enough that every citizen might have a portion—of the notion that one per cent per month is a good deal better than the sulks and nothing per month.

And now, after this somewhat detailed examination into the condition of California, it remains to set forth the agency by which were exorcised these evil notions and these evil janglings. In May, 1869, the overland railroad was joined on Promontory Mountain, and the two locomotives moved up and rubbed their snouts together, in symbol of the friendly salute of their owners.

"Facing on the single track,  
Half a world behind each back."

That was the signal for the dismiss-

sal, by the Central Pacific alone, of an army of sixteen thousand laborers, of whom one half were Chinese. This great multitude, surging back toward California, swamped the labor market in a twinkling. The hundreds of butchers, bakers, grocers, and millers who had supplied them were suddenly without customers. The golden stream of a million dollars per month, which had flowed from the coffers of the Central Pacific, ceased to pour. The fifty ships per month which had sailed up the Sacramento, laden with materials for the mighty work, now bumped their grass-grown hulks idly against the San Francisco wharfs. Real estate suffered a disastrous collapse, tumbling from the top of a ladder of extraordinary inflation down to the fourth or fifth round. The drummers and runners of Chicago swarmed in the land like the locusts of Egypt, while the merchants of San Francisco sat in their office chairs, cocked up their heels on the "great resources," serenely smoked the cigar of the "laws of trade," and saw the interior merchants walk off arm in arm with Chicago. Hundreds of merchants, wagon-makers, grocers, etc., barely escaped bankruptcy by dismissing their hands and cutting down expenses, while scores sold everything at a ruinous loss, and with the wrecks bought a piece of a ranch. The in-rushing of Eastern goods and Eastern competition was more than California could hold, and the whole bottom dropped out, temporarily. An extraordinary and ominous number of "blanket-men" were abroad, and that winter the streets of San Francisco shook to the tread of thousands of marching men clamoring for work or bread.

Never since the day when Babel heaved its ambitious walls in the face of heaven, have men more thoroughly accomplished the opposite of what they sought. It was expected that the railroad would bring the starving East and Europe to California for land; but the first and greatest thing it had to do, was to carry homesick California to the East on a visit. It was confi-

dently expected that it would restore the ever-lamented "flush times" of 1850; but, instead of that, it sunk California, temporarily, to the profoundest depths of depression. It was amusing to see the commercial grimaces and wincing with which it was at last reluctantly admitted that the railroad "was not an unmixed good," and to hear men proclaim themselves lustily against it (in fact it bore itself pretty haughtily) and take up the championship of the stage-coach. In fact, California had fallen into a deep and refreshing slumber, lulled by the pæans of her own invincible greatness. The minds of men in trade were provincial, colonial, narrow. The first through train, laden with the belated thunders of Gettysburg, and the big, hoarse music of the noisy and jostling East, was as if a six-cylinder press had suddenly been heard clanking in the Happy Valley of Rasselas and Imlac.

And now, for the first time, it went hard in good sooth with poor John Chinaman. Who killed Cock Robin? The Central Pacific, his best friend. It was a new thing under the sun to hear a Chinaman complain of "hard times." And not long after, it was "Californee alle same Chinees now"; and then again, a little later, "Chinees better Californes; vellee hard times now." And then there came, in the summer of 1870, the famous manifesto of the Six Companies, which was posted on all the dead-walls of the Celestial Empire, warning their countrymen to remain at home. In due process of time those superb steamers of the Pacific Mail no longer staggered wearily into the Golden Gate, after their long, long flight, with nine, ten, eleven hundred yellow faces staring out from their decks upon the fabled shores. They arrived with only a hundred, seventy-five, fifty, but went away reeling under hundreds upon hundreds. Thousands who had gambled away all their earnings in the prodigal years when the

Central Pacific was building, now circumscribed all their ambition to the one little purpose of saving enough gold to carry them home.

Those two car-loads of Chinese bones, dugged up in the Nevada desert along the Central Pacific, were the vanguard of the final exodus.

"And Moses took the bones of Joseph with him: for he had straitly sworn the children of Israel, saying, God will surely visit you; and ye shall carry up my bones away hence with you."

And, after their hard labor and bondage in the desert, let them depart in peace. Let them spoil us, the Egyptian task-masters, if they will, and carry home their poor little remnant of gold, and their silver. They have earned it well.

With the departure of the Chinese will come the long - expected immigrants. With them will come the just partition of the soil. With that will come white competition in labor, to which the workmen need no longer scorn to yield. With that will come cheap capital, busy to seek out the development of the land, instead of hoarding itself in bank, or throwing itself away on those infamous money-juggles of lying speculators.

Thus, at the last ringing stroke of the sledge on the golden spike of the junction, all this provincial narrowness, and these false ideas and false systems, vanished like the gibbering ghosts at cockcrow; and a new and true foundation was laid whereon to build the future of this peerless California. Not less auspicious for America was the hour when those locomotive pilots touched together, on Promontory Mountain, than was for Europe that day when Charles Martel smote hip and thigh of the Saracenic hordes before the walls of Tours. Alexander Dumas says Africa begins at the Pyrenees. We did not want Asia to begin at the Sierra Nevada. Thanks to the overland railroad, it shall not.

*Stephen Powers.*

## THE NEW LIGHT.

THE dark before the day,  
The dawning silver-gray,  
Is sweet with treasured fragrance overrun ;  
So went my girlhood's hours,  
And, folded like the flowers,  
The heart of life was waiting for its sun.

In the pale east I saw  
The gleaming stars withdraw,  
The fairy lights of childhood, one by one ;  
O gladder light of youth,  
And sweeter tale of truth !  
What star did ever whisper of the sun ?

Before the morning spring,  
The birds awake and sing ;  
What is it?—but they twitter mystery,—  
And all my thoughts, like birds,  
Sing music without words,  
And flutter, flutter, and I wonder why !

All in the dawning still  
The woods begin to thrill,  
Through silent aisles the eager whispers run ;  
O peace, my foolish heart ?  
What makes thee throb and start?—  
He's coming, coming,—lo, it is the sun !

O, while the skies were gray,  
Where hast thou been, my Day ?  
And where was I in dreams apart from thee ?  
What land hath let thee go  
To smile upon me so ?  
What hand hath led thee all the way to me ?

No longer stay the streams,  
Hushed in the moonlight gleams,  
Now all the darkling oracles are dumb ;  
No more inquire and wait,  
At threshold of thy fate ;  
Enter a queen, O heart ! the king is come !

*Carl Spencer.*

## THEIR WEDDING JOURNEY.

## VII.

## DOWN THE ST. LAWRENCE.

THEY were to take the Canadian steamer at Charlotte, the port of Rochester, and they rattled uneventfully down from Niagara by rail. At the broad, low-banked river-mouth the steamer lay beside the railroad station; and while Isabel disposed of herself on board, Basil looked to the transfer of the baggage, novelly comforted in the business by the respectfulness of the young Canadian who took charge of the trunks for the boat. He was slow, and his system was not good; he did not give checks for the pieces, but marked them with the name of their destination, and there was that indefinable something in his manner which hinted his hope that you would remember the porter; but he was so civil that he did not snub the meekest and most vexatious of the passengers, and Basil mutely blessed his servile soul. Few white Americans, he said to himself, would behave so decently in his place; and he could not conceive of the American steamboat clerk who would use the politeness towards a waiting crowd that the Canadian purser showed when they all wedged themselves in about his window to receive their state-room keys. He was somewhat awkward, like the porter, but he was patient, and he did not lose his temper even when some of the crowd, finding he would not bully them, made bold to bully him. He was three times as long in serving them as an American would have been, but their time was of no value there, and he served them well. Basil made a point of speaking him fair, when his turn came, and the purser did not trample on him for a base truckler, as an American jack-in-office would have done.

Our tourists felt at home directly on this steamer, which was very comforta-

ble, and in every way sufficient for its purpose, with a visible captain, who answered two or three questions very pleasantly, and bore himself toward his passengers in some sort like a host.

In the saloon Isabel had found among the passengers her semi-acquaintances of the hotel parlor and the elevator, and had glanced tentatively toward them. Whereupon the matron of the party had made advances that ended in their all sitting down together, and wondering when the boat would start; and what time they would get to Montreal next evening, with other matters that strangers going upon the same journey may properly marvel over in company. The introduction having thus accomplished itself, they exchanged addresses, and it appeared that Richard was Colonel Ellison, of Milwaukee, and that Fanny was his wife. Miss Kitty Ellison was of western New York, not far from Erie. There was a diversion presently towards the different state-rooms; but the new acquaintances sat *vis-a-vis* at the table, and after supper the ladies drew their chairs together on the promenade deck, and enjoyed the fresh evening breeze. The sun set magnificent upon the low western shore which they had now left an hour away, and a broad stripe of color lay behind the steamer. A few thin, luminous clouds darkened momentarily along the horizon, and then mixed with the land. The stars came out in a clear sky, and a light wind softly buffeted the cheeks, and breathed life into nerves that the day's heat had wasted. It scarcely wrinkled the tranquil expanse of the lake, on which there loomed, far or near, a full-sailed schooner, and presently melted into the twilight, and left the steamer solitary upon the waters. The company was small, and not remarkable enough in any way to take the thoughts of any one off his own com-

fort. A deep sense of the coseyness of the situation possessed them all, which was if possible intensified by the spectacle of the captain, seated on the upper deck, and smoking a cigar that flashed and fainted like a stationary firefly in the gathering dusk. How very distant, in this mood, were the most recent events! Niagara seemed a fable of antiquity; the ride from Rochester a myth of the Middle Ages. In this cool, happy world of quiet lake, of starry skies, of air that the soul itself seemed to breathe, there was such consciousness of repose as if one were steeped in rest and soaked through and through with calm.

The points of likeness between Isabel and Mrs. Ellison shortly made them mutually uninteresting, and, leaving her husband to the others, Isabel frankly sought the companionship of Miss Kitty, in whom she found a charm of manner which puzzled at first, but which she presently fancied must be perfect trust of others mingling with a peculiar self-reliance.

"Can't you see, Basil, what a very flattering way it is?" she asked of her husband, when, after parting with their friends for the night, she tried to explain the character to him. "Of course no art could equal such a natural gift; for that kind of belief in your good-nature and sympathy makes you feel worthy of it, don't you know; and so you can't help being good-natured and sympathetic. This Miss Ellison, why, I can tell you, I should n't be ashamed of her anywhere." By anywhere Isabel meant Boston, and she went on to praise the young lady's intelligence and refinement, with those expressions of surprise at the existence of civilization in a westerner which westerners find it so hard to receive graciously. Happily, Miss Ellison had not to hear them. "The reason she happened to come with only two dresses is, she lives so near Niagara that she could come for one day, and go back the next. The colonel's her cousin, and he and his wife

go East every year, and they asked her this time to see Niagara with them. She told me all over again what we eavesdropped so shamefully in the hotel parlor; and I don't know whether she was better pleased with the prospect of what's before her, or with the notion of making the journey in this original way. She did n't force her confidence upon me, any more than she tried to withhold it. We got to talking in the most natural manner; and she seemed to tell these things about herself because they amused her and she liked me. I had been saying how my trunk got left behind once on the French side of Mont Cenis, and I had to wear aunt's things at Turin till it could be sent for."

"Well, I don't see but Miss Ellison could describe you to her friends very much as you've described her to me," said Basil. "How did these mutual confidences begin? Whose trustfulness first flattered the other's? What else did you tell about yourself?"

"I said we were on our wedding journey," guiltily admitted Isabel.

"O, you did!"

"Why, dearest! I wanted to know, for once, you see, whether we seemed honeymoon-struck."

"And do we?"

"No," came the answer, somewhat ruefully. "Perhaps, Basil," she added, "we've been a little *too* successful in disguising our bridal character. Do you know," she continued, looking him anxiously in the face, "this Miss Ellison took me at first for — your sister!"

Basil broke forth in outrageous laughter. "One more such victory," he said, "and we are undone"; and he laughed again immoderately. "How sad is the fruition of human wishes! There's nothing, after all, like a good thorough failure for making people happy."

Isabel did not listen to him. Safe in a dim corner of the deserted saloon, she seized him in a vindictive embrace; then, as if it had been he who suggested the idea of such a loathsome relation, hissed out the hated words,

"*Your sister!*" and released him with a disdainful repulse.

A little after daybreak the steamer stopped at the Canadian city of Kingston, a handsome place, substantial to the water's edge, and giving a sense of English solidity by the stone of which it is largely built. There was an accession of many passengers here, and they and all the people on the wharf were as little like Americans as possible. They were English or Irish or Scotch, with the healthful bloom of the Old World still upon their faces, or if Canadians they looked not less hearty; so that one must wonder if the line between the Dominion and the United States did not also sharply separate good digestion and dyspepsia. These provincials had not our regularity of features, nor the best of them our careworn sensibility of expression; but neither had they our complexions of *adobe*; and even Isabel was forced to allow that the men were, on the whole, better dressed than the same number of average Americans would have been in a city of that size and remoteness. The stevedores who were putting the freight aboard were men of leisure; they joked in a kindly way with the orange-women and the old women picking up chips on the pier; and our land of hurry seemed beyond the ocean rather than beyond the lake.

Kingston has romantic memories of being Fort Frontenac two hundred years ago; of Count Frontenac's splendid advent among the Indians; of the brave La Salle, who turned its wooden walls to stone; of wars with the savages and then with the New York colonists, whom the French and their allies harried from this point; of the destruction of La Salle's fort in the old French War; and of final surrender a few years later to the English. All about the city the shores are beautifully wooded, and there are many lovely islands, — the first indeed of those Thousand Islands with which the head of the St. Lawrence is filled, and among which the steamer was presently threading her way. They are still as charming and

still almost as wild as when, in 1673, Frontenac's flotilla of canoes passed through their labyrinth and issued upon the lake. Save for a lighthouse upon one of them, there is almost nothing to show that the foot of man has ever pressed the thin grass clinging to their rocky surfaces, and keeping its green in the eternal shadow of their pines and cedars. In the warm morning light they gathered or dispersed before the advancing vessel, which some of them almost touched with the plumage of their evergreens; and where none of them were large, some were so small that it would not have been too bold to figure them as a vaster race of water-birds assembling and separating in her course. It is curiously affecting to find them so unclaimed yet from the solitude of the vanished wilderness, and scarcely touched even by tradition. But for the interest left them by the French, these tiny islands have scarcely any associations, and must be enjoyed for their beauty alone. There is indeed about them a faint light of legend concerning the Canadian rebellion of 1837, for several patriots are said to have taken refuge amidst their lovely multitude; but this episode of modern history is difficult for the imagination to manage, and somehow one does not take sentimentally even to that daughter of a lurking patriot, who long baffled her father's pursuers by rowing him from one island to another, and supplying him with food by night.

Either this reluctance is from the natural desire that so recent a heroine should be founded on fact, or it is mere perverseness. Perhaps I ought to say, in justice to her, that it was one of her own sex who refused to be interested in her, and forbade Basil to care for her. When he had read of her exploit from the guide-book, Isabel asked him if he had noticed that handsome girl in the blue and white striped Garibaldi and Swiss hat, who had come aboard at Kingston. She pointed her out, and courageously made him admire her beauty, which was of the most bewitching Canadian type. The young girl was redeemed

by her New World birth from the English heaviness; a more delicate bloom lighted her full cheeks; a softer grace dwelt in her movement; yet she was round and full, and she was in the perfect flower of youth. She was not so ethereal in her loveliness as an American girl, but she was not so nervous and had none of the painful fragility of the latter. Her expression was just a little vacant, it must be owned; but so far as she went she was faultless. She looked like the most tractable of daughters, and as if she would be the most obedient of wives. She had a blameless taste in dress, Isabel declared, her costume of blue and white striped Garibaldi and Swiss hat (set upon heavy masses of dark brown hair) being completed by a black silk skirt. "And you can see," she added, "that it's an old skirt made over, and that she's dressed as cheaply as she is prettily." This surprised Basil, who had imputed the young lady's personal sumptuousness to her dress, and had thought it enormously rich. When she got off with her *chaperone* at one of the poorest-looking country landings, she left them in hopeless conjecture about her. Was she visiting there, or was the interior of Canada full of such stylish and exquisite creatures? Where did she get her taste, her fashions, her manners? As she passed from sight toward the shadow of the woods, they felt the poorer for her going; yet they were glad to have seen her, and on second thoughts they felt that they could not justly ask more of her than to have merely existed for a few hours in their presence. They perceived that beauty was not only its own excuse for being, but that it flattered and favored and profited the world by consenting to be.

At Prescott, the boat on which they had come from Charlotte, and on which they had been promised a passage without change to Montreal, stopped, and they were transferred to a smaller steamer with the uncomfortable name of *Banshee*. She was very old, and very infirm and dirty, and in every way bore

out the character of a squalid Irish goblin. Besides, she was already heavily laden with passengers, and, with the addition of the other steamer's people, had now double her complement; and our friends doubted if they were not to pass the Rapids in as much danger as discomfort. Their fellow-passengers were in great variety, however, and thus partly atoned for their numbers. Among them of course there was a full force of brides from Niagara and elsewhere, and some curious forms of the prevailing infatuation appeared. It is well enough, if she likes, and it may even be very noble for a passably good-looking young lady to marry a gentleman of venerable age; but to intensify the idea of self-devotion by furtively caressing his wrinkled front is perhaps too reproachful of the general public; while, on the other hand, if the bride is very young and pretty, it enlists in behalf of the white-haired husband the unwilling sympathies of the spectator to see her the centre of a group of young people, and him only acknowledged from time to time by a Parthian snub. Nothing, however, could have been more satisfactory than the sisterly surrounding of this latter bride. They were of a better class of Irish people; and if it had been any sacrifice for her to marry so old a man, they were doing their best to give the affair at least the liveliness of a wake. There were five or six of those great handsome girls, with their generous curves and wholesome colors, and they were every one attended by a good-looking colonial lover, with whom they joked in slightly brogued voices, and laughed with careless Celtic laughter. One of the young fellows presently lost his hat overboard, and had to wear the handkerchief of his lady about his head; and this appeared to be really one of the best things in the world, and led to endless banter. They were well dressed, and it could be imagined that the ancient bridegroom had come in for the support of the whole good-looking, healthy, light-hearted family. In some degree he looked it, and wore



but a rueful countenance for a bridegroom; so that a very young newly married couple, who sat next the jolly sister-and-loverhood could not keep their pitying eyes off his downcast face. "What if he, too, were young at heart!" the kind little wife's regard seemed to say.

For the sake of the slight air that was stirring, and to have the best view of the Rapids, the Banshee's whole company was gathered upon the forward promenade, and the throng was almost as dense as in a six-o'clock horse-car out from Boston. The standing and sitting groups were closely packed together, and the expanded parasols and umbrellas formed a nearly unbroken roof. Under this Isabel chatted at intervals with the Ellisons, who sat near; but it was not an atmosphere that provoked social feeling, and she was secretly glad when after a while they shifted their position.

It was deadly hot, and most of the people saddened and silenced in the heat. From time to time the clouds idling about overhead met and sprinkled down a cruel little shower of rain that seemed to make the air less breathable than before. The lonely shores were yellow with drought; the islands grew wilder and barren; the course of the river was for miles at a stretch through country which gave no signs of human life. The St. Lawrence has none of the bold picturesqueness of the Hudson, and is far more like its far-off cousin the Mississippi. Its banks are low like the Mississippi's, its current swift, its way is through solitary lands. The same sentiment of early adventure hangs about each: both are haunted by visions of the Jesuit in his priestly robe, and the soldier in his mediæval steel; the same gay, devout, and dauntless race has touched them both with immortal romance. If the water were of a dusky golden color, instead of translucent green, and the shores and islands were covered with cottonwoods and willows instead of dark cedars, one could with no great effort believe one's self on the Missis-

sippi between Cairo and St. Louis, so much do the great rivers strike one as kindred in the chief features of their landscape. Only, in tracing this resemblance you do not know just what to do with the purple mountains of Vermont seen vague against the horizon from the St. Lawrence, or with the quaint little French villages that begin to show themselves as you penetrate farther down into Lower Canada. These look so peaceful, with their dormer-windowed cottages clustering about their church-spires, that it seems impossible they could once have been the homes of the savages and the cruel peasants, who with firebrand and scalping-knife and tomahawk harassed the borders of New England for a hundred years. But just after you descend the Long Sault you pass the hamlet of St. Regis, in which was kindled the torch that wrapt Deerfield in flames, waking her people from their sleep to meet instant death or taste the bitterness of a captivity. The bell which was sent out from France for the Indian converts of the Jesuits, and was captured by an English ship and carried into Salem, and thence sold to Deerfield, where it called the Puritans to prayer, till at last it also summoned the priest-led savages and *habitans* across hundreds of miles of winter and of wilderness to reclaim it from that desecration,—this fateful bell still hangs in the church-tower of St. Regis, and has called to matins and vespers for nearly two centuries the children of those who fought so pitilessly and dared and endured so much for it. Our friends would fain have heard it as they passed, hoping for some mournful note of history in its sound; but it hung silent over the silent hamlet, which, as it lay in the hot afternoon sun by the river's side, seemed as lifeless as the Deerfield burnt long ago.

They turned from it to look at a gentleman who had just appeared in a mustard-colored linen duster, and Basil asked, "Should n't you like to know the origin, personal history, and secretest feelings of a gentleman who goes

about in a duster of that particular tint? Or, that gentleman yonder with his eye tied up in a wet handkerchief, do you suppose he's travelling for pleasure? Look at those young people from Omaha: they have n't ceased flirting or cackling since we left Kingston. Do you think everybody has such spirits out at Omaha? But behold a yet more surprising and puzzling figure than any we have yet seen among this boat-load of non-descripts!"

This was a tall, handsome young man, with a face of somewhat foreign cast, and well dressed, with a certain impressive difference from the rest in the cut of his clothes. But what most drew the eye to him was a large cross, set with diamonds or brilliants, and surmounted by a heavy double-headed eagle in gold. This ornament dazzled from a conspicuous place on the left lappel of his coat; on his hand shone a magnificent diamond ring, and he bore a stately opera-glass, with which, from time to time, he imperiously, as one may say, surveyed the landscape. As the imposing apparition grew upon Isabel, "O here," she thought, "is something truly distinguished. Of course, dear," she added aloud to Basil, "he's some foreign nobleman travelling here"; and she ran over in her mind the newspaper announcements of patrician visitors from abroad, and tried to identify him with some one of them. The cross must be the decoration of some foreign order, and Basil suggested that he was perhaps a member of some legation at Washington, who had run up there for his summer vacation. The cross puzzled him, but the double-headed eagle, he said, meant either Austria or Russia; probably Austria, for the wearer looked a trifle too civilized for a Russian.

"Yes, indeed! What an air he *has*. Never tell *me*, Basil, that there's nothing in *blood*!" cried Isabel, who was a bitter aristocrat at heart, like all her sex, though in principle she was democratic enough. As she spoke, the object of her regard looked about him

on the different groups, not with pride, not with hauteur, but with a glance of unconscious, unmistakable superiority. "O, that stare!" she added; "nothing but high birth and long descent can give it! Dearest, he's becoming a great affliction to me. I want to know who he is. Could n't you invent some pretext for speaking to him?"

"No, I could n't do it decently; and no doubt he'd snub me as I deserved if I intruded upon him. Let's wait for fortune to reveal him."

"Well, I suppose I must, but it's dreadful; it's really dreadful. You can easily see *that*'s distinction," she continued, as her hero moved about the promenade and gently but loftily made a way for himself among the other passengers and favored the scenery through his opera-glass from one point and another. He spoke to no one, and she reasonably supposed that he did not know English.

In the mean time it was drawing near the hour of dinner, but no dinner appeared. Twelve, one, two came and went, and then at last came the dinner, which had been delayed, it seemed, till the cook could recruit his energies sufficiently to meet the wants of double the number he had expected to provide for. It was observable of the officers and crew of the *Banshee*, that while they did not hold themselves aloof from the passengers in the disdainful American manner, they were of feeble mind, and not only did everything very slowly (in the usual Canadian fashion), but with an inefficiency that among us would have justified them in being insolent. The people sat down at several successive tables to the worst dinner that ever was cooked; the ladies first, and the gentlemen afterwards, as they made conquest of places. At the second table, to Basil's great satisfaction, he found a seat, and on his right hand the distinguished foreigner.

"Naturally, I was somewhat abashed," he said in the account he was presently called to give Isabel of the interview, "but I remembered that I was an American citizen, and tried to maintain a de-

cent composure. For several minutes we sat silent behind a dish of flabby cucumbers, expecting the dinner, and I was wondering whether I should address him in French or German,—for I knew you'd never forgive me if I let slip such a chance,—when he turned and spoke himself."

"O *what* did he say, dearest?"

"He said, 'Pretty teijious waitin', ain't it?' in the best New York State accent."

"You don't mean it!" gasped Isabel.

"But I do. After that I took courage to ask what his cross and double-headed eagle meant. He showed the condescension of a true nobleman. 'O,' says he, 'I'm glad you like it, and it's not the least offence to ask,' and he told me. Can you imagine what it is? It's the emblem of the fifty-fourth degree in the secret society he belongs to!"

"I don't believe it!"

"Well, ask him yourself, then," returned Basil; "he's a very good fellow. 'O, that stare! nothing but high birth and long descent could give it!'" he repeated, abominably implying that he had himself had no share in their common error.

What cutting retort Isabel might have made cannot now be known, for she was arrested at this moment by a rumor amongst the passengers that they were coming to the Long Sault Rapids. Looking forward she saw the tossing and flashing of surges that, to the eye, are certainly as threatening as the rapids above Niagara. The steamer had already passed the Deplau and the Galopes, and they had thus had a foretaste of whatever pleasure or terror there is in the descent of these nine miles of stormy sea. It is purely a matter of taste, about shooting the rapids of the St. Lawrence. The passengers like it better than the captain and the pilot, to guess by their looks, and the women and children like it better than the men. It is no doubt very thrilling and picturesque and wildly beautiful: the children crow and laugh, the women shout forth their delight, as the

boat enters the seething current; great foaming waves strike her bows, and brawl away to the stern, while she dips, and rolls, and shoots onward, light as a bird blown by the wind; the wild shores and islands whirl out of sight; you feel in every fibre the mad career of the vessel. But the captain sits in front of the pilot-house smoking with a grave face, the pilots tug hard at the wheel; the hoarse roar of the waters fills the air; beneath the smoother sweeps of the current you can see the brown rocks; as you sink from ledge to ledge in the writhing and twisting steamer, you have a vague sense that all this is perhaps an achievement rather than an enjoyment. When, descending the Long Sault, you look back up hill, and behold those billows leaping down the steep slope after you, "No doubt," you confide to your soul, "it is magnificent; but it is not pleasure." You greet with silent satisfaction the level river, stretching between the Long Sault and the Coteau, and you admire the delightful tranquillity of that beautiful Lake St. Francis into which it expands. Then the boat shudders into the Coteau Rapids, and down through the Cedars and Cascades. On the rocks of the last lies the skeleton of a steamer wrecked upon them, and gnawed at still by the white-tusked wolfish rapids. No one, they say, was lost from her. "But how," Basil thought, "would it fare with all these people packed here upon her bow, if the Banshee should swing round upon a ledge?" As to Isabel, she looked upon the wrecked steamer with indifference, as did all the women; but then they could not swim, and would not have to save themselves. "The La Chine's to come yet," they exulted, "and that's the awfulest of all!"

They passed the Lake St. Louis; the La Chine Rapids flashed into sight. The captain rose up from his seat, took his pipe from his mouth, and waved a silence with it. "Ladies and gentlemen," said he, "it's very important in passing these rapids to keep the boat

perfectly trim. Please to remain just as you are."

It was twilight, for the boat was late. From the Indian village on the shore they signalled to know if he wanted the local pilot; the captain refused; and then the steamer plunged into the leaping waves. From rock to rock she swerved and sank; on the last ledge she scraped with a deadly touch that went to the heart.

Then the danger was passed, and the noble city of Montreal was in full sight, lying at the foot of her dark green mountain, and lifting her many spires into the rosy twilight air: massive and grand showed the sister towers of the French cathedral.

Basil had hoped to approach this famous city with just associations. He had meant to conjure up for Isabel's sake some reflex, however faint, of that beautiful picture Mr. Parkman has painted of Maisonneuve founding and consecrating Montreal. He flushed with the recollection of the historian's phrase; but in that moment there came forth from the cabin a pretty young person who gave every token of being a pretty young actress, even to the duenna-like, elderly female companion, to be detected in the remote background of every young actress. She had flirted audaciously during the day with some young Englishmen and Canadians of her acquaintance, and after passing the La Chine Rapids she had taken the hearts of all the men by springing suddenly to her feet, apostrophizing the tumult with a charming attitude, and warbling a delicious bit of song. Now as they drew near the city the Victoria Bridge stretched its long tube athwart the river, and looked so low because of its great length that it seemed to bar the steamer's passage.

"I wonder," said one of the actress's adorers, — a Canadian, whose face was exactly that of the beaver on the escutcheon of his native province, and whose heavy gallantries she had constantly received with a gay, impertinent nonchalance, — "I wonder if we can be going right under that bridge?"

"No, sir!" answered the pretty young actress with shocking promptness, "we're going right over it:

"Three groans and a guggle,  
And an awful struggle,  
And over we go!"

At this witless, sweet impudence the Canadian looked very sheepish — for a beaver; and all the other people laughed; but the noble historical shades of Basil's thought vanished in wounded dignity beyond recall, and left him feeling rather ashamed, — for he had laughed too.

## VIII.

### THE SENTIMENT OF MONTREAL.

The feeling of foreign travel for which our tourists had striven throughout their journey, and which they had known in some degree at Kingston and all the way down the river, was intensified from the first moment in Montreal; and it was so welcome that they were almost glad to lose money on their greenbacks, which the conductor of the omnibus would take only at a discount of twenty cents. At breakfast next morning they could hardly tell on what country they had fallen. The waiters had but a thin varnish of English speech upon their native French, and they spoke their own tongue with each other; but most of the meats were cooked to the English taste, and the whole was a poor imitation of an American hotel. During their stay the same commingling of usages and races bewildered them; the shops were English and the clerks were commonly French; carriage-drivers were often Irish, and up and down the streets with their pious old-fashioned names, tinkled the American horse-cars. Everywhere were churches and convents that reminded of the ecclesiastical and feudal origin of the city; the great tubular bridge, the superb water-front with its long array of docks only surpassed by those of Liverpool, the solid blocks of business houses, and the substantial mansions on the quieter streets,

proclaimed the succession of Protestant thrift and energy.

Our friends cared far less for the modern splendor of Montreal than for the remnants of its past, and for the features that identified it with another faith and another people than their own. Isabel would almost have confessed to any of the black-robed priests upon the street; Basil could easily have gone down upon his knees to the white-hooded, pale-faced nuns gliding among the crowd. It was rapture to take a carriage, and drive, not to the cemetery, not to the public library, not to the rooms of the Young Men's Christian Association, or the grain elevators, or the new park just tricked out with rockwork and sprigs of evergreen,—not to any of the charming resorts of our own cities, but as in Europe to the churches, the churches of a pitiless superstition, the churches with their atrocious pictures and statues, their lingering smell of the morning's incense, their confessionals, their feetaking sacristans, their worshippers dropped here and there upon their knees about the aisles, and saying their prayers with shut or wandering eyes according as they were old women or young! I do not defend the feeble sentimentality,—call it wickedness if you like,—but I understand it, and I forgive it from my soul.

They went first, of course, to the French cathedral, pausing on their way to alight and walk through the Bonsecours Market, where the *habitans* have all come to market in their carts, with their various stores of poultry, fruit, and vegetables, and where every cart is a study. Here is a simple-faced young peasant-couple with butter and eggs and chickens ravishingly displayed; here is a smooth-cheeked, black-eyed, black-haired young girl, looking as if an infusion of Indian blood had darkened the red of her cheeks, presiding over a stock of onions, potatoes, beets, and turnips; there an old woman with a face carven like a walnut behind a flattering array of cherries and pears; yonder a whole family trafficking in

loaves of brown-bread and maple-sugar in many shapes of pious and grotesque device. There are gay shows of bright scarfs and kerchiefs and vari-colored yarns, and sad shows of old clothes and second-hand merchandise of other sorts; but above all prevails the abundance of orchard and garden, while within the fine edifice are the stalls of the butchers, and below a world of household utensils, glass-ware, hardware, and wooden-ware. As in all Latin countries, each peasant had given a personal interest to his wares, but the bargains were not clamored over as in Latin lands abroad. Whatever protest and concession and invocation of the saints attended the transaction of business at Bonsecours Market was in a subdued tone. The fat huckster-women drowsing beside their wares, scarce sent their voices beyond the borders of their broad-brimmed straw hats, as they softly haggled with purchasers, or tranquilly gossiped together.

At the cathedral there are, perhaps, the worst paintings in the world, and the massive pine-board pillars are unscrupulously smoked to look like marble; but our tourists enjoyed it as if it had been St. Peter's; in fact it has something of the barn-like immensity and impressiveness of St. Peter's. They did not ask it to be beautiful or grand; they desired it only to recall the beloved ugliness, the fondly cherished hideousness and incongruity of the average Catholic churches of their remembrance, and it did this and more: it added an effect of its own; it offered the spectacle of a swarthy old Indian kneeling before the high altar, telling his beads, and saying with many sighs and tears the prayers which it cost so much martyrdom and heroism to teach his race. "O, it is only a savage man," said the little French boy who was showing them the place, impatient of their interest in a thing so unworthy as this groaning barbarian. He ran swiftly about from object to object, rapidly lecturing their inattention upon all "It is now time to go up into the tower," said he, and they gladly made

that toilsome ascent, though it is doubtful if the ascent of towers is not too much like the ascent of mountains ever to be compensatory. From the top of Notre Dame is certainly to be had a prospect upon which, but for his fluttered nerves and trembling muscles and troubled respiration, the traveller might well look with delight, and as it is must behold with wonder. So far as the eye reaches it dwells only upon what is magnificent. All the features of that landscape are grand. Below you spreads the city, which has less that is merely mean in it than any other city of our continent, and which is everywhere ennobled by stately civic edifices, adorned by tasteful churches, and skirted by full-foliaged avenues of mansions and villas. Behind it rises the beautiful mountain, green with woods and gardens to its crest, and flanked on the east by an endless fertile plain, and on the west by another expanse, through which the Ottawa rushes, turbid and dark, to its confluence with the St. Lawrence. Then these two mighty streams commingled flow past the city, lighting up the vast champagne country to the south, while upon the utmost southern verge, as on the northern, rise the cloudy summits of far-off mountains.

As our travellers gazed upon all this grandeur, their hearts were humbled to the tacit admission that the colonial metropolis was not only worthy of its seat, but had traits of a solid prosperity not excelled by any of the abounding and boastful cities of the Republic. Long before they quitted Montreal they had rallied from this weakness, but they delighted still to honor her superb beauty.

The tower is naturally bescribed to its top with the names of those who have climbed it, and most of these are Americans, who flock in great numbers to Canada in summer. They modify its hotel life, and the objects of interest thrive upon their bounty. Our friends met them at every turn, and knew them at a glance from the native populations, who are also easily distinguish-

able from each other. The French Canadians are nearly all of a peasant-like commonness, or where they rise above this, have a bourgeois commonness of face and manner; and the English Canadians are to be known from the many English sojourners by the effort to look much more English than the latter. The social heart of the colony clings fast to the mother-country, that is plain, whatever the political tendency may be; and all public monuments and inscriptions celebrate this affectionate union.

At the English cathedral the effect is deepened by the epitaphs of those whose lives were passed in the joint service of England and her loyal child; and our travellers, for all their want of sympathy with the sentiment, had to own to a certain beauty in that attitude of proud reverence. Here, at least, was a people not cut off from its past, but holding, unbroken in life and death, the ties which exist for us only in history. It gave a glamour of olden time to the new land; it touched the prosaic democratic present with the waning poetic light of the aristocratic and monarchical tradition. There was here and there a title on the tablets, and there was everywhere the formal language of loyalty and of veneration for things we have tumbled into the dust. It is a beautiful church, of admirable English Gothic; if you are so happy, you are rather curiously told you may enter by a burly English figure in some kind of sombre ecclesiastical drapery, and within its quiet precincts you may feel yourself in England if you like, — which, for my part, I do not. Neither did our friends enjoy it so much as the Church of the Jesuits, with its more than tolerable paintings, its coldly frescoed ceiling, its architectural taste of subdued Renaissance, and its black-eyed peasant-girl telling her beads before a side altar, just as in the enviably deplorable countries we all love; nor so much even as the Irish cathedral which they next visited. That is a very gorgeous cathedral indeed, painted and gilded

*à merveille*, and everywhere stuck about with big and little saints and crucifixes, and incredibly bad pictures. There is, of course, a series representing Christ's progress to Calvary; and there was a very tattered old man, — an old man whose voice had been long ago drowned in whiskey, and who now spoke in a ghostly whisper, — who, when he saw Basil's eye fall upon the series, made him go the round of them, and tediously explained them.

"Why did you let that old wretch bore you, and then pay him for it?" Isabel asked.

"O, it reminded me so sweetly of the swindles of other lands and days, that I could n't help it," he answered; and straightway in the eyes of both that poor, whiskeyfied, Irish tatterdemalion stood transfigured to the glorious likeness of an Italian beggar.

They were always doing something of this kind, those absurdly sentimental people, whom yet I cannot find it in my heart to blame for their folly, though I could name ever so many reasons for rebuking it. Why, in fact, should we wish to find America like Europe? Are the ruins and impositions and miseries and superstitions which beset the traveller abroad so precious, that he should desire to imagine them at every step in his own hemisphere? Or have we then of our own no effective shapes of ignorance and want and incredibility, that we must forever seek an alien contrast to our native intelligence and comfort? Some such questions this guilty couple put to each other, and then drove off to visit the convent of the Gray Nuns with a joyful expectation which I suppose the prospect of the finest public-school exhibition in Boston could never have inspired. But, indeed, since there must be Gray Nuns, is it not well that there are sentimentalists to take a mournful pleasure in their sad, pallid existence?

The convent is at a good distance from the Irish cathedral, and in going to it the tourists made their driver carry them through one of the few old

French streets which still remain in Montreal. Fires and improvements had made havoc among the quaint houses since Basil's first visit; but at last they came upon a narrow, ancient Rue Saint Antoine, — or whatever other saint it was called after, — in which there was no English face or house to be seen. The doors of the little one-story dwellings opened from the pavement, and within you saw fat madame the mother moving about her domestic affairs, and spare monsieur the elderly husband smoking beside the open window; French babies crawled about the tidy floors; French martyrs (let us believe Lalement or Brébeuf, who gave up their heroic lives for the conversion of Canada) lifted their eyes in high-colored lithographs on the wall; among the flower-pots in the dormer-window looking from every tin roof sat and sewed a smooth-haired young girl, I hope, — the romance of each little mansion. The antique and foreign character of the place was accented by the inscription upon a wall of "Sirop adoucissant de Madame Winslow."

Ever since 1692 the Gray Nuns have made a refuge within the ample borders of their convent for infirm old people and for foundling children, and it is now in the regular course of sight-seeing for the traveller to visit their hospital at noonday, when he beholds the Sisters at their devotions in the chapel. It is a bare, white-walled, cold-looking chapel, with the usual paraphernalia of pictures and crucifixes. Seated upon low benches on either side of the aisle were the curious or the devout; the former in greater number and chiefly Americans, who were now and then whispered silent by an old pauper zealous for the sanctity of the place. At the stroke of twelve the Sisters entered two by two, followed by the lady-superior with a prayer-book in her hand. She clapped the leaves of this together in signal for them to kneel, to rise, to kneel again and rise, while they repeated in rather harsh voices their prayers, and then



clattered out of the chapel as they had clattered in, with resounding shoes. The two young girls at the head were very pretty, and all the pale faces had a corpse-like peace. As Basil looked at their pensive sameness, it seemed to him that those prettiest girls might very well be the twain that he had seen there so many years ago, stricken forever young in their joyless beauty. The ungraceful gowns of coarse gray, the blue checked aprons, the black crape caps, were the same; they came and went with the same quick tread, touching their brows with holy water and kneeling and rising now as then with the same constrained and ordered movements. Would it be too cruel if they were really the same persons? or would it be yet more cruel if every year two girls so young and fair were self-doomed to renew the likeness of that youthful death?

The visitors went about the hospital, and saw the old men and the little children to whom these good pure lives were given, and they could only blame the system, not the instruments or their work. Perhaps they did not judge wisely of the amount of self-sacrifice involved, for they judged from hearts to which love was the whole of earth and heaven; but nevertheless they pitied the Gray Nuns amidst the unhomelike comfort of their convent, the unnatural care of those alien little ones. Poor Sœurs Grises! in their narrow cells; at the bedside of sickness and age and sorrow; kneeling with clasped hands and yearning eyes before the bloody spectacle of the cross!—the power of your church is shown far more subtly and mightily in such as you, than in her grandest fanes or the sight of her most august ceremonies, with praying priests, swinging censers, tapers and pictures and images, under a gloomy heaven of cathedral arches. There, indeed, the faithful have given their substance; but here the nun has given up the most precious part of her woman's nature, and all the tenderness that clings about the thought of wife and mother.

"There are some things that always greatly afflict me in the idea of a new country," said Basil, as they loitered slowly through the grounds of the convent toward the gate. "Of course, it's absurd to think of men as other than men, as having changed their natures with their skies; but a new land always does seem at first thoughts like a new chance afforded the race for goodness and happiness, for health and life. So I grieve for the earliest dead at Plymouth more than for the multitude that the plague swept away in London; I shudder over the crime of the first guilty man, the sin of the first wicked woman in a new country; the trouble of the first youth or maiden crossed in love there is intolerable. All should be hope and freedom and prosperous life upon that virgin soil. It never was so since Eden; but none the less I feel it ought to be; and I am oppressed by the thought that among the earliest walls which rose upon this broad meadow of Montreal were those built to immure the innocence of such young girls as these, and shut them from all the life we find so fair. Would n't you like to know who was the first that took the veil in this wild new country? Who was she, poor soul, and what was her deep sorrow or lofty rapture? You can fancy her some Indian maiden lured to the renunciation by the splendor of symbols and promises seen vaguely through the lingering mists of her native superstitions; or some weary soul, sick from the vanities and vices, the bloodshed and the tears of the Old World, and eager for a silence profounder than that of the wilderness into which she had fled. Well, the Church knows and God. She was dust long ago."

From time to time there had fallen little fitful showers during the morning. Now as the wedding-journeymen passed out of the convent gate the rain dropped soft and thin, and the gray clouds that floated through the sky so swiftly were as far-seen Gray Sisters in flight for heaven.

"We shall have time for the drive round the mountain before dinner," said Basil, as they got into their carriage again; and he was giving the order to the driver, when Isabel asked how far it was.

"Nine miles."

"O, then we can't think of going with one horse. You know," she added, "that we always intended to have two horses for going round the mountain."

"No," said Basil, not yet used to having his decisions reached without his knowledge. "And I don't see why we should. Everybody goes with one. You don't suppose we're too heavy, do you?"

"I had a party from the States, ma'am, yesterday," interposed the driver; "two ladies, real heavy ones, two gentlemen, weighin' two hundred apiece, and a stout young man on the box with me. You'd 'a' thought the horse was drawin' an empty carriage, the way she darted along."

"Then his horse must be perfectly worn out to-day," said Isabel, refusing to admit the poor fellow directly even to the honors of a defeat. He had proved too much, and was put out of court with no hope of repairing his error.

"Why, it seems a pity," whispered Basil, dispassionately, "to turn this man adrift, when he had a reasonable hope of being with us all day, and has been so civil and obliging."

"O—yes, Basil, sentimentalize him, do! Why don't you sentimentalize his helpless, overworked horse?—all in a reek of perspiration."

"Perspiration! Why, my dear, it's the rain!"

"Well, rain or shine, darling, I don't want to go round the mountain with one horse; and it's very unkind of you to insist now, when you've tacitly promised me all along to take two."

"Now, this is a little too much, Isabel. You know we never mentioned the matter till this moment."

"It's the same as a promise, your not saying you wouldn't. But I don't

ask you to keep your word. I don't want to go round the mountain. I'd *much* rather go to the hotel. I'm tired."

"Very well, then, Isabel, I'll leave you at the hotel."

In a moment it had come, the first serious dispute of their wedded life. It had come as all such calamities come, from nothing, and it was on them in full disaster ere they knew. Such a very little while ago, there in the convent garden, their lives had been drawn closer in sympathy than ever before; and now that blessed time seemed ages since, and they were further asunder than those who have never been friends. "I thought," bitterly mused Isabel, "that he would have done anything for me." "Who could have dreamed that a woman of her sense would be so unreasonable," he wondered. Both had tempers, as I know my dearest reader has (if a lady), and neither would yield; and so, presently, they could hardly tell how, for they were aghast at it all, Isabel was alone in her room amidst the ruins of her life, and Basil alone in the one-horse carriage, trying to drive away from the wreck of his happiness. All was over; the dream was past; the charm was broken. The sweetness of their love was turned to gall; whatever had pleased them in their loving moods was loathsome now, and the things they had praised a moment before were hateful. In that baleful light, which seemed to dwell upon all they ever said or did in mutual enjoyment, how poor and stupid and empty looked their wedding-journey! Basil spent five minutes in arraigning his wife and convicting her of every folly and fault. His soul was in a whirl, —

"For to be wroth with one we love  
Doth work like madness in the brain."

In the midst of his bitter and furious upbraidings he found himself suddenly become her ardent advocate, and ready to denounce her judge as a heartless monster. "On our wedding journey, too! Good heavens, what an incredible brute I am!" Then he said, "What an ass I am!" And the pathos of the case

having yielded to its absurdity, he was helpless. In five minutes more he was at Isabel's side, the one-horse carriage driver dismissed with a handsome *pour-boire*, and a pair of lusty bays with a glittering barouche waiting at the door below. He swiftly accounted for his presence, which she seemed to find the most natural thing that could be, and she met his surrender with the openness of a heart that forgives but does not forget, if indeed the most gracious art is the only one unknown to the sex.

She rose with a smile from the ruins of her life, amidst which she had heart-brokenly sat down with all her things on. "I knew you'd come back," she said.

"So did I," he answered. "I'm much too good and noble to sacrifice my preference to my duty."

"I did n't care particularly for the two horses, Basil," she said, as they descended to the barouche. "It was your refusing them that hurt me."

"And I did n't want the one-horse carriage. It was your illogicality that provoked me."

"Do you think people *ever* quarrelled before on a wedding journey?" asked Isabel as they drove gayly out of the city.

"Never! I can't conceive of it. I suppose if this were written down, nobody would believe it."

"No, nobody could," said Isabel, musingly. "I wish you would tell me just what you thought of me, dearest. Did you feel as you did when our little affair was broken off, long ago? Did you hate me?"

"I did, most cordially; but not half so much as I despised myself the next moment. As to its being like a lover's quarrel, it was n't. It was more bitter: so much more love than lovers ever give had to be taken back. Besides, it had no dignity, and a lover's quarrel always has. A lover's quarrel always springs from a more serious cause, and has an air of romantic tragedy. This had no grace of the kind. It was a poor shabby little squabble."

"O, don't call it so, Basil! I should like you to respect even a quarrel of ours more than that. It was tragical enough with me, for I did n't see how it could ever be made up. I knew I could n't make the advances. I don't think it is quite feminine to be the first to forgive, is it?"

"I'm sure I can't say. Perhaps it *would* be rather unladylike."

"Well, you see, dearest, what I am trying to get at is this: whether we shall love each other the more or the less for it. I think we shall get on all the better for a while, on account of it. But I should have said it was totally out of character. It's something you might have expected of a very young bridal couple; but after all we've been through, it seems too improbable."

"Very well," said Basil, who, having made all the concessions, could not enjoy the quarrel as she did, simply because it was theirs; "let's behave as if it had never been."

"O no, we can't. To me, it's as if we had just won each other."

In fact it gave a wonderful zest and freshness to that ride round the mountain, and shed a beneficent glow upon the rest of their journey. The sun came out through the thin clouds, and lighted up the vast plain that swept away north and east, with the purple heights against the eastern sky. The royal mountain lifted its graceful mass beside them, and hid the city wholly from sight. Peasant-villages, in the shade of beautiful elms, dotted the plain in every direction, and at intervals crept up to the side of the road along which they drove. But these had been corrupted by a more ambitious architecture since Basil saw them last, and were no longer purely French in appearance. Then, nearly every house was a tannery in a modest way, and poetically published the fact by the display of a sheep's tail over the front door, like a bush at a wine-shop. Now, if the tanneries still existed, the poetry of the sheeps' tails had vanished from the portals. But our friends were consoled by meeting numbers of the peas-

ants jolting home from market in the painted carts, which are doubtless of the pattern of the carts first built there two hundred years ago. They were grateful for the immortal old women, crooked and brown and bowed with the labor of the fields, who abounded in these vehicles; when a huge girl jumped from the tail of her cart, and showed the thick, clumsy ankles of a true peasant-maid, they could only sigh out their unspeakable satisfaction.

Gardens embowered and perfumed the low cottages, through the open doors of which they could see the exquisite neatness of the life within. One of the doors opened into a school-house, where they beheld with rapture the schoolmistress, book in hand, and with a quaint cap on her gray head, and encircled by her flock of little boys and girls.

By and by it began to rain again; and now while their driver stopped to put up the top of the barouche, they entered a country church which had taken their fancy, and walked up the aisle with the steps that blend with silence rather than break it, while they heard only the soft whisper of the shower without. There was no one there but themselves. The urn of holy water seemed not to have been troubled that day, and no penitent knelt at the shrine, before which twinkled so faintly one lighted lamp. The white roof swelled into dim arches over their heads; the pale day like a visible hush stole through the painted windows; they heard themselves breathe as they crept from picture to picture.

A narrow door opened at the side of the high altar, and a slender young priest appeared in a long black robe, and with shaven head. He, too, as he moved with noiseless feet, seemed a part of the silence; and when he approached with dreamy black eyes fixed upon them, and bowed courteously, it seemed impossible he should speak. But he spoke, the pale young priest, the dark-robed tradition, the tonsured vision of an age and a church that are passing.

"Do you understand French, monsieur?"

"A very little, monsieur."

"A very little is more than my English," he said, yet he politely went the round of the pictures with them, and gave them the names of the painters between his crossings at the different altars. At the high altar there was a very fair Crucifixion; before this the priest bent one knee. "Fine picture, fine altar, fine church," he said in English. At last they stopped near the poor-box. As their coins clinked against those within, he smiled serenely upon the good heretics. Then he bowed, and, as if he had relapsed into the past, he vanished through the narrow door by which he had entered.

Basil and Isabel stood speechless a moment on the church steps. Then she cried,—

"O, why *didn't* something happen?"

"Ah, my dear! what could have been half so good as the nothing that did happen? Suppose we knew him to have taken orders because of a disappointment in love: how common it would have made him; everybody has been crossed in love once or twice." He bade the driver take them back to the hotel. "This is the very *bouquet* of adventure: why should we care for the grosser body? I dare say if we knew all about yonder pale young priest, we should not think him half so interesting as we do now."

At dinner they spent the intervals of the courses in guessing the nationality of the different persons, and in wondering if the Canadians did not make it a matter of conscientious loyalty to out-English the English even in the matter of pale-ale and sherry, and in rotundity of person and freshness of face, just as they emulated them in the cut of their clothes and whiskers. Must they found even their health upon the health of the mother-country?

Our friends began to detect something servile in it all, and but that they were such amiable persons, the loyally perfect digestion of Montreal would have gone far to impair their own.

The loyalty, which had already appeared to them in the cathedral, suggested itself in many ways, upon the street, when they went out after dinner to do that little shopping which Isabel had planned to do in Montreal. The booksellers' windows were full of Canadian editions of our authors, and English copies of English works, instead of our pirated editions; the dry-goods stores were gay with fabrics in the London taste and garments of the London shape; here was the sign of a photographer to the Queen, there of a hatter to H. R. H., the Prince of Wales; a barber was "under the patronage of H. R. H., the Prince of Wales, H. E., the Duke of Cambridge, and the gentry of Montreal." *Ich dien* was the motto of a restaurateur; a hosiery had gallantly labelled his stock in trade with *Honi soit qui mal y pense*. Again they noted the English solidity of the civic edifices, and already they had observed in the foreign population a difference from that at home. They saw no German faces on the streets, and the Irish faces had not that truculence which they wear sometimes with us. They had not lost their native simplicity and kindness; the Irishmen who drove the public carriages were as civil as our own Boston hackmen, and behaved as respectfully under the shadow of England here, as they would have done under it at home. The problem which vexes us seems to have been solved pleasantly enough in Canada. Is it because the Celt cannot brook equality; and where he has not an established and recognized caste above him, longs to trample on those about him; and if he cannot be lowest, will at least be highest?

However, our friends did not suffer this or any other advantage of the colonial relation to divert them from the opinion to which their observation was gradually bringing them, that its overweening loyalty placed a great country like Canada in a very silly attitude, the attitude of an overgrown, unmanly boy, clinging to the maternal skirts, and though spoilt and wilful,

without any life of his own. The constant reference of local hopes to that remote centre beyond seas, the test of success by the criterions of a necessarily different civilization, the social and intellectual dependence implied by traits that meet the most hurried glance in the Dominion, give an effect of meanness to the whole fabric. Doubtless it is a life of comfort, of peace, of irresponsibility they live there, but it lacks the grandeur which no sum of material prosperity can give; it is ignoble, like all voluntarily subordinate things. Somehow, one feels that it has no basis in the New World, and that till it is shaken loose from England it cannot have.

It would be a pity, however, if it should be parted from the parent country merely to be joined to an unsympathetic half-brother like ourselves; and nothing, fortunately, seems to be further from the Canadian mind. There are some experiments no longer possible to us which could still be tried there to the advantage of civilization, and we were better two great nations side by side than a union of discordant traditions and ideas. But none the less does the American traveller, swelling with forgetfulness of the shabby despots who govern New York, and the swindling railroad kings whose word is law to the whole land, feel like saying to the hulking young giant beyond St. Lawrence and the Lakes, "Sever the apron-strings of allegiance, and try to be yourself, whatever you are."

Something of this sort Basil said, though of course not in apostrophic phrase, nor with Isabel's entire concurrence, when he explained to her that it was to the colonial dependence of Canada she owed the ability to buy things so cheaply there.

The fact is that the ladies' parlor at the hotel had been after dinner no better than a den of smugglers, in which the fair contrabandists had debated the best means of evading the laws of their country. At heart every man is a smuggler, and how much more every

woman! She would have no scruple in ruining the silk and woollen interest throughout the United States. She is a free-trader by intuitive perception of right, and is limited in practice by nothing but fear of the law. What could be taken into the States without detection, was the subject before that wicked conclave; and next, what it would pay to buy in Canada. It seemed that silk umbrellas were most eligible wares; and in the display of such purchases the parlor was given the appearance of a violent thunder-storm. Gloves it was not advisable to get; they were better at home, as were many kinds of fine woollen goods. But laces, which you could carry about you, were excellent; and so was any kind of silk. Could it be carried if simply cut, and not made up? There was a difference about this: the friend of one lady had taken home half a trunkful of cut silks; the friend of another had "run up the breadths" of one poor little silk skirt, and then lost it by the rapacity of the customs officers. It was pretty much luck, and whether the officers happened to be in good-humor or not. You must not try to take in anything out of season, however. One had heard of a Boston lady going home in July, who "had the furs taken off her back," in that inclement month. Best get everything seasonable, and put it on once. "And then, you know, if they ask you, you can say it's been worn." To this black wisdom came the combined knowledge of those miscreants. Basil could not repress a shudder at the innate depravity of the female heart. Here were virgins nurtured in the most spotless purity of life, here were virtuous mothers of families, here were venerable matrons, patterns in society and the church, — smugglers to a woman, and eager for any guilty subterfuge! He glanced at Isabel to see what effect the evil conversation had upon her. Her eyes sparkled; her cheeks glowed; all the woman was on fire for smuggling. He sighed heavily and went out with her to do the little shopping.

Shall I follow them upon their ex-

cursion? Shopping in Montreal is very much what it is in Boston or New York, I imagine, except that the clerks have a more honeyed sweetness of manners towards the ladies of our nation, and are surprisingly generous constructionists of our revenue laws. Isabel had profited by every word that she had heard in the ladies' parlor, and she would not venture upon unsafe ground; but her tender eyes looked her unutterable longing to believe in the charming possibilities that the clerks suggested. She bemoaned herself before the corded silks, which there was no time to have made up; the piece-velvets and the linens smote her to the heart. But they also stimulated her invention, and she bought and bought of the made-up wares in real or fancied needs, till Basil represented that neither their purses nor their trunks could stand any more. "O, don't be troubled about the trunks, dearest," she cried, with that gayety which nothing but shopping can kindle in a woman's heart; while he faltered on from counter to counter, wondering at which he should finally swoon from fatigue. At last, after she had declared repeatedly, "There, now, I *am* done," she briskly led the way back to the hotel to pack up her purchases.

Basil parted with her at the door. He was a man of high principle himself, and that scene in the smugglers' den, and his wife's preparation for transgression, were revelations for which nothing could have consoled him but of a paragon umbrella for five dollars and an excellent business suit of Scotch goods for twenty.

When some hours later he sat with Isabel on the forward promenade of the steamboat for Quebec, and summed up the profits of their shopping, they were both in the kindest mood towards the poor Canadians, who had built the admirable city before them.

For miles the water front of Montreal is superbly faced with quays and locks of solid stone masonry, and thus she is clean and beautiful to the very feet. Stately piles of architecture, in-

stead of the foul old tumble-down warehouses that dishonor the water-side in most cities, rise from the broad wharves; behind these spring the twin towers of Notre Dame, and the steeples of the other churches above the city roofs.

"It's noble, yes, it's noble, after the best that Europe can show," said Isabel, with enthusiasm; "and what a pleasant day we've had here! Does n't our quarrel show *couleur de rose* in this light?"

"One side of it," answered Basil, dreamily, "but all the rest is black."

"What do you mean, my dear?"

"Why, the Nelson Monument, with the sunset on it, at the head of the street there."

The effect was so fine that Isabel could not be angry with him for failing to heed what she had said, and she mused a moment with him.

"It seems rather far-fetched," she said presently, "to erect a monument to Nelson in Montreal, does n't it? But then, it's a very absurd monument when you're near it," she added, thoughtfully.

Basil did not answer at once, for gazing on this Nelson column in Jacques Cartier Square, his thoughts wandered away, not to the hero of the Nile, but to the doughty old Breton navigator, the first white man who ever set foot upon that shore, and who more than three hundred years ago explored the St. Lawrence as far as Montreal, and in the splendid autumn weather climbed to the top of her green height and named it. The scene that Jacques Cartier then beheld, like a mirage of the past projected upon the present, floated before him, and he saw at the mountain's foot the Indian city of Hochelaga, with its vast and populous lodges of bark, its encircling palisades, and its wide outlying fields of yellow maize. He heard with Jacques Cartier's sense the blare of his followers' trumpets down in the open square of the barbarous city, where the soldiers of many an Old-World fight, "with mustached lip and bearded chin, with arquebuse and

glittering halberd, helmet, and cuirass," mingled with the plumed and painted savages; then he lifted Jacques Cartier's eyes, and looked out upon the magnificent landscape. "East, west, and north, the mantling forest was over all, and the broad blue ribbon of the great river glistened amid a realm of verdure. Beyond, to the bounds of Mexico, stretched a leafy desert, and the vast hive of industry, the mighty battle-ground of later centuries, lay sunk in savage torpor, wrapped in ilimitable woods."

A vaguer picture of Champlain, who, seeking a westward route to China and the East, some three quarters of a century later, had fixed the first trading-post at Montreal, and camped upon the spot where the convent of the Gray Nuns now stands, appeared before him, and vanished with all its fleets of fur-traders' boats and hunters' birch canoes, and the watch-fires of both; and then in the sweet light of the spring morning, he saw Maisonneuve leaping ashore upon the green meadows, that spread all gay with early flowers where Hochelaga once stood, and with the black-robed Jesuits, the noble, delicately nurtured, and devoted nuns, and the steel-clad soldiers of his train, kneeling about the altar raised there in the wilderness, and silent amidst the silence of nature at the lifted Host.

He painted a semblance of all this for Isabel, using the colors of the historian who has made these scenes the beautiful inheritance of all dreamers, and sketched the battles, the miracles, the sufferings, and the penances through which the pious colony was preserved and prospered, till they both grew impatient of modern Montreal, and would fain have had the ancient Villemarie back in its place.

"Think of Maisonneuve, dearest, climbing in mid-winter to the top of the mountain there, under a heavy cross set with the bones of saints, and planting it on the summit, in fulfilment of a vow to do so if Villemarie were saved from the freshet; and then of Madame



de la Peltrie romantically receiving the sacrament there, while all Villemarie fell down adoring! Ah, that was a picturesque people! When did ever a Boston governor climb to the top of Beacon Hill in fulfilment of a vow? To be sure, we may yet see a New York governor doing something of the kind — if he can find a hill. But this ridiculous column to Nelson, who never had anything to do with Montreal," he continued; "it really seems to me the perfect expression of snobbish colonial dependence and sentimentality, seeking always to identify itself with the mother-country, and ignoring the local past and its heroic figures. A column to Nelson in Jacques Cartier Square, on the ground that was trodden by Champlain, and won for its present masters by the death of Wolfe!"

The boat departed on her trip to Quebec. During supper they were served by French waiters, who, without apparent English of their own, miraculously understood that of the passengers, except in the case of the furious gentleman who wanted English breakfast tea; to so much English as that their inspiration did not reach, and they forced him to compromise on coffee. It was a French boat, owned by a French company, and seemed to be officered by Frenchmen throughout; certainly, as our tourists in the joy of their good appetites affirmed, the cook was of that culinarily delightful nation.

The boat was almost as large as those of the Hudson, but it was not so lavishly splendid, though it had everything that could minister to the comfort and self-respect of the passengers. These were of all nations, but chiefly Americans, with some French Canadians. The former gathered on the forward promenade, eagerly enjoying what little of the landscape the growing night left visible, and the latter made society after their manner in

the saloon. They were plain-looking men and women, mostly, and provincial, it was evident, to their inmost hearts; provincial in origin, provincial by inheritance, by all their circumstances, social and political. Their relation with France was not a proud one, but it was not like submersion by the slip-slop of English colonial loyalty; yet they seem to be troubled by no memories of their hundred years' dominion of the land that they rescued from the wilderness, and that was wrested from them by war. It is a strange fate for any people thus to have been cut off from the parent-country, and abandoned to whatever destiny their conquerors chose to reserve for them; and if each of the race wore the sadness and strangeness of that fate in his countenance it would not be wonderful. Perhaps it is wonderful that none of them shows anything of the kind. In their desertion they have multiplied and prospered; they may have a national grief, but they hide it well; and perhaps they have none.

Later, one of them appeared to Isabel in the person of the pale, slender young ecclesiastic who had shown her and Basil the pictures in the country church. She was confessing to him, and she was not at all surprised to find that he was Basil in a suit of mediæval armor. He had an immense cross on his shoulder.

"To get this cross to the top of the mountain," thought Isabel, "we must have two horses. Basil," she added, aloud, "we must have two horses!"

"Ten, if you like, my dear," answered his voice, cheerfully, "though I think we'd better ride up in the omnibus."

She opened her eyes, and saw him smiling. "We're in sight of Quebec," he said. "Come out as soon as you can, — come out into the seventeenth century."

*W. D. Howells.*

## OUR WHISPERING GALLERY.

## XI.

DICKENS had timed our visit to his country house in Kent, and arranged that we should appear at Gad's Hill with the nightingales. Arriving at the Higham station, on a bright June day in 1869, we found his stout little pony ready to take us up the hill; and before we had proceeded far on the road, the master himself came out to welcome us on the way. He looked brown and hearty, and told us he had passed a breezy morning writing in the *châlet*. We had parted from him only a few days before in London, but I thought the country air had already begun to exert its strengthening influence, — a process he said which commonly set in the moment he reached his garden gate.

It was ten years since I had seen Gad's Hill Place, and I observed at once what extensive improvements had been made during that period. Dickens had increased his estate by adding quite a large tract of land on the opposite side of the road, and a beautiful meadow at the back of the house. He had connected the front lawn, by a passageway running under the road, with beautifully wooded grounds, on which was erected the Swiss *châlet*, a present from Fechter. The old house, too, had been greatly improved, and there was an air of assured comfort and ease about the charming establishment. No one could surpass Dickens as a host; and as there were certain household rules (hours for meals, recreation, etc.), he at once announced them, so that visitors never lost any time "wondering" when this or that was to happen.

Lunch over, we were taken round to see the dogs, and Dickens gave us a rapid biographical account of each as we made acquaintance with the whole colony. One old fellow, who had grown superannuated and nearly blind,

raised himself up and laid his great black head against Dickens's breast as if he loved him. All were spoken to with pleasant words of greeting, and the whole troop seemed wild with joy over the master's visit. "Linda" put up her shaggy paw to be shaken at parting; and as we left the dog-houses, our host told us some amusing anecdotes of his favorite friends.

Dickens's admiration of Hogarth was unbounded, and he had hung the staircase leading up from the hall of his house with fine old impressions of the great master's best works. Observing our immediate interest in these pictures, he seemed greatly pleased, and proceeded at once to point out in his graphic way what had struck his own fancy most in Hogarth's genius. He had made a study of the painter's *thought* as displayed in these works, and his talk about the artist was delightful. He used to say he never came down the stairs without pausing with new wonder over the fertility of the mind that had conceived and the hand that had executed these powerful pictures of human life; and I cannot forget with what fervid energy and feeling he repeated one day, as we were standing together on the stairs in front of the Hogarth pictures, Dr. Johnson's epitaph, on the painter: —

"The hand of him here torpid lies,  
That drew the essential form of grace;  
Here closed in death the attentive eyes  
That saw the manners in the face."

Every day we had out-of-door games, such as "Bowls," "Aunt Sally," and the like, Dickens leading off with great spirit and fun. Billiards came after dinner, and during the evening we had charades and dancing. There was no end to the new diversions our kind host was in the habit of proposing, so that constant cheerfulness reigned at Gad's Hill. He went

into his work-room, as he called it, soon after breakfast, and wrote till twelve o'clock; then he came out, ready for a long walk. The country about Gad's Hill is admirably adapted for pedestrian exercise, and we went forth every day, rain or shine, for a stretcher. Twelve, fifteen, even twenty miles were not too much for Dickens, and many a long tramp we have had over the hop-country together. Chatham, Rochester, Cobham Park, Maidstone, — anywhere, out under the open sky and into the free air! Then Dickens was at his best, and talked. Swinging his black-thorn stick, his lithe figure sprang forward over the ground, and it took a practised pair of legs to keep alongside of his voice. In these expeditions I heard from his own lips delightful reminiscences of his early days in the region we were then traversing, and charming narratives of incidents connected with the writing of his books.

Dickens's association with Gad's Hill, the city of Rochester, the road to Canterbury, and the old cathedral town itself, date back to his earliest years. In "*David Copperfield*," the most autobiographic of all his books, we find him, a little boy, (so small, that the landlady is called to peer over the counter and catch a glimpse of the tiny lad who possesses such "a spirit,") trudging over the old Kent Road to Dover. "I see myself," he writes, "as evening closes in, coming over the bridge at Rochester, footsore and tired, and eating bread that I had bought for supper. One or two little houses, with the notice, '*Lodgings for Travellers*,' hanging out, had tempted me; but I was afraid of spending the few pence I had, and was even more afraid of the vicious looks of the trampers I had met or overtaken. I sought no shelter, therefore, but the sky; and toiling into Chatham, — which in that night's aspect is a mere dream of chalk, and drawbridges, and mastless ships in a muddy river, roofed like Noah's arks, — crept, at last, upon a sort of grass-grown battery overhanging a lane, where a sentry was walking to and fro.

Here I lay down near a cannon; and, happy in the society of the sentry's footsteps, though he knew no more of my being above him than the boys at Salem House had known of my lying by the wall, slept soundly until morning." Thus early he noticed "the trampers" which infest the old Dover Road, and observed them in their numberless gypsy-like variety; thus early he looked lovingly on Gad's Hill Place, and wished it might be his own, if he ever grew up to be a man. His earliest memories were filled with pictures of the endless hop-grounds and orchards, and the little child "thought it all extremely beautiful!"

Through the long years of his short life he was always consistent in his love for Kent and the old surroundings. When the after days came and while travelling abroad, how vividly the childish love returned! As he passed rapidly over the road on his way to France he once wrote: "Midway between Gravesend and Rochester the widening river was bearing the ships, white-sailed or black-smoked, out to sea, when I noticed by the wayside a very queer small boy.

"'Halloa!' said I, to the very queer small boy, 'where do you live?'

"'At Chatham,' says he.

"'What do you do there?' said I.

"'I go to school,' says he.

"I took him up in a moment, and we went on. Presently the very queer small boy says, 'This is Gad's Hill we are coming to, where Falstaff went out to rob those travellers, and ran away.'

"'You know something about Falstaff, eh?' said I.

"'All about him,' said the very queer small boy. 'I am old (I am nine) and I read all sorts of books. But *do* let us stop at the top of the hill, and look at the house there, if you please!'

"'You admire that house,' said I.

"'Bless you, sir,' said the very queer small boy, 'when I was not more than half as old as nine, it used to be a treat for me to be brought to look at it. And now I am nine, I come by myself to look at it. And ever since I can recollect, my father, seeing me so fond of it,

has often said to me, "If you were to be very persevering and were to work hard, you might some day come to live in it." Though that's impossible! said the very queer small boy, drawing a low breath, and now staring at the house out of window with all his might. I was rather annoyed to be told this by the very queer small boy; for that house happens to be *my* house, and I have reason to believe that what he said was true."

What stay-at-home is there who does not know the Bull Inn at Rochester, from which Mr. Tupman and Mr. Jingle attended the ball, Mr. Jingle wearing Mr. Winkle's coat? or who has not seen in fancy the "gypsy-tramp," the "show-tramp," the "cheap jack," the "tramp-children," and the "Irish hoppers" all passing over "the Kentish Road, bordered" in their favorite resting-place "on either side by a wood, and having on one hand, between the road-dust and the trees, a skirting patch of grass? Wild-flowers grow in abundance on this spot, and it lies high and airy, with the distant river stealing steadily away to the ocean, like a man's life."

Sitting in the beautiful chalet during his later years and watching this same river stealing away like his own life, he never could find a harsh word for the tramps, and many and many a one has gone over the road rejoicing because of some kindness received from his hands. Every precaution was taken to protect a house exposed as his was to these wild rovers, several dogs being kept in the stable-yard, and the large outer gates locked. But he seldom made an excursion in any direction without finding some opportunity to benefit them. One of these many kindnesses came to the public ear during the last summer of his life. He was dressing in his own bedroom in the morning, when he saw two Savoyards and two bears come up to the Falstaff Inn opposite. While he was watching the odd company, two English bullies joined the little party and insisted upon taking the muzzles off the

bears in order to have a dance with them. "At once," said Dickens, "I saw there would be trouble, and I watched the scene with the greatest anxiety. In a moment I saw how things were going, and without delay I found myself at the gate. I called the gardener by the way, but he managed to hold himself at safe distance behind the fence. I put the Savoyards instantly in a secure position, asked the bullies what they were at, forced them to muzzle the bears again, under threat of sending for the police, and ended the whole affair in so short a time that I was not missed from the house. Unfortunately, while I was covered with dust and blood, for the bears had already attacked one of the men when I arrived, I heard a carriage roll by. I thought nothing of it at the time, but the report in the foreign journals which startled and shocked my friends so much came probably from the occupants of that vehicle. Unhappily, in my desire to save the men, I entirely forgot the dogs, and ordered the bears to be carried into the stable-yard until the scuffle should be over, when a tremendous tumult arose between the bears and the dogs. Fortunately we were able to separate them without injury, and the whole was so soon over that it was hard to make the family believe, when I came in to breakfast, that anything of the kind had gone forward." It was the newspaper report, causing anxiety to some absent friends, which led, on inquiry, to this rehearsal of the incident.

Who does not know Cobham Park? Has Dickens not invited us there in the old days to meet Mr. Pickwick, who pronounced it "delightful! — thoroughly delightful," while "the skin of his expressive countenance was rapidly peeling off with exposure to the sun"? Has he not invited the world to enjoy the loveliness of its solitudes with him, and peopled its haunts for us again and again?

Our first *real* visit to Cobham Park was on a summer morning when Dickens walked out with us from his own

gate, and, strolling quietly along the road, turned at length into what seemed a rural wooded pathway. At first we did not associate the spot in its spring freshness with that morning after Christmas when he had supped with the "Seven Poor Travellers," and lain awake all night with thinking of them; and after parting in the morning with a kindly shake of the hand all round, started to walk through Cobham woods on his way towards London. Then on his lonely road, "the mists began to rise in the most beautiful manner and the sun to shine; and as I went on," he writes, "through the bracing air, seeing the hoar frost sparkle everywhere, I felt as if all nature shared in the joy of the great Birthday. Going through the woods, the softness of my tread upon the mossy ground and among the brown leaves enhanced the Christmas sacredness by which I felt surrounded. As the whitened stems environed me, I thought how the Founder of the time had never raised his benignant hand, save to bless and heal, except in the case of one unconscious tree."

Now we found ourselves on the same ground, surrounded by the full beauty of the summer-time. The hand of Art conspiring with Nature had planted rhododendrons, as if in their native soil beneath the forest-trees. They were in one universal flame of blossoms, as far as the eye could see. Lord and Lady D——, the kindest and most hospitable of neighbors, were absent; there was not a living figure beside ourselves to break the solitude, and we wandered on and on with the wild birds for companions as in our native wildernesses. By and by we came near Cobham Hall, with its fine lawns and far-sweeping landscape, and workmen and gardeners and a general air of summer luxury. But to-day we were to go past the hall and lunch on a green slope under the trees, (was it *just* the spot where Mr. Pickwick tried the cold punch and found it satisfactory? I never liked to ask!) and after making the old woods ring with

the clatter and clink of our noontide meal, mingled with floods of laughter, were to come to the village, and to the very inn from which the disconsolate Mr. Tupman wrote to Mr. Pickwick, after his adventure with Miss Wardle. There is the old sign, and here we are at the Leather Bottle, Cobham, Kent. "There's no doubt whatever about that." Dickens's modesty would not allow him to go in, so we made the most of an outside study of the quaint old place as we strolled by; also of the cottages whose inmates were evidently no strangers to our party, but were cared for by them as English cottagers are so often looked after by the kindly ladies in their neighborhood. And there was the old churchyard, "where the dead had been quietly buried 'in the sure and certain hope' which Christmas-time inspired." There too were the children, whom, seeing at their play, he could not but be loving, remembering who had loved them! One party of urchins swinging on a gate reminded us vividly of Collins, the painter. Here was his composition to the life. Every lover of rural scenery must recall the little fellow on the top of a five-barred gate in the picture Collins painted, known widely by the fine engraving made of it at the time. And there too were the blossoming gardens, which now shone in their new garments of resurrection. The stillness of midsummer noon crept over everything as we lingered in the sun and shadow of the old village. Slowly circling the hall, we came upon an avenue of lime-trees leading up to a stately doorway in the distance. The path was overgrown, birds and squirrels were hopping unconcernedly over the ground, and the gates and chains were rusty with disuse. "This avenue," said Dickens, as we leaned upon the wall and looked into its cool shadows, "is never crossed except to bear the dead body of the lord of the hall to its last resting-place; a remnant of superstition, and one Lord and Lady D—— would be glad to do away with, but the villagers would never hear of such a thing, and would consider it

certain death to any one who should go or come through this entrance. It would be a highly unpopular movement for the present occupants to attempt to uproot this absurd idea, and they have given up all thoughts of it for the time."

It was on a subsequent visit to Cobham village that we explored the "College," an old foundation of the reign of Edward III. for the aged poor of both sexes. Each occupant of the various small apartments was sitting at his or her door, which opened on a grassy enclosure with arches like an abandoned cloister of some old cathedral. Such a motley society, brought together under such unnatural circumstances, would of course interest Dickens. He seemed to take a profound pleasure in wandering about the place, which was evidently filled with the associations of former visits in his own mind. He was usually possessed by a childlike eagerness to go to any spot which he had made up his mind it was best to visit, and quick to come away, but he lingered long about this leafy old haunt on that Sunday afternoon.

Of Cobham Hall itself much might be written without conveying the smallest idea of its peculiar interest to this generation. The terraces, and lawns, and cedar-trees, and deer-park, the names of Edward III. and Elizabeth, the famous old Cobhams and their long line of distinguished descendants, their invaluable pictures and historic chapel, have all been the common property of the past and of the present. But the air of comfort and hospitality diffused about the place by the present owners belongs exclusively to our time, and a little Swiss chalet removed from Gad's Hill, standing not far from the great house, will always connect the name of Charles Dickens with the place he loved so well. The chalet has been transferred thither as a tribute from the Dickens family to the kindness of their friends and former neighbors. We could not fail to think of the connection his name would always have with Cobham Hall, though he was then still by

our side, and the little chalet yet remained embowered in its own green trees overlooking the sail-dotted Medway as it flowed towards the Thames.

The old city of Rochester, to which we have already referred as being particularly well known to all Mr. Pickwick's admirers, is within walking distance from Gad's Hill Place and was the object of daily visits from its occupants. The ancient castle, one of the best ruins in England, as Dickens loved to say, because less has been done to it, rises with rugged walls precipitously from the river. It is wholly unrestored; just enough care has been bestowed to prevent its utter destruction, but otherwise it stands as it has stood and crumbled from year to year. We climbed painfully up to the highest steep of its loftiest tower, and looked down on the wonderful scene spread out in the glory of a summer sunset. Below, a clear trickling stream flowed and tinkled as it has done since the rope was first lowered in the year 800 to bring the bucket up over the worn stones which still remain to attest the fact. How happy Dickens was in the beauty of that scene! What delight he took in rebuilding the old place, with every legend of which he proved himself familiar, and repeopling it out of the storehouse of his fancy. "Here was the kitchen, and there the dining-hall! How frightfully dark they must have been in those days, with such small slits for windows, and the fire-places without chimneys! There were the galleries; this is one of the four towers; the others, you will understand, corresponded with this; and now, if you're not dizzy, we will come out on the battlements for the view!" Up we went, of course, following our cheery leader until we stood among the topmost wall-flowers, which were waving yellow and sweet in the sunset air. East and west, north and south, our eyes traversed the beautiful garden land of Kent, the land Shakespeare also loved and made immortal. Below lay the city of Rochester on one hand, and in the heart of it an old inn where

a carrier was even then getting out, or putting in, horses and wagon for 'the night. "That is the inn with the new chimney," said Dickens, "over which Charles's Wain was seen to rise by the carrier at 'four by the day,' as Shakespeare tells us in 'King Henry IV.' I discovered it as I was walking into Rochester one morning at the same hour, and saw the constellation in that very position." The chimney looks old enough by this time, and we fancy travellers fare no better at the inn now than when Shakespeare has described their entertainment in his play. Improvement has not kept pace with time in Rochester, but our feet are allowed to walk and our minds to dwell where he walked and his mind so often dwelt in his marvellous earthly course.

Below, on the other side, was the river Medway, from whose depths the castle once rose steeply. Now the *débris* and perhaps also a slight swerving of the river from its old course have left a rough margin, over which it would not be difficult to make an ascent. Rochester Bridge, too, is here, and the "windy hills" in the distance; and again, on the other hand, Chatham, and beyond, the Thames, with the sunset tingeing the many-colored sails. We were not easily persuaded to descend from our picturesque vantage-ground; but the master's hand led us gently on from point to point, until we found ourselves, before we were aware, on the grassy slope outside the castle wall. Besides, there was the cathedral to be visited, and the tomb of Richard Watts, "with the effigy of worthy Master Richard starting out of it like a ship's figure-head."

After seeing the cathedral, we went along the silent High street, past queer Elizabethan houses with endless gables and fences and lattice-windows, until we came to Watts's Charity, the house of entertainment for six poor travellers. The establishment is so familiar to all lovers of Dickens through his description of it in the article entitled "Seven Poor Travellers" among his "Uncom-

mercial" papers, that little is left to be said on that subject; except perhaps that no autobiographic sketch ever gave a more faithful picture, a closer portrait, than is there conveyed.

Dickens's fancy for Rochester, and his numberless associations with it, have left traces of that city in almost everything he wrote. From the time when Mr. Snodgrass first discovered the castle ruin from Rochester Bridge, to the last chapter of *Edwin Drood*, we observe hints of the city's quaintness or silence; the unending pavements, which go on and on till the wisest head would be puzzled to know where Rochester ends and where Chatham begins; the disposition of Father Time to have his own unimpeded way therein, and of the gray cathedral towers which loom up in the background of many a sketch and tale. Rochester, too, is on the way to Canterbury, Dickens's best loved cathedral, the home of Agnes Wickfield, the sunny spot in the life and memory of David Copperfield. David was particularly small, as we are told, when he first saw Canterbury, but he was already familiar with Roderick Random, Peregrine Pickle, Humphrey Clinker, Tom Jones, The Vicar of Wakefield, Don Quixote, Gil Blas, and Robinson Crusoe, who came out, as he says, a glorious host, to keep him company. Naturally, the calm old place, the green nooks, the beauty of the cathedral, possessed a better chance with him than with many others, and surely no one could have loved them more. In the later years of his life the crowning-point of the summer holidays was "a pilgrimage to Canterbury."

The sun shone from end to end through the day when he chose to carry us thither. Early in the morning the whole house was astir; large hampers were packed, ladies and gentlemen were clad in gay midsummer attire, and, soon after breakfast, huge carriages with four horses, and postilions with red coats and top-boots, after the fashion of the olden time, were drawn up before the door. Presently we were moving lightly over the road,



the hop-vines dancing on the poles on either side, the orchards looking invitingly cool, the oast-houses fanning with their wide arms, the river glowing from time to time through the landscape. We made such a clatter passing through Rochester, that all the main street turned out to see the carriages, and, being obliged to stop the horses a moment, a shopkeeper, desirous of discovering Dickens among the party, hit upon the wrong man, and confused an humble individual among the company by calling a crowd, pointing him out as Dickens, and making him the mark of eager eyes. This incident seemed very odd to us in a place he knew so well. On we clattered, leaving the echoing street behind us, on and on for many a mile, until noon, when, finding a green wood and clear stream by the roadside, we encamped under the shadow of the trees in a retired spot for lunch. Again we went on, through quaint towns and lonely roads, until we came to Canterbury, in the yellow afternoon. The bells for service were ringing as we drove under the stone archway into the soundless streets. The whole town seemed to be enjoying a simultaneous nap, from which it was aroused by our horses' hoofs. Out the people ran, at this signal, into the street, and we were glad to descend at some distance from the centre of the city, thus leaving the excitement behind us. We had been exposed to the hot rays of the sun all day, and the change into the shadow of the cathedral was refreshing. Service was going forward as we entered; we sat down, therefore, and joined our voices with those of the choristers. Dickens, with tireless observation, noted how sleepy and inane were the faces of many of the singers, to whom this beautiful service was but a sickening monotony of repetition. The words, too, were gabbled over in a manner anything but impressive. He was such a downright enemy to form, as substituted for religion, that any dash of untruth or unreality was abhorrent to him. When the last sounds

died away in the cathedral we came out again into the cloisters, and sauntered about until the shadows fell over the beautiful enclosure. We were hospitably entreated, and listened to many an historical tale of tomb and stone and grassy nook; but under all we were listening to the heart of our companion, who had so often wandered thither in his solitude, and was now re-reading the stories these urns had prepared for him.

During one of his winter visits, he says (in "*Copperfield*"):—

"Coming into Canterbury, I loitered through the old streets with a sober pleasure that calmed my spirits and eased my heart. There were the old signs, the old names over the shops, the old people serving in them. It appeared so long since I had been a school-boy there, that I wondered the place was so little changed, until I reflected how little I was changed myself. Strange to say, that quiet influence which was inseparable in my mind from Agnes seemed to pervade even the city where she dwelt. The venerable cathedral towers, and the old jackdaws and rooks, whose airy voices made them more retired than perfect silence would have done; the battered gateways, once stuck full with statues, long thrown down and crumbled away, like the reverential pilgrims who had gazed upon them; the still nooks, where the ivied growth of centuries crept over gabled ends and ruined walls; the ancient houses; the pastoral landscape of field, orchard, and garden;—everywhere, in everything, I felt the same serene air, the same calm, thoughtful, softening spirit."

Walking away and leaving Canterbury behind us forever, we came again into the voiceless streets, past a "very old house bulging out over the road, . . . quite spotless in its cleanliness, the old-fashioned brass knocker on the low, arched door ornamented with carved garlands of fruit and flowers, twinkling like a star," the very house, perhaps, "with angles and corners and carvings and mouldings," where David

Copperfield was sent to school. We were turned off with a laughing reply, when we ventured to accuse this particular house of being *the one*, and were told there were several that "would do"; which was quite true, for nothing could be more quaint, more satisfactory to all, from the lovers of Chaucer to the lovers of Dickens, than this same city of Canterbury. The sun had set as we rattled noisily out of the ancient place that night, and along the high road, which was quite novel in its evening aspect. There was no lingering now; on and on we went, the postilions flying up and down on the backs of the huge horses, their red coats glancing in the occasional gleams of wayside lamps, fire-flies making the orchards shine, the sunset lighting up vast clouds that lay across the western sky, and the whole scene filled with evening stillness. When we stopped to change horses, the quiet was almost oppressive. Soon after nine we espied the welcome lantern of Gad's Hill Place and the open gates. And so ended Dickens's last pilgrimage to Canterbury.

There was another interesting spot near Gad's Hill Place, which was one of Dickens's haunts, and this was the "Druid-stone," as it is called, at Maidstone. This is within walking distance of his house, along a breezy hillside road, which we remember blossomy and wavy in the summer season, with open spaces in the hedges where one may look over wide hilly slopes, and at times come upon strange cuts down into the chalk which pervades this district. We turned into a lane from the dusty road, and, following our leader over a barred gate, came into wide grassy fields full of summer's bloom and glory. A short walk farther brought us to the Druid-stone, which Dickens thought to be, from the fitness of its position, simply a vantage-ground chosen by priests, — whether Druid or Christian of course it would be impossible to say, — from which to address a multitude. The rock served as a

kind of background and sounding-board, while the beautiful sloping of the sward upward from the speaker made it an excellent position for out-of-door discourses. On this day it was only a blooming solitude, where the birds had done all the talking, until we arrived. It was a fine afternoon haunt, and one worthy of a visit, apart from the associations which make the place dear.

One of the weirdest neighborhoods to Gad's Hill, and one of those most closely associated with Dickens, is the village of Cooling. A cloudy day proved well enough for Cooling; indeed, was undoubtedly chosen by the adroit master of hospitalities as being a fitting sky to show the dark landscape of "Great Expectations." The pony-carriage went thither to accompany the walking party and carry the baskets; the whole way, as we remember, leading on among narrow lanes where heavy carriages were seldom seen. We are told in the novel, "On every rail and gate, wet lay clammy, and the marsh mist was so thick that the wooden finger on the post directing people to our village — a direction which they never accepted, for they never came there — was invisible to me until I was close under it." The lanes certainly wore that aspect of never being accepted as a way of travel; but this was a delightful recommendation to our walk, for summer kept her own way there, and grass and wild-flowers were abundant. It was already noon, and low clouds and mists were lying about the earth and sky as we approached a forlorn little village on the edge of the wide marshes described in the opening of the novel. This was Cooling, and passing by the few cottages, the decayed rectory, and straggling buildings, we came at length to the churchyard. It took but a short time to make us feel at home there, with the marshes on one hand, the low wall over which Pip saw the convict climb before he dared to run away; "the five little stone lozenges, each about a foot and a half long, . . . sacred to the memory of five little brothers, . . . to which I

had been indebted for a belief that they had all been born on their backs, with their hands in their trousers pockets, and had never taken them out in this state of existence";—all these points, combined with the general dreariness of the landscape, the far-stretching marshes, and the distant sea-line, soon revealed to us that this was Pip's country, and we might momentarily expect to see the convict's head, or to hear the clank of his chain, over that low wall.

We were in the churchyard now, having left the pony within eye-shot, and taken the baskets along with us, and were standing on one of those very lozenges, somewhat grass-grown by this time, and deciphering the inscriptions. On tiptoe we could get a wide view of the marsh, with the wind sweeping in a lonely limitless way through the tall grasses. Presently hearing Dickens's cheery call, we turned to see what he was doing. He had chosen a good flat gravestone in one corner (the corner farthest from the marsh and Pip's little brothers and the expected convict), had spread a wide napkin thereupon after the fashion of a domestic dinner-table, and was rapidly transferring the contents of the hampers to that point. The horrible whimsicality of trying to eat and make merry under these deplorable circumstances, the tragi-comic character of the scene, appeared to take him by surprise. He at once threw himself into it (as he says in "Copperfield" he was wont to do with anything to which he had laid his hand) with fantastic eagerness. Having spread the table after the most approved style, he suddenly disappeared behind the wall for a moment, transformed himself by the aid of a towel and napkin into a first-class head-waiter, reappeared, laid a row of plates along the top of the wall, as at a bar-room or eating-house, again retreated to the other side with some provisions, and, making the gentlemen of the party stand up to the wall, went through the whole play with most entire gravity. When we had wound

up with a good laugh and were again seated together on the grass around the table, we espied two wretched figures, not the convicts this time, although we might have easily persuaded ourselves so, but only tramps gazing at us over the wall from the marsh side as they approached, and finally sitting down just outside the churchyard gate. They looked wretchedly hungry and miserable, and Dickens said at once, starting up, "Come, let us offer them a glass of wine and something good for lunch." He was about to carry them himself, when what he considered a happy thought seemed to strike him. "*You* shall carry it to them," he said, turning to one of the ladies; "it will be less like a charity and more like a kindness if one of you should speak to the poor souls!" This was so much in character for him, who stopped always to choose the most delicate way of doing a kind deed, that the memory of this little incident remains, while much, alas! of his wit and wisdom have vanished beyond the power of reproducing. We feasted on the satisfaction the tramps took in their lunch, long after our own was concluded; and seeing them well off on their road again, took up our own way to Gad's Hill Place. How comfortable it looked on our return; how beautifully the afternoon gleams of sunshine shone upon the holly-trees by the porch; how we turned away from the door and went into the playground, where we bowled on the green turf, until the tall maid in her spotless cap was seen bringing the five-o'clock tea thitherward; how the dews and the setting sun warned us at last we must prepare for dinner; and how Dickens played longer and harder than any one of the company, scorning the idea of tea at that hour, and beating his ball instead, quite the youngest of the company up to the last moment!—all this returns with vivid distinctness as I write these inadequate words.

Many days and weeks passed over after those June days were ended be-

fore we were to see Dickens again. Our meeting then was at the station in London, on our way to Gad's Hill once more. He was always early at a railway station, he said, if only to save himself the unnecessary and wasteful excitement hurry commonly produces : and so he came to meet us with a cheery manner, as if care were shut up in some desk or closet he had left behind, and he were ready to make the day a gay one, whatever the sun might say to it. A small roll of manuscript in his hand led him soon to confess that a new story was already begun ; but this communication was made in the utmost confidence, as if to account for any otherwise unexplainable absences, physically or mentally, from our society, which might occur. But there were no gaps during that autumn afternoon of return to Gad's Hill. He told us how summer had brought him no vacation this year, and only two days of recreation. One of those, he said, was spent with his family at "Rosherville Gardens," "the place," as a huge advertisement informed us, "to spend a happy day." His curiosity with regard to all entertainments for the people, he said to us, carried him thither, and he seemed to have been amused and rewarded by his visit. He said the previous Sunday had found him in London ; he was anxious to reach Gad's Hill before the afternoon, but in order to accomplish this he must walk nine miles to a way station, which he did. Coming to the little village, he inquired where the station was, and, being shown in the wrong direction, walked calmly down a narrow road which did not lead there at all. "On I went," he said, "in the perfect sunshine, over yellow leaves,

without even a wandering breeze to break the silence, when suddenly I came upon three or four antique wooden houses standing under trees on the borders of a lovely stream, and a little farther, upon an ancient doorway to a grand hall, perhaps the home of some bishop of the olden time. The road came to an end there, and I was obliged to retrace my steps ; but anything more entirely peaceful and beautiful in its aspect on that autumnal day than this retreat, forgotten by the world, I almost never saw." He was eager, too, to describe for our entertainment one of the yearly cricket-matches among the villagers at Gad's Hill which had just come off. Some of the toasts at the supper afterward were as old as the time of Queen Anne. For instance, —

"More pigs,  
Fewer parsons" ;

delivered with all seriousness ; a later one was, "May the walls of old England never be covered with French polish."

Once more we recall a morning at Gad's Hill, a soft white haze over everything, and the yellow sun burning through. The birds were singing, and beauty and calm pervaded the whole scene. We strayed through Cobham Park and saw the lovely vistas through the autumnal haze ; once more we reclined in the cool chalet in the afternoon, and watched the vessels going and coming upon the ever-moving river. Suddenly all has vanished ; and now, neither spring nor autumn, nor flowers nor birds, nor dawn nor sunset, nor the ever-moving river, can be the same to any of us again. We have all drifted down upon the river of Time, and one has already sailed out into the illimitable ocean.

## RECENT LITERATURE.

*Hours of Exercise in the Alps.* By JOHN TYNDALL, LL. D., F. R. S. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1871.

PROFESSOR TYNDALL'S volume has not only great merits, but a great and constant charm. Few writers on scientific topics possess in such degree the art of flinging over their stern subject-matter that mellow light of sentiment which conciliates the uninitiated mind without cheapening, as it were, the theme. Science we imagine has few such useful friends in literature: it were much to be wished that literature had a few such friends in science. By which we mean that literary topics would largely gain if writers would wander as far afield in search of a more rigorous method, as Professor Tyndall has travelled hitherward in search of a graceful one. But indeed Professor Tyndall seems to us so admirable a writer chiefly because he is so clear, so educated a thinker. It would be hard to make an unsymmetrical statement of conceptions so definite as those in which he deals. The habit of accurate thought gives a superb neatness to his style. "The mind," he excellently says, in his recent "Fragments of Science," "is, as it were, a photographic plate, which is gradually cleansed by the effort to think rightly, and which, when so cleansed, and not before, receives impressions from the light of truth." This sentence may serve at once as an example of the author's admirable way of putting things, and as a text for remark on the highly clarified condition of the Professor's own intellect. The reader moves in an atmosphere in which the habit of a sort of heroic attention seems to maintain a glare of electric light. On every side he sees shining facts, grouped and piled like the Alpine ice-masses the author commemorates in the present volume.

When Professor Tyndall starts forth in the early morning to climb an Alpine peak, or when he stands triumphant and still vigilant on the summit, he resolves the mysteries of the atmosphere, the weather, the clouds, the glaciers, into various hard component facts, which, to his eye, deepen rather than diminish the picturesqueness of the scene. In the midst of chaos and confusion the analytic instinct rises supreme. "As night

drew near the fog thickened through a series of intermittances which a mountain-land alone can show. Sudden uprushings of air would often carry the clouds aloft in vertical currents, while horizontal gusts swept them wildly to and fro. Different currents, impinging on each other, sometimes formed whirling cyclones of cloud. The air was tortured in its search of equilibrium." And elsewhere: "Monte Rosa was still in shadow, but . . . her precipices were all aglow. The purple coloring of the mountains . . . was indescribable; out of Italy I have never seen anything like it. Oxygen and nitrogen could not produce the effect; some effluences from the earth, some foreign constituent of the atmosphere, developed in those deep valleys by the southern sun, must sift the solar beams, weaken the rays of medium refrangibility, and blend the red and violet of the spectrum to that incomparable hue." These are fair examples of the explanatory gaze, as we may say, at nature, which so richly substantiates the author's perception of the beautiful, making him on all occasions an admirably vivid painter. The source of the reader's satisfaction is his sense of these firm particulars, as it were, close behind the glittering generals of common fine writing. It must be confessed that Professor Tyndall's manner makes our lighter descriptive arts seem somewhat inexpensive. We have had suggested to us, as we read, Mr. Ruskin's strongly contrasted manner of treating the same topics. He is almost equally familiar with mountain scenery, and some of his noblest writing occurs in the Alpine chapters of "Modern Painters." But the difference in tone, in attitude, in method, in result, between the two men, is most striking and interesting. In one we have the pursuit of the picturesque in nature tempered and animated by scientific curiosity; in the other, linked and combined with a sort of passionate sentimentality. Professor Tyndall, to our minds, never rises so high as Mr. Ruskin at certain inspired moments; we doubt if he has ever stood knee-deep in flower-streaked Alpine grasses, and seen, above him, with just that potent longing of vision, "the waves of everlasting green roll silently into their long inlets among the shadows of the pines." But we

may say of Professor Tyndall that, on the whole, he gives the mind a higher lift. His pages are pervaded by a cool contagious serenity which reminds one of high mountain air on a still day. He exhales a kind of immense urbanity, — the good-humor of a man who has mastered a multitude of facts. Mr. Ruskin, on the other hand, stands oppressed and querulous among the swarming shapes and misty problems his magnificent imagination and his "theological" sympathies have evoked; as helpless as that half-skilled wizard of the Coliseum, of whom Benvenuto Cellini narrates. He leaves in the mind a bitter deposit of melancholy; whereas Professor Tyndall's recitals have passed through the understanding with the cleansing force of running water. This difference is perhaps owing especially, however, to the fact that in Mr. Ruskin you are fatigued by a perpetual sense of waste exertion; and that half your pleasure in reading Tyndall comes from the admirable economy of his style. He is all concentration. His narrative never ceases to be a closely wrought chain of logically related propositions. No sentence but really fills (and has paid for, so to speak) the space it occupies. If there is no "nonsense" about Professor Tyndall's writing, it is in a deeper sense than through the comparatively vulgar fact that he is a frank materialist, and leaves the whole class of imponderable factors out of his account; in the sense, rather, that his writing is so strictly constructive and positive, leaving in its march no stragglers behind and reaching its goal by the straightest road. He consumes his own smoke. The author of "Modern Painters," on the other hand, though he has written so much (and to such excellent purpose) on "composition" in art, has not practised it in literature so rigorously as might have been wished. But it would be very absurd to push our comparison too far. It was suggested by the simple fact that, like Mr. Ruskin, Professor Tyndall is a man of powerful imagination.

The volume which has given us a pretext for these remarks is a record of Professor Tyndall's various exploits in the Alps. He has pursued Nature into her highest places and gathered observations at the cost of much personal exertion and exposure. Some of his chapters have already appeared; all of them were substantially written at the time of the adventures they relate, and are full of the immediate freshness, the air of

business, of genuine mountaineering. Those who will read at the same time Mr. Leslie Stephen's recent delightful "Playground of Europe" will find here potentially recalled their own long summer days in Switzerland. Mr. Stephen, though none the less a mountaineer, is a very happy humorist; and the reader's complaint with Professor Tyndall will be, possibly, that he is too little of one. He is fearfully in earnest; he has an unwavering eye to business; and herewith the reader will scarcely fail to observe, quite ungrudgingly, the author's fine habit of egotism. It is very serene, very robust, and it carries the best conscience in the world. It makes its first appearance when, in the Preface, he erects into peculiarly personal application the very interesting question of the source of the modern interest in fine scenery, and dedicates his book to a friend on the ground, apparently (reversing the common order of obligation), of his being one "whom I taught in his boyhood to handle a theodolite and lay a chain"; it recurs in the various rugged resting-points and rare breathing-spaces of his perilous scrambles, and it rises perhaps to a climax in the last chapter of the volume, where, in an account of a stormy voyage to Algeria, he relates how in the face of danger he "watched with intense interest the workings of his own mind," — and apparently found them satisfactory. Professor Tyndall indeed gravitates, at all times most naturally, to self-reference. In the "Fragments of Science," before mentioned, having occasion to speak with enthusiasm of Carlyle, he tells us how he "must ever remember with gratitude that, through three long cold German winters, Carlyle placed me in my tub, even when ice was on its surface, at five o'clock every morning." This seems to us a capital instance of the so-called *naïveté* of genius. But we confess that to ourselves this same *naïveté* is never offensive, and that it is no mean entertainment to read a powerful mind by flashes of egotism. The author's self-compacency appears to be but part and parcel of the fine in good-humor with which he regards things general. The reader, too, will willingly concede the right of a genial equanimity to one who has learned it in *action* so thoroughly as Professor Tyndall. His book reveals to us a superb working organization. That manner of rest from overwork, which he comes to Switzerland to seek, will seem to many persons a rather arduous pastime. But once a-trudge on his icy slopes, climb-

ing, noting, straining, buffeting, — with his “solid nutriment for the day consisting of part of a box of meat-lozenges,” — he feels the sources of strength renewed. And in case of bad weather he has other wholesome expedients. During a period of storm on the Bel-Alp he rolls himself in his plaid, lights his pipe, and masters “Mozely on Miracles.”

We must not enter into the details of our author's various adventures. They were all as bravely achieved as they are vividly narrated. Professor Tyndall concedes more than some authorities to the much-discussed perils of mountaineering. Mr. Leslie Stephen appears to place them at a minimum, — so long, that is, as vigilance is at its maximum. But Professor Tyndall hints at contingencies in which even the utmost care leaves an all-sufficient margin for calamity. Such was the occasion in which the guide Joseph Bennen, here commemorated, found his death; *apropos* of which one may remark that the author's portraiture of Bennen, — the “*Garibaldi der Führer*,” — a series of firm touches scattered here and there through the volume, is one of the best things it contains. There has recently been much talk in England about Alpine perils, and an attempt manifested to draw the line between lawful and wanton self-exposure. The details of this question need not occupy us here, removed as we are, compared with the English, from this particular field of enterprise: though indeed it may well have been raised recently among readers of this magazine by the admirable narratives of a gentleman himself profoundly indifferent to such fine distinctions. Professor Tyndall's volume, suggestive of so many things, has been so of none more than of just this point of the vanity of saying to human audacity, curiosity, — the great motive energy of our Anglo-Saxon 'race, by whatever names we call it, — that it shall, in any direction, go thus far and no farther. We shall live to see it go farther than we can yet forecast its course. Mr. Clarence King and his friend, for instance, have been setting fresh examples, in our own Western Alps, for which coming years will surely furnish a sufficient following, — and yet awhile without that “perpetual leather gaiter and ostentation of bath-tub” which they apprehend. What man can attempt, by hook or by crook, he will never consent to abjure on *a priori* grounds even the most elaborately rational. There is no rest for him but after the fact,

and in the unfolding of human experiences these defiant yet seductive facts press more and more upon his conscience. Its constant exhibition of the exquisite mettle of the human will gives perhaps its greatest interest to Mr. Tyndall's book. The author himself, indeed, claims that for the wise man there need be nothing vain or wanton in Alpine climbing. It is subjectively as valuable a discipline as it is rich in objective revelations. “Spirit and matter are interfused. The Alps improve us *totally*, and we return from the precipices wiser as well as stronger men.” To this, as far as we are able, we heartily subscribe. It seems to us that the perilous ascent of the Matterhorn was amply justified by the inrush of those “musings” the author so eloquently describes, and which were conditioned then and there. After the great efforts of the Alps, the efforts of daily life, pitched chiefly as they are in a lower key, are vanquished with greater ease. Common solitude is more tolerable, after a taste of that palpable loneliness which sits among the upper peaks; the vulgar heats of life seem mild in contrast with the swelter of Swiss hillsides; among our daily fatigues we may recall with profit the resolution which unmeasured itself through the endless phases of a Swiss ascent. The “eloquence of nature,” we suppose, is the proper motto of Professor Tyndall's book. It is surely an excellent one. Nature as a teacher, as a friend, as a companion, is, especially among ourselves, decidedly underestimated. But her claims in these respects are, to our mind, to be received with a qualification. We are to remember that nature dwells within us as well as without, and that we have each of us a personal Alp to climb, — some formidable peak of character to dismantle of its frowning mystery and to decorate with the little flag-stick of mastery, before we can roam at our ease through the mysteries of matter. In other words, eternal Nature is less a pure refuge than the poets would have us believe. She is an excellent teacher for those whose education is fairly begun, a most effective comforter for those whom she finds half comforted.

*Castilian Days.* By JOHN HAY. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.

THE satisfaction given by faithful study and clear, bold treatment of facts is the chief pleasure which awaits the reader of



this admirable book ; but that is only one of many delights he will find in it, if he is a reader who cares also for the artistic side, and can enjoy the charm of its forcible and brilliant style ; or is one who likes to find a man as well as an author in a book, and can be glad of very decided, yet tolerant feeling upon matters of modern interest and dispute. Mr. Hay regards Spain not merely in a literary way, and with the purpose of turning her characteristics to literary account, but views her as a part of the living world, with due share in the common advance and reaction ; yet his attitude is no more that of a reformer than that of a sentimentalist, in the tiresome and disheartening sense. The chapters on "Influence of Tradition in Spanish Life," "The Moral of Spanish Politics," "The Bourbon Duel," and "Necessity of the Republic," form a picture of foreign political life of almost unique excellence, singularly vivid, simple, and intelligible ; and "A Field Night in the Spanish Cortes" is a piece of writing in which the author establishes his pre-eminence as an observer of political character. The felicity with which he portrays all those unknown or dimly known leaders of Spanish parties, and makes us comprehend, without tedious explanation, all those alien political conditions, is his peculiar gift. The ideas and motives of those who disagree with us are so hard to state with fairness, that we are almost ready to rate Mr. Hay's justice as highly as the more positive power he shows in this vigorous sketch, where the warmth of color is in his undisguised yet perfectly controlled feeling, and the light is that of a wholesome and steadfast common sense. It is the best chapter in the book, we think, who think so well of all the rest ; and not unnaturally so, for Mr. Hay, besides inherent aptness, has through his varied experience of political life at home and abroad had unusual training for that kind of work. This experience has not made a politician of him, but an observer of politicians, — a rarer, and for our country, a usefuller character. It perhaps accounts for a certain polished hardness of manner on which the reader strikes unpleasantly at times, in different parts of the book, but which is not without its advantages.

Next to this chapter we like "An Hour with the Painters," a body of refreshingly sane and comprehensible comment on a collection of art which Mr. Hay believes, and goes far to prove, the best in the world. We

do not know that in speaking of art he is at any time dishonest or obscure ; which we conceive places him very high among critics of art. "The Cradle and the Grave of Cervantes" is the most sympathetically written chapter in the book ; and Mr. Hay might learn a lesson from the fact that it is one of the best, if his defect were an habitually unsympathetic tone. It is thoroughly charming, and as useful in accounting for modern Spain as any of the chapters on her modern life. Indeed, it is Mr. Hay's custom to treat Spain present and Spain past as an historical unity, either to be inferred from the other, with a perfectly logical strictness, and he seldom considers one without reference to the other. This gives an unusual interest to all his social and local sketches, and makes his pictures of the whole condition of Spanish things singularly intelligible. It is not a very hopeful condition at first glance ; for we are told that honor and not honesty, religion and not morality, are the ruling principles in public and private affairs ; that the country is essentially poor, and the state immemorably bankrupt ; that the leaders are insincere, and the led are ignorant ; but Mr. Hay takes courage from the fact that Spain is a bundle of anomalies, and from the more encouraging fact that there is now perfect equality of religious sects, and the beginning of popular education ; he hopes for the best, that is to say, the republic ; and he is not disturbed in this hope by the apparition of King Amadeus. There is nothing we like better in his book than the very hearty tone of his democracy or — if Americanism is yet to mean something better than democracy — his Americanism. No fair-minded man can now look at any part of Europe, and not be glad of America, in spite of New York ; and Mr. Hay is above all fair-minded.

We leave ourselves little space to speak of the delightfulness of the book as a study of the social life of a most picturesque and interesting people, or to praise those admirable chapters on Madrid, Toledo, La Granja, the Escorial, bull-fighting, and holidays. In these respects it is as satisfactory as in its solidier qualities ; and it takes its place beside the best books of a rare and valuable kind. In style, in perfect adequacy of expression, it is also of the first. Every page sparkles with witty comment, — at times perhaps too little relieved by the kindness of humor, — but its epigram never wea-

ries; and the spice of literary Gallicism in it only adds an agreeable piquancy. No other book in English about Spain can compare with it, and we know of none on the subject which offers, with such easy and charming grace, so much that we may all be the wiser for knowing. This is high praise for a book on Spain. Mr. Hay's volume merits greater.

*My Witness. A Book of Verse.* By WILLIAM WINTER. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.

IN these days, when so many of our poets seem to be so badly bitten by the tarantula of sensationalism that they must needs dance forever in Corybantian measures, rather than sing from the pure inbreathing of the Muse, and when the contortions of the Pythonesse are made a substitute for the strength and grace which come from Apollo alone, we welcome every performance in which the natural outweighs the artificial. Attitudinizing is a fault from which some of the best poets of this century are not altogether exempt. All praise to the poets who find new phrases, that are also the *fittest* phrases; but none to those who would palm off upon us the affectations and tricks of mere novelty for the sake of being new. Perhaps the sensational school must flourish a good deal longer yet—for the public seem to have a liking for it—before a healthy reaction can take place in the literary world. But the reaction will and must take place sooner or later.

But we must not fall into too ponderous a prelude to our notice of Mr. Winter's *Book of Verse*. Mr. Winter has the excellent quality of not overstepping the modesty of nature. He is not afraid of saying a thing simply and naturally. Especially in verse, which reflects so uniformly the writer's inner moods, the prime requisite is sincerity. The poems are short and unpretentious, and are characterized by a pervading dreaminess and tender melancholy; graceful, simple in style, and clothed in rhythm for the most part very melodious. They form a subdued, gentle, somewhat monotonous lament over the love, the beauty, and the glory that have passed away,—the burden of a refined, delicate, melancholy temperament, feeling that all that's bright must fade, and seeing no higher compensation amid life's mysteries, than final rest and forgetfulness of all. There is not sweep enough of thought or passion,

apparently, to drive the poet from this enveloping mood. We accept his volume as the work of one deeply imbued with poetic feeling and fancy, and genuine artist enough to write with care, and express himself simply unaffectedly, and (though there are a few exceptions) with a delicate feeling for the best standards of rhythm.

We are tempted to quote three or four of the poems which strike us most: for example, "Orgia," "Love's Question," "Three Pictures," and the sweet and pathetic verses on the death of the author's friend, George Arnold. But we must content ourselves with one, which seems to us, on the whole, the best in the book.

"AZRAEL.

"Come with a smile, when come thou must,  
Evangel of the world to be,  
And touch and glorify this dust, —  
This shuddering dust that now is me, —  
And from this prison set me free!

"Long in those awful eyes I quail,  
That gaze across the grim profound;  
Upon that sea there is no sail,  
Nor any light, nor any sound  
From the far shore that girds it round:

"Only, — two still and steady rays,  
That those twin orbs of doom o'erthop:  
Only, — a quiet, patient gaze  
What drinks my being, drop by drop,  
And bids the pulse of Nature stop.

"Come with a smile, auspicious friend,  
To usher in the eternal day!  
Of these weak terrors make an end,  
And charm the paltry chains away  
That bind me to this timorous clay!

"And let me know my soul akin  
To sunrise and the winds of morn,  
And every grandeur that has been  
Since this all-glorious world was born,  
Nor longer droop in my own scorn.

"Come, when the way grows dark and chill I  
Come, when the baffled mind is weak,  
And in the heart the voice is still  
Which used in happier days to speak,  
Or only whispers sadly meek.

"Come with a smile that dims the sun!  
With pitying heart and gentle hand;  
And wait me, from a work that's done,  
To peace that waits on thy command,  
In God's mysterious better land."

*Book of the East, and other Poems.* By RICHARD HENRY STODDARD. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.

WE like best the larger half of this volume preceding the "Persian Songs," "Arab Songs," and "Chinese Songs," which give its title; though we are not

sure but our grief with these is because of the kind more than the defect of any one poem. Many of them afford a pleasure not to be marred by the reader's sense of the unreality of the poet's attitude, and the intended fantasticality and cold-blooded hyperbole of Occidental achievement in Oriental poetry. Such a one is this little wine-song : —

" Day and night my thoughts incline  
To the blandishments of wine :  
Jars were made to drain, I think,  
Wine, I know, was made to drink !

" When I die, (the day be far !)  
Should the potters make a jar  
Out of this poor clay of mine,  
Let the jar be filled with wine ! "

Leigh Hunt himself could not have wrought out this delightful conceit with a more delicate and sufficient simplicity ; and we are almost ready, having tasted its fine quality, to recant our profession concerning the Book of the East as a whole. The jarring Western touch (as an allusion to the muses in one place) is sometimes felt ; but there is ever so much of grace and daintiness and sweetness in the thought and music. Yet after all, though the poet's work here is all very well, he lives in other things.

The pieces called " In Memoriam " are not without faults ; in fact, they have several ; there are some offences against taste, and some passages that lose force through their violence ; but nevertheless they deserve to be classed with a few surpassing efforts in which the poet and his reader stand heart to heart. It is a lament for the death of a little boy ; and its power is not to be spoken, but felt — it is sorrow's self. The twelfth poem of the series is the very passion of loss ; and we do not know where the sympathy of bereavement has been more tenderly and finely expressed than here : —

" That first wild burst of grief is o'er,  
The spring is sealed of wretchedness ;  
Not that I love my darling less,  
But love, or think of, others more.

" Pale fathers pass me in the street,  
Whose little sons, like mine, are dead ;  
I see it in the drooping head,  
And in the wandering of the feet ! "

It is not a question whether Mr. Stoddard is a poet ; if it had been before he wrote " In Memoriam," it could not be now. But he long ago answered that question, as every writer is apt to do, without much help or harm from the critics. His brief, sweet poems show an art akin to that of the early

English lyrists, but have borrowed no trick or mere quaintness from them. It is real simplicity in Mr. Stoddard's thought, as well as the musical movement of his verse, which distinguishes him, though he does not always escape that prosaic bareness to which simplicity tends. Here and there, too, is a crudity of style or expression which contrasts oddly enough with the perfection of the best passages. Mr. Stoddard seems for a poet of our time, when nearly all verse is flavored with sweet Tennysonian syrups, and made to taste of the common chemical base, to have kept an unusually large share of the saviors of nature. Not but that he can be artificial too, if he likes ; there are as tiresome bits of unreality in this little book as an enemy could wish to find ; but the characteristic traits are a habit of original feeling, a clearness of utterance, and a lyrical touch. Some of the pieces are pure songs : expressions of mood and emotion, not vexing with deep meaning, but versing the inarticulate momentary regrets and longings ; others like the following are of subtler and deeper thought, and with equal music, mark the difference between a song to be sung and a poem to be read.

" I am dreary and gray,  
And my thoughts fly away,  
Like a long flight of cranes,  
In a dark autumn day !

" They may go till they find  
The warm sunshine and wind,  
But the autumn remains,  
And my darkness of mind ! "

We always liked, with some slight reservations, Mr. Stoddard's poem " Adsum," on Thackeray's death, which we find here ; the ode on Abraham Lincoln is good, too, and the " Cæsar." A very striking poem is " Why stand ye gazing up into heaven ? " which is none the less remarkable because it attempts no certain answer to the unanswered.

*Atlantic Essays.* By THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON. Boston : James R. Osgood & Co.

OF the twelve papers here reprinted, the seven more strictly literary essays are in the interest of that self-respectful demeanor, high purpose, and honest art in literature which Mr. Higginson has always enforced by example in his own work, and which he has never ceased to advocate in a literary

generation much abandoned to pyrotechnics, with an incredible deal of stick to a very little rocket. We do not know but the example in these matters is better than the precept, yet we do not complain of the precept, since it cannot fail of the grace of example. There could not be more sensible or wittier advice than Mr. Higginson gives in "A Letter to a Young Contributor," but to our sad, certain knowledge the young contributor remains all that he was there deplored as being so long ago as 1862. Still, though these things cannot teach those to whom reading and writing have not come by nature the virtues that they praise, they ought to have a tonic and heartening effect upon others, and keep them from yielding to the temptations of a public that buys and pays trash as if it loved it. "A Plea for Culture," "Literature as an Art," "Americanism in Literature," and "On an Old Latin Text-Book," are papers that may be read with singular refreshment by all lovers of good literature, be they lay or cleric, and so we commend them.

We have always a feeling, however, that if Mr. Higginson were less conscious of a purpose to serve culture, he might serve himself and literature more. We like him best when he makes some study in the past or present of life that has no immediate relation to culture, and in this book we have had most pleasure in "A Charge with Prince Rupert," Mademoiselle's Campaigns," "The Puritan Minis-

ter," and "Fayal and the Portuguese." The last is a charming record of sojourn and observation among a people of curious interest, and abounds in sketches so skillfully touched and delicately colored, that we feel the loss of an admirable traveller in the fact that the author has not voyaged more. The other papers named seem to us quite as perfect in their presentation of the past. It is an art, this picturesque-historical essay (as we must unsatisfactorily call it) in which so many fail, that we shall sufficiently distinguish Mr. Higginson's success by saying that he succeeds. It borders upon historical romance; and it can be even more delusive. Vulgarly managed, it is intolerable; it is delightful when well done. If you would see how bad it can be, how false, read Dixon's "Tower of London," and for all its excellences turn to these papers of Mr. Higginson.

The "Atlantic Essays" were all first printed in our pages, and they range in date from the first to the present year of the magazine's existence. In that period we have offered the public of the best that has been produced in American literature; but, in their way, nothing better than these essays. The "constant reader" will think it very unnecessary to say this; and in fact it is somewhat late to praise Mr. Higginson for an elegance of style, a grace of humor and feeling, and an elevation of thought, which are matters of established fame.

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LIGHT AND DARKNESS.

"Thus, though tradition may have but one root, it grows, like a banyan, into a whole overarching labyrinth of trees." — CARLYLE.

WHEN Maitland blasphemously asserted that God was but "a Bogie of the nursery," he unwittingly made a remark as suggestive in point of philology as it was crude and repulsive in its atheism. When examined with the lenses of linguistic science, the "Bogie" or "Bug-a-boo" or "Bugbear" of nursery lore turns out to be identical not only with the fairy "Puck" whom Shakespeare has immortalized, but also with the Sclavonic "Bog" and the "Baga" of the Cuneiform Inscriptions, both of which are names for the Supreme Being. If we proceed further, and inquire after the ancestral form of these epithets, — so strangely incongruous in their significations, — we shall find it in the old Aryan "Bhaga," which reappears unchanged in the Sanskrit of the Vedas, and has left a memento of itself in the surname of the Phrygian Zeus "Bagaïos." It seems originally to have denoted either the unclouded sun or the sky of noontide illumined by the solar rays. In Sāyana's commentary on the Rig-Veda, Bhaga is enumerated among

the seven (or eight) sons of Aditi, the boundless Orient; and he is elsewhere described as the lord of life, the giver of bread, and the bringer of happiness.\*

Thus the same name which, to the Vedic poet, to the Persian of the times of Xerxes, and to the modern Russian, suggests the supreme majesty of deity, is in English associated with an ugly and ludicrous fiend, closely akin to that grotesque Northern devil of whom Southey was unable to think without laughing. Such is the irony of fate toward a deposed deity. The German name for idol — *Abgott*, that is, "ex-god," or "dethroned god" — sums up in a single etymology the history of the havoc wrought by monotheism among the ancient symbols of deity. In the hospitable Pantheon of the Greeks and Romans a niche was always in readiness for every new divinity who could produce respectable credentials; but the triumph of mono-

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\* Muir's Sanskrit Texts, Vol. IV. p. 12; Müller, Rig - Veda Sanhita, Vol. I. pp. 230-251; Fick, Woerterbuch der Indogermanischen Grundsprache, p. 124, s. v. Bhaga.

theism converted the stately mansion into a Pandemonium peopled with fiends. To the monotheist an "ex-god" was simply a devilish deceiver of mankind whom the true God had succeeded in vanquishing; and thus the word *demon*, which to the ancient meant a divine or semi-divine being, came to be applied to fiends exclusively. Thus the Teutonic races, who preserved the name of their highest divinity, Odin, — originally, Guodan, — by which to designate the God of the Christian,\* were unable to regard the Bog of ancient tradition as anything but an "ex-god," or vanquished demon.

The most striking illustration of this process is to be found in the word *devil* itself. To a reader unfamiliar with the endless tricks which language delights in playing, it may seem shocking to be told that the Gypsies use the word *devil* as the name of God.† This, however, is not because these people have made the archfiend an object of worship, but because the Gypsy language, descending directly from the Sanskrit, has retained in its primitive exalted sense a word which the English language has received only in its debased and perverted sense. The Teutonic words *devil*, *teufel*, *diuval*, *djöfull*, *djevful*, may, together with the Græco-Romanic *diabolus*, be traced back to the Zend *dev*,‡ a name in which is implicitly contained the record of the oldest monotheistic revolution known to history. The influence of the so-called Zoroastrian reform upon the long-subsequent development of Christianity will receive further notice in the course of this paper; for the present it is enough to know that it furnished for all Christendom the name by which it designates

the author of evil. To the Parsee follower of Zarathustra the name of the Devil has very nearly the same signification as to the Christian; yet, as Grimm has shown, it is nothing else than a corruption of *deva*, the Sanskrit name for God. When Zarathustra overthrew the primeval Aryan nature-worship in Bactria, this name met the same evil fate which in early Christian times overtook the word *demon*, and from a symbol of reverence became henceforth a symbol of detestation.\* But throughout the rest of the Aryan world it achieved a nobler career, producing the Greek *theos*, the Lithuanian *dievas*, the Latin *deus*, and hence the modern French *Dieu*, all meaning God.

If we trace back this remarkable word to its primitive source in that once lost but now partially recovered mother-tongue from which all our Aryan languages are descended, we find a root *div* or *dyu*, meaning "to shine." From the first-mentioned form comes *deva*, with its numerous progeny of good and evil appellatives; from the latter is derived the name of Dyaus, with its brethren, Zeus and Jupiter. In Sanskrit *dyu*, as a noun, means "sky" and "day"; and there are many passages in the Rig-Veda where the character of the god Dyaus, as the personification of the sky or the brightness of the ethereal heavens, is unmistakably apparent. This key unlocks for us one of the secrets of Greek mythology. So long as there was for Zeus no better etymology than that which assigned it to the root *zen*, "to live,"† there was little hope of understanding the nature of Zeus. But when

\* The Buddhistic as well as the Zarathustrian reformation degraded the Vedic gods into demons. "In Buddhism we find these ancient devas, Indra and the rest, carried about at shows, as servants of Buddha, as goblins or fabulous horses." Max Müller, Chips, I. 25. This is like the Christian change of Odin into an ogre, and of Thor into the Devil.

† *Zeús* — *Δία* — *Ζήνα* — *δι'* ὃν ζῆν ἀεὶ πάσι τοῖς ζῶσιν ὑπάρχει. Plato, Kratylus, p. 396, A., with Stallbaum's note. See also Proklos, Comm. ad Timæum, II. p. 226, Schneider; and compare Pseudo-Aristotle, De Mundo, p. 401, a, 15, who adopts the etymology *δι'* ὃν ζῶμεν. See also Diogenes Lærtius, VII. 147.

\* In the North American Review, October, 1869, p. 354. I have collected a number of facts which seem to me to prove beyond question that the name *God* is derived from *Guodan*, the original form of *Odin*, the supreme deity of our Pagan forefathers. The case is exactly parallel to that of the French *Dieu*, which is descended from the *Deus* of the pagan Roman.

† See Pott, Die Zigeuner, II. 311; Kuhn, Beiträge, I. 147.

‡ See Grimm, Deutsche Mythologie, 939.

we learn that Zeus is identical with Dyaus, the bright sky, we are enabled to understand Porace's expression, "sub Jove frigido," and the prayer of the Athenians, "Rain, rain, dear Zeus, on the land of the Athenians, and on the fields." Such expressions as these were retained by the Greeks and Romans long after they had forgotten that their supreme deity was once the sky. Yet even the Brahman, from whose mind the physical significance of the god's name never wholly disappeared, could speak of him as Father Dyaus, the great Pitri, or ancestor of gods and men; and in this reverential name *Dyaus pitar* may be seen the exact equivalent of the Roman's *Jupiter*, or Jove the Father. The same root can be followed into old German, where *Zio* is the god of day; and into Anglo-Saxon, where *Tiwsdaeg*, or the day of Zeus, is the ancestral form of *Tuesday*.

Thus we again reach the same results which were obtained from the examination of the name *Bhaga*. These various names for the supreme Aryan god, which without the help afforded by the Vedas could never have been interpreted, are seen to have been originally applied to the sun-illuminated firmament. Countless other examples, when similarly analyzed, show that the earliest Aryan conception of a divine Power, nourishing man and sustaining the universe, was suggested by the light of the mighty sun; who, as modern science has shown, is the originator of all life and motion upon the globe, and whom the ancients delighted to believe the source, not only of "the golden light,"\* but of everything that is bright, joy-giving, and pure. Nevertheless, in accepting this conclusion as well established by linguistic science, we must be on our guard against an error into which writers on mythology are very liable to fall. Neither sky nor sun nor light of day, neither Zeus nor Apollo, neither Dyaus nor Indra, was ever worshipped by the

ancient Aryan in anything like a monotheistic sense. To interpret Zeus or Jupiter as originally the supreme Aryan god, and to regard classic paganism as one of the degraded remnants of a primeval monotheism, is to sin against the canons of a sound inductive philosophy. Philology itself teaches us that this could not have been so. Father Dyaus was originally the bright sky and nothing more. Although his name became generalized, in the classic languages, into *deus*, or God, it is quite certain that in early days, before the Aryan separation, it had acquired no such exalted significance. It was only in Greece and Rome — or, we may say, among the still united Italo-Hellenic tribes — that Jupiter-Zeus attained a pre-eminence over all other deities. The people of Iran quite rejected him, the Teutons preferred Thor and Odin, and in India he was superseded, first by Indra, afterwards by Brahma and Vishnu. We need not, therefore, look for a single supreme divinity among the old Aryans; nor may we expect to find any sense, active or dormant, of monotheism in the primitive intelligence of uncivilized men.\* The whole fabric of comparative mythology, as at present constituted, rests upon the postulate that the earliest religion was pure fetishism.

In the unsystematic nature-worship of the old Aryans the gods are presented to us only as vague powers, with their nature and attributes dimly defined, and their relations to each other fluctuating and often contradictory. There is no theogony, no regular subordination of one deity to another. The same pair of divinities

\* The Aryans were, however, doubtless better off than the tribes of North America. "In no Indian language could the early missionaries find a word to express the idea of God. *Manitou* and *Oki* meant anything endowed with supernatural powers, from a snake-skin or a greasy Indian conjurer up to *Manabozho* and *Jouskeha*. The priests were forced to use a circumlocution, — 'the great chief of men,' or 'he who lives in the sky.'" Parkman, *Jesuits in North America*, p. lxxix. "The Algonquins used no oaths, for their language supplied none: doubtless because their mythology had no beings sufficiently distinct to swear by." *Ibid.*, p. 31.

\* "Il Sol, dell aurea luce eterno fonte." Tasso, *Gemsalemme*, XV. 47; cf. Dante, *Paradiso*, X. 28.



appear now as father and daughter, now as brother and sister, now as husband and wife; and again they quite lose their personality, and are represented as mere natural phenomena. As Müller observes, "The poets of the Veda indulged freely in theogonic speculations without being frightened by any contradictions. They knew of Indra as the greatest of gods, they knew of Agni as the god of gods, they knew of Varuna as the ruler of all; but they were by no means startled at the idea that their Indra had a mother, or that their Agni [Latin *ignis*] was born like a babe from the friction of two fire-sticks, or that Varuna and his brother Mitra were nursed in the lap of Aditi.\* Thus we have seen Bhaga, the daylight, represented as the offspring of Aditi, the boundless Orient; but he had several brothers, and among them were Mitra, the sun, Varuna, the over-arching firmament, and Vivasvat, the vivifying sun. Manifestly we have here but so many different names for what is at bottom one and the same conception. The common element which, in Dyaus and Varuna, in Bhaga and Indra, was made an object of worship, is the brightness, warmth, and life of day, as contrasted with the darkness, cold, and seeming death of the night-time. And this common element was personified in as many different ways as the unrestrained fancy of the ancient worshipper saw fit to devise.†

Thus we begin to see why a few simple objects, like the sun, the sky, the dawn, and the night, should be represented in mythology by such a host of gods, goddesses, and heroes. For at one time the Sun is represented the conqueror of hydras and dragons who hide away from men the golden treasures of light and warmth, and at another time he is represented as a weary voyager traversing the sky-sea amid many perils, with the steadfast purpose of returning to his western home and

his twilight bride; hence the different conceptions of Herakles, Bellerophon, and Odysseus. Now he is represented as the son of the Dawn, and again, with equal propriety, as the son of the Night, and the fickle lover of the Dawn; hence we have, on the one hand, stories of a virgin mother who dies in giving birth to a hero, and, on the other hand, stories of a beautiful maiden who is forsaken and perhaps cruelly slain by her treacherous lover. Indeed, the Sun's adventures with so many dawn-maidens have given him quite a bad character, and the legends are numerous in which he appears as the prototype of Don Juan. Yet again his separation from the bride of his youth is described as due to no fault of his own, but to a resistless decree of fate, which hurries him away, as Æneas was compelled to abandon Dido. Or, according to a third and equally plausible notion, he is a hero of ascetic virtues, and the dawn-maiden is a wicked enchantress, daughter of the sensual Aphrodite, who vainly endeavors to seduce him. In the story of Odysseus these various conceptions are blended together. When enticed by artful women,\* he yields for a while to the temptation; but by and by his longing to see Penelope takes him homeward, albeit with a record which Penelope might not altogether have liked. Again, though the Sun, "always roaming with a hungry heart," has seen many cities and customs of strange men, he is nevertheless confined to a single path, — a circumstance which occasioned much speculation in the primeval mind. Garcilaso de la Vega relates of a certain Peruvian Inca, who seems to have been an "infidel" with reference to the orthodox mythol-

\* It should be borne in mind, however, that one of the women who tempt Odysseus is not a dawn-maiden, but a goddess of darkness; Kalypso answers to Venus-Ursula in the myth of Tannhäuser. Kirke, on the other hand, seems to be a dawn-maiden, like Medeia, whom she resembles. In her the wisdom of the dawn-goddess Athene, the loftiest of Greek divinities, becomes degraded into the art of an enchantress. She reappears, in the Arabian Nights, as the wicked Queen Labe, whose sorcery none of her lovers can baffle, save Beder, king of Persia.

\* Müller, *Rig-Veda-Sanhita*, I. 230.

† Compare the remarks of Bréal, *Hercule et Cadmus*, p. 13.

ogy of his day, that he thought the Sun was not such a mighty god after all ; for if he were, he would wander about the heavens at random instead of going forever, like a horse in a treadmill, along the same course. The American Indians explained this circumstance by myths which told how the Sun was once caught and tied with a chain which would only let him swing a little way to one side or the other. The ancient Aryan developed the nobler myth of the labors of Herakles, performed in obedience to the bidding of Eurystheus. Again, the Sun must needs destroy its parents, the Night and the Dawn ; and accordingly his parents, forewarned by prophecy, expose him in infancy, or order him to be put to death ; but his tragic destiny never fails to be accomplished to the letter. And again the Sun, who engages in quarrels not his own, is sometimes represented as retiring moodily from the sight of men, like Achilleus and Meleagros : he is short-lived and ill-fated, born to do much good and to be repaid with ingratitude ; his life depends on the duration of a burning brand, and when that is extinguished he must die.

The myth of the great Theban hero, Oidipous, well illustrates the multiplicity of conceptions which clustered about the daily career of the solar orb. His father, Laios, had been warned by the Delphic oracle that he was in danger of death from his own son. The newly born Oidipous was therefore exposed on the hillside ; but, like Romulus and Remus, and all infants similarly situated in legend, was duly rescued. He was taken to Corinth, where he grew up to manhood. Journeying once to Thebes, he got into a quarrel with an old man whom he met on the road, and slew him, who was none other than his father, Laios. Reaching Thebes, he found the city harassed by the Sphinx, who afflicted the land with drought until she should receive an answer to her riddles. Oidipous destroyed the monster by solving her dark sayings, and as a reward

received the kingdom, with his own mother, Iokaste, as his bride. Then the Erinyes hastened the discovery of these dark deeds ; Iokaste died in her bridal chamber ; and Oidipous, having blinded himself, fled to the grove of the Eumenides, near Athens, where, amid flashing lightning and peals of thunder, he died.

Oidipous is the Sun. Like all the solar heroes, from Herakles and Perseus to Sigurd and William Tell, he performs his marvellous deeds at the behest of others. His father, Laios, is none other than the Vedic Dasyu, the night-demon who is sure to be destroyed by his solar offspring. In the evening, Oidipous is united to the Dawn, the mother who had borne him at day-break ; and here the original story doubtless ended. In the Vedic hymns we find Indra, the Sun, born of Dahana (Daphne), the Dawn, whom he afterwards, in the evening twilight, marries. To the Indian mind the story was here complete ; but the Greeks had forgotten and outgrown the primitive signification of the myth. To them Oidipous and Iokaste were human, or at least anthropomorphic beings ; and a marriage between them was a fearful crime which called for bitter expiation. Thus the latter part of the story arose in the effort to satisfy a moral feeling. As the name of Laios denotes the dark night, so, like Iole, Oinone, and Iamos, the word *Iokaste* signifies the delicate *violet* tints of the morning and evening clouds. Oidipous was exposed, like Paris upon Ida (a Vedic word meaning "the earth"), because the sunlight in the morning lies upon the hillside.\* He is borne on to the destruction of his father and the incestuous marriage with his mother by an irresistible Moira, or Fate ; the sun cannot but slay the darkness and hasten to the couch of

\* The Persian Cyrus is an historical personage ; but the story of his perils in infancy belongs to solar mythology as much as the stories of the magic sleep of Charlemagne and Barbarossa. His grandfather, Astyages, is purely a mythical creation, his name being identical with that of the night-demon, Azidahâka, who appears in the Shah-Nameh as the biting serpent Zohâk. See Cox, *Mythology of the Aryan Nations*, II. 358.

the violet twilight.\* The Sphinx is the storm-demon who sits on the cloud-rock and imprisons the rain ; she is the same as Medusa, Ahi, or Echidna, and Chimaira, and is akin to the throttling snakes of darkness which the jealous Here sent to destroy Herakles in his cradle. The idea was not derived from Egypt, but the Greeks, on finding Egyptian figures resembling their conception of the Sphinx, called them by the same name. The omniscient Sun comprehends the sense of her dark mutterings, and destroys her, as Indra slays Vritra, bringing down rain upon the parched earth. The Erinyes, who bring to light the crimes of Oidipous, have been explained, in a previous paper, as the personification of daylight, which reveals the evil deeds done under the cover of night. The grove of the Erinyes, like the garden of the Hyperboreans, represents "the fairy network of clouds, which are the first to receive and the last to lose the light of the sun in the morning and in the evening ; hence, although Oidipous dies in a thunder-storm, yet the Eumenides are kind to him, and his last hour is one of deep peace and tranquillity."† To the last remains with him his daughter Antigone, "she who is born opposite," the pale light which springs up opposite to the setting sun.

These examples show that a story-root may be as prolific of heterogeneous offspring as a word-root. Just as we find the root *spak*, "to look," begetting words so various as *sceptic*, *bishop*, *speculate*, *conspicuous*, *species*, and *spice*, we must expect to find a simple representation of the diurnal course of the sun, like those lyrically given in the Veda, branching off into stories as diversified as those of Oidipous, Herakles, Odysseus, and Siegfried. In fact, the types upon which stories are constructed are wonderfully few. Some clever playwright — I believe it was Scribe — has said that there are only seven possible dramatic

situations ; that is, all the plays in the world may be classed with some one of seven archetypal dramas.\* If this be true, the astonishing complexity of mythology taken in the concrete, as compared with its extreme simplicity when analyzed, need not surprise us.

The extreme limits of divergence between stories descended from a common root are probably reached in the myths of light and darkness with which the present discussion is mainly concerned. The subject will be best elucidated by taking a single one of these myths and following its various fortunes through different regions of the Aryan world. The myth of Hercules and Cacus has been treated by M. Bréal in an essay which is one of the most valuable contributions ever made to the study of comparative mythology ; and while following his footsteps our task will be an easy one.

The battle between Hercules and Cacus, although one of the oldest of the traditions common to the whole Indo-European race, appears in Italy as a purely local legend, and is narrated as such by Virgil, in the eighth book of the *Æneid* ; by Livy, at the beginning of his history ; and by Propertius and Ovid. Hercules, journeying through Italy after his victory over Geryon, stops to rest by the bank of the Tiber. While he is taking his repose, the three-headed monster Cacus, a son of Vulcan and a formidable brigand, comes and steals his cattle, and drags them tail-foremost to a secret cavern in the rocks. But the lowing of the cows arouses Hercules, and he runs toward the cavern where the robber, already frightened, has taken refuge. Armed with a huge flinty rock, he breaks open the entrance of the cavern, and confronts the demon within, who vomits forth flames at him and roars like the thunder in the storm-cloud. After a

\* In his interesting appendix to Henderson's *Folk Lore of the Northern Countries of England*, Mr. Baring-Gould has made an ingenious and praiseworthy attempt to reduce the entire existing mass of household legends to about fifty story-roots ; and his list, though both redundant and defective, is nevertheless, as an empirical classification, very instructive.

\* In mediæval legend this resistless Moira is transformed into the curse which prevents the Wandering Jew from resting until the day of judgment.

† Cox, *Manual of Mythology*, p. 134.

short combat, his hideous body falls at the feet of the invincible hero, who erects on the spot an altar to Jupiter Inventor, in commemoration of the recovery of his cattle. Ancient Rome teemed with reminiscences of this event, which Livy regarded as first in the long series of the exploits of his countrymen. The place where Hercules pastured his oxen was known long after as the *Forum Boarium*; near it the *Porta Trigemina* preserved the recollection of the monster's triple head; and in the time of Diodorus sight-seers were shown the cavern of Cacus on the slope of the Aventine. Every tenth day the earlier generations of Romans celebrated the victory with solemn sacrifices at the *Ara Maxima*; and on days of triumph the fortunate general deposited there a tithe of his booty, to be distributed among the citizens.

In this famous myth, however, the god Hercules did not originally figure. The Latin Hercules was an essentially peaceful and domestic deity, watching over households and enclosures, and nearly akin to Terminus and the Penates. He does not appear to have been a solar divinity at all. But the purely accidental resemblance of his name to that of the Greek deity Herakles,\* and the manifest identity of the Cacus-myth with the story of the victory of Herakles over Geryon, led to the substitution of Hercules for the original hero of the legend, who was none other than Jupiter, called by his Sabine name Sancus. Now Johannes Lydus informs us that, in Sabine, *Sancus* signified "the sky," a meaning which we have already seen to belong to the name *Jupiter*. The same substitution of the Greek hero for the Roman divinity led to the alteration of the name of the demon overcome by his thunderbolts. The corrupted title

*Cacus* was supposed to be identical with the Greek word *kakos*, meaning "evil," and the corruption was suggested by the epithet of Herakles, *Alexikakos*, or "the averter of ill." Originally, however, the name was *Cæcius*, "he who blinds or darkens," and it corresponds literally to the name of the Greek demon *Kaikias*, whom an old proverb, preserved by Aulus Gellius, describes as a stealer of the clouds.\*

Thus the significance of the myth becomes apparent. The three-headed Cacus is seen to be a near kinsman of Geryon's three-headed dog Orthros, and of the three-headed Kerberos, the hell-hound who guards the dark regions below the horizon. He is the original werewolf or Rakshasa, the fiend of the storm who steals the bright cattle of Helios, and hides them in the black cavernous rock, from which they are afterwards rescued by the schamir or lightning-stone of the solar hero. The physical character of the myth is apparent even in the description of Virgil, which reads wonderfully like a Vedic hymn in celebration of the exploits of Indra. But when we turn to the Veda itself, we find the correctness of the interpretation demonstrated again and again, with inexhaustible prodigality of evidence. Here we encounter again the three-headed *Orthros* under the identical title of *Vritra*, "he who shrouds or envelopes," called also *Cushna*, "he who parches," *Pani*, "the robber," and *Ahi*, "the strangler." In many hymns of the Rig-Veda the story is told over and over, like a musical theme arranged with variations. Indra, the god of light, is a herdsman who tends a herd of bright golden or violet-colored cattle. *Vritra*, a snake-like monster with three heads, steals them and hides them in a cavern, but Indra slays him as Jupiter slew Cæcius, and the cows are recovered. The language of the myth is so significant, that the Hindu commentators of the Veda have themselves given explanations of

\* There is nothing in common between the names *Hercules* and *Herakles*. The latter is a compound, formed like *Themistokles*; the former is a simple derivative from the root of *hercere*, "to enclose." If *Herakles* had any equivalent in Latin, it would necessarily begin with *S*, and not with *H*, as *septa* corresponds to *έντρα*, *segur* to *έννομα*, etc.

\* For the relations between Sancus and Herakles, see Preller, *Römische Mythologie*, p. 635; Vollmer, *Mythologie*, p. 970.

it similar to those proposed by modern philologists. To them the legend never became devoid of sense, as the myth of Geryon appeared to Greek scholars like Apollodoros.\*

These celestial cattle, with their resplendent coats of purple and gold, are the clouds lit up by the solar rays ; but the demon who steals them is not always the fiend of the storm, acting in that capacity. They are stolen every night by Vritra the concealer, and Cæsius the darkener, and Indra is obliged to spend hours in looking for them, sending Saramâ, the inconstant twilight, to negotiate for their recovery. Between the storm-myth and the myth of night and morning the resemblance is sometimes so close as to confuse the interpretation of the two. Many legends which Max Müller explains as myths of the victory of day over night, are explained by Dr. Kuhn as storm-myths ; and the disagreement between two such powerful champions would be a standing reproach to what is rather prematurely called the *science* of comparative mythology, were it not easy to show that the difference is merely apparent and non-essential. It is the old story of the shield with two sides ; and a comparison of the ideas fundamental to these myths will show that there is no valid ground for disagreement in the interpretation of them. The myths of schamir and the divining-rod, analyzed in a previous paper, explain the rending of the thunder-cloud and the procuring of water without especial reference to any struggle between opposing divinities. But in the myth of Hercules and Cacus, the fundamental idea is the victory of the solar god over the robber who steals the light. Now whether the robber carries off the light in the evening when Indra has gone to sleep, or boldly rears his black form against the sky during the daytime, causing darkness to spread over the earth, would make little difference to the framers of the myth. To a chicken a solar eclipse is

the same thing as nightfall, and he goes to roost accordingly. Why, then, should the primitive thinker have made a distinction between the darkening of the sky caused by black clouds and that caused by the rotation of the earth ? He had no more conception of the scientific explanation of these phenomena than the chicken has of the scientific explanation of an eclipse. For him it was enough to know that the solar radiance was stolen, in the one case as in the other, and to suspect that the same demon was to blame for both robberies.

The Veda itself sustains this view. It is certain that the victory of Indra over Vritra is essentially the same as his victory over the Panis. Vritra, the storm-fiend, is himself called "one of the Panis ; yet the latter are uniformly represented as night-demons. They steal Indra's golden cattle and drive them by circuitous paths to a dark hiding-place near the eastern horizon. Indra sends the dawn-nymph, Saramâ, to search for them, but as she comes within sight of the dark stable, the Panis try to coax her to stay with them : " Let us make thee our sister, do not go away again ; we will give thee part of the cows, O darling."\* According to the text of this hymn, she scorns their solicitations, but elsewhere the fickle dawn-nymph is said to coquette with the powers of darkness. She does not care for their cows, but will take a drink of milk, if they will be so good as to get it for her. Then she goes back and tells Indra that she cannot find the cows. He kicks her with his foot, and she runs back to the Panis, followed by the god, who smites them all with his unerring arrows and recovers the stolen light. From such a simple beginning as this has been deduced the Greek myth of the faithlessness of Helen.†

\* Max Müller, *Science of Language*, II. 484.

† As Max Müller observes, " apart from all mythological considerations, *Saramâ* in Sanskrit is the same word as *Helena* in Greek." *Op. cit.* p. 490. The names correspond phonetically letter for letter, as *Surya* corresponds to *Helios*, *Saramâyas* to *Hermetas*, and *Aharyu* to *Achilleus*. *Paulis* similarly answers to the *Panis*.

\* Burnouf, *Bhâgavata-Purâna*, III. p. lxxxvi ; *Béal*, *op. cit.* p. 98.

These night-demons, the Panis, though not apparently regarded with any strong feeling of moral condemnation, are nevertheless hated and dreaded as the authors of calamity. They not only steal the daylight, but they parch the earth and wither the fruits, and they slay vegetation during the winter months. As *Cacius*, the "darkener," became ultimately changed into *Cacus*, the "evil one," so the name of *Vritra*, the "concealer," the most famous of the Panis, was gradually generalized until it came to mean "enemy," like the English word *fiend*, and began to be applied indiscriminately to any kind of evil spirit. In one place he is called *Adeva*, the "enemy of the gods," an epithet exactly equivalent to the Persian *dev*.

In the Zendavesta the myth of Hercules and Cacus has given rise to a vast system of theology. The fiendish Panis are concentrated in Ahriman or Anro-mainyas, whose name signifies the "spirit of darkness," and who carries on a perpetual warfare against Ormuzd or Ahura-mazda, who is described by his ordinary surname, Spento-mainyas, as the "spirit of light." The ancient polytheism here gives place to a refined dualism, not very different from what in many Christian sects has passed current as monotheism. Ahriman is the archfiend, who struggles with Ormuzd, not for the possession of a herd of perishable cattle, but for the dominion of the universe. Ormuzd creates the world pure and beautiful, but Ahriman comes after him and creates everything that is evil in it. He not only keeps the earth covered with darkness during half of the day, and withholds the rain and destroys the crops, but he is the author of all evil thoughts and the instigator of all wicked actions. Like his progenitor Vritra and his offspring Satan, he is represented under the form of a serpent; and the destruction which ultimately awaits these demons is also in reserve for him. Eventually there is to be a day of reckoning, when Ahriman will be bound in chains and ren-

dered powerless, or when, according to another account, he will be converted to righteousness, as Burns hoped and Origen believed would be the case with Satan.

This dualism of the ancient Persians has exerted a powerful influence upon the development of Christian theology. The very idea of an archfiend Satan, which Christianity received from Judaism, seems either to have been suggested by the Persian Ahriman, or at least to have derived its principal characteristics from that source. There is no evidence that the Jews, previous to the Babylonish captivity, possessed the conception of a Devil as the author of all evil. In the earlier books of the Old Testament Jehovah is represented as dispensing with his own hand the good and the evil, like the Zeus of the Iliad.\* The story of the serpent in Eden,—an Aryan story in every particular, which has crept into the Pentateuch,—is not once alluded to in the Old Testament; and the notion of Satan as the author of evil appears only in the later books, composed after the Jews had come into close contact with Persian ideas. In the Book of Job, as Réville observes, Satan is "still a member of the celestial court, being one of the sons of the Elohim, but having as his special office the continual accusation of men, and having become so suspicious by his practice as public accuser, that he believes in the virtue of no one, and always presupposes interested motives for the purest manifestations of human piety." In this way the character of this angel became injured, and he became more and more an object of dread and dislike to men, until the later Jews ascribed to him all the attributes of Ahriman, and in this singularly altered shape he passed into Christian theology. Between the Satan of the Book of Job and the mediæval Devil the metamorphosis is as great as that

\* "I create evil," Isaiah xlv. 7; "Shall there be evil in the city, and the Lord hath not done it," Amos iii. 6; cf. Iliad, xxiv. 527, and contrast 2 Samuel xxiv. 1 with 1 Chronicles xxi. 1.

which degraded the stern Erinyes, who brings evil deeds to light, into the demon-like Fury who torments wrongdoers in Tartarus; and, making allowance for difference of circumstances, the process of degradation has been very nearly the same in the two cases.

The mediæval conception of the Devil is a grotesque compound of elements derived from all the systems of pagan mythology which Christianity superseded. He is primarily a rebellious angel, expelled from heaven along with his followers, like the giants who attempted to scale Olympus, and like the impious Esfreets of Arabian legend who revolted against the beneficent rule of Solomon. As the serpent prince of the outer darkness, he retains the old characteristics of Vritra, Ahi, Typhon, and Echidna. As the black dog which appears behind the stove in Dr. Faust's study, he is the classic hell-hound Kerberos, the Vedic Carvāra. From the sylvan deity Pan he gets his goat-like body, his horns and cloven hoofs. Like the wind-god Orpheus, to whose music the trees bent their heads to listen, he is an unrivalled player on the bagpipes. Like those other wind-gods the psychopomp Hermes and the wild huntsman Odin, he is the prince of the powers of the air: his flight through the midnight sky, attended by his troop of witches mounted on their brooms, which sometimes break the boughs and sweep the leaves from the trees, is the same as the furious chase of the Erlking Odin or the Burckar Vittikâb. He is Dionysos, who causes red wine to flow from the dry wood, alike on the deck of the Tyrhenian pirate-ship and in Auerbach's cellar at Leipzig. He is Wayland, the smith, a skilful worker in metals and a wonderful architect, like the classic fire-god Hephaistos or Vulcan; and, like Hephaistos, he is lame from the effects of his fall from heaven. From the lightning-god Thor he obtains his red beard, his pitchfork, and his power over thunderbolts; and, like that ancient deity, he is in the habit of beating his wife behind the door when the

rain falls during sunshine. Finally, he takes a hint from Poseidon and from the swan-maidens, and appears as a water-imp or Nixy (whence probably his name of Old Nick), and as the Davy (*deva*) whose "locker" is situated at the bottom of the sea.\*

According to the Scotch divines of the seventeenth century, the Devil is a learned scholar and profound thinker. Having profited by six thousand years of intense study and meditation, he has all science, philosophy, and theology at his tongue's end; and, as his skill has increased with age, he is far more than a match for mortals in cunning † Such, however, is not the view taken by mediæval mythology, which usually represents his stupidity as equalling his malignity. The victory of Hercules over Cacus is repeated in a hundred mediæval legends in which the Devil is overreached and made a laughing-stock. The germ of this notion may be found in the blinding of Polyphemus by Odysseus, which is itself a victory of the sun-hero over the night-demon, and which curiously reappears in a Middle Age story narrated by Mr. Cox. "The Devil asks a man who is moulding buttons what he may be doing; and when the man answers that he is moulding eyes, asks him further whether he can give him a pair of new eyes. He is told to come again another day; and when he makes his appearance accordingly, the man tells him that the operation cannot be performed rightly unless he is first tightly bound with his back fastened to a bench. While he is thus pinioned he asks the man's name. The reply is Issi ('himself'). When the lead is melted, the Devil opens his eyes wide to receive the deadly stream. As soon as he is blinded, he starts up in agony, bearing away the bench to which he had

\* For further particulars see Cox, *Mythology of the Aryan Nations*, Vol. II. pp. 358, 366; to which I am indebted for several of the details here given. Compare Welcker, *Griechische Götterlehre*, I. 661 seq.

† Many amusing passages from Scotch theologians are cited in Buckle's *History of Civilization*, Vol. II. p. 368. The same belief is implied in the quaint monkish tale of "Celestinus and the Miller's Horse." See *Tales from the Gesta Romanorum*, p. 134.



been bound ; and when some workpeople in the fields ask him who had thus treated him, his answer is, 'Issi teggi' ('Self did it'). With a laugh they bid him lie on the bed which he has made : 'selbst gethan, selbst habe.' The Devil died of his new eyes, and was never seen again."

In his attempts to obtain human souls the Devil is frequently foiled by the superior cunning of mortals. Once, he agreed to build a house for a peasant in exchange for the peasant's soul ; but if the house were not finished before cockcrow, the contract was to be null and void. Just as the Devil was putting on the last tile the man imitated a cockcrow and waked up all the roosters in the neighborhood, so that the fiend had his labor for his pains. A merchant of Louvain once sold himself to the Devil, who heaped upon him all manner of riches for seven years, and then came to get him. The merchant "took the Devil in a friendly manner by the hand and, as it was just evening, said, 'Wife, bring a light quickly for the gentleman.' 'That is not at all necessary,' said the Devil ; 'I am merely come to fetch you.' 'Yes, yes, that I know very well,' said the merchant, 'only just grant me the time till this little candle-end is burnt out, as I have a few letters to sign and to put on my coat.' 'Very well,' said the Devil, 'but only till the candle is burnt out.' 'Good,' said the merchant, and going into the next room, ordered the maid-servant to place a large cask full of water close to a very deep pit that was dug in the garden. The men-servants also carried, each of them, a cask to the spot ; and when all was done, they were ordered each to take a shovel, and stand round the pit. The merchant then returned to the Devil, who seeing that not more than about an inch of candle remained, said, laughing, 'Now get yourself ready, it will soon be burnt out.' 'That I see, and am content ; but I shall hold you to your word, and stay till it *is* burnt.' 'Of course,' answered the Devil ; 'I stick to my word.' 'It is dark in the

next room,' continued the merchant, 'but I must find the great book with clasps, so let me just take the light for one moment.' 'Certainly,' said the Devil, 'but I'll go with you.' He did so, and the merchant's trepidation was now on the increase. When in the next room he said on a sudden, 'Ah, now I know, the key is in the garden door.' And with these words he ran out with the light into the garden, and before the Devil could overtake him, threw it into the pit, and the man and the maids poured water upon it, and then filled up the hole with earth. Now came the Devil into the garden and asked, 'Well, did you get the key ? and how is it with the candle ? where is it ?' 'The candle ?' said the merchant. 'Yes, the candle.' 'Ha, ha, ha ! it is not yet burnt out,' answered the merchant, laughing, 'and will not be burnt out for the next fifty years ; it lies there a hundred fathoms deep in the earth.' When the Devil heard this he screamed awfully, and went off with a most intolerable stench."\*

One day a fowler, who was a terrible bungler and could not hit a bird at a dozen paces, sold his soul to the Devil in order to become a Freischütz. The fiend was to come for him in seven years, but must be always able to name the animal at which he was shooting, otherwise the compact was to be nullified. After that day the fowler never missed his aim, and never did a fowler command such wages. When the seven years were out the fowler told all these things to his wife, and the twain hit upon an expedient for cheating the Devil. The woman stripped herself, daubed her whole body with molasses, and rolled herself up in a feather-bed, cut open for this purpose. Then she hopped and skipped about the field where her husband stood parleying with Old Nick. "There's a shot for you, fire away," said the Devil. "Of course I'll fire, but do you first tell me what kind of a bird it is ; else our agreement is cancelled, old boy." There was no help for it ; the

\* Thorpe, Northern Mythology, Vol. II. p. 258.

Devil had to own himself nonplussed, and off he fled, with a whiff of brimstone which nearly suffocated the Freischütz and his good woman.\*

In the legend of Gambrinus, the fiend is still more ingloriously defeated. Gambrinus was a fiddler, who, being jilted by his sweetheart, went out into the woods to hang himself. As he was sitting on the bough, with the cord about his neck, preparatory to taking the fatal plunge, suddenly a tall man in a green coat appeared before him, and offered his services. He might become as wealthy as he liked, and make his sweetheart burst with vexation at her own folly, but in thirty years he must give up his soul to Beelzebub. The bargain was struck, for Gambrinus thought thirty years a long time to enjoy one's self in, and perhaps the Devil might get him in any event; as well be hung for a sheep as for a lamb. Aided by Satan, he invented chiming-bells and lager-beer, for both of which achievements his name is held in grateful remembrance by the Teuton. No sooner had the Holy Roman Emperor quaffed a gallon or two of the new beverage than he made Gambrinus Duke of Brabant and Count of Flanders, and then it was the fiddler's turn to laugh at the discomfiture of his old sweetheart. Gambrinus kept clear of women, says the legend, and so lived in peace. For thirty years he sat beneath his belfry with the chimes, meditatively drinking beer with his nobles and burghers around him. Then Beelzebub sent Jocko, one of his imps, with orders to bring back Gambrinus before midnight. But Jocko was, like Swivel's Marchioness, ignorant of the taste of beer, never having drunk of it even in a sip, and the Flemish Schoppen were too much for him. He fell into a drunken sleep, and did not wake up

until noon next day, at which he was so mortified that he had not the face to go back to hell at all. So Gambrianus lived on tranquilly for a century or two, and drank so much beer that he turned into a beer-barrel.\*

The character of gullibility attributed to the Devil in these legends is probably derived from the Trolls, or "night-folk," of Northern mythology. In most respects the Trolls resemble the Teutonic elves and fairies, and the Jinn or Efreetis of the Arabian Nights; but their pedigree is less honorable. The fairies, or "White Ladies," were not originally spirits of darkness, but were nearly akin to the swan-maidens, dawn-nymphs, and dryads, and though their wrath was to be dreaded, they were not malignant by nature. Christianity, having no place for such beings, degraded them into something like imps; the most charitable theory being that they were angels who had remained neutral during Satan's rebellion, in punishment for which Michael expelled them from heaven, but has left their ultimate fate unannounced until the day of judgment. The Jinn appear to have been similarly degraded on the rise of Mohammedanism. But the Trolls were always imps of darkness. They are descended from the Jötuns, or Frost-Giants of Northern paganism, and they correspond to the Panis, or night-demons of the Veda. In many Norse tales they are said to burst when they see the risen sun.† They eat human flesh, are ignorant of the simplest arts, and live in the deepest recesses of the forest or in caverns on the hillside, where the sunlight never penetrates. Some of these characteristics may very likely have been suggested by reminiscences of the primeval Lapps, from whom the Aryan invaders wrested the dominion of Europe.‡ In some legends the Trolls

\* Thorpe, *Northern Mythology*, Vol. II. p. 259. In the Norse story of "Not a Pin to choose between them," the old woman is in doubt as to her own identity, on waking up after the butcher has dipped her in a tar-barrel and rolled her on a heap of feathers; and when Tray barks at her, her perplexity is as great as the Devil's when fooled by the Freischütz. See Dasent, *Norse Tales*, p. 199.

\* See Deulin, *Contes d'un Buveur de Bière*, pp. 3-29.

† Dasent, *Popular Tales from the Norse*, No. III. and No. XLII.

‡ See Dasent's Introduction, p. cxxxix; Campbell, *Tales of the West Highlands*, Vol. IV. p. 344; and Williams, *Indian Epic Poetry*, p. 10.

are represented as an ancient race of beings now superseded by the human race. "What sort of an earth-worm is this?" said one Giant to another, when they met a man as they walked. "These are the earth-worms that will one day eat us up, brother," answered the other; and soon both Giants left that part of Germany." "See what pretty playthings, mother!" cries the Giant's daughter, as she unties her apron, and shows her a plough, and horses, and a peasant. "Back with them this instant," cries the mother in wrath, "and put them down as carefully as you can, for these playthings can do our race great harm, and when these come we must budge." Very naturally the primitive Teuton, possessing already the conception of night-demons, would apply it to these men of the woods whom even to this day his uneducated descendants believe to be sorcerers, able to turn men into wolves. But whatever contributions historical fact may have added to his character, the Troll is originally a creation of mythology, like Polyphemus, whom he resembles in his uncouth person, his cannibal appetite, and his lack of wit. His ready gullibility is shown in the story of "Boots who ate a Match with the Troll." Boots, the brother of Cinderella, and the counterpart alike of Jack the Giant-killer, and of Odysseus, is the youngest of three brothers who go into a forest to cut wood. The Troll appears and threatens to kill any one who dares to meddle with his timber. The elder brothers flee, but Boots puts on a bold face. He pulled a cheese out of his scrip and squeezed it till the whey began to spurt out. "Hold your tongue, you dirty Troll," said he, "or I'll squeeze you as I squeeze this stone." So the Troll grew timid and begged to be spared,\* and Boots let him off on condition that he would hew all day with him. They worked

till nightfall, and the Troll's giant strength accomplished wonders. Then Boots went home with the Troll, having arranged that he should get the water while his host made the fire. When they reached the hut there were two enormous iron pails, so heavy that none but a Troll could lift them, but Boots was not to be frightened. "Bah!" said he. "Do you suppose I am going to get water in those paltry hand-basins? Hold on till I go and get the spring itself!" "O dear!" said the Troll, "I'd rather not; do you make the fire, and I'll get the water." Then when the soup was made, Boots challenged his new friend to an eating-match; and tying his scrip in front of him, proceeded to pour soup into it by the ladleful. By and by the giant threw down his spoon in despair, and owned himself conquered. "No, no! don't give it up yet," said Boots, "just cut a hole in your stomach like this, and you can eat forever." And suiting the action to the words, he ripped open his scrip. So the silly Troll cut himself open and died, and Boots carried off all his gold and silver.

Once there was a Troll whose name was Wind-and-Weather, and Saint Olaf hired him to build a church. If the church were completed within a certain specified time, the Troll was to get possession of Saint Olaf. The saint then planned such a stupendous edifice that he thought the giant would be forever building it; but the work went on briskly, and at the appointed day nothing remained but to finish the point of the spire. In his consternation Olaf rushed about until he passed by the Troll's den, when he heard the giantess telling her children that their father, Wind-and-Weather, was finishing his church, and would be home tomorrow with Saint Olaf. So the saint ran back to the church and bawled out, "Hold on, Wind-and-Weather, your spire is crooked!" Then the

\* "A Leopard was returning home from hunting on one occasion, when he lighted on the kraal of a Ram. Now the Leopard had never seen a Ram before, and accordingly, approaching submissively, he said, 'Good day, friend! what may your name be?' The other, in his gruff voice, and striking his breast

with his forefoot, said, 'I am a Ram; who are you?' 'A Leopard,' answered the other, more dead than alive; and then, taking leave of the Ram, he ran home as fast as he could." Bleek, *Hottentot Fables*, p. 24.

giant tumbled down from the roof and broke into a thousand pieces. As in the cases of the Mara and the werewolf, the enchantment was at an end as soon as the enchanter was called by name.

These Trolls, like the Arabian Efreet, had an ugly habit of carrying off beautiful princesses. This is strictly in keeping with their character as night-demons, or Panis. In the stories of Punchkin and the heartless Giant, the night-demon carries off the dawn-maiden after having turned into stone her solar brethren. But Boots, or Indra, in search of his kinsfolk, by and by arrives at the Troll's castle, and then the dawn-nymph, true to her fickle character, cajoles the Giant and enables Boots to destroy him. In the famous myth which serves as the basis for the *Völsunga Saga* and the *Nibelungenlied*, the dragon Fafnir steals the Valkyrie Brynhild and keeps her shut up in a castle on the Glistening Heath, until some champion shall be found powerful enough to rescue her. The castle is as hard to enter as that of the Sleeping Beauty; but Sigurd, the Northern Achilles, riding on his deathless horse, and wielding his resistless sword Gram, forces his way in, slays Fafnir, and recovers the Valkyrie.

In the preceding paper the Valkyries were shown to belong to the class of cloud-maidens; and between the tale of Sigurd and that of Hercules and Cacus there is no difference, save that the bright sunlit clouds which are represented in the one as cows are in the other represented as maidens. In the myth of the Argonauts they reappear as the Golden Fleece, carried to the far east by Phrixus and Helle, who are themselves Niblungs, or "Children of the Mist" (*Nephele*), and there guarded by a dragon. In all these myths a treasure is stolen by a fiend of darkness, and recovered by a hero of light, who slays the demon. And — remembering what Scribe said about the fewness of dramatic types — I believe we are warranted in asserting that all the stories of lovely women held in bond-

age by monsters, and rescued by heroes who perform wonderful tasks, such as Don Quixote burned to achieve, are derived ultimately from solar myths, like the myth of Sigurd and Brynhild. I do not mean to say that the story-tellers who beguiled their time in stringing together the incidents which make up these legends were conscious of their solar character. They did not go to work, with malice prepense, to weave allegories and apologies. The Greeks who first told the story of Perseus and Andromeda, the Arabians who devised the tale of Cavadad and his brethren, the Flemings who listened over their beer-mugs to the adventures of Culotte-Verte, were not thinking of sun-gods or dawn-maidens, or night-demons; and no theory of mythology can be sound which implies such an extravagance. Most of these stories have lived on the lips of the common people; and illiterate persons are not in the habit of allegorizing in the style of mediæval monks or rabbinical commentators. But what has been amply demonstrated is, that the sun and the clouds, the light and the darkness, were once supposed to be actuated by wills analogous to the human will; that they were personified and worshipped or propitiated by sacrifice; and that their doings were described in language which applied so well to the deeds of human or quasi-human beings that in course of time its primitive purport faded from recollection. No competent scholar now doubts that the myths of the Veda and the Edda originated in this way, for philology itself shows that the names employed in them are the names of the great phenomena of nature. And when once a few striking stories had thus arisen, — when once it had been told how Indra smote the Panis, and how Sigurd rescued Brynhild, and how Odysseus blinded the Kyklops, — then certain mythic or dramatic types had been called into existence; and to these types, preserved in the popular imagination, future stories would inevitably conform. We need, therefore,

have no hesitation in admitting a common origin for the vanquished Panis and the outwitted Troll or Devil; we may securely compare the legends of Saint George and Jack the Giant-killer with the myth of Indra slaying Vritra; we may see in the invincible Sigurd the prototype of many a doughty knight-errant of romance; and we may learn anew the lesson, taught with fresh emphasis by modern scholarship, that in the deepest sense there is nothing new under the sun.

I am the more explicit on this point, because it seems to me that the unguarded language of many students of mythology is liable to give rise to misapprehensions, and to discredit both the method which they employ and the results which they have obtained. If we were to give full weight to the statements which are sometimes made, we should perforce believe that primitive men had nothing to do but to ponder about the sun and the clouds, and to worry themselves over the disappearance of daylight. But there is nothing in the scientific interpretation of myths which obliges us to go any such length. I do not suppose that any ancient Aryan, possessed of good digestive powers and endowed with sound common sense, ever lay awake half the night wondering whether the sun would come back again. The child and the savage believe of necessity that the future will resemble the past, and it is only philosophy which raises doubts on the subject.\* The predominance of solar legends in all systems of mythology is not due to the lack of "that Titanic assurance with which we say, the sun *must* rise"; † nor again to the fact that the phenomena of day and night are the most striking phenomena in nature. Eclipses and earthquakes and floods

are phenomena of the most terrible and astounding kind, and they have all generated myths; yet their contributions to folk-lore are scanty compared with those furnished by the strife between the day-god and his enemies. The sun-myths have been so prolific because the dramatic types to which they have given rise are of surpassing human interest. The dragon who swallows the sun is no doubt a fearful personage; but the hero who toils for others, who slays hydra-headed monsters, and dries the tears of fair-haired damsels, and achieves success in spite of incredible obstacles, is a being with whom we can all sympathize, and of whom we never weary of hearing.

With many of these legends, which present the myth of light and darkness in its most attractive form, the reader is already acquainted, and it is needless to retail stories which have been told over and over again in books which every one is presumed to have read. I will content myself with a weird Irish legend, narrated by Mr. Patrick Kennedy,\* in which we here and there catch glimpses of the primitive mythical symbols, as fragments of gold are seen gleaming through the crystal of quartz.

Long before the Danes ever came to Ireland, there died at Muskerry a Sculloge, or country farmer, who by dint of hard work and close economy had amassed enormous wealth. His only son did not resemble him. When the young Sculloge looked about the house, the day after his father's death, and saw the big chests full of gold and silver, and the cupboards shining with piles of sovereigns, and the old stockings stuffed with large and small coin, he said to himself, "Bedad, how shall I ever be able to spend the likes o' that!" And so he drank, and gambled, and wasted his time in hunting and horse-racing, until after a while he found the chests empty and the cupboards poverty-stricken, and the stockings lean and penniless. Then he mortgaged his farm-house and gambled

\* Sir George Grey once told some Australian natives about the countries within the arctic circle where during part of the year the sun never sets. "Their astonishment now knew no bounds. 'Ah! that must be another sun, not the same as the one we see here,' said an old man; and in spite of all my arguments to the contrary, the others adopted this opinion." Grey's Journals, I. 293, cited in Tylor, *Early History of Mankind*, p. 301.

† Max Müller, *Chips*, II. 96.

\* Fictions of the Irish Celts, pp. 255-270.

away all the money he got for it, and then he bethought him that a few hundred pounds might be raised on his mill. But when he went to look at it, he found "the dam broken, and scarcely a thimbleful of water in the mill-race, and the wheel rotten, and the thatch of the house all gone, and the upper millstone lying flat on the lower one, and a coat of dust and mould over everything." So he made up his mind to borrow a horse and take one more hunt to-morrow and then reform his habits.

As he was returning late in the evening from this farewell hunt, passing through a lonely glen he came upon an old man playing backgammon, betting on his left hand, against his right, and crying and cursing because the right *would* win. "Come and bet with me," said he to Sculloge. "Faith, I have but a sixpence in the world," was the reply; "but, if you like, I'll wager that on the right." "Done," said the old man, who was a Druid; "if you win I'll give you a hundred guineas." So the game was played, and the old man, whose right hand was always the winner, paid over the guineas and told Sculloge to go to the Devil with them.

Instead of following this bit of advice, however, the young farmer went home and began to pay his debts, and next week he went to the glen and won another game, and made the Druid rebuild his mill. So Sculloge became prosperous again, and by and by he tried his luck a third time, and won a game played for a beautiful wife. The Druid sent her to his house the next morning before he was out of bed, and his servants came knocking at the door and crying, "Wake up! wake up! Master Sculloge, there's a young lady here to see you." "Bedad, it's the vanithee\* herself," said Sculloge; and getting up in a hurry, he spent three quarters of an hour in dressing himself. At last he went down stairs, and there on the sofa was the prettiest

lady ever seen in Ireland! Naturally, Sculloge's heart beat fast and his voice trembled, as he begged the lady's pardon for this Druidic style of wooing, and besought her not to feel obliged to stay with him unless she really liked him. But the young lady, who was a king's daughter from a far country, was wondrously charmed with the handsome farmer, and so well did they get along that the priest was sent for without further delay, and they were married before sundown. Sabina was the vanithee's name; and she warned her husband to have no more dealings with Lassa Buaicht, the old man of the glen. So for a while all went happily, and the Druidic bride was as good as she was beautiful. But by and by Sculloge began to think he was not earning money fast enough. He could not bear to see his wife's white hands soiled with work, and thought it would be a fine thing if he could only afford to keep a few more servants, and drive about with Sabina in an elegant carriage, and see her clothed in silk and adorned with jewels.

"I will play one more game and set the stakes high," said Sculloge to himself one evening, as he sat pondering over these things; and so, without consulting Sabina, he stole away to the glen, and played a game for ten thousand guineas. But the evil Druid was now ready to pounce on his prey, and he did not play as of old. Sculloge broke into a cold sweat with agony and terror as he saw the left hand win! Then the face of Lassa Buaicht grew dark and stern, and he laid on Sculloge the curse which is laid upon the solar hero in misfortune, that he should never sleep twice under the same roof, or ascend the couch of the dawn-nymph, his wife, until he should have procured and brought to him the sword of light. When Sculloge reached home, more dead than alive, he saw that his wife knew all. Bitterly they wept together, but she told him that with courage all might be set right. She gave him a Druidic horse, which bore him swiftly over land

\* A corruption of Gaelic *bhan a teagh*, "lady of the house."

and sea, like the enchanted steed of the Arabian Nights, until he reached the castle of his wife's father, who, as Sculloge now learned, was a good Druid, the brother of the evil Lassa Buaicht. This good Druid told him that the sword of light was kept by a third brother, the powerful magician, Fiach O'Duda, who dwelt in an enchanted castle, which many brave heroes had tried to enter, but the dark sorcerer had slain them all. Three high walls surrounded the castle, and many had scaled the first of these, but none had ever returned alive. But Sculloge was not to be daunted, and, taking from his father-in-law a black steed, he set out for the fortress of Fiach O'Duda. Over the first high wall nimbly leaped the magic horse, and Sculloge called aloud on the Druid to come out and surrender his sword. Then came out a tall, dark man, with coal-black eyes and hair and melancholy visage, and made a furious sweep at Sculloge with the flaming blade. But the Druidic beast sprang back over the wall in the twinkling of an eye and rescued his rider, leaving, however, his tail behind in the court-yard. Then Sculloge returned in triumph to his father-in-law's palace, and the night was spent in feasting and revelry.

Next day Sculloge rode out on a

white horse, and when he got to Fiach's castle, he saw the first wall lying in rubbish. He leaped the second and the same scene occurred as the day before, save that the horse escaped unharmed.

The third day Sculloge went out on foot, with a harp like that of Orpheus in his hand, and as he swept its strings the grass bent to listen and the trees bowed their heads. The castle walls all lay in ruins, and Sculloge made his way unhindered to the upper room, where Fiach lay in Druidic slumber, lulled by the harp. He seized the sword of light, which was hung by the chimney sheathed in a dark scabbard, and making the best of his way back to the good king's palace, mounted his wife's steed, and scoured over land and sea until he found himself in the gloomy glen where Lassa Buaicht was still crying and cursing and betting on his left hand against his right.

"Here, treacherous fiend, take your sword of light!" shouted Sculloge in tones of thunder; and as he drew it from its sheath the whole valley was lighted up as with the morning sun, and next moment the head of the wretched Druid was lying at his feet, and his sweet wife, who had come to meet him, was laughing and crying in his arms.

*John Fiske.*

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## THE LEGEND BEAUTIFUL.

"HADST thou stayed, I must have fled!"  
That is what the Vision said.

In his chamber all alone,  
Kneeling on the floor of stone,  
Prayed the Monk in deep contrition  
For his sins of indecision,  
Prayed for greater self-denial,  
In temptation and in trial;  
It was noonday by the dial,  
And the Monk was all alone.



Suddenly, as if it lightened,  
An unwonted splendor brightened  
All within him and without him  
In that narrow cell of stone ;  
And he saw the Blessed Vision  
Of our Lord, with light Elysian  
Like a vesture wrapped about him,  
Like a garment round him thrown.

Not as crucified and slain,  
Not in agonies of pain,  
Not with bleeding hands and feet,  
Did the Monk his Master see ;  
But as in the village street,  
In the house or harvest-field,  
Halt and lame and blind he healed,  
When he walked in Galilee.

In an attitude imploring,  
Hands upon his bosom crossed,  
Wondering, worshipping, adoring,  
Knelt the Monk in rapture lost.  
Lord, he thought, in heaven that reignest,  
Who am I, that thus thou deignest  
To reveal thyself to me ?  
Who am I, that from the centre  
Of thy glory, thou shouldst enter  
This poor cell, my guest to be ?

Then amid his exaltation,  
Loud the convent bell appalling,  
From its belfry calling, calling,  
Rang through court and corridor,  
With persistent iteration  
He had never heard before.

It was now the appointed hour  
When alike, in shine or shower,  
Winter's cold or summer's heat,  
To the convent portals came,  
All the blind and halt and lame,  
All the beggars of the street,  
For their daily dole of food  
Dealt them by the brotherhood ;  
And their almoner was he,  
Who upon his bended knee,  
Rapt in silent ecstasy  
Of divinest self-surrender,  
Saw the Vision and the Splendor.

Deep distress and hesitation  
Mingled with his adoration ;

Should he go, or should he stay?  
Should he leave the poor to wait  
Hungry at the convent gate,  
Till the Vision passed away?  
Should he slight his heavenly guest,  
Slight this visitant celestial,  
For a crowd of ragged, bestial  
Beggars at the convent gate?  
Would the Vision there remain?  
Would the Vision come again?

Then a voice within his breast  
Whispered, audible and clear  
As if to the outward ear:  
"Do thy duty; that is best;  
Leave unto thy Lord the rest!"

Straightway to his feet he started,  
And with longing look intent  
On the Blessed Vision bent,  
Slowly from his cell departed,  
Slowly on his errand went.

At the gate the poor were waiting,  
Looking through the iron grating,  
With that terror in the eye  
That is only seen in those  
Who amid their wants and woes  
Hear the sound of doors that close,  
And of feet that pass them by;  
Grown familiar with disfavor,  
Grown familiar with the savor  
Of the bread by which men die!  
But to-day, they knew not why,  
Like the gate of Paradise  
Seemed the convent gate to rise,  
Like a sacrament divine  
Seemed to them the bread and wine.  
In his heart the Monk was praying,  
Thinking of the homeless poor,  
What they suffer and endure;  
What we see not, what we see;  
And the inward voice was saying:  
"Whatsoever thing thou doest  
To the least of mine and lowest,  
That thou doest unto me!"

Unto me! but had the Vision  
Come to him in beggar's clothing,  
Come a mendicant imploring,  
Would he then have knelt adoring,  
Or have listened with derision,  
And have turned away with loathing?

Thus his conscience put the question,  
 Full of troublesome suggestion,  
 As at length, with hurried pace,  
 Towards his cell he turned his face,  
 And beheld the convent bright  
 With a supernatural light,  
 Like a luminous cloud expanding  
 Over floor and wall and ceiling.

But he paused with awe-struck feeling  
 At the threshold of his door,  
 For the Vision still was standing  
 As he left it there before,  
 When the convent bell appalling,  
 From its belfry calling, calling,  
 Summoned him to feed the poor.  
 Through the long hour intervening  
 It had waited his return,  
 And he felt his bosom burn,  
 Comprehending all the meaning,  
 When the Blessed Vision said,  
 "Hadst thou stayed, I must have fled!"

*Henry W. Longfellow.*

## KATE BEAUMONT.

### CHAPTER XXXVI.

WITHIN two days after Bent Armitage left the lonely old house in Saxonburg Mrs. Chester quitted it also, turning it over without the least compunction to the care of the negroes and the rats, and flying back, of all places in world, to the Beaumont homestead, against which she had so lately shaken off the dust of her feet.

It was singular conduct certainly, but there was one thing which was even more singular than the conduct itself, and that was that it seemed to her perfectly natural. It also seemed to her quite natural to throw herself into Kate's arms, kiss her with sobbings and gaspings of affection, hug and kiss Nellie in the same ecstatic manner, and weep with joy at getting home. A few minutes later, her now very peculiar form of rationality led her to relate

with astonishing volubility how Bent Armitage had come down to avenge the Beaumonts on their hereditary enemies, and how it was her intention to attend the funeral of Frank McAlister in the family carriage, and therefrom give the survivors of his race a piece of her mind.

Peyton Beaumont was not at home to care for his sister in this sad moment. But Vincent, a cool and clear-headed young man, his apprehension quickened by his medical knowledge, did all that was necessary. He soon had his unfortunate aunt in her room and in bed, under the guardianship of two muscular negro mammas. When he came out from her he said to his brother Poinsett, "I think you had better ride yourself after Mattieson. Tell him it is a clear case of delirium, with probabilities of softening of the brain."

Kate was present, and heard these

words. A flush started into her pale cheeks, and clasping her hands she exclaimed, "O Vincent!" It seemed as if this girl's affections followed the line of her natural duty, without the slightest regard as to whether those allied to her were lovable or not. Gentle and pacific as she was, abhorring bloodshed and all wild ways, we have seen how loyal and tender she has been to her free-drinking, pugnacious father and to her ungovernable catamounts of brothers, although their flighty and violent tempers have slaughtered the dearest hopes of her heart and filled the outlooks of her life with darkness. Mrs. Chester, too, had been a perpetual plague and perplexity; hardly a day had passed but she had vexed Kate's soul with some foolish interference or spiteful assault; and at last she had driven her into that to her most dreadful of extremities, an open conflict. Yet the moment that misfortune settled upon this pest of a blood-relation, the girl was full of pity and sorrow.

"Am I to blame?" she asked, ready to accuse herself. "She went away from here because of a difficulty with me. Do you suppose that made her ill?"

"Nonsense!" declared Nellie, somewhat hardly. "She is always having difficulties. If they could hurt her, she would have died long ago."

"Don't worry yourself, my dear," said Vincent, patting Kate's arm. "This is a trouble of old standing."

"But she has been very well of late," replied the girl. "I never saw her more vigorous and clever, — in her way."

"She has not seen a thoroughly well day since I have been able to observe her intelligently," continued Vincent. "She has been for a long time in a state of abnormal excitement. We Beaumonts are all, always, pretty near a brain-fever. Except Kate here; and Kate is a Kershaw."

"She is not in immediate danger, I suppose," said Nellie, who did not love

her aunt, and would not pretend to, not even now.

"No," judged Vincent. "Even if the affair should terminate fatally, it will be a lingering case."

"O Vincent, how calmly you talk of it!" said Kate.

"I am a physician," he answered. "I am professional." Then, patting her arm again, "You are a good, sweet girl; too good for use in this world, Katie."

"She is just a little bit silly," added Nellie, kissing her sister. "Come, child, don't worry so much about Aunt Marian. I dare say she will live to plague us a good many years yet. I have great faith in her."

"I am not thinking entirely of her," replied Kate, musingly. Then, raising her head suddenly, like one who resolves to speak in spite of scruples, she asked, "Vincent, how much truth has Aunt Marian been capable of telling this evening?"

"Who knows? A mixture of truth and error, I suppose."

Kate walked slowly away, and signed to her sister to follow her. When they were alone she said, "Nellie, there is no sense in this difficulty, if there is a difficulty, between Bent and the McAlisters. They cannot possibly have anything to do with each other. It must, in some way, be a pure misunderstanding."

Nellie reflected with the rapidity of lightning. It was evident that Kate wished to save the life of the man who loved her, and whom almost certainly she had once loved, if indeed she did not love him still. Should she be encouraged to talk of the matter, or should she be checked at once? It was impossible for a woman of more than average affection and sentiment to decide otherwise than in favor of Frank McAlister.

"I have no doubt that Bent is in fault," said Nellie. "Bent has probably been drinking, and when he does that he is a savage, like all his race. The Armitages are no more fit to have liquor than so many Seminoles. I

sometimes think they must have Indian blood in them. Yes, I suppose Bent is going the way of his family; he has been drinking, and wants to fight some one. But what can we do?"

"I cannot ask *you* to do anything," answered Kate, with tears in her eyes, the pathetic tears of a retired soul which finds itself forced to step out into the hard, glaring world of action. "But I must do something. Both these men have liked me; I owe them kindness for that. I never shall be anything to either of them; but it is my duty to try to save their lives. Moreover, — you can understand it, Nellie, — this quarrel may be about me. Well, I shall try to stop it; woman as I am, I shall try. People will say it is not a lady's affair; but I cannot and shall not mind that. A lady surely cannot be wrong in seeking to save life. I cannot go to Mr. McAlister, but I certainly shall see Bentley. Will you help me?"

It was as impossible for Nellie Armitage to say to her sister, "I will not help you," as it would have been for her to die outright by a mere effort of will. She reflected just one moment; but in that moment she decided to do herself what Kate proposed to do, — decided, furthermore, that she would do it without informing the girl of her purpose. All that she said was, "Yes, I will help you."

"You are my own darling," cried Kate, embracing her. "You are the strong and brave part of myself. O, it is a comfort to lean upon you!"

"I am something, in a weak way, like a husband, am I not?" returned Nellie, smiling away the scene.

"Will you send for Bent here?" asked Kate. "Papa has forbidden his family the house. But for such a purpose as this —"

"I will see to everything," promised Nellie. "It is late now. Go and sleep. Leave everything to me."

Kate slept very little that night. The anxieties and sorrows of the last few months had got her into a way of lying

much awake. Slumber is very largely a matter of habit; the less you do of it, the less you are likely to be able to do; and this troubled soul had acquired an unhappy facility for easy wakings and prolonged vigils. This night she tossed for hours, often turning her pillow to find a cool spot for her fevered head, and repeatedly rising to seek refreshment in the damp air that flowed in from the outer night. Most of the time her mind oscillated between her crazed aunt and the image of Bent Armitage hunting Frank McAlister to his death. She went through scene after scene in insane asylums, and stood witness to a succession of fatal duels.

It was unendurable, and she sought relief in devotion; but she prayed in vain. There is no comfort in the truest piety, — as witness the case of Cowper, — when it is presided over by a shattered nervous system. To no wicked soul, to no criminal called upon to expiate unparalleled guilt, could the heavens seem more pitiless than they seemed to this scrupulously unselfish, this pathetically conscientious innocent. The Moloch of superstition which arises from deranged health, or overtaken sympathies, or a wearied brain, deigned no reply to her petitions but a demand for sacrifice, sacrifice! "I *have* given him up," she replied in her despair. "I *do* give him up. Only, spare his life."

Once an apparition from the real life of the world — an apparition which would have moved and troubled her profoundly, had she understood it — came to give her a moment of distraction and slight relief. She had risen, seated herself by the window, pushed open the blinds, and was drawing deep gasps of the cool night breeze, her aching eyes wandering through the broad moonlight. Suddenly the dogs barked; next there was the trample of a horse's feet advancing slowly and as if with caution; at last the figure of a horseman showed hazily in the road which passed the house. It remained a few minutes motionless, and then went the

way it had arrived. Kate did not know that Frank McAlister came four miles every night to look at the windows of her room. Much as she thought about him, this never entered her imagination. She languidly watched the unknown out of sight, wondered a little who he might be, went back to her bed, and at last slept.

Before the younger sister was up in the morning, the elder had set out on her mission. Nellie had no difficulty in finding Bent, for he too had risen early, as was his custom.

This ill-starred youth was very sad, mainly because he was a little sick. The liquor which had been for the week past his chief motive-force, and almost his food, had become a dose. It had temporarily paralyzed his digestion, and it palled upon his taste. He had thrown away in disgust the cocktail which was to prepare him for breakfast; and, deprived of his usual stimulus, shaken moreover by his long drinking-bout, he was in low spirits. He was in that state of mind in which a man sees himself, not merely as others see him, but as his enemies and despisers see him. Remembering how for two days, or perhaps three, he could not tell which, he had been blustering publicly about Hartland, threatening death on sight to Frank McAlister in places where Frank McAlister never went, he queried whether he had not seemed a fool to everybody else, and whether he had not, in fact, been a fool.

He thought of going back to Saxonburg; then he had a mad impulse to rush over to the Beaumont house and propose to Kate; then, knowing that she would refuse him, and probably even decline to see him, he queried whether he had not best shoot himself. At last it occurred to him that he might feel the better for a gallop; and, taking a horse from the hotel stables, he rode out breakfastless into the country, directing his course towards the long, low eminence on which stood the Beaumont residence; for he too wanted to look at the home of Kate. By the way, he had his revolver under his

coat and a brace of derringers in his pocket; being not yet decided in mind that he would not fire upon Frank McAlister if he should see him.

Nellie Armitage, also in the saddle, and followed by a mounted servant, encountered him half a mile from the village. Both drew rein as they met, the negro remaining at a little distance.

"Good morning, Bent," said Nellie. "I am glad to find you. I came to look for you."

"I hope you mean kindly," replied the young man, with a look which was both sullen and piteous. "I could n't stand much of a lecture this morning." (He chose to pronounce it "lectur'"; according to his slangy tastes.) "I feel up to blowing the top of my head off if anybody I like should scold me. It's one of the black days."

The better nature of this youth, so much worthier a man than his thoroughly selfish and shameless brother, showed itself in the fact that tears of remorse and humiliation rose to his eyelids, and that his glance cowered under the gaze of a noble woman, a woman whom he respected.

"Yes, it is one of the black days," said Mrs. Armitage, surveying gravely and not without pity his haggard face. She well knew the meaning of that pallor; she had studied it often in her husband; she had seen it before in Bent.

"I will be as gentle as things allow," she went on. "Bent, is it true that you are here to bring about a meeting with one of the McAlisters?"

He had a mind to say that surely no Beaumont should find fault with him for such a purpose as that; but he was a straightforward man, and he remembered that he was talking to a straightforward woman; he decided that it would be in bad taste to bandy words.

"That is what I waded in here for," he replied, almost involuntarily using his slang to carry off his embarrassment; for he recollected his absurd blustering about the village, and supposed that Nellie knew of it.

"Is this on our account?" continued Nellie. "I heard that you were here to take up the feud."

"That is all nonsense," he burst out. "I have been — wild; but I know perfectly well that I am not a Beaumont; I have not been fool enough to want to meddle in your family affairs. I have my own quarrel with this Frank McAlister."

It is about Kate, thought Nellie. She did not want to say a word further; she hated to be always talking with men about her sister; it seemed to make the girl too public. But she had undertaken this job of sending Bent home, and she must go through with it.

"Does your quarrel refer to one of us?" she asked unflinchingly.

Bent did not speak, and in truth could not speak, but his look said, yes.

"I know it has nothing to do with me," she continued. "What right have you to quarrel about *her*?"

After a long pause Bent answered, "He has slandered me to her."

"I don't believe it," abruptly declared Nellie, remembering Frank's manly face and deportment, unmarked by a trace of meanness.

"He told her that I was a drunkard," Bent added with a crimsoning face. "Even if I am one, he had no right to say it. It killed me," he went on, after a brief struggle with his emotion. "You know that I loved your sister. Well, she had a right to avoid me. You had a right to check me. But he, what business had he to say anything? O, curse him!"

And here his voice gave way utterly, sinking into a sob, or a growl.

"There is one sure way to clear this up," observed Nellie, not looking at him the while, for his grief touched her. "My sister will tell us the absolute truth. You must go with me and see her."

"Hasn't your father forbidden me his house?" asked Armitage.

"If you have scruples about entering it at my invitation, she will come out to meet you," said Nellie, evading a direct reply. "Come."

"I suppose it will be proved to me that I am a fool," muttered Bent, as he rode on by her side.

Presently they halted in the road before the Beaumont mansion. Kate, dressed in black, was sitting in the veranda, anxiously awaiting the return of her sister. At a sign from Nellie she came hastily down to the gate and halted there breathless, looking up at Armitage with an expression which was partly aversion, partly pleading. Thin, haggard, and anxious, her pallor marking more clearly than health could the exquisite outline of her Augustan features, her lucid hazel eyes unnaturally large and bright with eagerness, she was beautiful, but also woful and almost terrible. At the first sight of her thus, so changed from what she had been when he last met her, Bentley was horror-stricken and terror-stricken. He dismounted and took off his hat; he wanted to prostrate himself at her feet.

"Miss Beaumont, are you ill?" He could say nothing else, and he could say nothing more.

"I am not well," she replied. "How can I be?"

There seemed to be a complaint in the words, but there was none in the tone. Her utterance and her whole manner were singularly mild and sweet, even for her. Gentle as she always had been, she had of late searched her conduct with such exaggerated conscientiousness, that she had found herself guilty of impatience and tartness, remembering with special remorse her controversy with Mrs. Chester; and by her efforts to curb a petulance which in reality had no existence she had acquired a bearing which resembled that of one who has passed years under the discipline of a convent; she was an incarnation of self-control, resignation, and humility.

"Let us say what we have to say at once," observed Mrs. Armitage, who had also dismounted. "Bentley, can you ask your own questions?"

"I can't," murmured the young fellow.



Nellie was too purely a woman not to pity a man so thoroughly humbled and wretched as was this man. But after one merciful glance at him, she turned to her sister and went on firmly: "Kate, I have promised Bent that he shall know the truth. Is it true, — he has heard so, — is it true that Frank McAlister has slandered Bent to you?"

Kate's calmness vanished; all her face filled with excited blood; she answered hoarsely and almost sternly, "No!"

"In no way, in nothing?" continued Nellie.

"In no way, in nothing," repeated Kate, still with the same air of agitated protest.

Bentley suddenly flushed crimson with anger; he had been duped into outrageous folly which had pained the being whom he worshipped; and in his indignation he burst forth, "Then there is one Beaumont much to blame. Your aunt told me this."

The two women glanced at each other, and shrank backward as if under a blow.

"It must be spoken," said Nellie, at last. "Our poor aunt is crazy."

"Crazy?" demanded Bentley.

"She is in the house, under confinement."

"Crazy!" he repeated. "So am I. I have been crazy for a week. I always shall be."

There was another silence, an intensely tragic one, — one of those silences which do not come because there is nothing to say, but because all that can be said is too painful for utterance.

"Yes, I am no better than a madman," resumed Bentley, suddenly lifting his eyes and staring eagerly at Kate, with the air of one who bids an everlasting farewell to all that is dear. "I am and always shall be a miserable drunkard. But at least, Miss Beaumont, I will never torment you again. This is the last time that you will see me, or, I hope, hear of me."

Without even offering his hand for a

good by, he sprang on his horse and spurred away.

When he was out of sight, Nellie turned to her sister and said with a serenity which would be amazing, did we not remember the hardening misery of her married life, "It is a happy ride-dance."

"He had never done me any harm," replied Kate. "I am very, very sorry for him."

"Think of the harm he would have done you, had you liked him."

"Perhaps he would not have been the same," was the pensive response. "Perhaps I could not employ my life better than in trying to reform some such person."

"As I have employed my life," said Nellie, bitterly.

"There is nothing left me but to live for others," murmured Kate.

Her face was sadly calm, with the calmness of despair. Suddenly a little light of interest and perhaps of pleasure came into it. Nellie followed the direction of her sister's eye and beheld the approaching figure of the Rev. Arthur Gilyard.

"Must that be the end of it?" she thought. "Is Kate to become *his* wife, and wear herself to death on his sense of duty?"

## CHAPTER XXXVII.

WHAT was to be the ultimatum of destiny to Kate Beaumont as a young lady?

Quite as much interested in this question as Nellie Armitage was Major John Lawson. From the time that the girl had returned from Europe, a wonder in his eyes of beauty, grace, and graciousness, he had fairly worshipped her. The grandfather had broken out in him, as it sometimes will break out in old bachelors.

He never saw Kate and never thought of her, but he wanted to pat her hand, to praise her to her face, to minister unto her happiness, to be the good fairy of her future. He had a

daguerreotype of her which he kept constantly with him and looked at twenty times a day, if not fifty. He used to say to himself, and sometimes to his confidential friends, "If I were young enough and rich enough and good enough, I would offer myself to her. Not that I should hope to be accepted, — certainly not, in no case. But I should consider it an honor to be refused by her. I should feel it a great privilege to be allowed to lay my heart unnoticed at her feet. I should feel that I had not lived in vain."

In truth, this elderly, simple-hearted, sweet-hearted gentleman had been for months little less than foolish over the child. And of late, now that she was the only representative of his deceased friend, the noble, the venerable, the revered Kershaw, he adored her as if she were more than human. Impulsively and fervently he transferred to her the allegiance which he had for years paid to the sublime old Colonel. How should he not love her when they mourned together? He gave her his sympathy because of her great bereavement, and demanded hers because of his own great sorrow. His head bowed, holding her hand tenderly (but not making eyes, nor grimacing, nor saying fine things), he softly bewailed the death of her grandfather and his friend, so sincerely bewailing it that more than once he wept. Vain and yet unselfish, whimsical and yet earnest, he was on the surface something of a bore, but at bottom a heart of gold. If, considering his tediousness, he was not worth the digging, he was at least worth having when he gave forth his treasures of affection freely.

It must be understood that, at Kate's request, he had taken charge of the Kershaw place until some one who could work it might be put in permanent tenantry, and that consequently he was able to ride over to the Beaumont house every day to visit his favorite. Of course, he saw that his other pet, Frank, never came there, and that the Rev. Arthur Gilyard came there very often. Was this young minister

going to spoil the romance of "Romeo and Juliet in South Carolina"? Was he going to prevent an alliance between the Beaumonts and McAlisters, and thus make himself the instrument of prolonging the feud? Major Lawson, though reverent of clergymen in general, and heretofore an admirer of Gilyard himself, began to have doubts of his piety. When he was not talking with him (in which case he of course grinned and complimented in his usual fashion) he watched him with a suspicious air, and, in fact, rather glared at him, as if he would have liked to send him on missionary work to the Cannibal Islands and get him eaten out of the way. With respect to Kate, much as he loved her, he almost felt that it would be better for her to take poison over Frank's dead body, than to become the happy wife of any other gentleman.

"What is Mrs. Armitage about?" he demanded, talking to himself, as was his frequent custom. "Has she — a woman — a woman too who has suffered — no true womanly sentiment with regard to this matter? Bless me, I had supposed that woman had, of all the human race, the truest eye for what is beautiful in life! And this — *this* marriage — *this* instead of the other — would be so unbeautiful, so unartistic! I had supposed that women were our superiors in a perception of the gracious fitness of things. They surely are so in the affairs of ordinary existence. They decorate our houses. To them we owe carpets, curtains, tassels, laces, parterres of flowers. Without them our dwellings would be bare walls, mere shelters, dens. But for their guiding taste we should spend our money entirely on the useful, the ponderous, the unamiable. We should have aqueducts and no sofas, fortifications and no upholstery. And when it comes to making our lives beautiful with poetry, with the romance of artistically arranged events, with the facts which naturally arise from true sentiment, is woman — *woman* — to fail us?"

The Major was thinking his best; he

felt that he ought to take notes of himself; he resolved to put these ideas into his next essay (for private readings); perhaps, if it were possible, into a poem. He grew oratorical; he started backwards and started forwards; he ran from basso up to soprano, and down again; he broke a wineglass and did not know it.

Presently, however, he recollected the urgency of the case, and resolved to have a talk with Mrs. Armitage as to her sister. He was a little afraid of Nellie; there was about her a manly frankness which was rendered more potent by a womanly impulsiveness; and this mingling of weight and rapidity gave her a momentum which he did not love to encounter. Nevertheless, alarmed for his romance, and anxious for the happiness of his two pets, he sought her out and unfolded to her his mind.

"I am quite of your opinion," replied Nellie, when she had discerned, through many smiling and flattering circumlocutions, the fact that the Major did not like the Gilyard courtship.

Lawson was stunned as usual by her directness, but delighted with her assent.

"My dear lady, — gracious lady, as Dante says, — you fill me with joy," he exclaimed, seizing her hand and patting it in his caressing way. "I have not had such a moment of gratification for months."

"But what can be done?" asked Mrs. Armitage. "Kate is her own mistress."

"Go to Mr. Gilyard," replied Lawson, firmly; meaning, however, that Nellie should go, not he himself. "Hint to him, if necessary say to him plainly, that he is standing in the way of much good. Don't you see, my dear Mrs. Armitage? If he marries Kate, she can't marry Frank McAlister. Then what means have we left for ending this horrible feud? Pardon me, — I really beg your pardon, Mrs. Armitage, — I am speaking severely of your family *fasti*, of your hereditary palladium. But I remember my old,

noble, reverend friend Kershaw, and I venture to utter my mind boldly. I know that it was his earnest desire for many years that this quarrel should terminate. Have I offended you?"

"Never mind, Major," replied Nellie, quietly waving her hand as if to brush away his apologies. "I am altogether of your opinion in this whole matter. We have had enough of quarrels. I have seen enough of them."

"You delight me beyond expression, — beyond the power of a Cicero to express," chanted Lawson, his eyes twinkling with an unusual twinkle, as if there were tears of joy in them. "And now, gracious lady —"

"I will make one more effort for peace," interrupted Nellie. "I will — But never mind what; you shall know in a day or two."

Quite tremulous with his gladness, the Major thanked her copiously, squeezed her hand again and again, and at last fairly kissed it by force, subsequently waving affectionate and cheering farewells to her while he got out of the house, mounted his steed, and ambled out of sight.

What Nellie Armitage did was to go straight to Arthur Gilyard with her story and her demands.

"I want a great thing of you," said this sympathetic woman, knowing full well the pain that she gave, and watching it with the emotion of an angel overseeing the necessary chastening of a saint; "I want you to make peace between us and the McAlisters, so that my unhappy sister may meet the man who loves her, and whom I believe she loves. I ask this of you for her sake, and for the sake of the father and brothers whom I want to keep in life, and in the name of all my relatives who have fallen in this long quarrel."

Kate's lover, thus summoned to give her up to a preferred lover, half started to rise from the chair in which he was sitting, and then dropped his head upon his bosom as if he had been shot. His habitually pale cheeks turned ghastly white; he was so dizzy that he could not see the woman who was torturing

him; the words that he heard during the next minute were merely as a drumming in his ears.

But, fortunately for his honor as a man, he was of the same heroic mould with the person who demanded of him this tremendous sacrifice, and who had had the greatness to believe that he could be great enough for it. As he came back to his full consciousness, he passed rapidly in review the procession of horrors which had marked the history of the feud, and resolved that he would do what lay in him to close such a source of bloodshed, no matter what suffering the labor might bring him.

"Is it too much to ask?" murmured Nellie, her heart almost failing her at the sight of his quivering face.

"No duty is too much to ask," were his first words, — words spoken on the rack. After a moment more of struggling for breath and purpose, he added, as if by way of exhortation to himself, "A Christian must not hesitate before duty."

She remained silent; she was revering him. But surely it was also a great thing in her that she could be noble enough, in that eager and anxious moment, to perceive his nobility.

"How can I best serve your purpose?" he presently inquired.

"May I beg you to join with me in urging a reconciliation upon my father?" she answered.

"I will do so, with all my heart," said this man whose heart was bleeding.

"He will return this evening," added Nellie. "Will you see him with me to-morrow?"

"I can talk with him best alone," he replied. "Will you allow it?"

Then, perceiving assent in her eyes, he hastily rose, bowed, and got himself away, conscious that he was tottering.

"It is worse than I looked for," said Nellie, as she gazed after him with admiration and pity. "He is to lose her in showing himself worthy of her."

In the little space which we can allot

to Arthur Gilyard, we must strive to do him justice. It was characteristic of him that from the moment when he resolved to tear out his heart for the good of others, he never faltered in his purpose. What struggle remained to this clear-headed and heroic sufferer was simply a struggle for resignation. He would do his duty; oh yes, that would be done; that of course. The hardness of the thing was to do it in a spirit which should be held acceptable in that unseen world which he tried to think of as the only real world. O, how unreal it seemed to him as he rode homeward! Earth, this earth of emotions, this passionate, mortal life, was very near and terribly puissant. He was like Christian, set upon going through the valley of shadows, but seeing Apollyon "straddled quite across the way," dreadful to look upon and threatening woful wounds.

It was not until he had locked himself into his accustomed place of devotion that he could get one glimpse of that sphere which Kate Beaumont did not yet inhabit, and where her influence must not reign. But here, on the threshold of a sanctuary, we stop.

When, during the next day, he presented himself before Peyton Beaumont, he was so pinched and pale that his host asked him if he had been sick.

"I have been favored with my usual health," he replied calmly. "Perhaps the consciousness of a great and difficult duty has weighed upon me more than it would have weighed upon a stronger and better man."

Beaumont could hardly fail to understand that this word "duty" referred to himself; that towards him was coming some plea, some remonstrance, or perhaps some reproof. High as was his temper, and savage in certain points as had been his life, he had an imaginative reverence for religion, and a well-bred respect for clergymen. His wide-open black eyes stared into the firm blue ones of Gilyard with mere grave surprise and expectation, not showing a sparkle of annoyance.

"I beg beforehand that you will hear me patiently until I have discharged my conscience," continued the minister.

"Mr. Gilyard, speak boldly," said Peyton. "I give you my thanks already, if what you have to say concerns my conduct."

"It does in part," went on Gilyard. "I have come solely to beg you to stop the account of blood between your family and the McAlisters. Heretofore more than once, if I remember, I have ventured to speak to you of this matter; but not plainly enough, and not urgently enough. I did not do my full duty. I was weakly and wickedly vague. I did not clearly set before you your responsibility, and—I must say the word—your guilt."

"Guilt!" exclaimed Beaumont, his astonishment very great, and his eyes showing it.

"In the presence of God I repeat the word," insisted Gilyard. "It condemns me as well as you. I should have uttered it years ago."

After a moment's reflection, after drawing a long breath of surprise, Beaumont said, "We are not the only guilty ones."

"It is too true. The McAlisters also come under condemnation."

"They do," declared Peyton, his excitement reviving. "I made peace with them once. And they broke it: *they* broke it."

"Offer it again," exhorted the minister. "Urge it."

"See here," said Beaumont, after further thought. "I can tell you something—a secret, please to observe—which will give you pleasure. I have been engaged lately in preparing a way to peace. Kershaw asked it of me. I pledged him my word on his death-bed, and I have not forgotten it. In a day or two—in a few days at least—I hope to hear from Judge McAlister, hope to receive a friendly message from him. In that case I will give him my hand for life, if he will take it and do what he should to keep it. I will, so help me—It is not easy

work, this. But it shall be done; it shall, I promise you. Will that content you?"

"I am merely a messenger from One who is infinitely greater than I, Mr. Beaumont," returned Gilyard. "I can only say personally that I thank you for this assurance."

"And I thank you, sir, for coming to me," said Peyton. "I do in all sincerity. But bless me! you are very pale. Won't you have a glass of wine?"

Mr. Gilyard had understood that peace between the Beaumonts and McAlisters meant the cession by him of Kate Beaumont to Frank McAlister. On obtaining the promise of this peace, the assurance of this cession, he had nearly fainted.

It was some minutes before he could muster fortitude to seek out Mrs. Armitage and say to her, "We have reason to be grateful. Your father, I believe, and hope, will end the feud, if it is humanly possible."

"It will take us a lifetime to thank you for this," replied Nellie, ready to kneel at the feet of this martyr, who had, as it were, lighted his own pyre of torture.

"I should have done my little long ago," he said.

Then, suddenly remembering that in such a case he might not have loved only to lose, he added in his heart, "My sin has found me out." If he had thought of confessing his hopeless affection, if he had had an impulse to utter a complaint and a cry for sympathy, his mouth was sealed now. Bearing a burden of self-condemnation which only a saintly nature could heap upon itself, suffering as we solemnly believe only the imperfectly conscientious and the high-minded can suffer, this noble though limited spirit went out speechlessly from the household which he had blessed, bearing his cross alone.

That very day Judge McAlister received his appointment as Judge of the United States District Court of South Carolina. This was Beaumont's doing; it was to bring this about that he

had spent weeks in Washington ; it was to this that he had alluded when he told Gilyard that he had prepared a way for peace. He had fought hard for it, combating the partisan prejudices which ruled at the national capital, and beating down the pretensions of claimants of his own following. Of course he knew that he was not under any practical obligations to McAlister, inasmuch as his own election would have been brought about, even had not his rival withdrawn from the canvass. But his word had been passed ; and that word it had been the pride of his life to keep sacred ; and in this matter it must be kept all the more sacred because given to an enemy.

The favor was received in a spirit not unworthy of that in which it had been conferred. Judge McAlister was not often troubled by magnanimous impulses ; but now the best blood in his manly, selfish heart boiled to the surface.

"This is Beaumont's work," he said, handing the commission to Frank, who happened to be with him at the time. "By heavens, he is a gentleman !"

The young man's face flushed crimson ; he saw all the possible consequences of this fine deed ; he trusted that there was set for him love and happiness. It was impossible for the moment that he could do more than merely endure his heart-beats. He was either far above or far below the faculty of speech.

"I could not have demanded it," continued the father. "That miserable rencontre had put my claims in chancery. He is certainly a gentleman."

"What will you do, sir?" the son could at last inquire.

"What do you mean?" stared the Judge.

"If you accept the commission, you will owe an expression of —"

"Gratitude," admitted the Judge. "Unquestionably. I shall owe it, and I will pay it. The gift, to be sure, is not overwhelming," he added, his conceit, or, as he conceived it to be, his

dignity, beginning to come uppermost. "I suppose I had claims to the position which no man could gainsay. I may say that I had rights. This thing, at the least, was due me. But I consider the good-will," he went on, with an air of magnanimity. "A bit of good-will from an old enemy is doubly an obligation. Certainly I shall thank Beaumont. I could not do otherwise as long as my name is McAlister."

Heavens, what a pride he had in being himself, and how loftily he bugled the word "McAlister !" He was grandiose over his gratitude ; he would so return thanks for the favor received as to overpay it ; he would make Beaumont glory in having served him.

"I will go in person," added this Artaxerxes of a country gentleman and local politician.

"I beg pardon," observed Frank. "We must take precautions against another misunderstanding. You are not perhaps aware that there is a second drunken Armitage on hand."

It must be understood that, although Bentley had already left Hartland, Frank had not heard of it.

"Indeed ?" demanded the Judge, not minded to get himself shot unnecessarily, at his time of life.

Then the young man told the elder how Bent had challenged him, and was supposed to be lying in wait to take a shot at sight.

The father gave the son a queer look. He was saying to himself, "In my day, when a fellow proposed to ambush us, we used to look him up and root him out." But he could not make this speech to his son, and especially not under the present circumstances ; for the Armitages were kin to the Beaumonts, and with these last it was not well to open a fresh account of blood, at least not immediately.

"That is bad," he observed, arching his eyebrows thoughtfully. "I hope you are — taking precautions."

"I am not ashamed to say that I am keeping out of the lunatic's way. Of course, if he attacks me, I shall defend myself."



"Unquestionably you would be justified in so doing," declared the man of law. "Indeed, it would be your duty, to yourself and society. But I am sorry to hear this. It complicates matters; it is dreadfully inconvenient."

After a moment of worried meditation he added, "I am greatly tempted to put this rascal under bonds to keep the peace."

"It would excite discussion, sir," observed Frank, who knew that certain families were too lofty and honorable to appeal to the law for protection against their foes.

"It would," admitted the Judge of the United States District Court, remembering that he was a high-toned gentleman first, and an expounder of the statutes afterwards. "I must confess that I hardly know what to do in the premises. On the whole, I must, I think, write to Beaumont, asking his permission to call upon him with one or two of my family."

"With our revolvers in our pockets, sir?" smiled Frank.

"I see no impropriety in that, under the circumstances," answered the Judge. "Of course we shall have the gentility and the sense to keep them out of sight, except in the last extremity."

"On the whole I can suggest nothing better," assented the young man, knowing that his father would do nothing better, though it should be suggested by an angel.

Anything for a chance to bring the two families together in peace; anything to obtain one more look at Kate Beaumont; anything for love!

#### CHAPTER XXXVIII.

JUDGE MCALISTER did not call upon his ancient enemy and present benefactor attended by an armed retinue.

Having made inquiry in the village after Bentley Armitage, and having learned positively that that unhappy young man had gone to parts unknown,

he went alone to the Beaumont place with his calumets and his wampums.

There had been an appointment, but, watches disagreeing, Peyton had miscalculated his visitor's arrival, and was at his stables, with all his sons and not far from half his negroes, inspecting a newly purchased racer.

It was Kate Beaumont who received and welcomed Frank McAlister's father. She had learned that he was coming, and learned or guessed that it was in peace. In spite of her conscientious struggles to be calm, in spite of the spiritual melancholy which had settled upon her, she was in a state of feverish excitement. Would there be a renewal of amity? Would the dry bones of feelings and expectations which she believed to be dead clothe themselves again with life and stand upon their feet, a mighty army? How the questions, the doubts, the hopes, the scruples, the self-reproaches, the longings, the fears, and still the hopes again, thronged through her spirit! Impossible to give more than a feeble and vague idea of the contest which agitated her soul and caused her very flesh to tremble. One word she kept repeating, "I have given him up, given him up"; repeated it with self-abasement, with desperation. Nevertheless she went forth to greet his father.

When the Judge met her in the veranda, he saw a girl who had not slept the night before, and who was even then striving to lay her heart upon the altar of a Moloch, but whose face was so colored and whose eyes so brightened by fever that she looked the picture of health.

"My dear young lady!" he said, the exclamation being actually forced from him by his amazement at a beauty which was even more wonderful now than formerly, because more spiritual. "I consider it a good omen that you should be the first to meet me," he added in the flush of his enthusiasm.

"You have my earnest thanks for this visit, sir," she replied, pressing his



hand fervently, and then dropping it suddenly, with a strange mixture of impulse and self-repression.

"Heaven bless you, my dear young lady!" said the Judge, still in a sort of daze as he bowed gigantically over her, wondering and admiring. "You show your native goodness in divining me," he continued, regaining his intellectual self-possession. "I have come for peace."

She led him into the parlor with the air of a dethroned and sorrowing but resigned queen, receiving a being who brings sympathy. Her fine figure rendered only the more willowy and elegant by emaciation and by her closely clinging black dress, she was an incarnation of grace.

"I have but one regret," she sighed, her eyes turning upward sadly as if seeking her grandfather.

"Miss Beaumont, I share it," he answered, understanding her with a quickness which did him honor. "I wish John Kershaw could have seen this day."

"I wish so," whispered Kate, almost inaudibly.

The Judge rose to his feet and took both her hands tenderly, while a dimness came into his eyes as of half-born tears.

"My dear child, you have my very heart's sympathies," he said. "What a man he was! What a loss!"

Kate bowed; she could not answer; she could not look at him. She bowed very low, let fall a few bright drops upon the carpet, and left the room. When she had gone, the ponderous Judge took a large white handkerchief out of a capacious pocket, slowly wiped away something which obscured his sight, and murmured, "Poor — beautiful — creature!"

As soon as Beaumont learned that McAlister had arrived, he hurried to meet him with such speed that he entered the parlor quite out of breath. To honor the occasion and the visitor, he had dressed himself with scrupulous care. He had on a blue dress-coat with gilt buttons, a buff vest also with

gilt buttons, and buff kerseymere trousers tightly strapped under the instep, as was the fashion of the time. The strong colors, so suggestive of military uniform, perfectly became his bold, trooper-like, officer-like expression and the dark ruddiness, almost as deep as mahogany, of his complexion. His costume contrasted with the solemn black of the Judge, much as his impetuous character contrasted with the other's deliberate subtlety.

"I beg your pardon, Judge, for making you wait a single instant," were Peyton's first words, at the same time cordially giving his hand.

"I have not waited," said McAlister, with a certain grave emotion. "I have been gratified, honored, by an interview with your youngest daughter."

"I am glad that she was here to receive you," returned Beaumont, bowing thanks for the compliment to his child.

"She is a wonderful woman," declared the Judge, momentarily forgetting the object of his visit. "I thought I knew her already; but she always astonishes me. I have never seen in any other person such expression of feeling and character. She spoke of her grandfather in a way —"

The Judge stopped. Beaumont bent his head as if beside a grave.

"Lamentable tragedy!" resumed McAlister. "Mr. Beaumont, I hope it will be the last in the history of our families."

The Judge, profoundly in earnest, was talking above himself. It was the contagion of Kate Beaumont's tender nobility of soul, quite as much as a consciousness of the weighty importance of the occasion, which thus elevated him. His host looked at him with surprise and respect, and answered fervently, "I sincerely hope and trust so."

He too, as well as McAlister, was at his moral zenith. He was quite aware that this was one of the most impressive and important moments of his life. Its gravity exalted and purified him; he showed it in his deportment and utter-

ance. Throughout the whole interview he exhibited not one violent impulse, not one start of his characteristic eccentricity of feeling, not one amusing trait of unconscious humor. Never before, at least not since his days of youthful diffidence, had he been such a calm, contained gentleman as he was during this scene.

"Mr. Beaumont, I am your debtor," resumed McAlister, remembering that he had come to return thanks.

"I have fulfilled my promise. Let us say no more about it."

"I must say this, that I owe you my earnest gratitude, and give it."

"Judge, your merit has at last been acknowledged, at least in part. That is all."

Considering the life-history of these two men, it was surely a grand, as well as perhaps a grandiose, dialogue.

"You are very kind to express yourself thus," bowed the Judge. Then he fell silent. He wanted to ask for peace. He remembered Frank, and wanted to give him a chance. But the feud was a very old denizen of his heart and habits. It made the word "peace" a hard one to mouth.

Beaumont broke the silence. He felt that McAlister had said as much as could be demanded of him. It was his own turn now. His rival must be met half-way. Moreover, his promise to Kershaw must be kept. The two families must, if the thing were possible, be brought into some kind of compact, so that bloodshedding at least should cease.

"Judge, let me be frank," he began, speaking slowly, like one who weighs his words, and who speaks because he must. "There has been a feud between your house and mine. I propose that it shall end; that you and I shall do our utmost to end it; that we shall pledge our faith and character to that work. Sir, will you give me your hand to it?"

His face was crimson with his struggle to say this. Judge McAlister's ashy-sallow countenance also turned to a deep red. Both men felt that it was

a weighty agreement to offer and to accept.

"Here is my hand," replied the head of the McAlisters. "Our honor is plighted."

After this great deed had been done they sat down, both at once, two tired and breathless men. This making of peace had been to them a more wearying effort than would have been a wrestling-match.

"We shall keep this treaty," said the Judge, after a moment. "We never fully and freely and in set terms made it before."

"That was our mistake," answered Beaumont.

He seemed absent-minded; he was thinking of Kershaw.

"It is the spirit of my old friend who has done this," he presently exclaimed, rising in agitation. "He is stronger in death than he was in life. God forgive me for not having let him see this day and hear these words."

His martial and grim face worked with emotion, and there was a prayerful, piteous stare in his black eyes. The Judge rose also, seized and wrung Peyton's hand anew, and even patted him comfortingly on the shoulder. He had not for years been in such a state of tender emotion over a man. He absolutely thought well of Beaumont, absolutely admired him.

Soon the conversation became calmer, turning easily to subjects of an unpathetic nature, as is natural with masculine talk. For a while it was mutually satisfactory; but at last McAlister made a remark which showed his thick-skinned nature, his born incapacity for distinguishing what might offend the feelings of a man of acute sensibility.

"I trust that you will be reassured before long as to the fate of your son-in-law," he said. "Excuse me," he added, perceiving a change in his host's countenance. "I wish to say that he could hardly be held culpable as to the fate of our lamented friend. So obvious an accident, you know!"

Beaumont's brow had darkened un-

pleasantly; he did not want to hear about a son-in-law whom he had despised and hated; above all, he did not want to discuss his character and chances with a McAlister. For an instant it seemed as if he would reply offensively; but after a struggle, he smoothed his forehead and spoke softly. What he said, however, was startling.

"He is dead, sir. I am quite reassured as to his fate. Shot dead, sir, by some mountaineer or other, in the Dark Corner. Don't trouble yourself to condole with us, sir."

The Judge had blundered, and of course he saw it. He bowed meekly, mumbled some unnoticed words of apology, and passed to other matters. But it seemed well now not to prolong the interview; and, having begged Beaumont to do him the honor of a visit, he took his leave.

"Ah!" burst out Peyton, when his visitor had got out of hearing. "How can I get on with such a man? When he means to be civil he tramples on one's soul."

After a little, however, he recovered his good-nature, and added, with a smile of grim resignation, "But he will die some day, and, for that matter, so shall I; and perhaps our children will find each other more endurable. I must use the rest of my life in trying to give them a chance to live."

Considering the man's sensitive nature and pugnacious habits, the resolution was surely self-sacrificing, and showed not a little paternal affection.

But Peyton Beaumont became more distinctly and agreeably reconciled to the idea of peace with the McAlisters, when Frank called on him. The habitually stormy depths of his eyes grew calm, and a hospitable smile flew like a dove to sit upon his wide, strong mouth, as he beheld the almost sublime stature and the handsome, gracious, dignified countenance of this gentle giant. Painful and humiliating as the task was to him, he apologized for the untoward incidents of Frank's last visit.

"It was a shameful, horrible breach of hospitality, sir," he said. "But you will surely not hold us accountable, especially as we were the greatest sufferers. That—that scoundrel is dead, sir," he added. "He will make no more mischief."

"God have merey upon him!" Frank murmured. Beaumont made no reply; his nostrils were distended and his eyebrows working; he was thinking of the dead Kershaw and the sorrows of his daughters, not praying for Armitage.

After some amicable dialogue, the young man asked leave to pay his respects to the ladies of the family.

"They will be happy to see you, sir," answered Beaumont, graciously. "You will find my youngest daughter very much changed. She has received a terrible blow."

So Frank perceived for himself when he encountered Kate. It is true that the first sight of him brought a flush to her face and a tremulous brightness to her eyes; but in a moment came the thought that she had given him up, turning her to the whiteness and coldness of marble; and presently the tumult subsided into the calm pallor of physical languor and of grief. Thin as she was and faded as she was, Frank found her more beautiful than ever. His pity for her increased his affection magically, and he thought that he had never before seen her so enchanting. O, blind faithfulness of love, admirable and enviable, deserving reward and winning it!

Of course, in this first meeting after great calamities, awed by the melancholy of those eyes whose pathos made the room holy, and still believing somewhat in the tale of the Gilyard engagement, Frank could not breathe a word nor throw out a look of courtship. The interview passed in talk on commonplace subjects, and he retired from it so unsatisfied that he thought himself unhappy. It had been a great joy to look upon her once more; but he believed that he was doomed never to win her as a wife.

Several weeks passed without visi-

ble change in the relations of the two young people. But meantime Kate's health rapidly returned to her, and brought with it a fresh outburst of her girlish beauty. She grew well at Hartland; she made a little trip to Charleston, and came back still better; in two months she had recovered her plumpness, her tints of damask rose, and the brightness of her eyes. The moment that life had ceased to be merely a sorrow, it had ceased to be a disease.

As if to pile miracle on miracle, health of body restored health of mind. The clouds of superstitious gloom and ascetic purpose, which had lately wrapped her in wretchedness, rose, grew thin, dispersed, vanished, she knew not why, she knew not when, but utterly and forever. It was as if a terrible enchantment had been lifted by a spell, restoring her from cavernous dungeons to light, from a false world of horrors to a real world of happiness. Suddenly and to her amazement she found herself free; she could do what she would with her pure heart and will and life. "No voice nor hideous hum" of her Moloch any longer deceived her; and she knew that her late vows of self-sacrifice were senseless and nugatory. Indeed, she was so perfectly healthy in spirit that she at times asked herself, "Have I been crazed?" No, she had not been crazed; but she had been near it.

It must be understood, by the way, that Arthur Gilyard had facilitated her recovery by keeping altogether away from her, so that she the more easily got rid of her impression that it was her duty to become his wife. It was the final act of self-abnegation in this noble spirit to seek a prompt dismissal from his parish, and take up his labor for souls in a distant part of the State. It was well, no doubt, for his own peace; but it was well also for the peace of Kate.

Meantime, the two families remained on friendly, and, so far as the women-folks were concerned, on cordial terms. Mrs. McAlister and Mary once more

twined the tendrils of their hearts around Kate, claiming her as one whom they had a right to love and must love. It was they who first learned, and who quickly reported to their son and brother, that the Rev. Arthur Gilyard never came to the Beaumont house, and so could not be troth-plighted to its fairest inmate. They threw out hints of encouragement to the young man which sent the blood through all his six feet and four inches of stature. These affectionate urgencies were all the more open because the Judge was impatient for a proposal of marriage, and actually pushed the women to push the boy up to it.

"Why does n't he take advantage of the present favorable circumstances?" said this unsensitive old gentleman. "A woman who is in affliction, and who of course needs consolation, is all the more likely to accept an offer. Depend upon it, madam, that I know something of human nature. He ought to speak at once, before any one else comes in."

In a modified form, made delicate and pure by a mother's lips, these suggestions reached Frank's ears.

"I should be so overjoyed to take such a daughter to my heart," said Mrs. McAlister in a cooing, happy tone. "I think, considering what she already knows of your feelings, that she would not be shocked if you should speak to her. You need not press her for an answer; it would be best not, I think. But you certainly may tell her that you have not changed. It would be only fair and kind to tell her that."

So Frank McAlister resolved to tell Kate Beaumont that he had not changed.

## CHAPTER XXXIX.

BEFORE going to the daughter, Frank went to the father, whose consent it will be remembered that he had once asked but not received, matters between the Beaumonts and McAlisters being then in a highly explosive state, smok-

ing with a promise of lofty flame and red-hot lava. He found the Honorable Peyton in his veranda, walking up and down with the short, careful steps of a gouty man, and smoking a cigar with an air of grinding it.

"Good evening," said the lord of the manor in the strong and rather too trumpet-like tone which was habitual with him, but at the same time amicably producing a spare cigar. "Will you join me?"

"I wish to join you for life, Mr. Beaumont," replied Frank, not even seeing the proffered Havana.

It was evident that Kate's father comprehended, and that he was not entirely gratified. Over his hard and highly colored but expressive face there came a cloud, which, if not downright displeasure, was anxiety. Nevertheless, he looked into his visitor's eyes with an air of attentive and respectful meditation.

"Once more, Mr. Beaumont," continued Frank, unfalteringly, "I come to ask you to let me tell your daughter that I love her with all my heart."

The simple earnestness of the phrase, and the tremulous sincerity of the tone in which it was uttered, shook all the father in Peyton.

"Look here," he said, throwing away his cigar, and seizing both of Frank's hands. "I have but a single objection. To yourself I have none. I believe in you, Mr. McAlister; I believe in your head and your heart. But, I sometimes ask myself, how long will peace last between our families, much as we now prize it? How do I know that you will not some day separate me from my child?"

"From my wife, sir, you shall never be separated," answered Frank, returning the other's spasmodic grasp. The two men were locked together by their emotions; it seemed to Beaumont as if he could not escape, as if a fate held him fast. "I know that this marriage will be a bond of union for us all," continued Frank, speaking for the moment with the sublimity of a prophet.

"Ah, well, — so let it be," returned Beaumont, unable to resist this enthusiasm. "Go and find her."

Frank raised the hand of Beaumont, and suddenly pressed it to his heart. It was a hand which had shed McAlister blood, but he forgot that; it was also the hand of his loved one's father, and that alone he remembered.

Next, descending into the garden, where he had already seen Kate through the twilight, he sought her amid a perfumed tangle of shrubbery and flowers. The faint golden radiance which lingered in the west revealed her; she appeared to him to be standing in a delicate, unearthly halo of luminousness; she reminded him of Murillo's Immaculate Virgin showing through hazes of aureoles. Although the comparison sprang from the hot imagination of strong affection, it was not altogether extravagant. The greatest fact possible to young womanhood, the consciousness of loving and of being loved, had given Kate the sweet serenity of a seraph. Moreover, unmarried though she was, there was about her something of the Madonna. Her face had that various richness of expression which we see in the faces of wives and mothers so much oftener than in the faces of maidens. Under suffering her mind and heart had both expanded, and this development of thought and feeling had given every feature a new light, rising at times to a fulness of meaning which seemed to comprehend all womanhood.

There was just one blemish to the picture, if so tender a thing may be called a blemish. There was a tear; it hung upon her eyelash as he softly approached her; and when she turned at the sound of his footsteps, it fell upon a white rose which she held to her lips. She had been kissing the rose because it was her grandfather's favorite flower.

"Will you let me spend the future in trying to console you for the past?" he said, gently taking her hand.

Yes, such had been her history and such was his nature, that his first words

of love to her must be words of comfort.

It was just what she craved ; she could hardly, under any circumstances, have answered nay to such a plea ; and loving him, trusting him as she did, she only answered by leaning on his breast and weeping there. It was one of those sublime moments in the life of the soul when it is mightier than the body ; when its emotions are so overpowering that the voice fails at their mere advent and can give them no utterance.

"I will console you for all," he whispered, his arm supporting her. "Every breath that I draw shall be drawn for your happiness."

What further was said between them we will not repeat. The few syllables which they exchanged had to their souls a fulness and richness of meaning which would not appear to those who should read them. Their lips, touched by fire from heaven, ennobled language far beyond its wont, and made it like the speech of some better world. Words became emotions, pouring heart into heart, and mingling them forever.

As they returned to the house, Nelly Armitage met them, gave one glance at her sister's face, read with a woman's sympathetic insight all that was in it, passed a tremulous arm quickly around her neck, and kissed her. Then pressing Frank's hand vehemently, she went and wandered alone in the darkling garden, calling to mind how this same cup of happiness had once been put to her lips, and obstinately struggling to forget how it had been dashed from them.

Major Lawson, lounging on the gravel-walk before the house, also saw the young couple, comprehended what had happened to them, and halting with a start, stared after them in ecstasy, muttering, "Bless my body ! It

is done at last. The Montagues and Capulets reconciled ! Romeo and Juliet to be married ! Bless my body ! I could caper like a nigger. Bless my body !"

"I have won her," was Frank's simple address, when, wearing Kate proudly on his arm, he reached Beaumont.

"Take her," replied the father. "Only remember that I have put my happiness as well as hers in your hand."

He kissed his child repeatedly, and then resumed his solitary walk and cigar, feeling deserted and sorrowful.

Well, a year more saw many events : the marriage of Frank McAlister to Kate Beaumont ; the young man's installation over the Kershaw estate, he giving up science as a thing not yet required by Carolinians ; the marriage of Vincent Beaumont to Mary McAlister, who became lady of the house in the mansion of her ancestors' enemies ; the marriage of Jenny Devine to Dr. Mattieson, — "Just to console him for losing you, my dear," she said to Kate ; finally, the death of poor worn-out Mrs. Chester by softening of the brain.

It will be understood, of course, that there was no renewal of the famous feud which had so long kept Hartland in cheerful, tragical gossip, and made it feel itself to be the most illustrious village of South Carolina.

It must be stated also that Peyton Beaumont always remained satisfied with the son-in-law who had come to him through so many difficulties and whom he had accepted with so much hesitation.

"By heavens, sir, he is Kershaw over again," he used to say. "I don't wonder Kate picked him out of twenty. It's astonishing what a perception of character that girl has. He is Kershaw over again."

*J. W. DeForest.*

## A JAPANESE DOCTOR AND HIS WORKS.

## PERSONAL AND HISTORIC MEMORANDA.

ON the first day of this year — our New Year, not the Japanese — I had the rare satisfaction of assisting at an event which, although heralded with no pomp, encumbered with no forms, and distinguished by familiar festivity rather than the vigorous ceremony usually employed in the East to celebrate any occasion of especial interest or importance, nevertheless afforded a proof of intelligent progress far in advance of any that I have yet encountered, excepting only the reorganized establishment of the great educative institution of Yedo (Dai Gaku), notwithstanding that such proofs are day by day revealing themselves with singular rapidity to those whose eyes are sufficiently clear to discern them. This was the inauguration of a new hospital, the first private establishment of the kind in Japan, under the direction of the accomplished Dr. Matsumoto, whose name is perhaps more eminent in science than that of any other native physician, is closely identified with the stirring politics of the last few years, and has a social, and in one sense at least an artistic, popularity second to that of no individual in the Empire. The opening had been long talked of. Among educated Japanese it was a topic of much curiosity and vivid expectation, and the opportunity of participating in its various incidents was eagerly sought by all. Some two or three hundred succeeded in obtaining invitations, of which they availed themselves in the most comprehensive manner, many bringing troops of friends with them to swell the throng of the clever doctor's admirers. Some pains had been taken to inform such foreigners as might be supposed to have an interest in the novel proceedings that their presence would be heartily welcomed. Two responded, in the cordial spirit of the

summons. If others appeared upon the scene, it was briefly, and by accident. To have looked for a larger number would perhaps have been to expect too much. Had the announcement been that of a brilliant review, with fuliginous sham-fights and other lurid accompaniments, in which the new capacities of the Japanese for inflicting destruction upon one another were to be developed, the case would have been different. Reviews and sham-fights are suggestive of many things which acutely appeal to the trading mind, — and that is the only mind worth speaking of which the foreign community in Japan possesses. Guns, uniforms, and ammunition are articles which offer limitless chances for profitable, if not strictly upright, contracts. The possibility of traffic in surgical instruments presents no such allurements; and speculations in medicines are trammelled by the disagreeable necessity of supplying honest wares. It appears that the Japanese are keener in detecting worthless drugs than in tracing the history of condemned and partially repaired weapons. In fact, the opening of a hospital is an incident which promises nothing magnificent in the way of what, in a happy local slang, is here called "squeezing." Of course it failed to attract notice. On any other grounds than those of commercial interest, foreigners are not bound to give a thought to Japanese enterprises, however worthy or ambitious they may be. But since I was fortunate enough to be one of the couple present on this occasion, — and I own I was somewhat surprised, on arriving alone, to meet another there, but delighted to find him a fellow-countryman, — I take pleasure in endeavoring to make you at a distance, where the thrifty and contracted influences of Yokohama and kindred



settlements may not altogether prevail, acquainted with a talented and representative Japanese, with a few of his excellent public works, and with this his last achievement.

For a considerable time I had been accustomed to see Dr. Matsumoto in various parts of Yedo, before I was presented to him, or indeed knew his name. But it was always evident from the observation he attracted, and from a sort of deference spontaneously accorded to him, that he was a person of some distinction. I first personally encountered him at a very agreeable social gathering, partly native, partly foreign, where, for certain political reasons which need not be explained, his name was concealed. Here he appeared only as a master of fluent and lively conversation, a shrewd inquirer, and a tolerably sound logician upon intricate questions of the domestic and foreign relations of Eastern countries. At a later period I knew him in the character most natural to him, and in which he has gained his chief reputation, — that of a quick-witted and thoroughly skilful physician, with large designs, and with a will and a courage to execute them; with aspirations, too, not wholly confined to the healing of his fellow-men, but also looking to the wholesome restoration of his distracted land. As an enthusiast in his vocation, or as a theoretic framer of future Japanese history, he appears, perhaps unconsciously, in his best light, and reveals his finest qualities. His animation, his fluency, and the easy grace of his address are always sure to captivate the attention even of those whose knowledge of his language is imperfect. His personal aspect is by no means uninteresting. He is about thirty-five years of age, full of vigor and activity, in stature slightly superior to most of his countrymen, and in physical proportion, too, rather above the average of his race. His head is of the best Mongol type, but with an unusually ample brow, and with a massive chin and jaw betokening unusual energy and resolution. His eyes are small for a Japanese,

but alert and bright, and, in moments of excitement, apt to flash and glow in a manner which does much to explain the influence he wields over his associates. His costume is Japanese throughout, excepting that he declines to wear swords, and, like most of the present generation of doctors, dresses his hair in foreign style. It is unnecessary to say that his demeanor is the refinement of courtesy and high-breeding. He would be a singular exception to the rule among his countrymen if it were otherwise. That, as clearly as I can present him to you, is the man. Let us now look briefly at some of his deeds.

The arts and sciences are apt to run in families here. Physicians, especially, are accustomed to hand down their heritage of learning from generation to generation. Matsumoto's father was a doctor, and not without renown, in the old *régime* of practitioners. At least it is not recorded that he dealt more destruction in his career than the majority of his colleagues. This son was his natural and destined successor. But at a very early period the young student detected the insufficiency of the medical methods pursued by his predecessors, and, abandoning the cherished systems of his ancestors, struck boldly into the new paths first opened by the Dutch physicians at Nagasaki, and afterward broadened by fresh-coming teachers from other foreign nations. He was not satisfied to work alone. Before he was twenty-five years old he had attached to himself a numerous body of disciples, and had, by his exertions at the Southwest and in the capital, virtually overthrown the ancient theories of practice, chiefly based upon those of China, and had fairly introduced the American and European schools. At his suggestion a government hospital was established at Nagasaki, and placed under his command, in which patients were treated and pupils were trained according to the new principles. His rising reputation was greatly increased by his success in checking the ravages of the cholera, of 1859, which threatened for a time to

devastate the land. In order more fully to perfect himself in various branches of surgical science he visited Holland, and studied for a considerable time, and on his return established himself at Yedo, where it appears he entered warmly into the active political excitements of the day. The great question, at that time, was that of the succession to the office of Tycoon. H'tots'bashi, who afterward came to power (and subsequently to grief), was an unsuccessful aspirant, and to him and his fortunes the young doctor ardently devoted himself. We may believe that the alliance between these two intelligent men was very close, in sympathy at least, for the position soon after held by Matsumoto, and the reforms he was able to accomplish, could only have been brought about by a strong degree of personal influence. Upon H'tots'bashi's accession, in 1867, he was appointed chief physician to the court, with powers which placed in his hands the general control of all the medical colleges in the Empire. His functions, however, though nominally scientific, rapidly assumed a much wider range. Himself a thorough republican, he actually succeeded, in this nation of autocracy and feudalism, in swaying the mind of the government, or its head, in the direction of liberal, beneficent, and comprehensive reforms.\* Many radical public changes were devised, and many private reparations of long-standing wrong were effected, during the short term of the progressive young Tycoon's administration. Most of the former still remain in embryo; of the latter I shall presently relate a striking and, I think you will admit, a most interesting example. Matsumoto's opportunity was soon at an end. Within a few months the dynasty of Iyeyas was overthrown, the family of the Tycoon reduced to the rank of the daimios, and H'tots'bashi deprived of the leadership of even his own clan. In the

civil war that ensued, Matsumoto's defiant attitude made him a conspicuous object of persecution, and he was more than once apprehended and his life imperilled; but he escaped in good time to the North, where he remained until peace, or what passed for peace, was restored. The first measures of the new government were conciliatory. Our doctor was offered an exalted position near the Mikado, at Yedo; but he peremptorily refused it, declaring that, as he had once been held as a prisoner by the party in power, he could not reconcile himself to any free association with it. If I know of any deeper motives for his contumacy, I certainly am not going to reveal them just now. At any rate, he chose fidelity to the memory of his chieftain's former state, rather than affiliation with the temporarily revived glories of the imperial court. Setting aside all sentiment, there might perhaps have been sufficiently sound practical reasons for this course. The Tokugawa family, of which the Tycoons were the head, still comprised four of the wealthiest and most powerful clans in Japan, whose united revenues equalled in value those of any other three houses combined. It was not likely that a devoted adherent would be suffered to undergo any serious embarrassment in the present, let alone the luminous prospects that the political future might afford. As far as his personal needs were concerned, his practice could provide for those. For assistance in his contemplated plans for hospital reform he could more hopefully turn to his prosperous patrons than to a feeble and poverty-fettered administration. He wanted, besides, entire freedom of action in his first experiment. While recognizing many merits in the hospitals controlled and supported by the government, he saw the way to improvements which he wished to initiate according to his own convictions. His purpose being known, more than one capitalist came forward to assist him. An estate in Waseda, one of the suburbs of Yedo, was secured, and the

\* There is every reason for supposing that H'tots'bashi was at least as ready to receive suggestions as any reformer to offer them. He was an officer of remarkable enlightenment and the highest intelligence. But his power proved unequal to his purpose.

establishment was founded which I have endeavored to introduce with due historical precaution, and toward which I now propose to lead the way without further circumlocution.

There is nothing more exhilarating than a fine winter morning in this part of Japan. The weather is never severely cold, the atmosphere is the clearest in the world, and the sky is softer and brighter than Italy or New England can boast. This very Sunday, January 1, 1871, is an admirable example. The roads are in capital condition and our ponies are sufficiently lively. Apart from the circumstance that to some of us it is a perpetual delight simply to be here, in this strange and fascinating land, the surroundings are such as cannot fail to appeal to even an indifferent observer. What could be more picturesque than these long avenues of quaint Oriental architecture, these broad and shining moats, and these massive castle walls? What more animating than the busy throngs which agitate the thoroughfares on all sides, — farmers bearing their produce; laborers shouting and singing at their toil; lofty potentates, compactly folded in their *norimonos*, and refulgent in dazzling silks; merchants with their wives and pretty daughters, smilingly inviting an inspection of their wares; and children of every age and iridian raiment sprinkled about with a profusion which seems to give effective contradiction to the theory that the population of these islands is steadily decreasing? What more enchanting than the rich and varied scenery; before us an endless succession of pine-tufted hills and luxuriant valleys; upon one side the Bay of Yedo flashing in the sunlight, and upon the other the swelling mountain-ranges of Hakone, crowned by the towering peak of Fuzi-yama, whose snow-crueted cone gleams and sparkles like a gigantic prism? The beauty of the view is almost uninterrupted during the whole of your morning ride, and indeed the road from the foreign quarter of Yedo to Waseda is one of the pleasantest that

a connoisseur could select. The distance is about eight miles, — a trifle in this city of incalculable dimensions. First crossing the populous and thriving quarter of which the Tokaido is the great artery, we enter the heavy double-gates of the first wall, and traverse the tranquil regions formerly occupied by the wealthier daimios, but now, for the most part, sinking into decay. Here, however, a few of the Southern lords, like Satsuma and Chosia, retain a portion of their former state, and the winding trains of their high retainers may here and there be seen on their way to the interior enclosures, — perhaps to the house of Parliament. Presently we also penetrate another barrier, and, once within this last of the great concentric walls, there is nothing between us and the grounds of his Imperial Mystery, the Mikado, but a light picket fence and a bamboo hedge. It is an interesting fact that the poorest peasant is here as free to wander through all the avenues of the castle — excepting, of course, those of the private gardens immediately surrounding the sovereign's residence — as, for example, was any citizen of Paris to cross the Tuileries during the recent French despotism. The castle of Yedo is, in fact, a public thoroughfare. After passing a mile or two along roads thickly shaded with bamboo and huge pines, and skirted with moats the surfaces of which can hardly be seen for the myriads of aquatic fowl which cluster together upon them, we emerge again, and strike into the heart of another crowded quarter, in which artisans and mechanics most abound. Everything here, so far as the natives are concerned, is merry and mirth-inspiring. It is true that now and then we encounter a foreigner who stops the way of our good-nature; one from whose person knives and pistols of various deadly capacities protrude, whose belt is an arsenal, and whose pockets are magazines; and whose countenance wears that fantastic and complicated expression of mingled insolence and trepidation which

distinguishes the average stranger in Yedo; or another who deems it expedient and tasteful to proclaim his pluck by whirling a vicious whip-lash about him as he rides, enjoying the panic of startled women and children, and fancying himself at once a hero and a pioneer of civilization. But these, to-day, are comparatively few; and as the Japanese overlook their vagaries with an amiable pity, we also may rid our minds of the annoyances they inspire. For two miles farther the orderly confusion of traffic is unceasing, then market-gardens begin to intersect the blocks of dwelling-houses and rice-fields border the canals and natural streams. The vast city assumes more of the aspect of a flourishing country town, into one of the more secluded lanes of which we sharply turn, and, moving for a quarter of a mile under arches and festoons of bamboos and vines, arrive before a modest gateway around which a crowd of horses with their attendant grooms and scores of "jin-riki-sha,"\* a two-wheeled hand vehicle which is now the popular and fashionable conveyance of Yedo, announce that our destination is reached. It is evident that the place has been selected with a view to artistic as well as sanitary considerations. I believe that it was formerly a favorite suburban residence of the regent Iyi Kamon, whose assassination, in 1859, created such consternation among the chiefs of the Japanese embassy then in the United States. It subsequently became the property of the daimio of Takamatzu, from whom it was purchased or leased for its present purpose. Like most of the *yas'kis* in and about Yedo, it is ingeniously and tastefully arranged throughout, every detail of the interior being dexterously wrought into some form of grace and beauty. The gardens are profusely decorated with artificial ponds, rivulets, mounds, and miniature groves; and although the actual enclosure may not occupy more than a dozen or fifteen acres, a labyrinthine promenade of

miles has been supplied. A healthier situation could not be found in this vicinity. The buildings originally erected have been devoted to the uses of various branches of the doctor's family, his assistants, and his corps of students. For the hospital itself a new two-story house has been built; at the door of which the host now stands, waiting to welcome us with all the pleasant forms of Japanese greeting.

I have been speaking in the plural number, considerate reader, only in the familiar and fanciful supposition that you are with me on this expedition,—as, for your sake, I sincerely wish you were. If you chain me down to literal truth, I admit that I am alone, a solitary horseman of the G. P. R. James pattern. At the threshold of the new edifice I am (or, if I may continue the agreeable illusion, we are) confronted by a dreadful alternative. Etiquette, and cleanliness as well, demand that the casings of foreign feet shall be removed before entering a Japanese dwelling. The neatness of their mats is always so daintily preserved by themselves, that even our less scrupulous instincts shrink from the idea of polluting them by dust or mud-stains. But in this instance a particular difficulty presents itself. The building is new, the walls are damp, and the freshly scoured passages have not yet had time to dry. Accustomed to liberal protection, our unshod feet would be too sensitive to these various rheumatic influences. Whilst we hesitate Matsumoto decides for us. He summons domestics, who, at his direction, proceed to polish our extremities with straw, and to render our soles a trifle less arable. He insists that we are not to think of exposing ourselves. As becomes us, under the circumstances, although inwardly delighted, we strenuously protest. He overrules us with a conclusive gesture. We,

"Vowing we will ne'er consent, consent,"

follow him to the inspection of his new domain.

I am not preparing this record for a

\* *Jin-riki-sha*, man-power-carriage.

medical publication, and there is no reason why I should attempt a closely detailed description of the interior. It will be sufficient to say that, although constructed without the slightest assistance in the way of foreign counsel or suggestion, it fulfils in every essential particular the requirements it was designed to meet. The single noticeable defect is the absence of sufficient ground ventilation. In other respects the most rigorous scrutiny could discover no serious errors. It affords abundant accommodation for about one hundred patients, and could, without inconvenience to anybody, contain half as many more, general and private. Cot-beds take the place of the floor-mats and rugs commonly used in other hospitals of Yedo. The Japanese diet is eschewed, and a more nutritious regimen substituted. An incidental enterprise in support of this particular part of his scheme is thoroughly characteristic of Matsumoto. Finding that for certain maladies, and especially in cases where exhausting surgical operations are required, more vigorous stimulants were needed than the ordinary fish and rice of the Japanese market would afford, and believing that wholesome beer would most rapidly supply the want, but knowing the costly imported article to be beyond the reach of the multitude, he brought down from the North,—as one of the trophies of his exile, we may say,—a vast cargo of hops, established a brewery of his own at Asakusa, producing beer of an excellent quality and at a merely nominal price. It may be readily supposed that this successful experiment has in no degree diminished his popularity either within the hospital or elsewhere. However this may be, patients at his establishment enjoy the comfortable certainty of luxurious quarters, the best attainable food prepared in foreign style by an expert cook, invigorating beer in case of need, which the Japanese constitution indisputably requires upon occasion, and skilful and considerate treatment. And what do you suppose is the pay-

ment demanded for all these bountiful provisions? Precisely two *bu's*,—about fifty cents, a day; barely sufficient to cover the actual current outlay for each inmate. It is understood, of course, that the bulk of the general expenditure is provided for by liberal endowment, from members of Matsumoto's personal *clientele*. A proof of the democratic convictions of the man appears in the fact that his tariff is the same for high and low. He refuses to recognize any distinction, within his walls, between an opulent daimio and a plebeian pauper. Nor will he consent to receive special fees from wealthy patients. "If," he says, "any rich man comes here to be cured, and is cured, and feels grateful for it, he may make an endowment of any amount he pleases; but I will permit no social or pecuniary distinctions among my inmates, for any purpose."

As we are completing our acquaintance with the institution by a pleasant ramble through the grounds, and wondering if many worse destinies might not befall a man in Japan than that of occupying the position of a chronic invalid in Dr. Matsumoto's hands, we are summoned to lunch, and marshalled back to the new building, where, during our brief outdoor absence, tables have been spread in every hall and chamber. An overflowing congregation of guests has now assembled. Some of these are persons of high metropolitan distinction. We first catch sight of Dr. Shiba,\* an old acquaint-

\* Although it may not be strictly apropos, I cannot allow the name of Dr. Shiba to pass by without making use of him as an example of the persevering industry in intellectual pursuits, even outside of their immediate vocation, which distinguishes many of the present generation of Japanese scholars. Shiba is burdened with all the responsibilities of the management of the government hospital and medical college; but he finds time to also superintend the studies of a number of his younger pupils in foreign languages, and to prepare German and Japanese text-books for their use. I have known him to travel on foot, night after night, or rather morning after morning,—any time from twelve until three,—from his residence to the foreign quarter and back, for the purpose of verifying his manuscripts or correcting his proofs. And if you hinted "drudgery" to him, he would look at you with mild amazement, and hope he had misunderstood you.

ance, the director of the great government hospital and school of medicine, who, we are delighted to see, is not deterred by any sentiment of professional rivalry from coming to join in the complimentary demonstration toward his colleague. Clustered around him are great numbers of devoted young students, all engaged in lively discussions, and interchanging scientific opinions in a variety of languages; most of them having a fair acquaintance with one or more of the European tongues. On this occasion exalted rank and simple station are harmoniously commingled, — a rare circumstance in Japan, of which I have seen no example in any other place. An extraordinary combination of great wealth and, until recently, degraded caste, in a single individual, is pointed out to us, — a middle-aged man, of gentle and intelligent appearance, simply dressed, but with a noble crest embroidered upon his outer garment, whose countenance lights up at the approach of Matsumoto with a glow of grateful recognition, which at once betrays that some secret sympathy unites them. This is the King of the Beggars, an historic character in the Empire, with the past few years of whose life a thread of real romance is interwoven, and the emancipation of whose family from a social thralldom of more than two centuries was the very act of Matsumoto which awhile ago I promised to narrate. The story illustrates more than one point of Japanese custom and character.

At the beginning of the sixteenth century, as all readers of Oriental annals are aware, the civil tumults of these islands were terminated by the strong hand of Iyeyas, the first Tycoon of the great Tokugawa house. In remodeling the internal organization of the Empire, he summoned to his councils the most prominent nobles and chieftains of all parties, partly for purposes of consultation, and partly with the intention of meeting their desires, as far as his policy would allow him to do so, in the new disposition of affairs. Among those who thus appeared before him

was the head of a younger branch of the famous Yoritomo family, a descendant of Iyeyas's predecessor, the first of all the Tycoons. He came reluctantly and contumaciously, resisting every advance of the conqueror with sullen obduracy. On being asked to what class he wished to attach himself, — being offered, indeed, his free choice, — he answered that he would belong to no class of which he could not be acknowledged as the master. Incensed at this display of stubborn pride, Iyeyas declared that he should have his will, and straightway decreed that he and his descendants should be "Kings of the Beggars" forever, with liberty to wear the insignia of the Yoritomos, and power to claim a percentage of the revenues of beggars throughout the land, but with total deprivation, from that time forth, of all social rank, and of the right to alliance with, or even recognition by, any but the outcast bands of mendicants and their associates. The blow was a heavy one, but nothing could avert it; and for nearly two hundred and fifty years this proscribed family lived on, amassing enormous riches, but shut out from intercourse with all excepting pariahs. Their wealth gradually made them objects of watchful consideration, even among the higher classes, and many a daimio would willingly have sought a matrimonial connection with them, but for the inexorable law of Iyeyas. During the last generation, indeed, one daughter of this house of opulent beggary was said to have been forcibly abducted by a nobleman of high estate, in the hope of thus breaking down the old prejudice; but nothing came of it. In the early part of Matsumoto's career, however, his democratic wanderings brought him in contact with the present head of the family. He found him to be a man of culture and ability, not only possessed of the material means of performing good public deeds, but truly anxious to find himself in a position where he might undertake them. To the task of ridding him of his disabilities Matsumoto then ad-



dressed himself; and such was his influence with the young prince, H'tots' bashi, that, soon after the latter's elevation to the dignity of Tycoon, the King of the Beggars was publicly restored to the order of the gentry, and suffered to discard the crown which had so long oppressed him. To estimate the magnitude of such an achievement, it is necessary to understand the unswerving social instinct of the Japanese, the rigors of their system of caste, and their almost superstitious fidelity to tradition. It is easy to see how keenly one individual appreciates it,—the ex-monarch himself. His devotion to his liberator is undying, and his hand is ever open as day in support of the projects of his friend. Of this hospital he is one of the chief patrons.

A banquet in the house of a Japanese gentleman,—at least of one who has made foreign tables his study,—no longer presents any curious or extraordinary features. To discover these you must breakfast or dine with him privately, and *en famille*. Here, were it not for the loose and graceful raiment of all around us, and the softness of the language, which is more melodious than any ever heard in New York outside of an opera-house, we might fancy ourselves at the familiar corner of Fourteenth Street and Fifth Avenue. The cleverness of the Japanese cooks is remarkable. Not only have they mastered all the accomplishments of their French teachers, but in many instances they have bettered their instruction by combining certain culinary caprices of their own land with the alimentary arts of the nation of a thousand gravies. We find nothing singular in this repast except its excellence, which we acknowledge with a zeal which words alone could not convey, until we are interrupted by a merry cry from without announcing to us all that the minstrels and players have come. What minstrels and players? Why, Matsumoto's friends, of course. A man of his broad sympathies is not likely to be without friends in that section of the

world of art. And these are especially his friends because, not very long ago, one of their number met with a frightful accident which threatened to wind up not only his public career, but his existence as well. Matsumoto went for him in a frenzy of scientific enthusiasm, took off one leg, and put him on another so neatly that the fellow was at his histrionic games again within three months. For this piece of work the doctor, among other recompenses, was invested with the life-privilege of a private box at the principal theatre of Asakusa, the amusement quarter of Yedo. The comedians had now sent him word that they would not be denied the satisfaction of contributing to the diversions of the day; and here they are, indeed, in strong force, numerically and intellectually. They have an author among them, as we shall presently see. The lower ward, or hall, having been briskly cleared, we are all invited to descend thither and dispose ourselves about the floor, each individual in such posture as his own ideas of comfort may suggest. And so behold us, compactly grouped, as incongruous a specimen of impromptu human mosaic-work as was ever assembled under a Japanese roof. Dancing-girls, doctors, musicians, noblemen, actors, the abdicated King of the Beggars, artists of various abilities, including Uchida, the famous native photographer, with some of whose clever work it shall not be my fault if New York does not in due time become acquainted, and two highly elated Americans,—a thoroughly happy family.

Before many minutes an ominous silence falls upon the party. A circular space is cleared in the centre of the apartment, into which advances a middle-aged lady escorted by a gentleman of advanced years, bearing a samisen, a three-stringed instrument of a quality and tone somewhat closely resembling the banjo. They kneel and gravely salute us. "She is not beautiful," whispers a young student beside us, "but she is very gifted." The samisen-player snaps a lively prelude,



and in due time the voice of the very gifted singer is heard warbling and vibrating in that strange involution of shake and trill which constitutes the highest form of Japanese vocalization. She is loud and she is long. It is a lyric romance, apparently in several volumes, which she vouchsafes us. We vow that we are enchanted, — we are in the mood to enjoy anything, — but we do not press her to a repetition. As these artists merge into the throng again, their places are filled by half a score of minstrel-girls, some of whom scatter sharp *pizzicatos* in profusion from their guitars, while others sing and dance, moving first with stately precision in figures of geometric regularity, and gradually advancing to freer, bolder, and more expressive measures. Their supple bodies sway gracefully to and fro, their arms are waved in gentle gesticulation, and their little bare feet patter rhythmically upon the mats, and twinkle like — I hardly know like what; in fact, I am not altogether sure that they twinkle at all, or that I should have thought of such a thing if a great poet had not coined the phrase, which everybody feels bound to repeat at intervals. Whether they twinkle or not, they are very pink and active. Suddenly, as if irresistibly fired by emulation, some of the younger members of the dramatic corps plunge forward, and diversify the dance by nimble and erratic caperings, not altogether suggestive of *cancan* reminiscences, but in no way tending to disturb the more equable gyrations of the ladies of the ballet. This lasts its appointed time, and then abruptly closes. We are somewhat more enthusiastic than we were upon the withdrawal of the ballad-singer, but we observe that the assemblage has been augmented by a considerable concourse of visitors, members of the doctor's family and his more or less near relations, in order to pay our respects to whom we must banish frivolous thoughts. We are presented to his venerable father and mother, to his amiable wife, to his children, and to a host of charming cousins and

nieces, — O, such pretty girls! a little shy and becomingly reserved, but none the less agreeable on that account. The children are delightful, as indeed are all Japanese children of the better class. Good-temper and politeness seem to be instinctive with them. They are not a bit afraid, and through them we are able to make ourselves better acquainted with their bright-eyed aunts and sisters. Now Mrs. Matsumoto, after consultation with her consort, who nods compliance, leads forward a beautiful child, — a third cousin or something, — about twelve years old, with peach-like cheeks and cherry lips and almond eyes, — altogether a most fruitful countenance, — who goes through a bit of pantomimic coquetry with a fan, which is vastly entertaining to witness, although its meaning may be a little beyond our depth. More and more characteristic dances and songs are given, some by amateurs, some by the practised professors, until at last the chief of the actors, Kimi-tayu by name, rises with an air of importance, and announces that one of his brethren has composed a little comedy, or masque, in honor of the occasion, which he, with the assistance of some of his associates, begs to submit to the distinguished company. A shout of satisfaction, a murmur of expectancy, and then dead silence. Our curiosity is at least as vividly excited as that of all the rest. A Japanese *pièce de circonstance*! A stage is formed, lights are appropriately arranged, and the orchestra takes its place. You shall have the piece, minus the action, precisely as we had it. I think it best to give you a literal translation, without attempting in any particular to smooth away certain abruptnesses of phraseology, or to remedy its occasional inaccuracies. These were certainly not severely scrutinized at Matsumoto's house. The occasion was not favorable to Aristarchean judgments. Its reception was precisely what you might expect, and the allusion to the beer reaped a whirlwind of applause.

NISHI NO UMI WARAU KADO MATSU.\*

## A MASQUE.

GENIUS OF NEUROSIS.  
 " " PARALYSIS.  
 " " PYROSIS.  
 SPIRIT OF SCIENCE.  
 " " TRUTH.

NEUROSIS *enters, richly dressed, as a monarch, with crown and sceptre, and strides about the stage in great agitation. He is followed by PARALYSIS, who, putting aside his crutches, lies down upon mats and flannels. Next comes PYROSIS, who reclines beside PARALYSIS. — Music throughout the scene.*†

NEUROSIS. Behold and listen! Numberless as were formerly the varieties of disease, doctors arose sufficiently skilful to combat them all. Our power is declining. Therefore we will unite and spread disorders with such violence that none can be cured. I pledge myself to this work by my honor as the sovereign of nervous diseases.

PYROSIS. And I will ordain that fever shall rage throughout the world. No skill shall counteract the calamities that I will create.

PARALYSIS. Palsy is my dominion. My legs totter beneath me, but for my zeal in diffusing the malady which I control, I have been promoted to the dignity of two crutches, and I expect soon to be hailed as the Mikado (Tenno) of the Paralytic Empire.

NEUROSIS. Midnight has sounded.

PYROSIS. Our time is short. Let us concert our plans. From this time forth disease must triumph.

PARALYSIS. The skill of the physicians is decreasing every day. We shall have little trouble.

NEUROSIS and PYROSIS. Nevertheless, let us —

\* The title involves a series of puns, and cannot well be translated. It suggests at once ideas of science from the "Western Ocean" (Nishi no Umi), of a popular method of New-Year's greeting, by hanging pine boughs at the gate of a dwelling (Warau Kado Matsuz), and of the doctor's family name.

† Japanese dramatic representations, like those of the Chinese, are liberally accompanied with instrumental music. On this occasion, two samisen and a drum constituted the orchestra.

SCIENCE (*cries from without*). I surrender, I surrender!

NEUROSIS. What is the meaning of this interruption?

SCIENCE *enters, disguised as a blind shampooer,\* and repeatedly prostrates himself.*

SCIENCE. Pardon me; I surrender.

NEUROSIS. Why do you cry out thus "I surrender"?

SCIENCE. Like most of my brethren I was born and reared in blindness, and my life has been passed in fighting blindly against disease. But now, disease becomes too strong for us, and the race of doctors is falling into contempt. From this day I will be of your party. Pray take me into your party.

NEUROSIS. Ah, you wish to join the party of disease?

PYROSIS. And if we accept you, in what way can you serve us?

SCIENCE. I will pretend to be still your enemy, and will visit all the dispensaries, and misplace the drugs. All medicines shall be mixed together. Disease shall thrive. Give yourselves no concern about my conduct.

NEUROSIS. It sounds well. But tell us —

PYROSIS. Ay, tell us what maladies are now most prevalent.

PARALYSIS. That is the point.

SCIENCE. You shall hear.

*As they gather together, TRUTH enters, also disguised.*

SCIENCE. What is this fellow doing here?

TRUTH. Listen. For ten years I have been an unsuccessful doctor. Hundreds of persons have died by my hands, as you should know. At last I am deserted by my patients, and outlawed by the faculty. I cannot hold my head erect among them. You, my friend (*to SCIENCE*), have surrendered.

\* There is a common and quite numerous class of self-styled doctors in Japan, whose sole art is that of skilful "shampooing," or rapid rubbing of the body from head to foot, somewhat after the manner practised in Turkish baths. Many of these are blind.

I, too, come to beg admission to the society of disease.

NEUROSIS. It is pleasant to find so many physicians coming over to our side. The cause prospers, and disease will soon rule the world.

PYROSIS. This is an augury of victory. Let us, therefore, drink and be merry.

PARALYSIS. Willingly; only, unluckily, we have no wine.

TRUTH (*producing a flask*). I have a flask here, if you can find glasses.

NEUROSIS. Hold! hold! The world declares that saki is used in several medicines; if saki is a medicine we must not drink saki!

TRUTH. Make yourself easy. This is not saki, but a draught composed of several poisons, which I am sure will have a very interesting effect upon you, and will aid hereafter in spreading disease.

ALL. Then of course we will drink.

*The liquor is poured out and drunk.*

NEUROSIS. Excellent.

ALL. Admirable.

*The music becomes more rapid, while the three Genii of disease dance and sing hilariously. As they grow excited, their secret qualities are developed. NEUROSIS is splenetic, PARALYSIS shakes with laughter, PYROSIS weeps hysterically. Presently they lie down exhausted.*

SCIENCE (*aside*). My plan succeeds.

TRUTH (*to SCIENCE*). Do not rouse them. Our spell is upon them, and they are in our power. While they sleep, Science and Truth will make them harmless forever.

*Pantomime. The three Genii awake.*

SCIENCE AND TRUTH. Your reign is ended. You must withdraw from this place, for we have robbed you of your power. We are the everlasting enemies of disease.

NEUROSIS. Then you have deceived us. We believed you were our confederates. Or is it all a jest?

TRUTH. It is no jest. I have used

a stratagem to destroy you. I am the mighty spirit called Truth.

SCIENCE. And I am Science. Truly in former times I was nothing but a blind shampooer, but that is all changed now.

THE THREE GENII. And the draught?—

SCIENCE. Was BEER, prepared by Matsumoto, and manufactured by Hashiba & Co., Asakusa.

TRUTH. A powerful assistant in curing disease.

NEUROSIS. O, if we have swallowed that beer, of which we have heard so much, we are indeed bewitched.

*The Genii attack the Spirits of TRUTH and SCIENCE; the latter removes his hat, and rays of light spring from his head, which dazzle and transfix the assailants.*

THE GENII. The effect of medicine is a horrible thing!

NEUROSIS. One thing is clear, we can never enter *this* place to scatter disease.

So ended the allegorical part of the dialogue. A few jocular phrases followed; but as they were crowded with puns and droll misapplications of names of persons present, it is impossible to translate them. Another general dance, again in odd resemblance to a *cancan*, terminated the whole. Author and actor were rewarded with vigorous cheers. Our blue handkerchiefs were flung by dozens, as bouquets might elsewhere be flung, upon the stage. Did I mention the blue handkerchiefs before? Ah, well, I should have said that, upon entering, each guest was presented a neat square half-yard of linen cloth with appropriate inscriptions of welcome in various languages worked into the fabric. Dr. Matsumoto effervesced with good-humor like a freshly poured glass of his own eulogized beer. Everybody was in raptures, and it seemed as if nothing could add to the universal contentment, when lo! the door flew open, and a procession of servants appeared, bringing richly

stored trays of food, this time prepared according to the orthodox Japanese methods. What more could be needed? This was the climax, and before the chop-sticks were broken apart\* for the

\* In the best Japanese houses, the chop-sticks are united, at the beginning of a feast, like a couple of matches. This is to show that they have not before been used, and partly, perhaps, to satisfy that destructive element in human nature which, even in moments of convivial anticipation, experiences a satisfaction in raptures so trivial as that of a bit of bifurcated shingle.

impending ceremony we, the people of the United States, took hasty leave and vanished from the scene. And as we rode leisurely back in the moonlight to our distant homes, I think we both agreed that in no other place could we, at least, have passed our New-Year's day of 1871 with such hearty and novel enjoyment, or in a manner more significant to us of that cultivated development the progress of which in this land it is our constant pleasure to applaud.

E. H. H.

## WATCH AND WARD.

### IN FIVE PARTS: PART FIFTH.

#### IX.

NORA frequently wondered in after years how that Sunday afternoon had worked itself away; how, through the tumult of amazement and grief, decision, illumination, action had finally come. She had disembarassed herself of a vague attempt of Mrs. Keith's towards some compensatory caress, and making her way half blindly to her own room, had sat down face to face with her trouble. Here, if ever, was thunder from a clear sky. Her friend's disclosure took time to swell to its full magnitude; for an hour she sat, half stunned, seeming to see it climb heaven-high and glare upon her like some monstrous blighting sun. Then at last she broke into a cry and wept. For an hour she poured out her tears; the ample flood seemed to purge and unchoke the channel of thought. Her immense pain gushed and filtered through her heart and passed out in shuddering sobs. The whole face of things was hideously altered; a sudden chasm had yawned in that backward outlook of her life which had seemed to command the very headspring of domestic security. Between the world and her, much might happen; between her and Roger, nothing! She felt hor-

ribly deluded and injured; the sense of suffered wrong absorbed for the time the thought of wrong inflicted. She was too weak for indignation, but she overflowed with a tenderness of reproach which contained the purest essence of resentment. That Roger, whom all these years she had fancied as simple as charity, should have been as double as interest, should have played a part and laid a train, that she had been living in darkness, in illusion, on lies, was a sickening, tormenting thought. The worst of the worst was, that she had been cheated of the chance to be really loyal. Why had he never told her that she wore a chain? Why, when he took her, had he not drawn up his terms and made his bargain? She would have kept it, she would have taught herself to be his wife. Duty then would have been duty; sentiment would have been sentiment; her youth would not have been so wretchedly misspent. She would have surrendered her heart gladly in its youth; doubtless it would have learned to beat to a decent and satisfied measure; but now it had throbbed to a finer music, a melody that would ring in her ears forever. But she had challenged conscience, poor girl, in retrospect; at the very

whisper of its name, it stood before her as a living fact. Suddenly, with an agonizing moral convulsion, she found herself dedicating her tears to her own want of faith. She it was who had been cruel, cunning, heedless of a sacred obligation. The longer she gazed at the situation, the more without relief or issue it seemed to her; the more densely compounded of their common fatal want of wisdom. That out of it now, on her part, repentance and assent should spring, seemed as a birth of folly out of chaos. Was she to be startled back into a marriage which experience had overpassed? Yet what should she do? To be what she had been, and to be what Roger wished her to be, were now alike impossible. While she turned in her pain, longing somehow to act, Mrs. Keith knocked at the door. Nora repaired to the dressing-glass, to efface the traces of her tears; and while she stood there, she saw in her open dressing-case her last letter from her cousin. It supplied the thought she was vaguely groping for. By the time she had crossed the room and opened the door, she had welcomed and blessed this thought; and while she gravely shook her head in response to Mrs. Keith's softly urgent, "Nora, dear, won't you let me come to you?" she had passionately embraced it. "I had rather be alone," she said; "I thank you very much."

It was nearly six o'clock; Mrs. Keith was dressed for the evening. It was her gracious practice on Sundays to dine with her mother-in-law. Nora knew, therefore, that if her companion accepted this present dismissal, she would be alone for several hours.

"Can't I do something for you?" Mrs. Keith inquired, soothingly.

"Nothing at all, thank you. You're very kind."

Mrs. Keith looked at her, wondering whether this was the irony of bitter grief; but a certain cold calmness in the young girl's face, overlying her agitation, seemed to intimate that she had taken a wise resolve. And, in fact, Nora was now soaring sublime on the

wings of purpose, and viewed Mrs. Keith's offence as a diminished fact. Mrs. Keith took her hands. "Write him a line, my dear," she gently adjured.

Nora nodded. "Yes, I will write him a line."

"And when I come back, it will be all over?"

"Yes,—all over."

"God bless you, my dear." And on this theological *gracieu seté*, the two women kissed and separated. Nora returned to her dressing-case and read over her cousin's letter. Its clear friendliness seemed to ring out audibly amid this appalling hush of the harmonies of life. "I wish you might know a day's friendliness or a day's freedom,—yours without question, without condition, and till death." Here was the voice of nature, of appointed protection; the sound of it aroused her early sense of native nearness to her cousin; had he been at hand she would have sought a wholesome refuge in his arms. She sat down at her writing-table, with her brow in her hands, light-headed with her passionate purpose, steadying herself to think. A day's freedom had come at last; a lifetime's freedom confronted her. For, as you will have guessed, immediate retrocession and departure had imperiously prescribed themselves. Until this had taken place, there could be nothing but deeper trouble. On the old terms there could be no clearing up; she could speak to Roger again only in perfect independence. She must throw off those suffocating bounties which had been meant to hold her to the service in which she had so miserably failed. Her failure now she felt no impulse to question, her decision no energy to revise. I shall have told my story ill if these things seem to lack logic. The fault lay deeper and dated from longer ago than her morning's words of denial. Roger and she shared it between them; it was a heavy burden for both. He had wondered, we may add, whether that lurking force which gave her the dignity that entranced him was humility

or pride. Would he have wondered now ?

She wrote her "line," as she had promised Mrs. Keith, rapidly, without erasure ; then wrote another to Mrs. Keith, folded and directed them and laid them on her dressing-table. She remembered now, distinctly, that she had heard of a Sunday-evening train to New York. She hastened down stairs, found in a newspaper the railway advertisement, and learned that the train started at eight ; satisfied herself, too, that the coast was clear of servants, and that she might depart unquestioned. She bade a gleeful farewell to her borrowed possessions, vain bribes, ineffective lures. She exchanged the dress she had worn to church for an old black silk one, put a few articles of the first necessity into a small travelling-bag, and emptied her purse of all save a few dollars. Then bonneted, shawled, veiled, with her bag in her hand, she went forth into the street. She would begin as she would have to proceed ; she started for the station, savingly, on foot. Happily it was not far off ; she reached it through the wintry darkness, out of breath, but in safety. She seemed to feel about her, as she went, the reckless makeshift atmosphere of her childhood. She was once more her father's daughter. She bought her ticket and found a seat in the train without adventure ; with a sort of shame, in fact, that this great deed of hers should be so easy to do. But as the train rattled hideously through the long wakeful hours of the night, difficulties came thickly ; in the mere oppression of her conscious purpose, in the keener vision at moments of Roger's distress, in a vague dread of the great unknown into which she was rushing. But she could do no other, — no other ; with this refrain she lulled her doubts. It was strange how, as the night elapsed and her heart-beats seemed to keep time to the crashing swing of the train, her pity grew for her friend. It would have been a vast relief to be able to hate him. Her undiminished affection,

forced back on her heart, swelled and rankled there tormentingly. But unable to hate Roger, she could at least abuse herself. Every fact of the last six years, in this new light, seemed to glow like a portent of that morning scene, and, in contrast, her own insensibility seemed to mantle with the duskiness of sin. She felt a passionate desire to redeem herself by work, — work of any kind, at any cost, — the harder, the humbler the better. Her music, she deemed, would have a marketable value ; she would write to Miss Murray, her former teacher, and beg her to employ her or recommend her. Her lonely life would borrow something of the dignity it so sadly needed from teaching scales to little girls in pinafores. Meanwhile George, George, was the word. She kept his letter clinched in her hand during half the journey. But among all these things she found time to think of one who was neither George nor Roger. Hubert Lawrence had wished in memorable accents that he had known her friendless and helpless. She imagined now that her placid dependence had stirred his contempt. But for this, *he* might have cut the knot of her destiny. As she thought of him it seemed not misery, but happiness, to be wandering forth alone. She wished he might see her sitting there in poverty ; she wondered whether there was a chance of her meeting him in New York. She would tell him then that she understood and forgave him. What had seemed cruelty was in fact magnanimity ; for, of course, he had learned Roger's plan, and on this ground had renounced. She wondered whether she might properly let him know that she was free.

Toward morning, weariness mastered her and she fell asleep. She was aroused by a great tumult and the stopping of the train. It had arrived. She found with dismay that, as it was but seven o'clock, she had two or three hours on her hands. George would hardly be at his place of business before ten, and the interval seemed for-

midable. The dusk of a winter's morning lingered still, and increased her trouble. But she followed her companions and stood in the street. Half a dozen hackmen attacked her; a facetious gentleman, lighting a cigar, asked her if she would n't take a carriage with him.

She made her escape from the bustle and hurried along the street, praying to be unnoticed. She told herself sternly that now her difficulties had begun and must be bravely faced; but as she stood at the street-corner, beneath an unextinguished lamp, listening to the nascent hum of the town, she felt a most unreasoned sinking of the heart. A Dutch grocer, behind her, was beginning to open his shop; an ash-barrel stood beside her, and while she lingered an old woman with a filthy bag on her back came and poked in it with a stick; a policeman, muffled in a comforter, came lounging squarely along the pavement and took her slender measure with his hard official eye. What a hideous sordid world! She was afraid to do anything but walk and walk. Fortunately, in New York, in the upper region, it is impossible to lose one's way; and she knew that by keeping downward and to the right she would reach her appointed refuge. The streets looked shabby and of ill-repute; the houses seemed mean and sinister. When, to fill her time, she stopped before the window of a small shop, the objects within seemed, in their ugliness, to mock at the delicate needs begotten of Roger's teaching, and now come a-begging. At last she began to feel faint and hungry, for she had fasted since the previous morning. She ventured into an establishment which had *Ladies' Café* inscribed in gilt letters on a blue tablet in the window, and justified its title by an exhibition of stale pies and fly-blown festoons of tissue-paper. On her request, humbly preferred, for a cup of tea, she was served staringly and condescendingly by a half-dressed young woman, with frowzy hair and tumid eyes. The tea was

bad, yet Nora swallowed it, not to complicate the situation. The young woman had come and sat down at her table, handled her travelling-bag, and asked a number of plain questions; among others, if she would n't like to go up and lie down. "I guess it's a dollar," said this person, to conclude her achievements, alluding to the cup of tea. Nora came afterwards to a square, in which was an enclosure containing trees, a frozen fountain, thawing fast, and benches. She went in and sat down on one of the benches. Several of the others were occupied by shabby men, sullen with fasting, with their hands thrust deep into their pockets, swinging their feet for warmth. She felt a faint fellowship in their grim idleness; but the fact that they were all men and she the only woman, seemed to open out deeper depths in her loneliness. At last, when it was nine o'clock, she made her way to Tenth Avenue and to George's address. It was a neighborhood of storehouses and lumberyards, of wholesale traffic in articles she had never heard of, and of multitudinous carts, drawn up along the pavement. She found a large cheap-looking sign in black and white, — *Franks and Fenton*. Beneath it was an alley, and at the end of this alley a small office which seemed to communicate with an extension of the precinct in the rear. The office was open; a small ragged boy was sweeping it with a broom. From him she learned that neither Franks nor Fenton had arrived, but that if she wanted, she might come in and wait. She sat down in a corner, tremulous with conjecture, and scanned the room, trying to bridge over this dull interval with some palpable memento of her cousin. But the desk, the stove, the iron safe, the chairs, the sordid ink-spotted walls, were as blank and impersonal as so many columns of figures. When at last the door opened and a man appeared, it was not Fenton, but, presumably, Franks. Mr. Franks was a small meagre man, with a whitish coloring, weak blue eyes and thin yellow whis-



kers, laboring apparently under a chronic form of that malady vulgarly known as the "fidgets," the opening steps of Saint Vitus's dance. He nodded, he stumbled, he jerked his arms and legs about with pitiful comicality. He had a huge protuberant forehead, such a forehead as would have done honor to a Goethe or a Newton; but poor Mr. Franks must have been at best a man of genius *manqué*. In other words, he was next door to a fool. He informed Nora, on learning her errand, that his partner ("pardner" he called it) was gone to Williamsburg on business, and would not return till noon; meanwhile, was it anything *he* could do? Nora's heart sank at this vision of comfort still deferred; but she thanked Mr. Franks, and begged leave to sit in her corner and wait. Her presence seemed to redouble his agitation; she remained for an hour gazing in painful fascination at his grotesque shrugs and spasms, as he busied himself at his desk. The Muse of accounts, for poor Mr. Franks, was, in fact, not habitually a young woman, thrice beautiful with trouble, sitting so sensibly at his elbow. Nora wondered how George had come to marry his strength to such weakness; then she guessed that it was his need of capital that had discovered a secret affinity with Mr. Franks's need of brains. The merciless intensity of thought begotten by her excitement suggested the dishonorable color of this connection. From time to time Mr. Franks wheeled about in his chair and fixed her solemnly with his pallid glance, as if to offer her the privilege of telling him her story; and on her failure to avail herself of it, turned back to his ledger with a little grunt of injury and a renewal of his vacant nods and becks. As the morning wore away, various gentlemen of the kind designated as "parties" came in and demanded Fenton, quite over Mr. Franks's restless head. Several of them sat awhile on tilted chairs, chewing their toothpicks, stroking their beards, and listening with a half-bored grin to what appeared to

be an intensely confidential exposition of Mr. Franks's wrongs. One of them, as he departed, gave Nora a wink, as if to imply that the state of affairs between the two members of the firm was so broad a joke that even a pretty young woman might enjoy it. At last, when they had been alone again for half an hour, Mr. Franks closed with a slap the great leathern flanks of his account-book, and sat a moment burying his head in his arms. Then he suddenly rose and stood before the young girl. "Mr. Fenton's your cousin, Miss, you say, eh? Well, then, let me tell you that your cousin's a rascal! I can prove it to you on them books! Where is my money, thirty thousand dollars that I put into this d—d humbug of a business? What is there to show for it? I've been made a fool of,—as if I was n't fool enough already." The tears stood in his eyes, he stamped with the bitterness of his spite; and then thrusting his hat on his head and giving Nora's amazement no time to reply, he darted out of the door and went up the alley. Nora saw him from the window, looking up and down the street. Suddenly, while he stood and while she looked, George came up. Mr. Franks's fury seemed suddenly to evaporate; he received his companion's hand-shake and nodded toward the office, as if to tell of Nora's being there; while, to her surprise, George hereupon, without looking toward the window, turned back into the street. In a few minutes, however, he reappeared alone, and in another moment he stood before her. "Well!" he cried; "here's a sensation!"

"George," she said, "I've taken you at your word."

"My word? O yes!" cried George, bravely.

She instantly perceived that he was changed, and not for the better. He looked older, he was better dressed and more prosperous; but as Nora glanced at him, she felt that she had asked too much of her heart. In fact, George was the same George, only

more so, as the phrase is. The lapse of a year and a half had hammered him hard. His face had acquired the settled expression of a man turning over a hard bargain with cynical suspicion. He looked at Nora from head to foot, and in a moment he had noted her simple dress and her pale face. "What on earth has happened?" he asked, closing the door with a kick.

Nora hesitated, feeling that, with words, tears might come.

"You're sick," he said, "or you will be."

This horrible idea helped her to recall her self-control. "I've left Mr. Lawrence," she said.

"So I see!" said George, wavering between relish and disapproval. When, a few moments before, his partner had told him that a young lady was in the office, calling herself his cousin, he had straightway placed himself on his guard. The case was delicate; so that, instead of immediately advancing, he had retreated behind a green baize door twenty yards off, had "taken something," and briskly meditated. She had taken him at his word: he knew that before she told him. But confound his word, if it came to this! It had been meant, not as an invitation to put herself under his care, but as a simple high-colored hint of his standing claims. George, however, had a native sympathy with positive measures; Nora evidently had engaged in one which, as such, might yield profit. "How do you stand?" he asked. "Have you quarrelled?"

"Don't call it a quarrel, George! He's as kind, he's kinder than ever!" Nora cried. "But what do you think? He has asked me to marry him."

"Eh, my dear, I told you so!"

"I did n't believe you! I ought to have believed you. But it is n't only that. It is that, years ago, he adopted me with that view. He brought me up for that purpose. He has done everything for me on that condition. I was to pay my debt and be his wife! I never dreamed of it. And now at last

that I'm a woman grown and he makes his demand, I can't, I can't!"

"You can't, eh? So you've left him!"

"Of course I've left him. It was the only thing to do. It was give and take. I can't give what he wants, nor can I give back all I have received. But I can refuse to take more."

Fenton sat on the edge of his desk, swinging his leg. He folded his arms and whistled a lively air, looking at Nora with a brightened eye. "I see, I see," he said.

Telling her tale had deepened her color and added to her beauty. "So here I am," she went on. "I know that I'm dreadfully alone, that I'm homeless and helpless. But it's a heaven to living as I have lived. I have been content all these days, because I thought I could content him. But we never understood each other. He has given me immeasurable happiness; I know that; and he knows that I know it; don't you think he knows, George?" she cried, eager even in her reserve. "I would have made him a sister, a friend. But I don't expect you to understand all this. It's enough that I'm satisfied. I'm satisfied," the poor girl repeated vehemently. "I'm not going into the heroics; you can trust me, George. I mean to earn my own living. I can teach; I'm a good musician; I want above all things to work. I shall look for some employment without delay. All this time I might have been writing to Miss Murray. But I was sick with impatience to see you. To come to you was the only thing I could do; but I sha'n't trouble you for long."

Fenton seemed to have but half caught the meaning of this impassioned statement, for simple admiration of her radiant purity of purpose was fast getting the better of his caution. He gave his knee a loud slap. "Nora," he said, "you're a great girl!"

For a moment she was silent and thoughtful. "For heaven's sake," she cried at last, "say nothing to make me feel that I have done this thing

too easily, too proudly and recklessly ! Really, I'm anything but brave. I'm full of doubts and fears."

"You're beautiful ; that's one sure thing !" said Fenton. "I'd rather marry you than lose you. Poor Lawrence !" Nora turned away in silence and walked to the window, which grew to her eyes, for the moment, as the "glimmering square" of the poet. "I thought you loved him so !" he added, abruptly. Nora turned back with an effort and a blush. "If he were to come to you now," he went on, "and go down on his knees and beg and plead and rave and all that sort of thing, would you still refuse him ?"

She covered her face with her hands. "O George, George !" she cried.

"He'll follow you, of course. He'll not let you go so easily."

"Possibly ; but I have begged him solemnly to let me take my way. Roger is n't one to rave and rage. At all events, I shall refuse to see him now. A year hence, perhaps. His great desire will be, of course, that I don't suffer. I sha' n't suffer."

"By Jove, not if I can help it !" cried Fenton, with warmth. Nora answered with a faint, grave smile, and stood looking at him, invoking by her helpless silence some act of high protection. He colored beneath her glance with the pressure of his thoughts. They resolved themselves chiefly into the recurring question, "What can be made of it ?" While he was awaiting inspiration, he took refuge in a somewhat inexpensive piece of gallantry. "By the way, you must be hungry."

"No, I'm not hungry," said Nora, "but I'm tired. You must find me a lodging — in some quiet hotel."

"O, you shall be quiet enough," he answered ; but he insisted that unless, meanwhile, she took some dinner, he should have her ill on his hands. They quitted the office, and he hailed a hack, which drove them over to the upper Broadway region, where they were soon established in a well-appointed restaurant. They made, however, no very hearty meal. Nora's

hunger of the morning had passed away in fever, and Fenton himself was, as he would have expressed it, off his feed. Nora's head had begun to ache ; she had removed her bonnet, and sat facing him at their small table, leaning wearily against the wall, her plate neglected, her arms folded, her bright eyes expanded with her trouble and consulting the uncertain future. He noted narrowly her splendid gain of beauty since their parting ; but more even than by this he was struck by her brave playing of her part, and by the purity and mystery of moral temper it implied. It belonged to a line of conduct in which *he* felt no commission to dabble ; but in a creature of another sort he was free to admire these luxuries of conscience. In man or woman the capacity then and there to *act* was the thing he most relished. Nora had not faltered and wavered ; she had chosen, and here she sat. He felt a sort of rage that he was not the manner of man for whom such a woman might so choose, and that his own temper was pitched in so much lower a key ; for as he looked askance at her beautiful absent eyes, he more than suspected that there was a positive as well as a negative side to her refusal of her friend. To refuse Roger, favored as Roger was, her heart, at least, must have accepted another. It was love, and not indifference, that had pulled the wires of her adventure. Fenton, as we have intimated, was one who, when it suited him, could ride rough-shod to his mark. "You've told me half your story," he said, "but your eyes tell the rest. You'll not be Roger's wife, but you'll not die an old maid."

She started, and her utmost effort at self-control was unable to banish a beautiful guiltiness from her blush. "To what you can learn from my eyes you are welcome," she said. "Though they may compromise me, they won't any one else."

"My dear girl," he said, "I religiously respect your secrets." But, in truth, he only half respected them. Stirred as he was by her beauty and

by that sense of feminine appeal which to a man who retains aught of the generosity of manhood is the most inspiring of all motives, he was keenly mortified by the feeling that her tenderness passed him by, barely touching him with the hem of its garment. She was doing mighty fine things, but she was using him, her hard, shabby cousin, as a senseless stepping-stone. These reflections quickened his appreciation of her charm, but took the edge from his delicacy. As they rose to go, Nora, who in spite of her absent eyes had watched him well, felt that cousinship was but a name. George had been to her maturer vision a singular disappointment. His face, from the moment of their meeting, had given her warning to withdraw her trust. Was it she or he who had changed since that fervid youthful parting of sixteen months before? She, in the interval, had been refined by life; he had been vulgarized. She had seen the world. She had known better things and better men; she had known Hubert, and, more than ever, she had known Roger. But as she drew on her gloves she reflected with horror that trouble was making her fastidious. She wished to be coarse and careless; she wished that she might have eaten a heavy dinner, that she might enjoy taking George's arm. And the slower flowed the current of her confidence, the softer dropped her words. "Now, dear George," she said, with a desperate attempt at a cheerful smile, "let me know where you mean to take me."

"Upon my soul, Nora," he said, with a hard grin, "I feel as if I had a jewel I must lay in soft cotton. The thing is to find it soft enough." With George himself, perhaps, she might make terms; but she had a growing horror of his friends. Among them, probably, were the female correlatives of the men who had come to chat with Mr. Franks. She prayed he might not treat her to company. "You see I want to do the pretty thing," he went on. "I want to treat you, by Jove,

as I'd treat a queen! I can't thrust you all alone into a hotel, and I can't put up at one with you, — can I?"

"I'm not in a position now to be fastidious," said Nora. "I sha'n't object to going alone."

"No, no!" he cried, with a flourish of his hand. "I'll do for you what I'd do for my own sister. I'm not one of your pious boys, but I know the decencies. I live in the house of a lady who lets out rooms, — a very nice little woman; she and I are great cronies; I'm sure you'll like her. She'll make you as snug as you ever were with our friend Roger! A female companion for a lonely girl is never amiss, you know. She's a first-rate little woman. You'll see!"

Nora's heart sank, but she assented. They re-entered their carriage, and a drive of moderate length brought them to a brown-stone dwelling of the third order of gentility, as one may say, stationed in a cheap and serried row. In a few moments, in a small tawdry front parlor, Nora was introduced to George's hostess, the nice little woman, Mrs. Paul by name. Nice enough she seemed, for Nora's comfort. She was youngish and fair, plump and comely, with a commendable air of remote widowhood. She was a trifle too loving on short acquaintance, perhaps; but, after all, thought Nora, who was she now, to complain of that? When the two women had gone up stairs, Fenton put on his hat, — he could never meditate without it (he had written that last letter to Nora with his beaver resting on the bridge of his nose), — and paced slowly up and down the narrow entry, chewing the end of a cigar, with his hands in his pockets and his eyes on the ground. In ten minutes Mrs. Paul reappeared. "Well, sir," she cried, "what does all this mean?"

"It means money, if you'll not scream so loud," he answered. "Come in here." They went into the parlor and remained there for a couple of hours with closed doors. At last Fenton came forth and left the house. He walked along the street, humming gen-

tly to himself. Dusk had fallen ; he stopped beneath a lighted lamp at the corner, looked up and down a moment, and then exhaled a deep, an almost melancholy sigh. Having thus purged his conscience, he proceeded to business. He consulted his watch ; it was five o'clock. An empty hack rolled by ; he called it and got in, breathing the motto of great spirits, "Confound the expense !" His business led him to visit successively several of the upper hotels. Roger, he argued, starting immediately in pursuit of Nora, would have taken the first train from Boston, and would now have been more than an hour in town. Fenton could, of course, proceed only by probabilities ; but according to these, Roger was to be found at one of the establishments aforesaid. Fenton knew his New York, and, from what he knew of Roger, he believed him to be at the Brevoort House. Here, in fact, he found his name freshly registered. He would give him time, however ; he would take time himself. He stretched his long legs awhile on one of the divans in the hall. At last Roger appeared, strolling gloomily down the corridor, with his eyes on the ground. For a moment Fenton scarcely recognized him. He was pale and grave ; distress had already made him haggard. Fenton observed that, as he passed, people stared at him. He walked slowly to the street door ; whereupon Fenton, fearing he might lose him, followed him, and stood for a moment behind him. Roger turned suddenly, as if from an instinct of the other's nearness, and the two faced each other. Those dumb eyes of Roger's for once were eloquent. They glowed like living coals.

#### X.

The good lady who enjoyed the sin-ecure of being mother-in-law to Mrs. Keith passed on that especial Sunday an exceptionally dull evening. Her son's widow was oppressed and preoccupied, and took an early leave. Mrs.

Keith's first question on reaching home was whether Nora had left her room. On learning that she had quitted the house alone, after dark, Mrs. Keith made her way, stirred by vague conjecture, to the empty chamber, where, of course, she speedily laid her hands on those two testamentary notes of which mention has been made. In a moment she had read the one addressed to herself. Perturbed as she was, she yet could not repress an impulse of intelligent applause. Ah, how character plays the cards ! how a fine girl's very errors set her off ! If Roger longed for Nora to-day, who could measure the morrow's longing ? He might enjoy, however, without waiting for the morrow, this refinement of desire. In spite of the late hour, Mrs. Keith repaired to his abode, armed with the other letter, deeming this, at such a moment, a more gracious course than to send for him. The letter Roger found to be brief but pregnant. "Dear Roger," it ran, "I learned this afternoon the secret of all these years, — too late for our happiness. I have been blind ; you have been too forbearing, — generous where you should have been narrowly just. I never dreamed of what this day would bring. Now, I must leave you ; I can do nothing else. This is no time to thank you for these years, but I shall live to do so yet. Dear Roger, get married, and send me your children to teach. I shall live by teaching. I have a family, you know ; I go to N. Y. to-night. I write this on my knees, imploring you to be happy. One of these days, when I have learned to be myself again, we shall be better friends than ever. I beg you solemnly not to follow me."

Mrs. Keith sat with her friend half the night in contemplation of this prodigious fact. For the first time in her knowledge of him she saw Roger violent, — violent with horror and self-censure, and vain imprecation of circumstance. But as the hours passed, she noted that effect of which she had had prevision : the intenser heat of his passion, the need to answer act with

act. He spoke of Nora with lowered tones, with circumlocutions, as some old pagan of an unveiled goddess. Consistency is a jewel; Mrs. Keith maintained in the teeth of the event that she had given sound advice. "She'll have you yet," she said, "if you let her alone. Take her at her word, — don't follow her. Let her knock against the world a little, and she'll make you a better wife for this very escapade."

This philosophy seemed to Roger too stoical by half; to sit at home and let Nora knock against the world was more than he could undertake. "Wife or no wife," he said, "I must bring her back. I'm responsible for her to Heaven. Good God! think of her afloat in that horrible city with that rascal of a half-cousin — her 'family' she calls him! — for a pilot!" He took, of course, the first train to New York. How to proceed, where to look, was a hard question; but to linger and waver was agony. He was haunted, as he went, with dreadful visions of what might have befallen her; it seemed to him that he had hated her till now.

Fenton, as he recognized him, seemed a comfortable sight, in spite of his detested identity. He was better than uncertainty. "You have news for me!" Roger cried. "Where is she?"

Fenton looked about him at his leisure, feeling, agreeably, that now *he* held the cards. "Gently," he said. "Hadn't we better retire?" Upon which Roger, grasping his arm with grim devotion, led him to his own bedroom. "I rather hit it," George went on. "I'm not the fool you once tried to make me seem."

"Where is she, — tell me that!" Roger demanded.

"Allow me, dear sir," said Fenton, settling himself in spacious vantage. "If I've come here to oblige you, you must let me take my own way. You don't suppose I've rushed to meet you out of pure gratitude! I owe it to my cousin, in the first place, to say that I've come without her knowledge."

"If you mean only to torture me," Roger answered, "say so outright. Is she well? is she safe?"

"Safe? the safest woman in the city, sir! A delightful home, maternal care!"

Roger wondered whether Fenton was making horrible sport of his trouble; he turned cold at the thought of maternal care of his providing. But he cautioned himself to lose nothing by arrogance. "I thank you extremely for your kindness. Nothing remains but that I should see her."

"Nothing indeed! You're very considerate. You know that she particularly objects to seeing you."

"Possibly! But that's for her to say. I claim the right to take the refusal from her own lips."

Fenton looked at him with an impudent parody of compassion. "Don't you think you've had refusals enough? You must enjoy 'em!"

Roger turned away with an imprecation, but he continued to swallow his impatience. "Mr. Fenton," he said, "you have not come here, I know, to waste words, nor have I to waste temper. You see before you a desperate man. Come, make the most of me! I'm willing, I'm delighted, to be fleeced! You'll help me, but not for nothing. Name your terms."

It is odd how ugly a face our passions, our projects may wear, reflected in other minds, dressed out by other hands. Fenton scowled and flinched, all but repudiated. To save the situation as far as possible, he swaggered. "Well, you see," he answered, "my assistance is worth something. Let me explain how much. You'll not guess! I know your story; Nora has told me everything, — everything! We've had a great talk, I can tell you! Let me give you a little hint of my story, — and excuse egotism! You proposed to her; she refused you. You offered her money, luxury, a position. She knew you, she liked you enormously, yet she refused you flat! Now reflect on this."

There was something revolting to

Roger in seeing his adversary profaning these sacred mysteries; he protested. "I *have* reflected, abundantly. You can tell me nothing. Her affections," he added, stiffly, to make an end of it, "were pre-engaged."

"Exactly! You see how that complicates matters. Poor, dear little Nora!" And Fenton gave a twist to his mustache. "Imagine, if you can, how a man placed as I am feels toward a woman,—toward *the* woman! If he reciprocates, it's love, it's passion, it's what you will, but it's common enough! But when he does n't repay her in kind, when he can't, poor devil, it's—it's—upon my word," cried Fenton, slapping his knee, "it's chivalry!"

For some moments Roger failed to appreciate the astounding purport of these observations; then, suddenly, it dawned upon him. "Do I understand you," he asked, in a voice gentle by force of wonder, "that *you* are the man?"

Fenton squared himself in his chair. "You've hit it, sir. I'm the man,—the happy, the unhappy man. Damn it, sir, it's not my fault!"

Roger stood lost in tumultuous silence; Fenton felt his eyes penetrating him to the core. "Excuse me," said Roger, at last, "if I suggest your giving me some slight evidence of this extraordinary fact!"

"Evidence? is n't there evidence enough and to spare? When a young girl gives up home and friends and fortune and—and reputation, and rushes out into the world to throw herself into a man's arms, you may make a note of her preference, I think! But if you'll not take my word, you may leave it! I may look at the matter once too often, let me tell you! I admire Nora with all my heart; I worship the ground she treads on; but I confess I'm afraid of her; she's too good for me; she was meant for a finer gentleman than I! By which I don't mean *you*, of necessity. But you have been good to her, and you have a claim. It has been cancelled, in a measure; but you wish

to re-establish it. Now you see that I stand in your way; that if I had a mind to, I might stand there forever! Hang it, sir, I'm playing the part of a saint. I have but a word to say to settle my case, and yours too! But I have my eye on a lady neither so young nor so pretty as my cousin, but whom I can marry with a better conscience, for she expects no more than I can give her. Nevertheless, I don't answer for myself. A man is n't a saint by the week! Talk about conscience when a beautiful girl sits gazing at you through a mist of tears! O, you have yourself to thank for it all! A year and a half ago, if you had n't treated me like a sharper, Nora would have been content to treat me like a cousin. But women have a fancy for an outlaw. You turned me out of doors, and Nora's heart went with me. It has followed me ever since. Here I sit with my ugly face and hold it in my hand. As I say, I don't quite know what to do with it. You propose an arrangement, I inquire your terms. A man loved is a man listened to. If I were to say to Nora to-morrow, 'My dear girl, you've made a mistake. You're in a false position. Go back to Mr. Lawrence directly, and then we'll talk about it!' she'd look at me a moment with those eyes of hers, she'd sigh, she'd gather herself up like a queen on trial for treason, remanded to prison,—and she'd march to your door. Once she's within it, it's your own affair. That's what I can do. Now what can you do? Come, something handsome!"

Fenton spoke loud and fast, as if to deepen and outstrip possible self-contempt. Roger listened amazedly to this prodigious tissue of falsity, impudence and greed, and at last, as Fenton paused, and he seemed to see Nora's image blushing piteously beneath this heavy mantle of dishonor, his disgust broke forth. "Upon my word, sir," he cried, "you go too far; you ask too much. Nora in love with you,—you who have n't the *gracé* even to lie decently! Tell me she's ill, she's lost, she's dead; but don't tell me she



can fancy you for a moment an honest man ! ”

Fenton rose and stood for a moment, glaring with anger at his vain self-exposure. For an instant, Roger expected a tussle. But Fenton deemed that he could deal harder vengeance than by his fists. “ Very good ! ” he cried. “ You ’ve chosen. I don’t mind your words ; you’re a fool at best, and of course you’re twenty times a fool when you’re put out by a disagreeable truth. But you’re not such a fool, I guess, as not to repent ! ” And Fenton made a rather braver exit than you might have expected.

Roger’s recent vigil with Mrs. Keith had been hideous enough ; but he was yet to learn that a sleepless night may contain deeper possibilities of suffering. He had flung back Fenton’s words, but they returned to the charge. When once the gate is opened to self-torture, the whole army of fiends files in. Before morning he had fairly out-Fentoned Fenton. There he tossed, himself a living instance, if need were, of the furious irresponsibility of passion ; loving in the teeth of reason, of hope, of justice almost, in blind obedience to a reckless personal need. Why, if *his* passion scorned counsel, was Nora’s bound to take it ? We love as we must, not as we should ; and she, poor girl, had bowed to the common law. In the morning he slept awhile for weariness, but he awoke to a world of agitation. If Fenton’s tale was true, and if, at Mrs. Keith’s instigation, his own suspicions had done Hubert wrong, he would go to Hubert, pour out his woes, and demand aid and comfort. He must move to find rest. Hubert’s lodging was high up town ; Roger started on foot. The weather was perfect ; one of those happy days of February which seem to snatch a mood from May, — a day when any sorrow is twice a sorrow. All winter was a-melting ; you heard on all sides, in the still sunshine, the raising of windows ; on the edges of opposing house-tops rested a vault of vernal blue. Where was she hidden, in the vast bright

city ? Hideous seemed the streets and houses and crowds which made gross distance of their nearness. He would have beggared himself for the sound of her voice, though her words might damn him. When at last he reached Hubert’s dwelling a sudden sense of all that he risked checked his steps. Hubert, after all, and Hubert alone, was a possible rival, and it would be sad work to put the torch in his hands ! So he turned heavily back to the Fifth Avenue and kept his way to the Park. Here, for some time he walked about, heeding, feeling, seeing nothing but that garish nature mocked his unsunned soul. At last he sat down on a bench. The delicious mildness of the air almost sickened him. It was some time before he perceived through the mist of his thoughts that two ladies had descended from a carriage hard by, and were approaching his bench, — the only one near at hand. One of these ladies was of great age and evidently infirm ; she came slowly, leaning on her companion’s arm ; she wore a green shade over her eyes. The younger lady, who was in the prime of youth and beauty, supported her friend with peculiar tenderness. As Roger rose to give them place, he dimly observed on the young lady’s face a movement of recognition, a smile, — the smile of Miss Sandys ! Blushing slightly, she frankly greeted him. He met her with the best grace at his command, and felt her eyes, as he spoke, scanning the trouble in his aspect. “ There is no need of my introducing you to my aunt,” she said. “ She has lost her hearing, and her only pleasure is to bask in the sun.” She turned and helped this venerable invalid to settle herself on the bench, put a shawl about her, and satisfied her feeble needs with filial solicitude. At the end of ten minutes of commonplace talk, relieved however by certain mutual glances of a subtler complexion, Roger felt the presence of this fine woman closing about him like some softer moral climate. At last these sympathetic eye-beams resolved themselves, on Miss Sandys’s

part, into speech. "You're either very unwell, Mr. Lawrence, or very unhappy."

Roger hesitated an instant, under the empire of that stubborn aversion to complaint which, in his character, was half modesty and half philosophy. But Miss Sandys seemed to sit there eying him so like some Muse of friendship that he answered simply, "I'm unhappy!"

"I was afraid it would come!" said Miss Sandys. "It seemed to me when we met, a year ago, that your spirits were too good for this life. You know you told me something which gives me the right—I was going to say, to be interested; let me say, at least, to be compassionate."

"I hardly remember what I told you. I only know that I admired you to a degree which may very well have loosened my tongue."

"O, it was about the charms of another you spoke! You told me about the young girl to whom you had devoted yourself."

"I was dreaming then; now I'm awake!" Roger hung his head and poked the ground with his stick. Suddenly he looked up, and she saw that his eyes were filled with tears. "O Miss Sandys," he cried, "you've stirred deep waters! Don't question me. I'm ridiculous with disappointment and sorrow!"

She gently laid her hand on his arm. "Let me hear it all! I assure you I can't go away and leave you sitting here the same image of suicidal despair I found you."

Thus urged, Roger told his story. In the clear still air of her attention, it seemed to assume to his own vision a larger and more palpable outline. As he talked, he worked off the superficial disorder of his grief. He was forcibly struck, for the first time, with his own great charity; the silent respect of his companion's gaze seemed to attest it. When he came to speak of this dark contingency of Nora's love for her cousin, he threw himself frankly upon Miss Sandys's pity, upon her wisdom.

"Is such a thing possible?" he asked. "Do you believe it?"

She raised her eyebrows. "You must remember that I know neither Miss Lambert nor her kinsman. I can hardly risk a judgment; I can only say this, that the general effect of your story is to diminish my esteem for women, to elevate my opinion of men."

"O, except Nora on one side, and Fenton on the other! Nora's an angel!"

Miss Sandys gave a vexed smile. "Possibly! You're a man, and you ought to have loved a woman. Angels have a good conscience guaranteed them; they may do what they please! If I should except any one, it would be Mr. Hubert Lawrence. I met him the other evening."

"You think it's Hubert then?" Roger demanded mournfully.

Miss Sandys broke into a warm laugh which seemed to Roger to sound the emancipation of his puzzled spirit. "For an angel, Miss Lambert has n't lost her time on earth! But don't ask me for advice, Mr. Lawrence; at least not now and here. Come and see me to-morrow, or this evening. Don't regret having spoken; you may believe at least that the burden of your grief is shared. It was too miserable that at such a time you should be sitting here alone, feeding upon your own heart."

These seemed to Roger rich words; they lost nothing on the speaker's lips. She was indeed admirably beautiful; her face, softened by intelligent pity, was lighted by a gleam of tender irony of his patience. Was he, after all, stupidly patient, ignobly fond? There was in Miss Sandys something singularly assured and complete. Nora, in momentary contrast, seemed a flighty school-girl. He looked about him, vaguely invoking the bright empty air, longing for rest, yet dreading forfeiture. He left his place and strolled across the dull-colored turf. At the base of a tree, on its little bed of sparse raw verdure, he suddenly spied the first violet

of the year. He stooped and picked it; its mild firm tint was the color of friendship. He brought it back to Miss Sandys, who now had risen with her companion and was preparing to return to the carriage. He silently offered her the violet, — a mere pin's head of bloom; a passionate throb of his heart had told him that this was all he could offer her. She took it with a sober smile; it seemed pale beneath her deep eyes. "We shall see you again?" she said.

Roger felt himself blushing to his brows. He had a vision on either hand of an offered cup, — the deep-hued wine of illusion, — the bitter draught of constancy. A certain passionate instinct answered, — an instinct deeper than his wisdom, his reason, his virtue, — deep as his love. "Not now," he said. "A year hence!"

Miss Sandys turned away and stood for a full moment as motionless as some sculptured statue of renunciation. Then, passing her arm caressingly round her companion, "Come, dear aunt," she murmured; "we must go." This little address to the stone-deaf dame was her single tribute to confusion. Roger walked with the ladies to their carriage and silently helped them to enter it. He noted the affectionate tact with which Miss Sandys adjusted her movements to those of her companion. When he lifted his hat, his friend bowed, as he fancied, with an air of redoubled compassion. She had but imagined his prior loss, — she knew his present one! "Ah, she would make a wife!" he said, as the carriage rolled away. He stood watching it for some minutes; then, as it wheeled round a turn, he was seized with a deeper, sorer sense of his impotent idleness. He would go to Hubert to accuse him, if not to appeal to him.

## XI.

Nora, relieved of her hostess's company, turned the key in her door and went through certain motions me-

chanically suggestive of her being at rest and satisfied. She unpacked her little bag and repaired her disordered toilet. She took out her writing-materials and prepared to compose a letter to Miss Murray. But she had not written many words before she lapsed into sombre thought. Now that she had seen George again and judged him, she was coming rapidly to feel that to have exchanged Roger's care for his care was, for the time, to have outraged Roger. It may have been needful, but it was none the less a revolting need. But it should pass quickly! She took refuge again in her letter and begged for an immediate reply. From time to time, as she wrote, she heard a step in the house, which she supposed to be George's; it somehow quickened her pen and the ardor of her petition. This was just finished when Mrs. Paul reappeared, bearing a salver charged with tea and toast, — a gracious attention, which Nora was unable to repudiate. The lady took advantage of it to open a conversation. Mrs. Paul's overtures, as well as her tea and toast, were the result of her close conference with Fenton; but though his instructions had made a very pretty show as he laid them down, they dwindled sensibly in the vivid glare of Nora's mistrust. Mrs. Paul, nevertheless, seated herself bravely on the bed and rubbed her plump pretty hands like the best little woman in the world. But the more Nora looked at her, the less she liked her. At the end of five minutes she had conceived a horror of her. It seemed to her that she had met just such women in reports of criminal trials. She had wondered what the heroines of these tragedies were like. Why, like Mrs. Paul, of course! They had her comely stony face, her false smile, her little tulle cap, which seemed forever to discredit coquetry. And here, in her person, sat the whole sinister sisterhood on Nora's bed, calling the young girl "my dear," wanting to take her hand and draw her out! With a defiant flourish, Nora addressed her

letter with Miss Murray's honest title : "I should like to have this posted, please," she said.

"Give it to me, my dear ; I'll attend to it," said Mrs. Paul ; and straightway read the address. "I suppose this is your old schoolmistress. Mr. Fenton told me all about it." Then, after turning the letter for a moment, "Keep it over a day !"

"Not an hour," said Nora, with decision. "My time is precious."

"Why, my dear," cried Mrs. Paul, "we shall be delighted to keep you a month."

"You're very good. You know I've my living to make."

"Don't talk about that ! I make *my* living, — I know what it means ! Come, let me talk to you as a friend. Don't go too far. Suppose, now, you repent ? Six months hence, it may be too late. If you leave him lamenting too long, he'll marry the first pretty girl he sees. They always do, — a man refused is just like a widower. They're not so faithful as the widows ! But let me tell you it's not every girl that gets such a chance ; if I'd had it, I would n't have split hairs ! He'll love you the better, you see, for your having led him a little dance. But he must n't dance too long ! Excuse my breaking out this way ; but Mr. Fenton and I, you see, are great friends, and I feel as if his cousin was my cousin. Take back this letter and give me just one word to post, — *Come !* Poor little man ! You must have a high opinion of men, my dear, to think you had n't drawn a prize !"

If Roger had wished for a proof that sentiment survived in Nora's mind, he would have found it in the disgust she felt at hearing Mrs. Paul undertake his case. She colored with her sense of the defilement of sacred things. George, surely, for an hour, at least, might have kept her story intact. "Really, madam," she answered, "I can't discuss this matter. I'm extremely obliged to you." But Mrs. Paul was not to be so easily baffled. Poor Roger, roaming helpless and hopeless, would have

been amazed to hear how warmly his cause was a-pleading. Nora, of course, made no attempt to argue the case. She waited till the lady had exhausted her eloquence, and then, "I'm a very obstinate person," she said ; "you waste your words. If you go any further I shall feel persecuted." And she rose, to signify that Mrs. Paul might do likewise. Mrs. Paul took the hint, but in an instant she had turned about the hard reverse of her fair face, in which defeated self-interest smirked horribly. "Bah ! you're a silly girl !" she cried ; and swept out of the room. Nora, after this, determined to avoid a second interview with George. Her bad headache furnished a sufficient pretext for escaping it. Half an hour later he knocked at her door, quite too loudly, she thought, for good taste. When she opened it, he stood there, excited, angry, ill-disposed. "I'm sorry you're ill," he said ; "but a night's rest will put you right. I've seen Roger."

"Roger ! he's here ?"

"Yes, he's here. But he don't know where you are. Thank the Lord you left him ! he's a brute !" Nora would fain have learned more, — whether he was angry, whether he was suffering, whether he had asked to see her ; but at these words she shut the door in her cousin's face. She hardly dared think of what offered impertinence this outbreak of Fenton's was the rebound. Her night's rest brought little comfort. Time seemed not to cancel her disturbing thoughts, but to multiply them. She wondered whether Roger had supposed George to be her appointed mediator, and asked herself whether it was not her duty to see him once again and bid him a respectfully personal farewell. It was a long time after she rose before she could bring herself to leave her room. She had a vague hope that if she delayed, her companions might have gone out. But in the dining-room, in spite of the late hour, she found George gallantly awaiting her. He had apparently had the discretion to dismiss Mrs. Paul to the background, and apologized for her absence by saying that

she had breakfasted long since and had gone to market. He seemed to have slept off his wrath and was full of brotherly *bonhomie*. "I suppose you'll want to know about Roger," he said, when they were seated at breakfast. "He had followed you directly, in spite of your solemn request; but not out of pure affection, I think. The little man's mad. He expects you to back down and come to him on your knees, — beg his pardon and promise never to do it again. Pretty terms to marry a man on, for a woman of spirit! But he does n't know his woman, does he, Nora? Do you know what he intimated? indeed, he came right out with it! That you and I want to make a match! That you're in love with me, Miss, and ran away to marry me. That we expected him to forgive us and endow us with a pile of money. But he'll not forgive us, — not he! We may starve, we and our brats, before he looks at us. Much obliged! We shall thrive, for many a year, as brother and sister, sha'n't we, Nora? and need neither his money nor his pardon!"

In reply to this speech, Nora sat staring in pale amazement. "Roger thought," she at last found words to say, "that it was to marry *you* I refused him, — to marry *you* I came to New York?"

Fenton, with seven-and-twenty years of impudence at his back, had received in his day snubs and shocks of various shades of intensity; but he had never felt in his face so chilling a blast of reprobation as this cold disgust of Nora's. We know that the scorn of a lovely woman makes cowards brave; it may do something towards making knaves honest men. "Upon my word, my dear," he cried, "I'm sorry I hurt your feelings. It's rough, but it's so!"

Nora wished in after years she had been able to laugh at this disclosure; to pretend, at least, to a mirth she so little felt. But she remained almost sternly silent, with her eyes on her plate, stirring her tea. Roger, mean-

while, was walking about under this miserable error! Let him think anything but that! "What did you reply," she asked, "to this — to this —"

"To this handsome compliment? I replied that I only wished it were true; but that I feared I had no such luck! Upon which he told me to go to the Devil — in a tone which implied that he did n't much care if you went with me."

Nora listened to this speech in sceptical silence. "Where is Roger?" she asked at last.

Fenton shot her a glance of harsh mistrust. "Where is he? What do you want to know that for?"

"Where is he, please?" she simply repeated. And then, suddenly, she wondered how and where it was the two men had happened to meet. "Where did you find him?" she went on. "How did it happen?"

Fenton drained his cup of tea at one long gulp before he answered. "My dear Nora," he said, "it's all very well to be modest, it's all very well to be proud; but take care you're not ungrateful! I went purposely to look him up. I was convinced he would have followed you, — as I supposed, to beg and beg and beg again. I wanted to say to him, 'She's safe, she's happy, she's in the best hands. Don't waste your time, your words, your hopes. Give her rope. Go quietly home and leave things to me. If she turns homesick, I'll let you know.' You see I'm frank, Nora; that's what I meant to say. But I was received with this broadside. I found a perfect bluster of injured vanity. 'You're her lover, she's your mistress, and be d—d to both of you!'"

That George lied Nora did not distinctly say to herself, for she lacked practice in this range of incrimination. But she as little said to herself that this could be the truth. "I'm not ungrateful," she answered, firmly. "But where was it?"

At this, George pushed back his chair. "Where — where? Don't you believe me? Do you want to go and

ask him if it's true? What are you, anyway? Nora, who are you, where are you? Have you put yourself into my hands or not?" A certain manly indignation was now kindled in his breast; he was equally angry with Roger, with Nora, and with himself; fate had offered him an overdose of contumely, and he felt a reckless, savage impulse to wring from the occasion that compliment to his force which had been so rudely denied to his delicacy. "Are you using me simply as a vulgar tool? Don't you care for me the least little bit? Let me suggest that for a girl in your — your ambiguous position, you are too proud, by several shades. Don't go back to Roger in a hurry! You're not the unspotted maiden you were but two short days ago. Who am I, what am I, to the people whose opinion you care for? A very low fellow, madam; and yet with me you've gone far to cast your lot. If you're not prepared to do more, you should have done less. Nora, Nora," he went on, breaking into a vein none the less revolting for being more ardent, "I confess I don't understand you! But the more you puzzle me the more you fascinate me; and the less you like me the more I love you. What has there been, anyway, between you and Lawrence? Hang me if I can understand! Are you an angel of purity, or are you the most audacious of flirts?"

She had risen before he had gone far. "Spare me," she said, "the necessity of hearing your opinions or answering your questions. Be a gentleman! Tell me, I once more beg of you, where Roger is to be found?"

"Be a gentleman!" was a galling touch. He had gone too far to be a gentleman; but in so far as a man means a bully, he might still be a man. He placed himself before the door. "I refuse the information," he said. "I don't mean to have been played with, to have been buffeted hither by Roger and thither by you! I mean to make something out of all this. I mean to request you to remain quietly in

this room. Mrs. Paul will keep you company. You did n't treat her overwell, yesterday; but, in her way, she's quite as strong as you. Meanwhile I shall go to our friend. 'She's locked up tight,' I'll say; 'she's as good as in jail. Give me five thousand dollars and I'll let her out.' Of course he'll drop a hint of the law. 'O, the law! not so fast. Two can play at that game. Go to a magistrate and present your case. I'll go straight to the 'Herald' office and demand a special reporter and the very biggest headings. That will rather take the bloom off your meeting.' The public don't mind details, Nora; it looks at things in the gross; and the gross here *is* gross, for *you*! It won't hurt me!"

"Heaven forgive you!" murmured Nora, for all response to this explosion. It made a hideous whirl about her; but she felt that to advance in the face of it was her best safety. It sickened rather than frightened her. She went to the door. "Let me pass!" she said.

Fenton stood motionless, leaning his head against the door, with his eyes closed. She faced him a moment, looking at him intently. He seemed hideous. "Coward!" she cried. He opened his eyes at the sound; for an instant they met hers; then a burning blush blazed out strangely on his dead complexion; he strode past her, dropped into a chair and buried his face in his hands. "O God!" he cried. "I'm an ass!"

Nora made it the work of a single moment to reach her own room and fling on her bonnet and shawl, of another to descend to the hall door. Once in the street, she never stopped running till she had turned a corner and put the house out of sight. She went far, hurried along by the ecstasy of relief and escape, and it was some time before she perceived that this was but half the question, and that she was now quite without refuge. Thrusting her hand into her pocket to feel for her purse, she found that she had left it in her room. Stunned and sickened

as she was already, it can hardly be said that the discovery added to her grief. She was being precipitated toward a great decision; sooner or later made little difference. The thought of seeing Hubert Lawrence now filled her soul. That, after what had passed between them, she should so sorely need help, and yet not turn to him, seemed as great an outrage against his professions as it was an impossibility to her own heart. Reserve, prudence, mistrust, had melted away; she was conscious only of her trouble, of his ardor, and of their nearness. His address she well remembered, and she neither paused nor faltered. To say even that she reflected would be to speak amiss, for her longing and her haste were one. Between them both, you may believe, it was with a beating heart that she reached his door. The servant admitted her without visible surprise (for Nora wore, as she conceived, the air of some needy parishioner), and ushered her into the little sitting-room which, with an adjoining chamber, constituted his apartments. As she crossed the threshold, she perceived, with something of regret and relief, that he was not alone. He was sitting somewhat stiffly, with folded arms, facing the window, near which, before an easel, stood a long-haired gentleman of foreign and artistic aspect, giving the finishing touches to a portrait in crayons. Hubert was in position for a likeness of his handsome face. When Nora appeared, his handsome face remained for a moment a blank; the next it turned most eloquently pale. "Miss Lambert!" he cried.

There was such a tremor in his voice that Nora felt that, for the moment, she must have self-possession for both. "I interrupt you," she said, with excessive deference.

"We are just finishing!" Hubert answered. "It's my portrait, you see. You must look at it." The artist made way for her before the easel, laid down his implements, and took up his hat and gloves. She looked mechanically

at the picture, while Hubert accompanied him to the door, and they talked awhile about another sitting and about a frame which was to be sent home. The portrait was clever, but superficial; better looking at once, and worse looking than Hubert,—elegant, effeminate, and unreal. An impulse of wonder passed through her mind that she should happen just then to find him engaged in this odd self-reproduction. It was a different Hubert that turned and faced her as the door closed behind his companion, the real Hubert, with a vengeance! He had gained time; but surprise, admiration, conjecture, a broad hint of dismay, wrought bright confusion on his brow. Nora had dropped into the chair vacated by the artist; and as she sat there with clasped hands, she felt the young man reading the riddle of her shabby dress and her excited face. For him, too, she was the real Nora. Dismay began to prevail in his questioning eyes. He advanced, pushed towards her the chair in which he had been posturing, and, as he seated himself, made a half-movement to offer his hand; but before she could take it, he had begun to play with his watch-chain. "Nora," he asked, "what is it?"

What was it, indeed? What was her errand, and in what words could it be told? An utter weakness had taken possession of her, a sense of having reached the goal of her journey, the term of her strength. She dropped her eyes on her shabby skirt, and passed her hand over it with a gesture of eloquent simplicity. "I've left Roger," she said.

Hubert made no answer, but his silence somehow seemed to fill the room. He sunk back in his chair, still looking at her with startled eyes. The fact intimidated him; he was amazed and confused; yet he felt he must say something, and in his confusion he uttered a gross absurdity: "Ah, with his consent?"

The sound of his voice was so grateful to her that, at first, she hardly heeded his words. "I'm alone," she



added, "I'm free." It was after she had spoken, as she saw him, growing, to his own sense, infinitely small in the large confidence of her gaze, rise in a perfect agony of impotence and stand before her, stupidly staring, that she felt he had neither taken her hand, nor dropped at her feet, nor divinely guessed her trouble; that, in fact, his very silence was a summons to tell her story and to justify herself. Her presence there was either a rapture or a shame. Nora felt as if she had taken a jump, and was learning in mid-air that the distance was tenfold what she had imagined. It is strange how the hinging-point of great emotions may rest on an instant of time. These instants, however, seem as ages, viewed from within; and in such a reverberating moment Nora felt the spiritual substructure of a passion melting from beneath her feet, crumbling and crashing into the gulf on whose edge she stood. But her shame at least should be brief. She rose and bridged this dizzy chasm with some tragic counterfeited smile. "I've come—I've come—" she began and faltered. It was a vast pity some great actress had not been there to note upon the tablets of her art the light, all-eloquent tremor of tone with which she transposed her embarrassment into the petition, "Could you lend me a little money?"

Hubert was simply afraid of her. At his freest and bravest, he would have shrunk from being thus peremptorily brought to the point; and as matters stood, he felt all the more miserably paralyzed. For him, too, this was a vital moment. All his falsity, all his levity, all his egotism and sophism, seemed to crowd upon him and accuse him in deafening chorus; he seemed, under some glaring blue sky, to stand in the public stocks for all his pleasant sins. It was with a vast sense of relief that he heard her ask this simple favor. Money? Would money buy his release? He took out his purse and grasped a roll of bills; then suddenly he was overwhelmed by a sense of his cruelty. He flung the thing on

the floor and passed his hands over his face. "Nora, Nora," he cried, "say it outright; I disappoint you!"

He had become, in the brief space of a moment, the man she once had loved; but if he was no longer the rose, he stood too near it to be wantonly bruised. Men and women alike need in some degree to respect those they have suffered to wrong them. She stooped and picked up the porte-monnaie, like a beggar-maid in a ballad. "A very little will do," she said. "In a day or two I hope to be independent."

"Tell me at least what has happened!" he cried.

She hesitated a moment. "Roger has asked me to be his wife." Hubert's head swam with the vision of all that this simple statement embodied and implied. "I refused," Nora added, "and, having refused, I was unwilling to live any longer on his — on his —" Her speech at the last word melted into silence, and she seemed to fall a-musing. But in an instant she recovered herself. "I remember your once saying that you would have liked to see me poor and homeless. Here I am! You ought at least," she added with a laugh, "to pay for the exhibition!"

Hubert abruptly drew out his watch. "I expect here this moment," he said, "a young lady of whom you may have heard. She is to come and see my portrait. I'm engaged to her. I was engaged to her five months ago. She's rich, pretty, charming. Say but a single word, that you don't despise me, that you forgive me, and I'll give her up, now, here, forever, and be anything you'll take me for,—your husband, your friend, your slave!" To have been able to make this speech gave Hubert immense relief. He felt almost himself again.

Nora fixed her eyes on him, with a kind of unfathomable gentleness. "You're engaged, you *were* engaged? How strangely you talk about giving up! Give her my compliments!" It seemed, however, that Nora was to have the chance of offering them personally. The door was thrown open and ad-

mitted two ladies whom Nora vaguely remembered to have seen. In a moment she recognized them as the persons whom, on the evening she had gone to hear Hubert preach, he had left her, after the sermon, to conduct to their carriage. The younger one was decidedly pretty, in spite of a nose a trifle too aquiline. A pair of imperious dark eyes, as bright as the diamond which glittered in each of her ears, and a nervous capricious rapidity of motion and gesture, gave her an air of girlish *brusquerie*, which was by no means without charm. Her mother's aspect, however, testified to its being as well to enjoy this charm at a distance. She was a stout, coarse-featured, good-natured woman, with a jaded, submissive expression, and seemed to proclaim by a certain bulky languor, as she followed in her daughter's wake, the subserviency of matter to mind. Both ladies were dressed to the utmost limits of the occasion, and savored potently of New York. They came into the room staring frankly at Nora, and overlooking Hubert with gracious implication of his being already one of the family. The situation was a trying one, but he faced it as he might.

"This is Miss Lambert," he said, gravely; and then with an effort to conjure away confusion with a jest, waving his hand toward his portrait, "This is the Rev. Hubert Lawrence!"

The elder lady moved toward the picture, but the other came straight to Nora. "I've seen you, before!" she cried defiantly, and with defiance in her fine eyes. "And I've heard of you too! Yes, you're certainly very handsome. But pray, what are you doing here?"

"My dear child!" said Hubert, imploringly, and with a burning side-glance at Nora. If he had been in the pillory before, it was not till now that the rain of missiles had begun.

"My dear Hubert," said the young lady, "what is she doing here? I have a right to know. Have you come running after him even here? You're a wicked girl. You've done me a

wrong. You've tried to turn him away from me. You kept him in Boston for weeks, when he ought to have been here; when I was writing to him day after day to come. I heard all about it! I don't know what's the matter with you. I thought you were so very well off! You look very poor and unhappy, but I must say what I think!"

"My own darling, be reasonable!" murmured her mother. "Come and look at this beautiful picture. There's no deceit on *that* brow!"

Nora smiled charitably. "Don't attack me," she said. "If I ever wronged you, I was quite unconscious of it, and I beg your pardon now."

"Nora," murmured Hubert, piteously, "spare me!"

"Ah, does he call you Nora?" cried the young lady. "The harm's done, madam! He'll never be what he was. You've changed, Hubert!" And she turned passionately on her *fiancé*. "You know you are! You talk to me, but you think of her. And what is the meaning of this visit? You're both vastly excited; what have you been talking about?"

"Mr. Lawrence has been telling me about you," said Nora; "how pretty, how charming, how gentle you are!"

"I'm not gentle!" cried the other. "You're laughing at me! Was it to talk about my prettiness you came here? Do you go about alone, this way? I never heard of such a thing. You're shameless! do you know that? But I'm very glad of it; because once you've done this for him, he'll not care for you. That's the way with men. And I'm not pretty either, not as you are! You're pale and tired; you've got a horrid dress and shawl, and yet you're beautiful! Is that the way I must look to please you?" she demanded, turning back to Hubert.

Hubert, during this spiteful *tirade*, had stood looking as dark as thunder, and at this point he broke out fiercely, "Good God, Amy! hold your tongue. I command you."

Nora, gathering her shawl together,

gave Hubert a glance. "She loves you," she said, softly.

Amy stared a moment at this vehement adjuration; then she melted into a smile and turned in ecstasy to her mother. "Good, good!" she cried. "That's how I like him. I shall have my husband yet."

Nora left the room; and, in spite of her gesture of earnest deprecation, Hubert followed her down stairs to the street door. "Where are you going?" he asked in a whisper. "With whom are you staying?"

"I'm alone," said Nora.

"Alone in this great city? Nora, I *will* do something for you."

"Hubert," she said, "I never in my life needed help less than at this moment. Farewell." He fancied for an instant that she was going to offer him her hand, but she only motioned him to open the door. He did so and she passed out.

She stood there on the pavement, strangely, almost absurdly, free and light of spirit. She knew neither whither she should turn nor what she should do, yet the fears which had haunted her for a whole day and night had vanished. The sky was blazing blue overhead; the opposite side of the street was all in sun; she hailed the joyous brightness of the day with a kind of answering joy. She seemed to be in the secret of the universe. A nursery-maid came along, pushing a baby in a perambulator. She stooped and greeted the child, and talked pretty nonsense to it with a fervor which left the young woman staring. Nurse and child went their way, and Nora lingered, looking up and down the empty street. Suddenly a gentleman turned into it from the cross-street above. He was walking fast; he had his hat in his hand, and with his other hand he was passing his handkerchief over his forehead. As she stood and watched him draw near, down the bright vista of the street, there came upon her a singular and altogether nameless sensation, strangely similar to one she had felt a couple of years before, when a

physician had given her a dose of ether. The gentleman, she perceived, was Roger; but the short interval of space and time which separated them seemed to expand into a throbbing immensity and eternity. She seemed to be watching him for an age, and, as she did so, to be swinging through the whole circle of emotion and the full realization of being. Yes, she was in the secret of the universe, and the secret of the universe was, that Roger was the only man in it who had a heart. Suddenly she felt a palpable grasp. Roger stood before her, and had taken her hand. For a moment he said nothing; but the touch of his hand spoke loud. They stood for an instant scanning the change in each other's faces. "Where are you going?" said Roger, at last, imploringly.

Nora read silently in his haggard furrows the whole record of his passion and grief. It is a strange truth that they seemed the most beautiful things she had ever looked upon; the sight of them was delicious. They seemed to whisper louder and louder that secret about Roger's heart.

Nora collected herself as solemnly as one on a death-bed making a will; but Roger was still in miserable doubt and dread. "I've followed you," he said, "in spite of that request in your letter."

"Have you got my letter?" Nora asked.

"It was the only thing you had left me," he said, and drew it, creased and crumpled, out of his pocket.

She took it from him and tore it slowly into a dozen pieces, never taking her eyes off his own. "Don't try and forget that I wrote it," she said. "My destroying it now means more than that would have meant."

"What does it mean, Nora?" he asked, in hardly audible tones.

"It means that I'm a wiser girl to-day than *then*. I know myself better, I know you better. O Roger!" she cried, "it means everything!"

He passed her hand through his arm and held it there against his heart,

while he stood looking hard at the pavement, as if to steady himself amid this great convulsion of things. Then raising his head, "Come," he said; "come!"

But she detained him, laying her other hand on his arm. "No; you must understand first. If I'm wiser now, I've learnt wisdom at my cost. I'm not the girl you proposed to on Sunday. I feel—I feel *dishonored*!" she said, uttering the word with a vehemence which stirred his soul to its depths.

"My own poor child!" he murmured, staring.

"There's a young girl in that house," Nora went on, "who will tell you that I'm shameless!"

"What house? what young girl?"

"I don't know her name. Hubert is engaged to her."

Roger gave a glance at the house behind them, as if to fling defiance and oblivion upon all that it suggested and contained. Then turning to Nora with

a smile of consummate tenderness: "My dear Nora, what have *we* to do with Hubert's young girls?"

Roger, the reader will admit, was on a level with the occasion,—as with every other occasion which subsequently presented itself.

Mrs. Keith and Mrs. Lawrence are very good friends. On being complimented on possessing the confidence of so charming a woman as Mrs. Lawrence, Mrs. Keith has been known to say, opening and shutting her fan, "The fact is, Nora is under a very peculiar obligation to me." Another of Mrs. Keith's sayings may perhaps be appositely retailed,—her answer, one evening, to an inquiry as to Roger's age: "Twenty-five — *seconde jeunesse*." Hubert Lawrence, on the other hand, has already begun to pass for an elderly man. Mrs. Hubert, however, preserves the balance. She is wonderfully fresh, and, with time, has grown stout, like her mother, though she has nothing of the jaded look of that excellent lady.

H. James Jr.

## SHASTA.

WE escaped the harvesting season of 1870. I try to believe all its poetry is not forever immolated under the strong wheels of that pastoral Juggernaut of our day, the steam-reaper. But whatever stirring rhythm may to-day measure time with the quick fire-breath of reaping-machines shall await a more poetic pen than this. Some modern Virgil, coming along the boundless wheat-plain, may perhaps sing you bucolic phrases of the new iron age; but he will soon see his mistake, as will you. The harvest-home, with its Longfellow mellowness of atmosphere, or even those ideally colored barns of Eastman Johnson's, with corn and girls and some of the lingering personal relationship between crops and human hands;

all that is tradition here, not even memory.

It is quite as well. These people are more germane with enterprise and hurry, and with the winding-up drink at some vulgar tavern when the hired hands are paid off, and gather to have "a real nice time with the boys."

This was over. The herds of men had poured back to their cities and wandered away among distant mines as far as their earnings would carry them.

A few standard bummers, who awoke from their "nice time" penniless, still lingered in pathetic humiliation around the scene of their labor, rather heightening that air of sleep which now pervaded every ranch in the Sacramento valley.

We quitted the hotel at Chico with relief, gratefully turning our backs upon the Chinamen whose cookery had spoiled our two days' peace. Mr. James Freeman Clarke will have to make out a better case for Confucius, or else these fellows were apostate. But they were soon behind us, a straight dusty avenue leading us past clusters of ranches into a quiet expanse of level land, and beneath the occasional shadow of roadside oaks. Miles of harvested plain lay close shaven in monotonous Naples-yellow, stretching on, soft and vague, losing itself in a gray, half-luminous haze. Now and then, through more transparent intervals, we could see the brown Sierra feet walling us in to eastward, their oak-clad tops fainter and fainter as they rose into the sky. Directly overhead hung an arch of pale blue, but a few degrees down the hue melted into golden gray. Looming through the mist before us rose sombre forms of trees, growing in processions along the margins of snow-fed streams which flow from the Sierra across the Sacramento River. Through these silent sleepy groves the seclusion is perfect. You come in from blinding sun-scorched plains to the great aged oaks, whose immense breadth of bough seems outstretched with effort to shade more and more ground.

Alders and cottonwoods line the stream banks; native grapes in tropical profusion drape the shores, and hang in trailing curtains from tree to tree. Here and there glimpses open into dark thickets. The stream comes into view between walls of green. Evening sunlight, broken with shadow, falls over rippling shallows; still expanses of deep pool reflect blue from the zenith, and flow on into dark-shaded coves beneath overhanging verdure. Vineyards and orchards gather themselves pleasantly around ranch-houses.

Men and women are dull, unrelieved; they are all alike. The eternal flatness of landscape, the monotony of endlessly pleasant weather, the scarcely varying year, the utter want of anything unfore-

seen, and absence of all surprise in life, are legible upon their quiet uninteresting faces. They loaf through eleven months to harvest one. Individuality is wanting. The same kind of tiresome ranch-gossip you hear at one table spreads itself over listening acres to the next.

The great American poet, it may confidently be predicted, will not book his name from the Sacramento valley. The people, the acres, the industry, seem to be created solely to furnish vulgar fractions in the census. It was not wholly fancy that detected in the grapes something of the same flatness and sugary insipidity which characterized the girls I chatted with on certain piazzas.

What an antipode is the condition of sterile poverty in the farm-life of the East! Frugality, energy, self-preserving mental activity, contrast sharply with the contented lethargy of this commonplace opulence. Mile after mile stretches on, in recurring succession of wheat-land and vineyard, oak-grove and dusty shabbiness of graceless ranch-buildings, flanking our way on either side, until at last the undulations of the foot-hills are reached, and the first signs of vigorous life are observed in the trees. Attitude and consciousness are displayed in the lordly oaks which cluster upon brown hillsides. The Sacramento, which through the slumberous plain had flowed in a still deep current, reflecting only the hot haze and motionless forms of the trees upon its banks, here courses along with the ripple of life, displaying through its clear waters boulders and pebbles swept down from the higher mountains.

Our road, ascending through sunny valleys and among rolling oak-clad hills, at length reaches the level of the pines, and climbing to a considerable crest descends through a fine coniferous forest into the deeply wooded valley of the Pitt. Lifted high against the sky, ragged hills of granite and limestone limit the view. The river, through a sharp rocky cañon, has descended from

the volcanic plains of Northeastern California, cutting its way across the sea of hills which represents the Sierra Nevada, and falling toward the west in a series of white rapids.

Our camp in the cool mountain air banished the fatigues of weary miles; night, under the mountain stars, gave us refreshing sleep; and, from the morning we crossed Pitt Ferry, we dated a new life.

In a deep gorge between lofty pine-clad walls we came upon the McCloud, a brilliantly pure stream, wearing its way through lava rocks, and still bearing the ice-chill of Shasta. Dark feathery firs stand in files along the swift river. Oaks, with lustrous leaves, rise above hill-slopes of red and brown. Numbers of Indian camps are posted here. I find them picturesque; low conical huts, opening upon small smoking fires attended by squaws. Numberless salmon, split and drying in rows upon light scaffoldings, make their light red conspicuous amid the generally dingy surroundings.

These Indian faces are fairly good-natured, especially when young. I visited one camp, upon the left river-bank, finding Madam at home seated by her fireside engaged in maternal duties. I am almost afraid to describe the squalor and grotesque hideousness of her person. She was emaciated and scantily clad in a sort of short petticoat, shaggy, unkempt hair overhanging a pair of wild wolf's eyes. The ribs and collar-bone stood out as upon an anatomical specimen; hard black flesh clung in formless masses upon her body and arms. Altogether she had the appearance of an animated mummy. Her child, a mere amorphous roll, clung to her, and emphasized, with cubbish fatness, the wan shrunken form of its mother, looking like some ravenous leech which was draining the woman's very blood. Shuddering, I hurried away to observe the husband.

The "buck" was spearing salmon a short distance down stream, his naked form poised upon a beam which pro-

jected over the river, his eyes riveted, and spear uplifted, waiting for the prey: sunlight, streaming down in broken masses through trees, fell brilliantly upon his muscular shoulder and tense, compact thigh, glancing now and then across rigid arms and the polished point of his spear. The swift dark water rushed beneath him, flashing upon its surface a shimmering reflection of his red figure. Cast in bronze, he would have made a companion for Quincy Ward's Indian hunter; and better than a companion, for in his wolfish sinew and panther muscle there was not, so far as I could observe, that free Greek suppleness which is so fine a feature in Mr. Ward's statue; though Ajax, disguised as an American Indian, might be a better name for that great and powerful piece of sculpture.

A day's march brought us from McCloud to the Sacramento,—here a small stream, with banks fringed by a pleasing variety of trees and margins graceful with water-plants.

Northward for two days we followed closely the line of the Sacramento River,—now descending along slopes to its bed, where the stream played among picturesque rocks and boulders, and again climbing by toilsome ascents into the forest a thousand feet up on the cañon wall, catching glimpses of towering ridges of pine-clad Sierra above, and curves of the foaming river deep in the blue shadow beneath us.

More and more, as the woods became darkened with mountain pine, the air freshened by northern life gave us the inspiration of altitude.

At last, through a notch to the northward, rose the conical summit of Shasta, its pale rosy lavas enamelled with ice. Body and base of the great peak were hidden by intervening hills, over whose smooth rolls of forest green the bright blue sky and the brilliant Shasta summit were sharp and strong. From that moment the peak became the centre of our life. From every crest we strained our eyes forward, as now and then, either through forest vistas the incandescent snow greeted



us, or from some high summit the opening cañon walls displayed grander and grander views of the great volcano. It was sometimes, after all, a pleasure to descend from these cool heights, with the *impression* of the mountain upon our minds, to the cañon bottom, where, among the endlessly varying bits of beautiful detail, the mental strain wore off.

When our tents were pitched at Sisson's, while a picturesque haze floated up from southward, we enjoyed the grand uncertain form of Shasta with its heaven-piercing crest of white, and wide placid sweep of base, full of lines as deeply reposeful as a Greek temple. Its dark head lifted among the fading stars of dawn, and strongly set upon the arch of coming rose, appealed to our emotions; but best we liked to sit at evening near Munger's easel, watching the great lava cone glow with light almost as wild and lurid as if its crater still streamed.

Watkins thought it "photographic luck" that the mountain should so have draped itself with mist as to defy his camera. Palmer stayed at camp to make observations in the coloring of meerschams at fixed altitudes, and to watch now and then the station barometer.

Shasta from Sisson's is a broad triple mountain, the central summit being flanked on the west by a large and quite perfect crater whose rim reaches about twelve thousand feet altitude. On the west a broad shoulder-like spur juts from the general slope. The cone rises from its base eleven thousand feet in one sweep.

A forest of tall, rich pines surrounds Strawberry Valley, and the little group of ranches near Sisson's. Under this high sky, and a pure quality of light, the whole varied foreground of green and gold stretches out toward the rocky mountain base in charming contrast. Brooks from the snow thread their way through open meadow, while overhead waves a tent-work of willows, silvery and cool.

Shasta, as a whole, is the single cone

of an immense extinct volcano. It occupies almost precisely the axial line of the Sierra Nevada; but the range, instead of carrying its great wave-like ridge through this region, breaks down in the neighborhood of Lassen's Butte, and for eighty miles northward is represented only by low confused masses of mountain cut through and through by the cañons of the McCloud, Pitt, and Sacramento.

A broad volcanic plain, interrupted here and there by inconsiderable chains, occupies the country east of Scott's Mountain. From this general plain, whose altitude is from twenty-five hundred to thirty-five hundred feet, rises Mount Shasta. About its base cluster hillocks of a hundred little volcanoes, but they are utterly inconspicuous under the shadow of the great peak. The volcanic plain-land is partly overgrown by forest, and in part covers itself with fields of grass or sage. Riding over it in almost any part the one great point in the landscape is the cone of Shasta; its crest of solid white, its vast altitude, the pale-gray or rosy tints of its lavas, and the dark girdle of forest which swells up over cañon-carved foot-hills, give it a grandeur equalled by hardly any other American mountain.

September 11th found the climbers of our party, — S. F. Emmons, Frederick A. Clark, Albert B. Clark, Mr. Sisson, the pioneer guide of the region, and myself, — mounted upon our mules, heading for the crater cone over rough rocks and among the stunted firs and pines which mark the upper limit of forest growth. The morning was cool and clear, with a fresh north wind sweeping around the volcano and bringing in its descent the invigorating cold of the snow region. When we had gone as far as our mules could carry us, threading their difficult way among piles of lava, we dismounted and made up our packs of beds, instruments, food, and fuel for a three days' trip, turned the animals over to George and John, our two muleteers, bade them good day, and with Sisson, who was to accompany us up the first descent,



struck out on foot. Already above vegetation, we looked out over all the valley south and west, observing its arabesque of forest, meadow, and chaparral, the files of pines which struggled up almost to our feet, and just below us the volcano slope strewn with red and brown wreck and patches of shrunken snow-drift.

Our climb up the steep western crater slope was slow and tiresome, quite without risk or excitement. The footing, altogether of lodged *débris*, at times gave way provokingly, and threw us out of balance. Once upon the spiry pinnacles which crown the crater rim, a scene of wild power broke upon us. The round crater-bowl, about a mile in diameter and nearly a thousand feet deep, lay beneath us, its steep, shelving sides of shattered lava mantled in places to the very bottom by fields of snow.

We clambered along the edge toward Shasta, and came to a place where for a thousand feet it was a mere blade of ice, sharpened by the snow into a thin, frail edge, upon which we walked in cautious balance, a misstep likely to hurl us down into the chaos of lava blocks within the crater.

Passing this, we reached the north edge of the rim, and from a rugged mound of shattered rock looked down into a gorge between us and the main Shasta. There, winding its huge body along, lay a glacier, riven with sharp, deep crevasses yawning fifty or sixty feet wide, the blue hollows of their shadowed depth contrasting with the brilliant surfaces of ice.

We studied its whole length from the far, high Shasta crest down in winding course, deepening its cañon more and more as it extends, crowding past our crater cone, and at last terminating in bold ice-billows and a wide belt of hilly moraine. The surface over half of its length is quite clean, but directly opposite us occurs a fine ice cascade; there its entire surface is cut with transverse crevasses, which have a general tendency to curve downward; and all this dislocation is ac-

companied by a freight of lava blocks which shoot down the cañon walls on either side, bounding out all over the glacier.

In a later trip, while Watkins was making his photographic views, I climbed about, going to the edges of some crevasses and looking over into their blue vaults, where icicles overhang and a whispered sound of waterflow comes up faintly from beneath.

From a point about midway across where I had climbed and rested upon the brink of an ice-cliff, the glacier below me breaking off into its wild pile of cascade blocks and *sérac*, I looked down over all the lower flow, broken with billowy upheavals, and bright with bristling spires of sunlit ice. Upon the right rose the great cone of Shasta, formed of chocolate-colored lavas, its sky-line a single curved sweep of snow cut sharply against a deep blue sky. To the left the precipices of the lesser cone rose to the altitude of twelve thousand feet, their surfaces half-jagged ledges of lava and half-irregular sheets of ice. From my feet the glacier sank rapidly between volcanic walls, and the shadow of the lesser cone fell in a dark band across the brilliantly lighted surface. Looking down its course, my eye ranged over sunny and shadowed zones of ice, over the gray, boulder region of the terminal moraine; still lower, along the former track of ancient and grander glaciers, and down upon undulating pine-clad foot-hills descending in green steps, and reaching out like promontories into the sea of plain which lay outspread nine thousand feet below, basking in the half-tropical sunshine, its checkered green fields and orchards ripening their wheat and figs.

Our little party separated, each going about his labor. The Clarks, with theodolite and barometer, were engaged on a pinnacle over on the western crater-edge. Mr. Sisson, who had helped us thus far with a huge pack-load of wood, now said good by, and was soon out of sight on his homeward tramp. Emmons and I geologized about the

rim and interior slope, getting at last out of sight of one another.

In mid-crater sprang up a sharp cone several hundred feet high, composed of much shattered lava, and indicating doubtless the very latest volcanic activity. At its base lay a small lakelet, frozen over with rough black ice. Far below us, cold, gray banks and floating flocks of vapor began to drift and circle about the lava slopes, rising higher at sunset, till they quite enveloped us, and at times shut out the view.

Later we met for bivouac, spread our beds upon small *débris* under the lee of a mass of rock on the rim, and built a little camp-fire, around which we sat closely. Clouds still eddied about us, opening now wide rifts of deep blue sky, and then glimpses of the Shasta summit glowing with evening light, and again views down upon the far earth, where sunlight had long faded, leaving forest and field and village sunken in purple gloom. Through the old broken crater lip, over foreground of pallid ice and sharp black lava rocks, the clouds whirled away, and, yawning wide, revealed an objectless expanse, out of which emerged dim mountain-tops, for a moment seen, then veiled. Thus, in the midst of clouds, I found it extremely interesting to watch them and their habits. Drifting slowly across the crater-bowl I saw them float over and among the points of cindery lava, whose savage forms contrasted wonderfully with the infinite softness of their texture.

I found it strange and suggestive that fields of perpetual snow should mantle the slopes of an old lava caldron, that the very volcano's throat should be choked with a pure little lakelet, and sealed with unmelting ice. That power of extremes, which held sway over lifeless nature before there were human hearts to experience its crush, expressed itself with poetic eloquence. Had Lowell been in our bivouac, I know he must have felt again the power of his own perfect figure of

"Burned-out craters healed with snow."

It was a wild moment. Wind smiting in shocks against the rock beside us, flaring up our little fire, and whirling on with its cloud-freight into the darkening crater gulf.

We turned in; the Clarks together, Emmons and I in our fur bags. Upon cold stone our bed was anything but comfortable, angular fragments of trachyte finding their way with great directness among our ribs and under our shoulder-blades, keeping us almost awake in that despairing semi-consciousness where dreams and thoughts tangle in tiresome confusion.

Just after midnight, from sheer weariness, I arose, finding the sky cloudless, its whole black dome crowded with stars. A silver dawn over the slope of Shasta brightened till the moon sailed clear. Under its light all the rugged topography came out with unnatural distinctness, every impression of height and depth greatly exaggerated. The empty crater lifted its rampart into the light. I could not tell which seemed most desolate, that dim moonlit rim with pallid snow-mantle and gaunt crags, or the solid black shadow which was cast downward from southern walls, darkening half the bowl. From the silent air every breath of wind or whisper of sound seemed frozen. Naked lava slopes and walls, the high gray body of Shasta with ridge and gorge, glacier and snow-field, all cold and still under the icy brightness of the moon, produced a scene of Arctic terrible-ness such as I had never imagined. I looked down, eagerly straining my eyes, through the solemn crater's lip, hoping to catch a glimpse of the lower world; but far below, hiding the earth, stretched out a level plain of cloud upon which the light fell cold and gray as upon a frozen ocean.

I scrambled back to bed, and happily to sleep, a real, sound, dreamless repose.

We breakfasted some time after sunrise, and were soon under way with packs on our shoulders.

The day was brilliant and cloudless, the cold still air full of life and inspira-

tion. Through its clear blue the Shasta peak seemed illusively near, and we hurried down to the saddle which connects our cone with the peak, and across the head of a small tributary glacier, and up over the first *débris* slopes. It was a slow, tedious three hours' climb over stones which lay as steeply as loose material possibly can, up to the base of a red trachyte spur; then on up a gorge, and out upon a level mountain shoulder, where were considerable flats covered with deep ice. To the north it overflows in a much crevassed tributary of the glacier we had studied below.

Here we rested, and hung the barometer from Clark's tripod.

The further ascent lies up a long scoria ridge of loose red pumiceous rock for seven or eight hundred feet, then across another level step curved with rugged ice, and up into a sort of corridor between two steep, much broken, and stained ridges. Here in the hollow are boiling sulphurous springs and hot earth. We sat down by them, eating our lunch in the lee of some stones.

A short, rapid climb brought us to the top; four hours and thirty minutes working time from our crater bivouac.

There is no reason why any one of sound wind and limb should not, after a little mountaineering practice, be able to make the Shasta climb. There is nowhere the shadow of danger and never a real piece of mountain climbing, — climbing, I mean, with hands and feet, — no scaling of walls or labor involving other qualities than simple muscular endurance. The fact that two young girls have made the ascent proves it a comparatively easy one. Indeed, I have never reached a corresponding altitude with so little labor and difficulty. Whoever visits California, and wishes to depart from the beaten track of Yosemite scenes, could not do better than come to Strawberry Valley and get Mr. Sisson to pilot him up Shasta.

When I ask myself to-day what were the sensations on Shasta, they render

themselves into three, — geography, shadows, and uplifted isolation.

After we had walked along a short curved ridge which forms the summit, representing, as I believe, all that remains of the original crater, it became my occupation to study the view.

A singularly transparent air revealed every plain and peak till the earth's curvature rolled them under remote horizons. The whole great disk of world outspread beneath wore an aspect of glorious cheerfulness. The cascade range, a roll of blue forest land, stretched northward, surmounted at intervals by volcanoes; the lower, like symmetrical Mount Pitt, bare and warm with rosy lava colors; those farther north lifting against the pale horizon-blue solid white cones upon which strong light rested with brilliance. It seemed incredible that we could see so far toward the Columbia River, almost across the State of Oregon, but there stood Pitt, Jefferson, and the Three Sisters in unmistakable plainness. Northeast and east spread those great plains out of which rise low lava chains, and a few small, burned-out volcanoes, and there, too, were the group of Klamath and Goose Lakes lying in mid plain glassing the deep upper violet. Farther and farther from our mountain base in that direction the greenness of forest and meadow fades out into rich mellow brown, with warm cloudings of sienna over bare lava hills, and shades, as you reach the eastern limit, in pale ash and lavender and buff, where stretches of level land slope down over Madelin plains into Nevada deserts. An unmistakable purity and delicacy of tint, with transparent air and paleness of tone, give all desert scenes the aspect of water-color drawings. Even at this immense distance I could see the gradual change from rich, warm hues of rocky slope, or plain overspread with ripened vegetation, out to the high pale key of the desert.

Southeast the mountain spurs are smoothed into a broad glacia, densely

overgrown with chaparral, and ending in open groves around plains of yellow grass.

A little farther begin the wild cañon-curved piles of green mountains which represent the Sierras, and afar, towering over them, eighty miles away, the lava dome of Lassen's Peak stands up bold and fine. South, the Sacramento cañon cuts down to unseen depths, its deep trough opening a view of the California plain, — a brown, sunny expanse, over which loom in vanishing perspective the coast-range peaks. West of us, and quite around the semicircle of view, stretches a vast sea of ridges, chains, peaks, and sharp walls of cañons, as wild and tumultuous as an ocean storm. Here and there above the blue billows rise snow-crests and shaggy rock-chains, but the topography is indistinguishable. With difficulty I could trace for a short distance the Klamath cañon course, recognizing Siskiyou peaks where Professor Brewer and I had been years before; but in that broad area no further unravelling was possible. So high is Shasta, so dominant above the field of view, that we looked over it all as upon a great shield which rose gently in all directions to the sky.

Whichever way we turned the great cone fell off from our feet in dizzying abruptness. We looked down steep slopes of *névé*, on over shattered ice-wreck, where glaciers roll over cliffs, and around the whole broad massive base carved deeply through its lava crusts in straight cañons.

These flutings of ancient and grander glaciers are flanked by long straight moraines, for the most part bare, but reaching down part way into the forest. It is interesting to observe that those on the north and east, by greater massiveness and length, indicate that in former days the glacier distribution was related to the points of compass about as it is now. What volumes of geographical history lay in view! Old mountains uplifted; volcanoes built upon the plain of fiery lava; the chill of ice and wearing force of torrent, writ-

ten in glacier-gorge and water-carved cañon!

I think such vastness of prospect now and then extremely valuable in itself; it forcibly widens one's conception of country, driving away such false notion of extent or narrowing idea of limitation as we get in living on lower plains.

I never tire of overlooking these great wide fields, studying their rich variety, and giving myself up to the expansion which is the instant and lasting reward. In presence of these vast spaces and all but unbounded outlook, the hours hurry by with singular swiftness. Minutes or miles are nothing; days and degrees seem best fitted for one's thoughts. So it came sooner than I could have believed that the sun neared its setting, sinking into a warm, bright stratum of air. The light stretched from north to south, reflecting itself with an equal depth all along the east, until a perfect ring of soft, glowing rose edged the whole horizon. Over us the ever dark heaven hung near and flat. Light swept eastward across the earth, every uplift of hill-ridge or solitary cone warm and bright with its reflections, and from each object upon the plains, far and near, streamed out dense, sharp shadows, slowly lengthening their intense images. We were far enough lifted above it all to lose the ordinary landscape impression, and reach that extraordinary effect of black-and-bright topography seen upon the moon through a telescope.

Afar in the north, bars of blue shadow streamed out from the peaks, tracing themselves upon rosy air. All the eastern slope of Shasta was of course in dark shade, the gray glacier forms, broken ridges of stone, and forest all dim and fading. A long cone of cobalt-blue — the shadow of Shasta — fell strongly defined over the bright plain, its apex darkening the earth a hundred miles away. As the sun sank, this gigantic spectral volcano rose on the warm sky till its darker form stood huge and terrible over the whole east. It was in-

tensely distinct at the summit, just as far-away peaks seen against the east in evening always are, and faded at base as it entered the stratum of earth mist.

Grand and impressive we had thought Shasta when studying it in similar light from the plain; infinitely more impressive was this phantom volcano as it stood overshadowing the land and slowly fading into night.

Before quitting the ridge, Fred Clark and I climbed together out upon the highest pinnacle, a trachyte needle rising a few feet above the rest, and so small we could barely balance there together; but we stood a moment and waved the American flag, looking down over our shoulders eleven thousand feet.

A fierce wind blew from the south-west, coming in gusts of great force. Below, we could hear it beat surf-like upon the crags. We hurried down to the hot-spring flat, and just over the curve of its southern descent made our bivouac. Even here the wind howled merciless and cold.

We turned to and built of lava blocks a square pen about two and a half feet high, filled the chinks with pebbles, and banked it with sand. I have seen other brown-stone fronts more imposing than our Shasta home, but I have rarely felt more grateful to four walls than to that little six-by-six pen. I have not forgotten that through its chinks the sand and pebbles pelted us all night, nor was I oblivious when sudden gusts toppled over here and there a good-sized rock upon our feet. When we sat up for our cup of coffee, which Clark artistically concocted over the scanty and economical fire, the walls sheltered our backs; and for that we were thankful, even if the wind had full sweep at our heads and stole the very draught from our lips, whirling it about north forty east by compass, in the form of an infinitesimal spray. The zephyr, as we courteously called it, had a fashion of dropping vertically out of the sky upon our fire and leaving a clean hearth. For the space of a few moments after these

meteorological jokes there was a lively gathering of burning knots from among our legs and coats and blankets.

There are times when the extreme of discomfort so overdoes itself as to extort a laugh and put one in the best of humor. This tempest descended to so many absurd personal tricks altogether beneath the dignity of a reputable hurricane, that at last it seemed to us a sort of furious burlesque.

Not so the cold; that commanded entire respect, whether carefully abstracting our animal heat through the bed of gravel on which we lay, or brooding over us hungry for those pleasant little waves of motion which, taking Tyndall for granted, radiated all night long, in spite of wildcat bags, from our unwilling particles. I abominate thermometers at such times. Not one of my set ever owned up the real state of things. Whenever I am nearly frozen and conscious of every indurated bone, that bland little instrument is sure to read twenty or thirty degrees above any unprejudiced estimate. Lying there and listening to the whispering sands that kindly drifted, ever adding to our cover, and speculating as to any further possible meteorological affliction, was but indifferent amusement, from which I escaped to a slumber of great industry. We lay like sardines, hoping to encourage animal heat, but with small success.

The sunrise effect, with all its splendor, I find it convenient to leave to some future traveller. I shall be generous with him, and say nothing of that hour of gold. It had occurred long before we awoke, and many precious minutes were consumed in united appeals to one another to get up and make coffee. It was horridly cold and uncomfortable where we were, but no one stirred. How natural it is under such circumstances to

"rather bear those ills we have  
Than fly to others that we know not of!"

I lay musing on this, finding it singular that I should rather be there stiff and cold while my like-minded comrades appealed to me, than to get

up and comfort myself with camp-fire and breakfast. We severally awaited developments.

At last Clark gave up and made the fire, and he has left me in doubt whether he loved cold less or coffee more.

Digging out our breakfast from drifted sand was pleasant enough, nor did we object to excavating the frozen shoes, but the mixture of disintegrated trachyte discovered among the sugar, and the manner in which our brown-stone front had blown over and flattened out the family provisions, was received by us as calamity.

However, we did justice to Clark's coffee, and socially toasted our bits of meat, while we chatted and ate zestfully portions not too freely brecciated with lava sand. I have been at times all but morbidly aware of the power of local attachment, finding it absurdly hard to turn the key on doors I have entered often and with pleasure. My own early home, though in other hands, holds its own against greater comfort, larger cheer; and a hundred times, when our little train moved away from grand old trees or willow-shaded springs by mountain camps, I have felt all the pathos of nomadism, from the Aryan migration down.

As we shouldered our loads and took to the ice-field, I looked back on our modest edifice, and for the first time left my camp with gay relief.

Elation of success and the vital mountain air lent us their quickening impulse. We tramped rapidly across the ice-field and down a long spur of red trachyte, which extended in a southerly course around the head of a glacier. It was our purpose to descend the southern slope of the mountain, to a camp which had been left there awaiting us. The declivity in that direction is more gentle than by our former trail, and had besides the merit of lying open to our view almost from the very start. It was interesting, as we followed the red trachyte spur, to look down to our left upon *névé* of the McCloud glacier. From its very head, dislocation and crevasses

had begun, the whole mass moving away from the wall, leaving a deep gap between ice and rock. In its further descent this glacier pours over such steep cascades, and is so tortuous among the lava crags that we could only see its beginning. To avoid those great pyramidal masses which sprung fully a thousand feet from the general flank of the mountain, we turned to the right and entered the head of one of those long, eroded glacier cañons which are scored down the slope. The ridges from both sides had poured in their freight of *débris* until the cañon was one mass of rock fragments of every conceivable size and shape. Here and there considerable masses of ice and relics of former glaciers lay up and down the shaded sides, and, as we descended, occupied the whole broad bottom of the gorge. We congratulated ourselves when the steep upper *débris* slope was passed and we found ourselves upon the wavy ice of the old glacier. Numerous streams flowed over its irregular face, losing themselves in the cracks and reappearing among the accumulation of boulders upon its surface. Here and there glacier-tables of considerable size rose above the general level, supported on slender ice-columns. As the angle here was very steep, we amused ourselves by prying these off their pedestals with our alpenstocks, and watching them slide down before us.

More and more the ice became burdened with rocks until at last it wholly disappeared under accumulation of moraine. Over this, for a half-mile, we tramped, thinking the glacier ended; but in one or two depressions I again caught sight of the ice, which led me to believe that a very large portion of this rocky gorge may be underlaid by old glacial remains.

Tramping over this unstable moraine, where melting ice had left the boulders in every state of uncertain equilibrium, we were greatly fatigued, and at last, the strain telling seriously on our legs, we climbed over a ridge to the left of our amphitheatre into the



next cañon, which was very broad and open, with gentle, undulating surface diversified by rock plateaus and fields of glacier sand. Here, by the margin of a little snow-brook, and among piles of immense *débris*, Emmons and I sat down to lunch, and rested until our friends came up.

A few scanty bunches of Alpine plants began to deck the gray earth and gradually to gather themselves in bits of open sward, here and there decorated with delicate flowers. Near one little spring meadow we came upon gardens of a pale yellow flower with an agreeable aromatic perfume, and after another mile of straining on among erratic boulders and over the thick-strewn rock of the old moraines, we came to the advanced guard of the forest. Battle-twisted and gnarled old specimens of trees, of rugged, muscular trunk, and scanty, irregular branch, they showed in every line and color a life-long struggle against their enemies, the avalanche and cold. Gathering closer they grew in groves separated by long, open, grassy glades, the clumps of trees twisting their roots among the glacier blocks. For a long time we followed the pathway of an avalanche. To the right and left of us, upon considerable heights, the trees were sound and whole, and preserved, even at their ripe age, the health of youth. But down the straight pathway of the valley every tree had been swept away, the prostrate trunks lying here and there, half buried in drifts of sand and rock. Here, over the whole surface, a fresh young growth of not more than six or seven years old has sprung up,

and begun a hopeless struggle for ground which the snow claims for its own. Before us opened winding avenues through forest; green meadows spread their pale, fresh herbage in sunny beauty. Along the little stream which, after a mile's musical cascades, we knew flowed past camp, tender green plants and frail mountain flowers edged our pathway. All was still and peaceful with the soft brooding spirit of life. The groves were absolutely alive like ourselves, and drinking in the broad affluent light in their silent, beautiful way. Back over sunny tree-tops, the great cone of rock and ice loomed in the cold blue; but we gladly turned away and let our hearts open to the gentle influence of our new world.

There, at last, as we tramped over a knoll, were the mules dozing in sunshine or idling about among trees, and there that dear blue wreath floating up from our camp-fire and drifting softly among boughs of overhanging fir.

I always feel a strange renewal of life when I come down from one of these climbs; they are with me points of departure more marked and powerful than I can account for upon any reasonable ground. In spite of any scientific labor or presence of fatigue, the lifeless region, with its savage elements of sky, ice, and rock, grasps one's nature, and, whether he will or no, compels it into a stern, strong accord. Then, as you come again into softer air, and enter the comforting presence of trees, and feel the grass under your feet, one fetter after another seems to unbind from your soul, leaving it free, joyous, grateful!

Clarence King.



## THEIR WEDDING JOURNEY.

## IX.

## QUEBEC.

ISABEL hurried out upon the forward promenade, where all the other passengers seemed to be assembled, and beheld a vast bulk of gray and purple rock, swelling a hundred and fifty feet up from the mists of the river, and taking the early morning light warm upon its face and crown. Black-hulked, red-chimneyed Liverpool steamers, gay river-craft and ships of every sail and flag, filled the stream athwart which the ferries sped their swift traffic-laden shuttles; a lower town clung to the foot of the rock, and crept, populous and picturesque, up its sides; from the massive citadel on its crest flew the red banner of Saint George, and along its brow swept the gray wall of the famous, heroic, beautiful city, overtopped by many a gleaming spire and antique roof.

Whoever was worthy to see held his breath at the sight, and slowly out of our work-day, business-suited, modern world the vessel steamed up to this city of an olden time and another ideal, — to her who was a lady from the first, devout and proud and strong, and who still, after two hundred and fifty years, keeps perfect the image and memory of the feudal past from which she sprung. Upon her height she sits, unique; and when you say Quebec, having once beheld her, you invoke a sense of mediæval strangeness and of beauty which the name of no other city could intensify.

As they drew near the steamboat wharf they saw, swarming over a broad square, a market beside which the Bonsecours Market would have shown common as the Quincy, and up the odd wooden-sidewalked street stretched an aisle of carriages and those high-swung calashes, which are to Quebec what the gondolas are to Venice. But

the hand of destiny was upon our tourists, and they rode up town in an omnibus. They were going to the dear, dirty old Hotel Musty in — Street, without which Quebec is be thought of with a pang. It is now closed, and Prescott Gate, through which they drove into the Upper Town, has been demolished since the summer of last year. Swiftly whirled along the steep winding road, by those Quebec horses which expect to gallop up hill, whatever they do going down, they turned a corner of the broken weed-grown rock, and shot in under the low arch of the gate, pierced with smaller doorways for the foot-passengers. The gloomy masonry dripped with damp, the doors were thickly studded with heavy iron spikes; old cannon, thrust endwise into the ground at the sides of the gate, protected it against passing wheels. Why did not some semi-forbidding commissary of police, struggling hard to overcome his native politeness, appear and demand their passports? The illusion was otherwise perfect, and it needed but this touch. How often in the adored Old World, which we so love and disapprove, had they driven in through such gates at that morning hour! On what perverse pretext, then, was it not some ancient town of Normandy?

“Put a few enterprising Americans in here, and they’d soon rattle this old wall down, and let in a little fresh air!” said a patriotic voice at Isabel’s elbow, and continued to find fault with the narrow, irregular streets, the huddling gables, the quaint roofs, through which and under which they drove on to the hotel.

As they dashed into a broad open square, “Here is the French Cathedral; there is the Upper Town Market; yonder are the Jesuit Barracks!” cried Basil; and they had a passing glimpse of gray stone towers at one

side of the square, and a low, massive yellow building at the other, and, between the two, long ranks of carts, and fruit and vegetable stands, protected by canvas awnings and broad umbrellas. Then they dashed round the corner of a street, and drew up before the hotel door. The low ceilings, the thick walls, the clumsy wood-work, the wandering corridors, gave the hotel all the desired character of age, and its slovenly state bestowed an additional charm. In another place they might have demanded neatness, but in Quebec they would almost have resented it. By a chance they had the best room in the house, but they held it only till certain people who had engaged it by telegraph should arrive in the hourly expected steamer from Liverpool; and, moreover, the best room at Hotel Musty was consolingly bad. The house was very full, and the Ellisons (who had come on with them from Montreal) were bestowed in less state only on like conditions.

The travellers all met at breakfast, which was admirably cooked, and well served, with the attendance of those swarms of flies which infest Quebec, and especially infested the old Musty House in summer. It had, of course, the attraction of broiled salmon, upon which the traveller breakfasts every day as long as he remains in Lower Canada; and it represented the abundance of wild berries in the Quebec market; and it was otherwise a breakfast worthy of the appetites that honored it.

There were not many other Americans besides themselves at this hotel, which seemed, indeed, to be kept open to oblige such travellers as had been there before, and could not persuade themselves to try the new Hotel St. Louis, whither the vastly greater number resorted. Most of the faces our tourists saw were English or English-Canadian, and the young people from Omaha, who had got here by some chance, were scarcely in harmony with the place. They appeared to be a bridal party, but which of the two sisters, in buff linen clad from head to

foot, was the bride was never known. Both were equally free with the husband, and he was impartially fond of both: it was quite a family affair.

For a moment Isabel harbored the desire to see the city in company with Miss Ellison; but it was only a passing weakness. She remembered directly the coolness between friends which she had seen caused by objects of interest in Europe, and she wisely deferred a more intimate acquaintance till it could have a purely social basis. After all, nothing is so tiresome as continual exchange of sympathy, or so apt to end in mutual dislike, — except gratitude. So the ladies parted friends till dinner, and drove off in separate carriages.

As in all other show cities, there is a routine at Quebec for travellers who come on Saturday and go on Monday, and few depart from it. Our friends necessarily, therefore, drove first to the citadel. It was raining one of those cold rains by which the scarce-banished winter reminds the Canadian fields of his nearness even in midsummer, though between the bitter showers the air was sultry and close; and it was just the light in which to see the grim strength of the fortress next strongest to Gibraltar in the world. They passed a heavy iron gateway, and up through a winding lane of masonry to the gate of the citadel, where they were delivered into the care of Private Joseph Drakes, who was to show them all parts of the place open to curiosity. But, a citadel which has never stood a siege, or been threatened by any danger more serious than Fenianism, soon becomes, however strong, but a dull piece of masonry to the civilian; and our tourists more rejoiced in the crumbling fragment of the old French wall which the English destroyed than in all they had built; and they valued the latter work chiefly for the glorious prospects of the St. Lawrence and its mighty valleys which it commanded. Advanced into the centre of an amphitheatre inconceivably vast, that enormous beak of rock overlooks the narrow angle of the river

and then, in every direction, immeasurable stretches of gardened vale, and wooded upland, till all melts into the purple of the encircling mountains. Far and near are lovely white villages nestling under elms, in the heart of fields and meadows; and everywhere the long, narrow, accurately divided farms stretch downward to the river-shores. The best roads on the continent make all this beauty and richness accessible; each little village boasts some natural wonder in stream, or lake, or cataract; and this landscape, magnificent beyond any in Eastern America, is historical and interesting beyond all others. Hither came Jacques Cartier three hundred and fifty years ago, and wintered on the low point there by the St. Charles; here, nearly a century after, but still fourteen years before the landing at Plymouth, Champlain founded the missionary city of Quebec; round this rocky beak came sailing the half-piratical armament of the Calvinist Kirks in 1629, and seized Quebec in the interest of the English, holding it three years; in the Lower Town, yonder, first landed the coldly welcomed Jesuits, who came with the returning French and made Quebec forever eloquent of their zeal, their guile, their heroism; at the foot of this rock lay the fleet of Sir William Phipps, governor of Massachusetts, and vainly assailed it in 1698; in 1759 came Wolfe and embattled all the region, on river and land, till at last the bravely defended city fell into his dying hand on the Plains of Abraham; here Montgomery laid down his life at the head of the boldest and most hopeless effort of our War of Independence.

Private Joseph Drakes, with the generosity of an enemy expecting drink-money, pointed out the sign-board on the face of the crag commemorating Montgomery's death; and then showed them the officers' quarters and those of the common soldiers, not far from which was a line of hang-dog fellows drawn up to receive sentence for divers small misdemeanors, from an officer whose blond whiskers drooped Dun-

drearily from his fresh English cheeks. There was that immense difference between him and the men in physical grandeur and beauty, which is so notable in all the aristocratically ordered military services of Europe, and which makes the rank seem of another race from the file. Private Drakes saluted his superior, and visibly deteriorated in his presence, though his breast was covered with medals, and he had fought England's battles in every part of the world. It was a gross injustice, the triumph of a thousand years of wrong; and it was touching to have Private Drakes say that he expected in three months to begin life for himself, after twenty years' service of the Queen; and did they think he could get anything to do in the States? He scarcely knew what he was fit for, but he thought — to so little in him came the victories he had helped to win in the Crimea, in China, and in India — that he could take care of a gentleman's horse and work about his place. He looked inquiringly at Basil, as if he might be a gentleman with a horse to be taken care of and a place to be worked about, and made Basil regret that he was not a man of substance enough to provide for Private Drakes and Mrs. Drakes and the brood of Ducklings, who had been shown to him stowed away in one of those cavernous rooms in the earthworks where the married soldiers have their quarters. His regret enriched the reward of Private Drakes's service, — which perhaps answered one of Private Drakes's purposes, if not his chief aim. He promised to come to the States upon the pressing advice of Isabel, who, speaking from her own large experience, declared that everybody got on there; and he bade our friends an affectionate farewell as they drove away to the Plains of Abraham.

The fashionable suburban cottages and places of Quebec are on the St. Louis Road leading northward to the old battle-ground and beyond it; but these face chiefly towards the rivers St. Lawrence and St. Charles, and lofty

hedges and shrubbery hide them in an English seclusion from the highway; so that the visitor may uninterruptedly meditate whatever emotion he will for the scene of Wolfe's death as he rides along. His loftiest emotion will want the noble height of that heroic soul, who must always stand forth in history a figure of beautiful and singular distinction, admirable alike for the sensibility and daring, the poetic thoughtfulness, and the martial ardor that mingled in him and taxed his feeble frame with tasks greater than it could bear. The whole story of the capture of Quebec is full of romantic splendor and pathos. Her fall was a triumph for all the English-speaking race, and to us Americans, long scourged by the cruel Indian wars plotted within her walls or sustained by her strength, such a blessing as was hailed with ringing bells and blazing bonfires throughout the Colonies; yet now we cannot think without pity of the hopes extinguished and the labors brought to naught in her overthrow. That strange colony of priests and soldiers, of martyrs and heroes, of which she was the capital, willing to perish for an allegiance to which the mother-country was indifferent, and fighting against the armies with which England was prepared to outnumber the whole Canadian population, is a magnificent spectacle; and Montcalm laying down his life to lose Quebec is not less affecting than Wolfe dying to win her. The heart opens towards the soldier who recited, on the eve of his costly victory, the *Elegy* in a Country Churchyard which he would "rather have written than beat the French to-morrow"; but it aches for the defeated general, who, hurt to death, answered, when told how brief his time was, "So much the better; then I shall not live to see the surrender of Quebec."

In the city for which they perished their fame has never been divided. The English have shown themselves very generous victors; perhaps nothing could be alleged against them, but that they were victors. A shaft

common to Wolfe and Montcalm celebrates them both in the Governor's Garden; and in the Chapel of the Ursuline Convent a tablet is placed, where Montcalm died, by the same conquerors who raised to Wolfe's memory the column on the battle-field.

A dismal prison covers the ground where the hero fell, and the monument stands on the spot where Wolfe breathed his last, on ground lower than the rest of the field; the friendly hollow that sheltered him from the fire of the French dwarfs his monument; yet this is sufficient, and the simple inscription, "Here died Wolfe victorious," gives it a dignity which many cubits of added stature could not bestow. One of those bitter showers, which had interspersed the morning's sunshine, drove suddenly across the open plain, and our tourists comfortably sentimentalized the scene behind the close-drawn curtains of their carriage. Here a whole empire had been lost and won, Basil reminded Isabel; and she said, "Only think of it!" and looked to a wandering fold of her skirt, upon which the rain beat through a rent of the curtain.

Do I pitch the pipe too low? We poor honest men are at a sad disadvantage; and now and then I am minded to give a loose to fancy, and attribute something really grand and fine to my people, in order to make them worthier the reader's respected acquaintance. But again, I forbid myself in a higher interest; and I am afraid that even if I were less virtuous, I could not exalt their mood upon a battle-field; for of all things of the past a battle is the least conceivable. I have heard men who fought in many battles say that the recollection was all like a dream to them; and what can the merely civilian imagination do on the Plains of Abraham, with the fact that there, more than a century ago, certain thousands of Frenchmen marched out, on a bright September morning, to kill and maim as many Englishmen? This ground so green and soft with grass beneath the feet, was it once torn

with shot and soaked with the blood of men? Did they lie here in ranks and heaps, the miserable slain, for whom tender hearts away yonder over the sea were to ache and break? Did the wretches that fell wounded stretch themselves here, and writhe beneath the feet of friend and foe, or crawl away for shelter into little hollows, and behind bushes and fallen trees? Did he, whose soul was so full of noble and sublime impulses, die here, shot through like some ravening beast? The loathsome carnage, the shrieks, the hellish din of arms, the cries of victory,—I vainly strive to conjure up some image of it all now; and God be thanked, horrible spectre! that, fill the world with sorrow as thou wilt, thou still remainest incredible in its moments of sanity and peace. Least credible of all art thou on the old battle-fields, where the mother of the race denies thee with breeze and sun and leaf and bird and every blade of grass! The red stain in Basil's thought yielded to the rain sweeping across the pasture-land from which it had long since faded, and the words on the monument, "Here died Wolfe victorious," did not proclaim his bloody triumph over the French, but his self-conquest, his victory over fear and pain and love of life. Alas! when shall the poor, blind, stupid world honor those who renounce self in the joy of their kind, equally with those who devote themselves through the anguish and loss of thousands? So old a world, and groping still!

The tourists were better fitted for the next occasion of sentiment, which was at the Hôtel Dieu, whither they went after returning from the battle-field. It took all the mal-address of which travellers are masters to secure admittance, and it was not till they had rung all manner of wrong bells, and misunderstood many soft nun-voices speaking French through grated doors, and set divers sympathetic spectators doing ineffectual services, that they at last found the proper entrance, and were answered in English that the porter would ask if they might see the

chapel. They hoped to find there the skull of Brébeuf, one of those Jesuit martyrs who perished long ago for the conversion of a race that has perished, and whose relics they had come, fresh from their reading of Parkman, with some vague and patronizing intention to revere. An elderly sister with a pale, kind face led them through a ward of the hospital into the chapel, which they found in the expected taste, and exquisitely neat and cool, but lacking the martyr's skull. They asked if it were not to be seen. "Ah, yes, poor Père Brébeuf!" sighed the gentle sister, with the tone and manner of having lost him yesterday; "we had it down only last week, showing it to some Jesuit fathers; but it's in the convent now, and is n't to be seen." And there mingled apparently in her regret for Père Brébeuf a confusing sense of his actual state as a portable piece of furniture. She would not let them praise the chapel. It was very clean, yes, but there was nothing to see in it. She deprecated their compliments with many shrugs, but she was pleased; for when we renounce the pomps and vanities of this world, we are pretty sure to find them in some other,—if we are women. She, good and pure soul, whose whole life was given to self-denying toil, had yet something angelically coquettish in her manner, a spiritual-worldliness which was the clarified likeness of this-worldliness. O, had they seen the Hôtel Dieu at Montreal? Then (with a vivacious wave of the hands) they would not care to look at this, which by comparison was nothing. Yet she invited them to go through the wards if they would, and was clearly proud to have them see the wonderful cleanliness and comfort of the place. There were not many patients, but here and there a wan or fevered face looked at them from its pillow, or a weak form drooped beside a bed, or a group of convalescents softly talked together. They came presently to the last hall, at the end of which sat another nun, beside a window that gave a view of the busy port, and beyond it the

landscape of village-lit plain and forest-darkened height. On a table at her elbow stood a rose-tree on which hung two only pale tea-roses, so fair, so perfect, that Isabel cried out in wonder and praise. Ere she could prevent it, the nun, to whom there had been some sort of presentation, gathered one of the roses, and with a shy grace offered it to Isabel, who shrank back a little as from too costly a gift. "Take it," said the first nun, with her pretty French accent; while the other, who spoke no English at all, beamed a placid smile; and Isabel took it. The flower, lying light in her palm, exhaled a delicate odor, and a thrill of exquisite compassion for it trembled through her heart, as if it had been the white, cloistered life of the silent nun: with its pallid loveliness, it was as a flower that had taken the veil. It could never have uttered the burning passion of a lover for his mistress; the nightingale could have found no thorn on it to press his aching poet's heart against; but sick and weary eyes had dwelt gratefully upon it; at most it might have expressed, like a prayer, the nun's stainless love of some favorite saint in paradise. Cold, and pale, and sweet,—was it indeed only a flower, this cloistered rose of the *Hôtel Dieu*?

"Breathe it," said the gentle Gray Sister; "sometimes the air of the hospital offends. Not us, no; we are used; but you come from the outside." And she gave her rose for this humble use as lovingly as she devoted herself to her lowly cares.

"It is very little to see," she said at the end; "but if you are pleased, I am very glad. Good by, good by!" She stood with her arms folded, and watched them out of sight with her kind, coquettish little smile, and then the mute, blank life of the nun resumed her.

From *Hôtel Dieu* to Hotel Musty it was but a step; both were in the same street; but our friends fancied themselves to have come an immense distance when they sat down at an

early dinner there, amidst the clash of crockery and cutlery, and looked round upon all the profane travelling world assembled. Their regard presently fixed upon one company which monopolized a whole table, and were defined from the other diners by peculiarities as marked as those of the *Sœurs Grises* themselves. There were only two men among some eight or ten women; one of the former had a bad amiable face, with eyes full of a merry devilry; the other, clean shaven and dark, was demure and silent as a priest. The ladies were of various types, but of one effect, with large rolling eyes, and faces that somehow regarded the beholder as from a distance, and with an impartial feeling for him as for an element of publicity. One of them, who caressed a lapdog with one hand while she served herself with the other, was, as she seemed to believe, a blonde; she had pale blue eyes, and her hair was cut in front so as to cover her forehead with a straggling sandy-colored fringe. She had an English look, and three or four others, with dark complexion and black, unsteady eyes, and various abandon of back-hair, looked like Cockney houriis of Jewish blood; while two of the lovely company were clearly of our own nation, as was the young man with the reckless laughing face. The ladies were all dressed and jewelled with a kind of broad effectiveness, which was to the ordinary style of society what scene-painting is to painting, and might have borne close inspection no better. They all seemed the best-humored people in the world, and on the kindest terms with each other. The waiters shared their pleasant mood, and served them affectionately, and were now and then invited to join in the gay talk which babbled on over dislocated aspirates, and filled the air with a sentiment of vagabond enjoyment, of the romantic freedom of violated convention, of something *Gil-Blasian*, almost picaresque.

If they had needed explanation it would have been given by the announcement in the office of the hotel



that a troupe of British blondes were then appearing in Quebec for one week only.

After dinner they took possession of the parlor, and while one strummed fitfully upon the ailing hotel piano, the rest talked, and talked shop, of course, as all of us do when several of a trade are got together.

"W'at," said the eldest of the dark-faced, black-haired British blondes of Jewish race, — "w'at are we going to give at Montrehal?"

"We're going to give 'Pygmalion,' at Montrehal," answered the British blonde of American birth, good-humoredly burlesquing the erring *h* of her sister.

"But we can't, you know," said the lady with the fringed forehead; "Hagnes is gone on to New York, and there's nobody to do *Wenus*."

"Yes, you know," demanded the first speaker, "oo's to do *Wenus*?"

"Bella's to do *Wenus*," said a third.

There was an outcry at this, and "Ow ever would she get herself up for *Wenus*?" and "W'at a guy she'll look!" and "Nonsense! Bella's too 'eavy for *Wenus*!" came from different lively critics; and the debate threatened to become too intimate for the public ear, when one of their gentlemen came in and said, "Charley don't seem so well this afternoon." On this the chorus changed its note, and at the proposal, "Poor Charley, let's go and cheer 'im hup a bit," the whole good-tempered company trooped out of the parlor together.

Our tourists meant to give the rest of the afternoon to that sort of aimless wandering to and fro about the streets which seizes a foreign city unawares, and best develops all its charm of strangeness. So they went out and took their fill of Quebec with appetites keen through long fasting from the quaint and old, and only sharpened by Montreal. The crooked up-and-down hill streets; the thoroughly French domestic architecture of a place that thus denied having been English for a

hundred years; the *porte-cochères* beside every house; the French names upon the doors, and the oddity of the bell-pulls; the rough-paved, rattling streets; the shining roofs of tin, and the universal dormer-windows; the littleness of the private houses, and the greatness of the high-walled and garden-girdled convents; the breadths of weather-stained city wall, and the shaggy cliff beneath; the batteries, with their guns peacefully staring through loopholes of masonry, and the red-coated sergeants flirting with nursery-maids upon the carriages, while the children tumbled about over the pyramids of shot and shell; the sloping market-place before the cathedral, where yet some remnant of the morning's traffic lingered under canvas canopies, and where Isabel bought a bouquet of marigolds and asters of an old woman peasant enough to have sold it in any market-place of Europe; the small, dark shops beyond the quarter invaded by English retail trade; the movement of all the strange figures of cleric and lay and military life; the sound of a foreign speech prevailing over the English; the encounter of other tourists, the passage back and forth through the different city gates; the public wooden stairways, dropping flight after flight from the Upper to the Lower Town; the bustle of the port, with its commerce and shipping and seafaring life huddled close in under the hill; the many desolate streets of the Lower Town, as black and ruinous as the last great fire left them; the marshy meadows beyond, memorable of Recollets and Jesuits, of Cartier and Montcalm; — all these things were inexpressibly dear to their souls.

They went to the chapel of the Seminary at Laval University, and admired the Le Brun, and the other paintings of less merit, but equal interest through their suggestion of a whole dim religious world of paintings; and then they spent half an hour in the cathedral, not so much in looking at the Crucifixion by Vandyck which is there, as in revelling amid the familiar *rococo*



splendors of the temple. Every swaggering statue of a saint, every rope-dancing angel, every cherub of those that on the carven and gilded clouds above the high altar float

"Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,"

was precious to them; the sacristan dusting the sacred properties with a feather brush, and giving each shrine a business-like nod as he passed, was as a long-lost brother; they had hearts of aggressive tenderness for the young girls and old women who stepped in for a half-hour's devotion, and for the men with bourgeois or peasant faces, who stole a moment from affairs and crops, and gave it to the saints. There was nothing in the place that need remind them of America, and its taste was exactly that of a thousand other churches of the eighteenth century. They could easily have believed themselves in the farthest Catholic South, but for the two great porcelain stoves that stood on either side of the nave near the entrance, and that vividly reminded them of the possibility of cold.

In fact, Quebec is a little painful in this and other confusions of the South and North, and one never quite reconciles himself to them. The Frenchmen, who expected to find there the climate of their native land, and ripen her wines in as kindly a sun, have perpetuated the image of home in so many things, that it goes to the heart with a painful emotion to find the sad, oblique light of the North upon them. As you ponder upon some characteristic aspect of Quebec, — a bit of street with heavy stone houses, opening upon a stretch of the city wall, with a Lombardy poplar rising slim against it, — you say to your satisfied soul, "Yes, it is the real thing!" and then all at once a sense of that northern sky strikes in upon you, and makes the reality a mere picture. The sky is blue, the sun is often fiercely hot; you could not perhaps prove that the pathetic radiance is not an efflux of your own consciousness that summer is but hanging over the land, briefly poising on wings that flit

at the first dash of rain, and that will soon vanish in long retreat before the snow. But somehow, from without or from within, that light of the North is there.

It lay saddest, our travellers thought, upon the little circular garden near Durham Terrace, where every brightness of fall flowers abounded, — marigold, coxcomb, snap-dragon, dahlia, hollyhock, and sunflower. It was a substantial and hardy efflorescence, and they fancied that fainter-hearted plants would have pined away in that garden, where the little fountain, leaping up into the bleak light, fell back again with a musical shiver. The consciousness of this latent cold, of winter only held in abeyance by the bright sun, was not deeper even in the once magnificent, now neglected Governor's Garden, where there was actually a rawness in the late afternoon air, and whither they were strolling for the view from its height, and to pay their duty to the obelisk placed there to the common fame of Wolfe and Montcalm. The sounding Latin inscription celebrates the royal governor-general who erected it almost as much as the heroes to whom it was raised; but these spectators did not begrudge the space given to his praise, for so fine a thought merited praise. It enforced again the idea of a kind of posthumous friendship between Wolfe and Montcalm, which gives their memory its strange distinction, and unites them, who fell in fight against each other, as closely as if they had both died for the same cause.

Some lasting dignity seems to linger about the city that has once been a capital; and this odor of fallen nobility belongs to Quebec, which was a capital in the European sense, with all the advantages of a small vice-regal court, and its social and political intrigues, in the French times. Under the English, for a hundred years it was the centre of Colonial civilization and refinement, with a governor-general's residence and a brilliant, easy, and delightful society, to which the large garrison of former days gave gayety and romance.

The honors of a capital, first shared with Montreal and Toronto, now rest with half-savage Ottawa; and the garrison has dwindled to a regiment of rifles, whose presence would hardly be known, but for the natty serjeants lounging, stick in hand, about the streets and courting the nurse-maids. But in the days of old there were scenes of carnival pleasure in the Governor's Garden, and there the garrison band still plays once a week, when it is filled by the fashion and beauty of Quebec, and some semblance of the past is recalled. It is otherwise a lonesome, indifferently tended place, and on this afternoon there was no one there but a few loafing young fellows of low degree, French and English, and children that played screaming from seat to seat and path to path and over the too-heavily shaded grass. In spite of a conspicuous warning that any dog entering the garden would be destroyed, the place was thronged with dogs unmolested and apparently in no danger of the threatened doom. The seal of a disagreeable desolation was given in the legend rudely carved upon one of the benches, "Success to the Irish Republic!"

The morning of the next day our tourists gave to hearing mass at the French cathedral, which was not different, to their heretical senses, from any other mass, except that the ceremony was performed with a very full clerical force, and was attended by an uncommonly devout congregation. With Europe constantly in their minds, they were bewildered to find the worshippers not chiefly old and young women, but men also of all ages and of every degree, from the neat peasant in his Sabbath-day best to the modish young Quebecer, who spread his handkerchief on the floor to save his pantaloons during supplication. There was fashion and education in large degree among the men, and there was in all a pious attention to the function in poetical keeping with the origin and history of a city which the zeal of the Church had founded.

A magnificent beadle, clothed in a gold-laced coat and bearing a silver staff, bowed to them when they entered, and, leading them to a pew, punched up a kneeling peasant, who mutely resumed his prayers in the aisle outside, while they took his place. It appeared to Isabel very unjust that their curiosity should displace his religion; but she consoled herself by making Basil give a shilling to the man who, preceded by the shining beadle, came round to take up a collection. The peasant could have given nothing but copper, and she felt that this restored the lost balance of righteousness in their favor. There was a sermon, very sweetly and gracefully delivered by a young priest of singular beauty, even among clergy whose good looks are so notable as those of Quebec; and then they followed the orderly crowd of worshippers out, and left the cathedral to the sacristan and the odor of incense.

They thought the type of French-Canadian better here than at Montreal, and they particularly noticed the greater number of pretty young girls. All classes were well dressed; for though the best dressed could not be called stylish according to the American standard, as Isabel decided, and had only a provincial gentility, the poorest wore garments that were clean and whole. Everybody, too, was going to have a hot Sunday dinner, if there was any truth in the odors that steamed out of every door and window; and this dinner was to be abundantly garnished with onions, for the dulllest nose could not err concerning that savor.

Numbers of tourists, of a nationality that showed itself superior to every distinction of race, were strolling vaguely, and not always quite happily about; but they made no impression on the proper local character, and the air throughout the morning was full of the sentiment of Sunday in a Catholic city. There was the apparently meaningless jangling of bells, with profound hushes between, and then more jubilant jangling, and then deeper silence; there

was the devout trooping of the crowds to the churches; and there was the beginning of the long afternoon's lounging and amusement with which the people of that faith reward their morning's devotion. Little stands for the sale of knotty apples and choke-cherries and cakes and cider sprang magically into existence after service, and people were already eating and drinking at them. The carriage-drivers resumed their chase of the tourists, and the unvoiceful stir of the new week had begun again. Quebec, in fact, is but a pantomimic reproduction of France; it is as if two centuries in a new land, amidst the primeval silences of nature and the long hush of the Northern winters, had stilled the tongues of the lively folk and made them taciturn as we of a graver race. They have kept the ancestral vivacity of manner; the elegance of the shrug is intact; the talking hands take part in dialogue; the agitated person will have its share of expression. But the loud and eager tone is wanting, and their dumb show mystifies the beholder almost as much as the Southern architecture under the slanting Northern sun. It is not America; if it is not France, what is it?

Of the many beautiful things to see in the neighborhood of Quebec, our wedding-journeymen were in doubt on which to bestow their one precious afternoon. Should it be Lorette, with its cataract and its remnant of bleached and fading Hurons, or the Isle of Orleans with its fertile farms and its primitive peasant life, or Montmorenci, with its unrivalled fall and its long drive through the beautiful village of Beauport? Isabel chose the last, because Basil had been there before, and it had to it the poetry of the wasted years in which she did not know him. She had possessed herself of the journal of his early travels, among the other portions and parcels recoverable from the dreadful past, and from time to time on this journey she had read him passages out of it, with mingled sentiment and irony, and, whether she was mocking or admiring, equally to

his confusion. Now, as they smoothly bowled away from the city, she made him listen to what he had written of the same excursion long ago.

It was, to be sure, a sad farrago of sentiment about the village and the rural sights, and especially a girl tossing hay in the field. Yet it had touches of nature and reality, and Basil could not utterly despise himself for having written it. "Yes," he said, "life was then a thing to be put into pretty periods; now it's something that has risks and averages, and may be insured."

There was regret, fancied or expressed, in his tone, that made her sigh, "Ah! if I'd only had a *little* more money, you might have devoted yourself to literature"; for she was a true Bostonian in her honor of our poor craft.

"Yes, you're greatly to blame," answered her husband, "but I forgive you. So many pine away in unrequited affection for the Muse,—even of those who give all their time and money to her,—that I'm very well satisfied to be going back to my applications and policies to-morrow."

To-morrow? The word struck cold upon her. Then their wedding journey would begin to end to-morrow! So it would, she owned with another sigh; and yet it seemed impossible.

"There, ma'am," said the driver, rising from his seat and facing round, while he pointed with his whip towards Quebec, "that's what we call the Silver City."

They looked back with him at the city, whose thousands of tinned roofs, rising one above the other from the water's edge to the citadel, were all a splendor of argent light in the afternoon sun. It was indeed as if some magic had clothed that huge rock, base and steepy flank and crest, with a silver city. They gazed upon the marvel with cries of joy that satisfied the driver's utmost pride in it, and Isabel said, "To live there, there in that Silver City, in perpetual sojourn! To be always going to go on a morrow that

never came ! To be forever within one day of the end of a wedding journey that never ended ! ”

From far down the river by which they rode came the sound of a cannon, breaking the Sabbath repose of the air. “That’s the gun of the Liverpool steamer, just coming in,” said the driver.

“O,” cried Isabel, “I’m thankful we’re only to stay one night more, for now we shall be turned out of our nice room by those people who telegraphed for it ! ”

There is a continuous village along the St. Lawrence from Quebec, almost to Montmorenci ; and they met crowds of villagers coming from the church as they passed through Beauport. But Basil was dismayed at the change that had befallen them. They all had their Sunday’s best on, and the women, instead of wearing the peasant costume in which he had first seen them, were now dressed as if out “Harper’s Bazar” of the year before. He anxiously asked the driver if the broad straw hats and the bright sacks and kirtles were no more. “O, you’d see them on weekdays, sir,” was the answer, “but they’re not so plenty any time as they used to be.” He opened his store of facts about the *habitans*, whom he praised for every virtue, — for thrift, for sobriety, for neatness, for amiability ; and his words ought to have had the greater weight, because he was of the Irish race, between which and the Canadians there is no kindness lost. But all the looks of the people corroborated him, and as for the little houses, open-doored beside the way, with the pleasant faces at window and portal, they were miracles of picturesqueness and cleanliness. From each the owner’s slim domain, narrowing at every successive division among the abundant generations, runs back to hill or river in well-defined lines, and beside the cottage is a garden of pot-herbs, bordered with a flame of bright autumn flowers ; somewhere in decent seclusion grunts the fattening pig, which is to enrich all those peas and onions for

the winter’s broth ; there is a cheerfulness of poultry about the barns ; I dare be sworn there is always a small girl driving a flock of decorous ducks down the middle of the street ; and of the priest with a book under his arm, passing a wayside shrine, what possible doubt ? The houses, which are all of one model, are built by the peasants themselves with the stone which their land yields more abundantly than any other crop, and are furnished with galleries and balconies to catch every ray of the fleeting summer, or perhaps only to remember the long-lost ancestral summers of Normandy. At every moment, in passing through this ideally neat and pretty village, our tourists must think of the lovely poem of which all French Canada seems but a reminiscence and illustration. It was Grand Pré, not Beauport ; and they paid an eager homage to the beautiful genius which has touched those simple village aspects with an undying charm, and which, whatever the land’s political allegiance, is there perpetual Seigneur.

The village, stretching along the broad intervalle of the St. Lawrence, grows sparser as you draw near the Falls of Montmorenci, and presently you drive past the grove shutting from the road the country-house in which the Duke of Kent spent some merry days of his jovial youth, and come in sight of two lofty towers of stone, — monuments and witnesses of the tragedy of Montmorenci.

Once a suspension-bridge, built sore-against the will of the neighboring *habitans*, hung from these towers high over the long plunge of the cataract. But one morning of the fatal spring after the first winter’s frost had tried the hold of the cable on the rocks, an old peasant and his wife with their little grandson set out in their cart to pass the bridge. As they drew near the middle the anchoring wires suddenly lost their grip upon the shore, and whirled into the air ; the bridge crashed under them, and they were launched from its height upon the verge of the fall and thence plunged, two hundred

and fifty feet, into the ruin of the abyss.

The *habitans* rebuilt their bridge of wood upon low stone piers, so far up the river from the fall that whoever fell from it would yet have many a chance for life; and it would have been a *casus belli* to offer to replace the fallen structure, which, in the belief of all faithful Christians, clearly belonged to the numerous bridges built by the Devil, in times when the Devil did not call himself a civil engineer.

The driver, with just unction, recounted the sad tale as he halted his horses on the bridge; and as his passengers looked down the rock-fretted brown torrent towards the fall, Isabel seized the occasion to shudder that ever she had set foot on that suspension-bridge below Niagara, and to prove to Basil's confusion that her doubt of the bridges between the Three Sisters was not a case of nerves, but an instinctive wisdom concerning the unsafety of all bridges of that design.

From the gap opening into the grounds about the fall two or three little French boys, whom they had not the heart to forbid, ran noisily before them with cries in their sole English, "This way, sir!" and led toward a weather-beaten summer-house that tottered upon a projecting rock above the verge of the cataract. But our tourists shook their heads, and turned away for a more distant and less dizzy enjoyment of the spectacle, though any commanding point was sufficiently chasmal and precipitous. The lofty bluff was scooped inward from the St. Lawrence in a vast irregular semicircle, with cavernous hollows, one within another, sinking far into its sides, all naked from foot to crest or meagrely wooded here and there with evergreen. From the central brink of these gloomy purple chasms the foamy cataract launched itself, and like a cloud

Montmorenci to something that is soft and light. Yet a cloud does not represent the glinting of the water in its downward swoop; it is like some broad slope of sun-smitten snow; but snow is coldly white and opaque, and this has a creamy warmth in its luminous mass; and so, there hangs the cataract unsaid as before. It is a mystery that anything so grand should be so lovely, that anything so tenderly fair in whatever aspect should yet be so large that one glance fails to comprehend it all. The rugged wildness of the cliffs and hollows about it is softened by its gracious beauty, which half redeems the vulgarity of the timber-merchant's uses in setting the river at work in his saw-mills and choking its outlet into the St. Lawrence with rafts of lumber and rubbish of slabs and shingles. Nay, rather, it is alone amidst these things, and the eye takes note of them by a separate effort.

Our tourists sank down upon the turf that crept with its white clover to the edge of the precipice, and gazed dreamily upon the fall, filling their vision with its exquisite color and form. Being wiser than I, they did not try to utter its loveliness; they were content to feel it, and the perfection of the afternoon, whose low sun slanting over the landscape gave, under that pale, greenish-blue sky, a pensive sentiment of autumn to the world. The crickets cried amongst the grass; the hesitating chirp of birds came from the tree overhead; a shaggy colt left off grazing in the field and came up to stare at them; their little guides having found that these people had no pleasure in the sight of small boys scuffling on the verge of a precipice, threw themselves also down upon the grass and crooned a long, long ballad in a mournful minor key about some maiden whose name was La Belle Adeline. It was a moment of unmixed enjoyment for every sense, and through all their being they were glad; which considering, they ceased to be so, with a deep sigh, as one reasoning that he dreams must presently awake. They never could

"Along the cliff to fall and pause and fall did seem."

I say a cloud, because I find it already said to my hand, as it were, in a pretty verse, and because I must needs liken

have an emotion without desiring to analyze it ; but perhaps their rapture would have ceased as swiftly, even if they had not tried to make it a fact of consciousness.

"If there were not dinner after such experiences as these," said Isabel, as they sat at table that evening, "I don't know what would become of one. But dinner unites the idea of pleasure and duty, and brings you gently back to earth. You *must* eat, don't you see, and there's nothing disgraceful about what you're obliged to do ; and so — it's all right."

"Isabel, Isabel," cried her husband, "you have a wonderful mind, and its workings always amaze me. But be careful, my dear ; be careful. Don't work it too hard. The human brain, you know ; delicate organ."

"Well, you understand what I mean ; and I think it's one of the great charms of a husband, that you're not forced to express yourself to him. A husband," continued Isabel, sententiously, poising a bit of meringue between her thumb and finger, — for they had reached that point in the repast, — "a husband is almost as good as another woman !"

In the parlor they found the Ellisons, and exchanged the history of the day with them.

"Certainly," said Mrs. Ellison, at the end, "it's been a pleasant day enough, but what of the night ? You've been turned out, too, by those people who came on the steamer, and who might as well have stayed on board to-night ; have you got another room ?"

"Not precisely," said Isabel, "we have a coop in the fifth story, right under the roof."

Mrs. Ellison turned energetically upon her husband and cried in tones of reproach, "Richard, Mrs. March has a room !"

"A coop, she *said*," retorted that amiable Colonel, "and we're too good for that. The clerk is keeping us in suspense about a room, because he means to surprise us with something palatial at the end. It's his joking way."

"Nonsense !" said Mrs. Ellison. "Have you seen him since dinner ?"

"I have made life a burden to him for the last half-hour," returned the Colonel, with the kindest smile.

"O Richard," cried his wife, in despair of his amendment, "you would n't make life a burden to a mouse !" And having nothing else for it, she laughed, half in sorrow, half in fondness.

"Well, Fanny," the Colonel irrelevantly answered, "put on your hat and things, and let's all go up to Durham Terrace for a promenade. I know our friends want to go. It's something worth seeing ; and by the time we get back, the clerk will have us a perfectly sumptuous apartment."

Nothing, I think, more enforces the illusion of Southern Europe in Quebec than the Sunday-night promenading on the Durham Terrace. This is the ample space on the brow of the cliff to the left of the citadel, the noblest and most commanding position in the whole city, which was formerly occupied by the old castle of Saint Louis, where dwelt the brave Count Frontenac and his splendid successors of the French *régime*. The castle went the way of Quebec by fire some forty years ago, and Lord Durham levelled the site and made it a public promenade. A stately arcade of solid masonry supports it on the brink of the rock, and an iron parapet encloses it ; there are a few seats to lounge upon, and some idle old guns for the children to clamber over and play with. A soft twilight had followed the day, and there was just enough obscurity to hide from a willing eye the Northern and New World facts of the scene, and to bring into more romantic relief the citadel dark against the mellow evening, and the people gossiping from window to window across the narrow streets of the Lower Town. The Terrace itself was densely thronged, and there was a constant coming and going of the promenaders, who each formally paced back and forth upon the planking for a certain time, and then went quietly home, giving



place to the new arrivals. They were nearly all French, and they were not generally, it seemed, of the first fashion, but rather of middling condition in life; the English, being represented here only by a few young fellows and now and then a red-faced old gentleman with an Indian scarf trailing from his hat. There were some fair American costumes and faces in the crowd, but it was essentially Quebecian. The young girls walking in pairs, or with their lovers, had the true touch of provincial unstylishness, the young men the ineffectual excess of the second-rate Latin dandy; their elders the rich inelegance of a *bourgeoisie* in their best. A few better-figured *avocats* or *notaires* (their profession was as unmistakable as if they had carried their well-polished brass doorplates upon their breasts) walked and gravely talked with each other. The non-American character of the scene was not less vividly marked in the fact that each person dressed according to his own taste and frankly indulged private preferences in shapes and colors. One of the promenaders was in white, even to his canvas shoes; another, with yet bolder individuality, appeared in perfect purple. It had a strange, almost portentous effect when these two startling figures met as friends and joined each other in the promenade with linked arms; but the evening was already beginning to darken round them, and presently the purple comrade was merely a sombre shadow beside the glimmering white.

The valleys and the heights now vanished; but the river defined itself by the varicolored lights of the ships and steamers that lay, dark, motionless bulks, upon its broad breast; the lights of Point Levis swarmed upon the other shore; the Lower Town, a hundred feet below them, stretched an alluring mystery of clustering roofs and lamplit windows and dark and shining streets around the mighty rock, mural-crowned. Suddenly a long arch brightened over the northern horizon; the tremulous flames of the aurora, pal-

lid violet or faintly tinged with crimson, shot upward from it, and played with a weird apparition and evanescence to the zenith. While the strangers looked, a gun boomed from the citadel, and the wild sweet notes of the bugle sprang out upon the silence.

Then they all said, "How perfectly in keeping everything has been!" and sauntered back to the hotel.

The Colonel went into the office to give the clerk another turn on the rack, and make him confess to a hidden apartment somewhere, while Isabel left her husband to Mrs. Ellison in the parlor, and invited Miss Kitty to look at her coop in the fifth story. As they approached, light and music and laughter stole out of an open door next hers, and Isabel, distinguishing the voices of the theatrical ladies, divined that this was the sick-chamber, and that they were again cheering up the afflicted member of their troupe. Some one was heard to say, "Well, 'ow do you feel now, Charley?" and a sound of subdued swearing responded, followed by more laughter, and the twanging of a guitar, and a snatch of song, and a stir of feet and dresses as for departure.

The two listeners shrank together, and, "Dear!" cried Isabel, "what shall we do?"

"Go back," said Miss Ellison, boldly, and back they ran to the parlor, where they found Basil and the Colonel and his wife in earnest conclave. The Colonel, like a shrewd strategist, was making show of a desperation more violent than his wife's, who was thus naturally forced into the attitude of moderating his fury.

"Well, Fanny, that's all he can do for us; and I do think it's the most outrageous thing in the world! It's real mean!"

Fanny perceived a bold parody of her own denunciatory manner, but just then she was obliged to answer Isabel's eager inquiry whether they had got a room yet. "Yes, a room," she said, "with two beds. But what are we to do with one room? That clerk—I



don't know what to call him" — ("Call him a hotel-clerk, my dear ; you can't say anything worse," interrupted her husband) — "seems to think the matter perfectly settled."

"You see, Mrs. March," added the Colonel, "he's able to bully us in this way because he has the architecture on his side. There is n't another room in the house."

"Let me think a moment," said Isabel. She had taken a fancy to these people from the first, and in the last hour they had all become very well acquainted ; now she said, "I'll tell you : there are two beds in our room also ; we ladies will take one room, and you gentlemen the other !"

"Mrs. March, I bow to the superiority of the Boston mind," said the Colonel, while his females civilly protested and consented ; "and I might almost hail you as our preserver. If ever you come to Milwaukee, — which is the centre of the world, as Boston is, — we — I — shall be happy to have you call at my place of business. — I did n't commit myself, did I, Fanny ? — I am sometimes hospitable to excess, Mrs. March," he said, to explain his aside. "And now, let us reconnoitre. Lead on, madam, and the gratitude of the houseless stranger will follow you."

The whole party explored both rooms, and the ladies decided to keep Isabel's. The Colonel was despatched to see that all the wraps and traps of his party were sent to this number, and Basil went with him. The things came long before the gentlemen returned, but the ladies happily employed the time in talking over the excitements of the day, and in saying from time to time, "So very kind of you, Mrs. March," and "I don't know what we should have done," and "Don't speak of it, please," and "I'm sure it's a great pleasure to me."

In the room adjoining theirs, where the invalid actor lay, and where lately there had been minstrelsy and apparently dancing for his entertainment, there was now comparative silence. Two women's voices talked together,

and now and then a guitar was touched by a wandering hand. Isabel had just put up her handkerchief to conceal her first yawn, when the gentlemen, odorous of cigars, returned to say good night.

"It's the second door from this, is n't it, Isabel ?" asked her husband.

"Yes, the second door. Good night."

"Good night."

The two men walked off together ; but in a minute afterwards they had returned and were knocking tremulously at the closed door.

"O, what has happened ?" chorussed the ladies in woful tune, seeing a certain wildness in the faces that confronted them.

"We don't know !" answered the others in as fearful key, and related how they had found the door of their room ajar, and a bright light streaming into the corridor. With the heedlessness of their sex they did not stop to ponder this fact, but pushed the door wide open, when they saw seated before the mirror a bewildering figure, with dishevelled locks wandering down the back, and in dishabille expressive of being quite at home there, which turned upon them a pair of pale blue eyes, under a forehead remarkable for the straggling fringe of hair that covered it. They professed to have remained transfixed at the sight and to have noted a like dismay on the visage before the glass, ere they summoned strength to fly. These facts Colonel Ellison gave at the command of his wife, with many protests and insincere delays amidst which only the curiosity of his hearers prevented them from rendering him in pieces.

"And what do you suppose it was ?" demanded his wife, with forced calmness, when he had at last made an end of the story and his abominable hypocrisies.

"Well, I think it was a mermaid."

"A mermaid !" said his wife, scornfully. "How do you know ?"

"It had a comb in its hand, for one thing ; and besides, my dear, I hope I know a mermaid when I see it."

"Well," said Mrs. Ellison, "it was

no mermaid, it was a mistake; and I'm going to see about it. Will you go with me, Richard?"

"No money could induce me! If it's a mistake, it is n't proper for me to go; if it's a mermaid, it's dangerous."

"O you coward!" said the intrepid little woman to a hero of all the fights on Sherman's march to the sea; and presently they heard her attack the mysterious enemy with a lady-like courage, claiming the invaded chamber. The foe replied with like civility, saying the clerk had given her that room with the understanding that another lady was to be put there with her, and she had left her door unlocked to admit her. The watchers with the sick man next door appeared and confirmed this speech; a feeble voice from the bedclothes swore to it.

"Of course," added the invader, "if I'd known 'ow it really was, I never would 'ave listened to such a thing, never. And there is n't another 'ole in the 'ouse to lay me 'ead," she concluded.

"Then it's the clerk's fault," said Mrs. Ellison, glad to retreat unharmed; and she made her husband ring for the guilty wretch, a pale, quiet young Frenchman, whom the united party, sallying into the corridor, began to bully in one breath, the lady in dishabille vanishing as often as she remembered it, and reappearing whenever some strong point of argument or denunciation occurred to her.

The clerk, who was the Benjamin of his wicked tribe, threw himself upon their mercy and confessed everything: the house was so crowded, and he had been so crazed by the demands upon him, that he had understood Colonel Ellison's application to be for a bed for the young lady in his party, and he had done the very best he could. If the lady there — she vanished again — would give up the room to the two gentlemen, he would find her a place with the housekeeper. To this the lady consented without difficulty, and the rest dispersing, she kissed one of

the sick man's watchers with "Is n't it a shame, Bella?" and flitted down the darkness of the corridor. The rooms upon it seemed all, save the two assigned our travellers, to be occupied by ladies of the troupe; their doors successively opened, and she was heard explaining to each as she passed. Then all was still.

"Richard," said Mrs. Ellison, when in Isabel's room they had briefly celebrated these events, "I should think you'd hate to leave us alone up here."

"I do; but you can't think how I hate to go off alone. I wish you'd come part of the way with us, ladies; I do, indeed. Leave your door unlocked, at any rate."

This prayer, uttered at parting outside the room, was answered from within by a sound of turning keys and sliding bolts, and a low thunder as of bureaus and washstands rolled against the door. "The ladies are fortifying their position," said the Colonel to Basil, and the two returned to their own chamber. "I don't wish any intrusions," he said, instantly shutting himself in, "my nerves are too much shaken now. What an awfully mysterious old place this Quebec is, Mr. March! I'll tell you what: it's my opinion that this is an enchanted castle, and if my ribs are not walked over by a muleteer in the course of the night, it's all I ask."

In this and other discourse recalling the famous adventure of Don Quixote, the Colonel beguiled the labor of disrobing, and had got as far as his boots, when there came a startling knock at the door. With one boot in his hand and the other on his foot, the Colonel limped forward. "I suppose it's that clerk has sent to say he's made some other mistake," and he flung wide the door, and then stood motionless before it, dumbly staring at a figure on the threshold, — a figure with the fringed forehead and pale blue eyes of her whom they had so lately turned out of that room.

Shrinking behind the side of the doorway, "Excuse me, gentlemen,"

she said, with a dignity that recalled their scattered senses, "but will you 'ave the goodness to look if my beads are on your table? O thanks, thanks, thanks!" she continued, showing her face and one hand, as Basil blushingly advanced with a string of heavy black beads, piously adorned with a large cross. "I'm sure, I'm greatly obliged to you, gentlemen, and I hask a thousand pardons for troublin' you. Good night, gentlemen," she said with a severity of tone that left them abashed and culpable.

"Now, see here," said the Colonel, with a huge sigh as he closed the door again, and this time locked it, "I should like to know how long this sort of thing is to be kept up? Because, if it's to be regularly repeated during the night, I'm going to dress again." Nevertheless, he finished undressing and got into bed, where he remained for some time silent. Basil put out the light. "O, I'm sorry you did that, my dear fellow," said the Colonel; "but never mind, it was an idle curiosity, no doubt. It's my belief that in the landlord's extremity of bed-linen, I've been put to sleep between a pair of tablecloths; and I thought I'd like to look. It seems to me that I make out a checkered pattern on top and a flowered or arabesque pattern underneath. I wish they had given me mates. It's pretty hard having to sleep between *odd* tablecloths. I shall complain to the landlord of this in the morning. I've never had to sleep between *odd* tablecloths at *any* hotel before."

The Colonel's voice seemed scarcely to have died away upon Basil's drowsing ear, when suddenly the sounds of music and laughter from the invalid's room startled him broad awake. The sick man's watchers were coquetting with some one who stood in the little court-yard five stories below. A certain breadth of repartee was naturally allowable at that distance; the lover avowed his passion in ardent terms, and the ladies mocked him with the same freedom, now and then totally neglecting him while they sang a snatch

of song to the twanging of the guitar, or talked professional gossip, and then returning to him with some tormenting expression of tenderness.

All this, abstractly speaking, was nothing to Basil; yet he could recollect few things intended for his pleasure that had given him more satisfaction. He thought, as he glanced out into the moonlight on the high-gabled silvery roofs around and on the gardens of the convents and the towers of the quaint city, that the scene wanted nothing of the proper charm of Spanish humor and romance, and he was as grateful to those poor souls as if they had meant him a favor. Their love-making was the last touch of a comedy, that he could hardly accept as reality, it was so much more like something seen upon the stage. But above all, he was pleased with the natural eventlessness of the whole adventure, which was in perfect agreement with his taste; and just as his reveries began to lose shape in dreams, he was aware of an absurd pride in the fact that all this could have happened to him in our commonplace time and hemisphere. "Why," he thought, "if I were a student in Alcalá, what better —"

But there he fell asleep.

## X.

### HOMEWARD AND HOME.

The travellers all met at breakfast and duly discussed the adventures of the night; and for the rest, the forenoon passed rapidly and slowly with Basil and Isabel, as regret to leave Quebec, or the natural impatience of travellers to be off, overcame them. Isabel spent part of it in shopping, for she had found some small sums of money and certain odd corners in her trunks still unappropriated, and the handsome stores on the Rue Fabrique were very tempting. She said she would just go in and look; and the wise reader imagines the result. As she knelt over her boxes, trying so to distribute her purchases as to make them look as if

they were old, old things of hers, which she had brought all the way round from Boston with her, a fleeting touch of conscience stayed her hand.

"Basil," she said, "perhaps we'd better declare *some* of these things. What's the duty on those?" she asked, pointing to certain articles.

"I don't know. About a hundred per cent *ad valorem*."

"*C'est à dire — ?*"

"As much as they cost."

"O *then*, dearest," responded Isabel, indignantly, "it *can't* be wrong to smuggle! I won't declare a thread!"

"That's very well for you, whom they won't ask. But what if they ask *me* whether there's anything to declare?"

Isabel looked at her husband and hesitated. Then she replied in terms that I am proud to record in honor of American womanhood: "You must n't fib about it, Basil" (heroically), "I could n't respect you if you did" (tenderly); "but" (with decision) "*you must slip out of it some way!*"

The ladies of the Ellison party, to whom she put the case in the parlor, agreed with her perfectly. They also had done a little shopping in Quebec, and they meant to do more at Montreal before they returned to the States. Mrs. Ellison was disposed to look upon Isabel's compunctions as a kind of treason to the sex, to be forgiven only because so quickly repented.

The Ellisons were going up the Saguenay before coming on to Boston, and urged our friends hard to go with them. "No, that must be for another time," said Isabel. "Mr. March has to be at home by a certain day; and we shall just get back in season." Then she made them promise to spend a day with her in Boston, and the Colonel coming to say that he had a carriage at the door for their excursion to Lorette, the two parties bade good by with affection and many explicit hopes of meeting soon again.

"What do you think of them, dearest?" demanded Isabel, as she sallied

out with Basil for a final look at Quebec.

"The young lady is the nicest; and the other is well enough, too. She is a good deal like you, but with the sense of humor left out. You've only enough to save *you*."

"Well, her husband is jolly enough for both of them. He's funnier than you, Basil, and he has n't any of your little languid airs and affectations. I don't know but I'm a bit disappointed in my choice, darling; but I dare say I shall work out of it. In fact, I don't know but the Colonel is a little *too* jolly. This drolling everything is rather fatiguing." And having begun, they did not stop till they had taken their friends to pieces. Dismayed then, they hastily reconstructed them, and said that they were among the pleasantest people they ever knew, and they were really very sorry to part with them, and they should do everything to make them have a good time in Boston.

They were sauntering towards Durham Terrace, where they leaned long upon the iron parapet and blest themselves with the beauty of the prospect. A tender haze hung upon the landscape and subdued it till all the scene was as a dream before them. As in a dream the river lay, and dream-like the shipping moved or rested on its deep, broad bosom. Far off stretched the happy fields with their dim white villages; farther still the mellow heights melted into the low hovering heaven. The tinued roofs of the Lower Town twinkled in the morning sun; around them on every hand, on that Monday forenoon when the States were stirring from ocean to ocean in feverish industry, drowsed the gray city within her walls, from the flag-staff of the citadel hung the red banner of Saint George in sleep.

Their hearts were strangely and deeply moved. It seemed to them that they looked upon the last stronghold of the Past, and that afar off to the southward they could hear the marching hosts of the invading Present; and as no young and loving soul can relin-

quish old things without a pang, they sighed a long, mute farewell to Quebec.

Next summer they would come again, yes; but, ah me! every one knows what next summer is!

Part of the burlesque troupe rode down in the omnibus to the Grand Trunk Ferry with them, and were good-natured to the last. The young fellow with the bad amiable face came in a calash, and refused to overpay the driver with a gay decision that made him Basil's envy till he saw his tribulation in getting the troupe's luggage checked. There were forty pieces, and it always remained a mystery, considering the small amount of clothing necessary to those people on the stage, what could have filled their trunks. The young man and the two English blondes of American birth found places in the same car with our tourists, and enlivened the journey with their frolics. When the young man pretended to fall asleep, they wrapped his golden curly head in a shawl, and vexed him with many thumps and thrusts, till he bought a brief truce with a handful of almonds; and the ladies having no other way to eat them, one of them saucily snatched off her shoe, and cracked them hammerwise with the heel. It was all so pleasant that it ought to have been all right; and in their merry world of outlawry perhaps things are not so bad as we like to think them.

The country into which the train plunges as soon as Quebec is out of sight is very stupidly savage, and our friends had little else to do but to watch the gambols of these poor players, till they came to the river St. Francis, whose wandering loveliness the road follows through an infinite series of soft and beautiful landscapes, and finds every where glassing in its smooth current the elms and willows of its gentle shores. At one place, where its calm broke into foamy rapids, there was a huge saw-mill, covering the stream with logs and refuse, and the banks with whole cities of lumber; which also they ac-

cepted as no mean elements of the picturesque. They clung the most tenderly to all traces of the peasant life they were leaving. When some French boys came aboard with wild raspberries to sell in little birch-bark canoes, they thrilled with pleasure, and bought them, but sighed then, and said, "What thing characteristic of the local life will they sell us in Maine when we get there? A section of pie poetically wrapt in a broad leaf of the squash-vine, or pop-corn in its native tissue-paper, and advertising the new Dollar Store in Portland?" They saw the quaintness vanish from the farm-houses; first the dormer-windows, then the curve of the steep roof, then the steep roof itself. By and by they came to a store with a Grecian portico and four square pine pillars. They shuddered and looked no more.

The guiltily dreaded examination of baggage at Island Pond took place at nine o'clock, without costing them a cent of duty or a pang of conscience. At that charming station the trunks are piled higgledy-piggledy into a room beside the track, where a few inspectors with stifling lamps of smoky kerosene await the passengers. There are no porters to arrange the baggage, and each lady and gentleman digs out his box, and opens it before the lordly inspector, who stirs up its contents with an unpleasant hand and passes it. He makes you feel that you are once more in the land of official insolence, and that, whatever you are collectively, you are nothing personally. Isabel, who had sent her husband upon this business with quaking meekness of heart, experienced the bold indignation of virtue at his account of the way people were made their own baggage-smashers, and would not be amused when he painted the vile terrors of each husband as he tremblingly unlocked his wife's store of contraband.

The morning light showed them the broad elmy meadows of western-looking Maine; and the Grand Trunk brought them, of course, an hour behind time into Portland. All break-

fastless they hurried aboard the Boston train on the Eastern Road, and all along that line (which is built to show how uninteresting the earth can be when she is *ennuyée* of both sea and land), Basil's life became a struggle to construct a meal from the fragmentary opportunities of twenty different stations where they stopped five minutes for refreshments. At one place he achieved two cups of shameless chicken, at another three sardines, at a third a dessert of elderly bananas.

"Home again, home again, from a foreign shore,"

they softly sang as the successive courses of this feast were disposed of.

The drouth and heat, which they had briefly escaped during their sojourn in Canada, brooded sovereign upon the tiresome landscape. The red granite rocks were as if red-hot; the banks of the deep cuts were like ash-heaps; over the fields danced the sultry atmosphere; they fancied that they almost heard the grasshoppers sing above the rattle of the train. When they reached Boston at last, they were dustier than most of us would like to be a hundred years hence. The whole city was equally dusty; and they found the trees in the square before their own door gray with dust. The bit of Virginia-creeper planted under the window hung shrivelled upon its trellis.

But Isabel's aunt met them with a refreshing shower of tears and kisses in the hall, throwing a solid arm about each of them. "O you dears!" the good soul cried, "you don't know how anxious I've been about you; so many accidents happening all the time. I've never read the 'Evening Transcript' till the next morning, for fear I should find your names among the killed and wounded."

"O aunty, you're too good, always!" whimpered Isabel; and neither of the women took note of Basil, who said, "Yes, it's probably the only thing that preserved our lives."

The little tinge of discontent, which had colored their sentiment of return

faded now in the kindly light of home. Their holiday was over, to be sure, but their bliss had but begun; they had entered upon that long life of holidays which is happy marriage. By the time dinner was ended they were both enthusiastic at having got back, and taking their aunt between them walked up and down the parlor with their arms round her massive waist, and talked out the gladness of their souls.

Then Basil said he really must run down to the office that afternoon, and he issued all aglow upon the street. He was so full of having been long away and of have just returned, that he unconsciously tried to impart his mood to Boston, and the dusty composure of the street and houses, as he strode along, bewildered him. He longed for some familiar face to welcome him, and in the horse-car into which he stepped he was charmed to see an acquaintance. This was a man for whom ordinarily he cared nothing, and whom he would perhaps rather have gone out upon the platform to avoid than have spoken to; but now he plunged at him with effusion, and wrung his hand, smiling from ear to ear.

The other remained coldly unaffected, after a first start of surprise at his cordiality, and then reviled the dust and heat. "But I'm going to take a little run down to Newport, to-morrow, for a week," he said. "By the way, you look as if *you* needed a little change. Are n't you going anywhere this summer?"

"So you see, my dear," observed Basil, when he had recounted the fact to Isabel at tea, "our travels are incommunicably our own. We had best say nothing about our little jaunt to other people, and they won't know we've been gone. Even if we tried, we could n't make our wedding-journey theirs."

She gave him a great kiss of recompense and consolation. "Who wants it," she demanded, "to be Their Wedding Journey?"

*W. D. Howells.*

## CHICAGO.

MEN said at vespers : "All is well !"  
In one wild night the city fell ;  
Fell shrines of prayer and marts of gain  
Before the fiery hurricane.

On threescore spires had sunset shone,  
Where ghastly sunrise looked on none.  
Men clasped each other's hands, and said :  
"The City of the West is dead !"

Brave hearts who fought, in slow retreat,  
The fiends of fire from street to street,  
Turned, powerless, to the blinding glare,  
The dumb defiance of despair.

A sudden impulse thrilled each wire  
That signalled round that sea of fire ;  
Swift words of cheer, warm heart-throbs came ;  
In tears of pity died the flame !

From East, from West, from South and North,  
The messages of hope shot forth,  
And, underneath the severing wave,  
The world, full-handed, reached to save.

Fair seemed the old ; but fairer still  
The new, the dreary void shall fill  
With dearer homes than those o'erthrown,  
For love shall lay each corner-stone.

Rise, stricken city !—from thee throw  
The ashen sackcloth of thy woe ;  
And build, as to Amphion's strain,  
To songs of cheer thy walls again !

How shrivelled in thy hot distress  
The primal sin of selfishness !  
How instant rose, to take thy part,  
The angel in the human heart !

Ah ! not in vain the flames that tossed  
Above thy dreadful holocaust ;  
The Christ again has preached through thee  
The Gospel of Humanity !

Then lift once more thy towers on high,  
And fret with spires the western sky,  
To tell that God is yet with us,  
And love is still miraculous !

*John G. Whittier.*



## GENERAL BUTLER'S CAMPAIGN IN MASSACHUSETTS.

SINCE the close of the war and the settlement of the reconstruction problems by Congress, the American people have not been able to decide upon any political issues worth contending about. Various attempts have been made to concentrate opinion in relation to reform in taxation, in the civil service, and so on, but thus far without any success. The chief obstacle in the way seems to consist in the fact that the rewards of political and legislative life, not only in the shape of salaries, but in the shape of jobs and contracts, have brought into public notice a sort of men who care little about government or the principles of government, and are only anxious how they may best serve themselves, their personal retainers, or the corporations which they represent. Some of these men, and on the whole the most dangerous of them, because they are the most knowing, are men who also have some political training and experience in the management of affairs. It is unnecessary to mention the names of senators and representatives, in the Middle States and the West, who represent this tendency towards personal instead of political government. The Republican quarrels in the State of New York illustrate it. Too much of that which gives rise to complaint in the state of affairs at the national capital has its origin and is kept alive by the fact that the Republican administration, having little to do but pay the national debt and enforce the anti-Ku-klux and anti-polygamy laws, has become a personal administration, and not a political one. An episode in this history of the personal tendency in our governmental affairs may well attract our attention for a few moments.

General B. F. Butler, a man of brains, a man of wealth, a man of large political experience and with an extensive fol-

lowing, recently undertook by sheer personal effort to wrest from the Republican party of Massachusetts its nomination for governor. In giving an account of his campaign it will be only necessary to bear in mind the condition of affairs which we have outlined, and not at all important to try and analyze his motives. It will not always do, even, to take it for granted that a public hero is himself able to analyze and describe, in speech or letter, the springs of his own action. For instance, General Butler told the people of Springfield, in his first speech, that after bringing the Ku-klux Bill to enactment, he saw "a Presidential Congress" coming. "Now in such a Congress," added the General, "no great measures are ever carried through, nothing that will endure is ever done; nothing but intriguing for the Presidential office, Cabinet offices, and other places, and passing the appropriation bills." He thought, as he says, that he could be spared from such a Congress. In this desperate state of political *ennui* (if the General had analyzed his own emotions correctly), his friends fortuitously found him. They placed a copy of the census in his way, and his eye chanced to observe certain figures showing a diminution in the agricultural population and resources of the Commonwealth. At the right moment his friends approached him. They said, "Come now, won't you run for governor?" "Dear me!" said General Butler, "why should I run for governor? Will that make me live any longer in history? Shall I not live as long in history now as Governor Gardner? Will making me governor make me any bigger, or any less? And as for the salary, would that be any temptation? Well," said he, finally, "I don't want to be governor." The Weird Sisters never argue; they decree. Came the stern answer, "Well, you *will* be governor."

So it was "arranged" that questions should be asked and answers given publicly; and "head-quarters" were established, and the campaign was opened. Now Mr. Wendell Phillips, about the 1st of July, informed an "interviewer" from the office of a New York newspaper, that to his knowledge, in the middle of the previous winter, General Butler's decisive plan was to run for governor; and he added, "I think he intends to run on a joint Republican and Labor platform, as Governor Geary is thinking of doing in Pennsylvania." The platform which General Butler finally laid down was just this, and therefore we may well believe that the information thus given as to his intentions, nearly six months before, was substantially correct.

It did not take him long to equip himself for his enterprise. He sent to the State House for documents relating to the public charities, the prisons, compulsory education, and the truant system, and prepared for the impending debate. His quick eye had made itself fully acquainted, long before, with the political situation in Massachusetts, and this was exceedingly favorable to him. Let us for a moment describe it. In 1864 the Republicans gave 75,000 majority to President Lincoln. In 1865 and 1866 they gave their State ticket a majority of 50,000. In 1867 began the trouble with the prohibitory law, which reduced their majority in that year to about 30,000. This issue was of course thrust aside in 1868, and General Grant received about 70,000 majority, although the Democrats gave Mr. Adams over 63,000 votes. The partial re-enactment of the prohibitory law, which had been repealed after the election of 1867, and the organization of a Labor party, reduced the Republican vote in 1869 to 74,000; the Democrats obtaining 48,000 and the Labor party 13,000. The next year Mr. Phillips, the candidate of the Labor party and of the new Prohibitory party (dissatisfied because their statute was not wholly re-enacted and enforced), received about 22,000,

the Democrats held their own, and the Republicans got 79,000. If General Butler could combine the Labor-Reformers and friends of the prohibitory law with his own personal retainers, and persuade a few thousand other Republicans that he was just the man to reunite the party, and satisfy for the time being all the discontented ones, he had more than a fair chance to be nominated. Of course, he must make the most of the discontent which already existed, and which grew mainly out of the two questions of liquor selling and the hours of labor. He accordingly saw fit to say that the party had driven out of its ranks the Prohibitionists and the "Reformers," and to make proclamation of himself as the only man who would or could bring the flown voters back and make Massachusetts again the strongest of the Republican States.

We have thus indicated what must have been and what was the drift of General Butler's speeches. But he allowed himself to be beguiled into a series of assaults upon some of the influential newspapers of Massachusetts, and, indeed, upon the press generally. He began at Springfield on the 24th of August. The City Hall was packed, it having been announced that he would give the newspapers a piece of his mind. He attacked several of them in the name of injured innocence. John Brown was dragged from his grave and made to appear as a client of General Butler's in entering a complaint against one of the editors of the "Republican," of that city. If the history which the General insinuated in this speech is to be credited, he would seem to have been an original John Brown man in 1859, and Mr. F. B. Sanborn an enemy in a very thin disguise. Miss Dickinson was invoked against a Boston journal, which had, as she believed, misrepresented her through a report of one of her lectures; General Butler had been applied to, as counsel, and had, according to his own statement, threatened a lawsuit. Hence the malignant hostility of the newspa-

per. One of the other Boston papers happened to have for one of the trustees of its property a rival candidate for the gubernatorial office. This was sufficient to account for its opposition, which had providentially cropped out not only in editorial articles against General Butler, but in an overcharge of some seven dollars for one of his electioneering paragraphs, passed in the shape of a resolution by the Republicans of Beverly. General Hawley's opposition to him, dating as far back as the congressional contest of 1868 in the Essex district, was attributed to an old score between the two generals, growing out of an alleged "displacement" of Hawley by Butler for "inefficiency" during the war. Perhaps this is worth dwelling on for a moment.

General Butler was at first reported as saying at Springfield that he had "dismissed" General Hawley from command for "cowardice and incompetency." Before the speech was finished, General Hawley telegraphed from Hartford totally and in unsparing phrase denying either his removal or dismissal. It soon appeared that General Butler's language was, "I displaced him from command for inefficiency and incompetency, and he was never seen on the field afterwards." This he repeated at Worcester on the 30th of August: "I say again that I did displace him for inefficiency"; and afterwards he put it in this form: "Mr. Hawley has not denied that I displaced him from command, and I know better than anybody else on earth what I displaced him for." General Hawley immediately showed that his only "displacement" from command was two or three weeks after the capture of Fort Fisher, when, General Foster having reported for duty, and being senior in command to Hawley, the latter was relieved, at his request, from the command of Terry's division, and was ordered to report to General Terry, who made him chief of staff. This was two or three weeks after General Butler had himself been re-

lieved and sent back to Lowell. As to the remark that General Hawley was never seen on the field after General Butler "displaced" him, in point of fact the former served about ten months in the field after the latter left it.

The attack on General Hawley was thus a failure, and was not repeated after the Worcester speech; the criticisms on the Boston newspapers created a transient feeling of amusement among the people who personally knew the editors and publishers; the assaults on the State finances and the management of the public charitable institutions were so speedily answered, that, although they were repeated again and again through the entire month of August, they made little or no permanent impression favorable to the candidate. There remained for him the labor question and the question of the sale of liquors. With the first of these only he dealt at Springfield. And, considering the platform of the Labor party, adopted a month afterwards at Framingham, with its war upon wages and "war upon the whole profit-making system," it is a matter of surprise that General Butler, with his moderate ideas, could ever have been a satisfactory candidate for such a party. For the General's remarks on labor were, as the phrase is, "eminently conservative." About all that can be detached from the column which he devoted to this topic is a defence of legislation to restrict the hours of labor in factories. Let us, said he, by doing justice to the workingmen, win them back to the Republican ranks, and win Democrats also to our side. Many Republicans had said the same thing, and had not suspected they were saying anything very startling. Mr. William Gray, a leading manufacturer of Boston, a representative of "capital," if there be one, had argued before a legislative committee in favor of a ten-hour law, and the Republican majority had passed such a bill in the House of Representatives; and yet no genuine friend of this legislation had supposed that its

failure in the Senate was any excuse for a new party. Strikes the General considered "illogical" and "incompatible with the dignity and power of the American workingmen," — a sentiment worthy of a mill-owner. The ballot, on the other hand, he considered "the most powerful of all weapons, when well handled," — a sentiment worthy of a candidate for governor. The general tone of the candidate's remarks on the labor question ought to have satisfied the "Reformers" that they were destined to get little help from General Butler, beyond that "disturbance in the Republican party" which so enchanted Mr. Phillips at Salisbury, at the prospect of his nomination; and they should have been prepared for the course he took after his defeat. The ballot having failed him, he ought not to have been expected to fall back on the illogical and undignified strike. At Worcester, after dealing with the newspapers again, and returning, with the ill-fortune we have described, to the attack on General Hawley, the question of the prohibitory law was taken up. And from this time to the end, — from Worcester to Attleborough, — it formed a principal topic of the General's speeches. He would enforce the law "fully, impartially, precisely as the law of Heaven falls upon all men equally"; and when he told the city of Lawrence, and the city of Lynn, and twenty other cities and towns, that he would never enforce a law to prevent Bridget O'Flaherty from selling liquor in a cellar to eke out her washing wages, and release the Tremont House and the Parker House from prosecutions, the applause is said to have been invariably "tremendous," and the orator's satisfaction supreme. The echoes reached the Parker House and the Tremont House, and were taken up there; and the rooms of the Temperance Alliance resounded with cheers.

And so, with no end of brass bands, and with great processionings and multitudinous hand-shakings, the General

proceeded on his way. He spoke at Clinton, and Haverhill, and Fitchburg, and Marlborough, and Milford, and Salisbury, and Natick, and Salem, and Lynn, and Lawrence, and Attleborough, and Athol, and Adams, and New Bedford, and Fall River, and Abington, and Hyde Park, and Ware, and Northampton, and Westfield, and perhaps in other places. His progress was unimpeded. Dr. George B. Loring, one of his competitors for the nomination, conducted the New England Agricultural Fair during one week, and made an oration which people praised for its eloquence and good sense. Mr. Alexander H. Rice returned from the Pacific coast, and his friends quietly organized a movement in his behalf. Mr. Speaker Jewell also became a candidate, and found many supporters. And the western part of the State put forward Mr. William B. Washburn of Greenfield, and gave promise of a pretty general vote for him in the Convention. But no man, in behalf of either of these rivals, followed General Butler. He had the field wholly to himself. Twenty thousand people, perhaps thirty thousand, heard him declaim about the wrongs of Bridget O'Flaherty and denounce the misrepresentations of the press, its correspondents, and reporters; and the political people who felt themselves obliged to read the reports of his speeches, as they appeared every morning, began to fear that they should be finally as weary as those Mohammedan doctors must be, who are said to have read the Koran seventy thousand times. Occasionally, as at Milford, a man would rise, and amidst cheers, hisses, and cat-calls would ask the General some pertinent or impertinent question; but the repartee, which answered the purpose of an answer, was always ready. It required no small degree of courage to stem the tide of one of the General's enthusiastic meetings so far as to criticise or object. Is it any wonder that the candidate at last began to deem himself invincible? As early as the 13th of September, Mr. Phillips — perhaps the only one of our

numerous corps of prophetic orators who never makes a mistake — confidentially said to his hearers, "You need not tell these reporters what I say, but, between you and me, I very little doubt that they will nominate him." And on the 20th the General assured his friends at New Bedford that he had got 180 delegates out of 417; that the 417 were split up, no one of his rivals having more than 70; and that the 180 were men who "mean business." "Now," he added, "you see how you are misled by the newspapers." The newspapers, however, were nearer right than General Butler. Essex elected its delegates early, and he began by carrying Beverly and Marblehead and Newburyport and many smaller places, destroying in a night or two Dr. Loring's hope of electing a majority in his own county. The small towns generally reported themselves the other way. Charlestown, Worcester, Northampton, and Westfield stood out against him; Milford and Fitchburg and Haverhill and Marlborough and Athol and Ware succumbed. Boston was yet to elect. As the day for its caucuses approached, it was seen that some union of the opposition candidates would have to be made, at least as far as the eastern part of the State was concerned. General Butler began to claim a majority of the hundred Boston delegates. If he succeeded in getting them, the impetus he would thereby obtain would, it was thought, be sufficient to insure his triumph in the Convention.

A certain looseness of organization, general and local, which was the natural result of a series of easy victories, had left the Republican party, in many towns and cities, incapable of protecting itself against the incursions into its primary meetings of scores and hundreds of men who had no right there. General Butler's plan for bringing back the fugitive voters of the year before into the party comprehended also bringing them back into the caucuses, to try their hands at controlling the organization itself. When people

asked how Boston would go, it was invariably said that such and such wards, being the strong Republican precincts, would vote for delegates favorable to Mr. Rice; while half a dozen others, in which Labor-Reformers and Democrats were plenty, would go for General Butler because the General's personal friends could easily find Labor-Reformers and Democrats enough to pack the primary meetings and elect Butler delegates; and so a caucus, which at the best is but an imperfect way of concentrating the opinion of a party, was to be made a machine for forcing on the party an opinion which might or might not be its own. To how great an extent this system had been pursued in the places which had chosen Butler delegates, it is impossible to say; but it can hardly be doubted that a large number of men who had no intention to vote the Republican tickets at any rate, and many others who only intended to vote them in case Butler was nominated, had thus intruded their advice and assistance. To many Republicans, members of the National as well as the State organization, having a reasonable degree of faith in the usefulness of both, General Butler, if nominated by Republicans, would be distasteful enough; but General Butler forced on the party by Democrats and pseudo-reformers would be intolerable. Here and there, such men gathered together. They consulted with Mr. Rice and with Mr. Jewell as to the best way of saving the Boston delegations. They remonstrated against the silence of Congressmen and other influential citizens, who were believed to have an interest in the success of the party in 1872, and in the integrity of the organization; Mr. Dawes was the only member of the Massachusetts delegation in the lower house of Congress who had seen fit to oppose General Butler's raid. Mr. Jewell willingly agreed that Mr. Rice should have a clear field in Boston, and in a manly and sensible letter withdrew from the contest, indicating clearly that it was the duty of

Republicans to unite against General Butler. Mr. Sumner wrote and published, in a Boston newspaper, a paragraph declaring distinctly the opposition of himself and Senator Wilson to the General's nomination.

So, gradually, there came a concentration of the anti-Butler opinion; and when the Boston meetings were over, it was found that the General had carried considerably less than one half the delegates. The meeting in Ward Six may as well be described here, for it was often heard of afterwards, and played an important part in the Convention. We are here somewhat embarrassed to know where to turn for a correct account of this model primary meeting. The paper which could print what General Butler called "an obscene libel" on a young lady, and then because he had threatened a lawsuit could pursue him night and day, is not to be trusted. That other organ of personal malignity which had overcharged him seven dollars, may, for aught we know, have instructed its reporter to overcharge his sketch of the caucus in the Sixth Ward. Judge Hoar, chairman of the Committee on Credentials, whose judicial summing we might quote, was clearly incapacitated for forming a sound judgment on the case, for General Butler had opposed the British Treaty. We prefer to take the statement of Mr. Charles K. Whipple, the quietest and most non-political gentleman in Boston, who in a letter to the "National Standard" says: "I found the yells [which he had heard some time before he reached the building] were simply a purposed obstruction to the transaction of any business not favorable to their side. I was told that no chairman had been chosen, and that the tumult had been renewed at every successive attempt to carry on the business of the meeting from the moment it appeared that the candidate of the shouters for the chairmanship was not likely to get a majority. During the hour I remained there, many attempts at business were made, and the forms of motions, amendments, and votes were

gone through; but the racket was such that not a quarter part of the assembly in the crowded ward-room could understand what motions were made. The quietest part of the meeting was during the absence of a delegation which had gone, by vote of the shouters, to seek Collector Russell, and bring him to be chairman." The Collector, by the way, was not to be found. Mr. Whipple says the disturbance did not come from the colored people whom he saw, but from "a gang of white young men" near him, "who had every appearance of acting by prearrangement to disturb the meeting in case their candidates seemed to be in the minority. There were more than a dozen of them who, keeping together through the various fluctuations of the crowd, yelled in concert. . . . They also once or twice arranged themselves in attitude convenient for hustling those in front of them, but did not proceed to that manœuvre while I remained." After an hour or two of turbulence, the meeting broke up, General Butler's friends keeping possession of the ward-room; and two delegations were finally chosen.

Coming up from Fall River on the morning of the 19th of September, General Butler had an opportunity to read the sinister paragraph which that new and most dangerous conspirator, Mr. Sumner, had caused to be inserted in the newspapers of the day. In this the editors represented that they had seen Senator Sumner and Senator Wilson, and were "authorized by them to say" that they "deeply regretted and deplored the extraordinary canvass which General Butler had precipitated upon the Commonwealth, and especially the attacks which he had volunteered against the existing State government and the Republican party of Massachusetts; and that in their opinion his nomination as Governor would be hostile to the best interests of the Commonwealth and of the Republican party." Immediately after the General's arrival in Boston, he proceeded to Mr. Sumner's rooms in the Coolidge House, and found the Sena-



tor busy over his morning work and comfortably chatting with his colleague. Taking the morning paper from his pocket, the General read the paragraph above quoted. "This purports to be by authority," said he; "is this true?" "Yes, General." Turning to Senator Wilson, "Did you concur, sir?" "I did." After a moment's pause, as if he had expected some modification, the General remarked to Mr. Sumner that there was a time when he was lying upon his bed, struck down and suffering. "I called upon you," said he, "to express my sympathy; and now you are co-operating with one who at that time sat down to supper with your assailant. And now you strike *me* a blow on the head." "You are figurative, General," said Senator Sumner; "I have struck you no blow on the head, but have simply stated to the people what I think of your present course. Had you allowed your name to go before the people as other candidates do, according to our usage, I should have quietly waited the action of the Convention. But you have come forward a self-seeker, attacking the Republican party and the existing State government, making war on them for the purpose of elevating yourself. I do not think this is a good example. You are demoralizing the people. Such a system carried out, as it might be by all candidates for office, would be Bedlam again, besides the spoils system with a vengeance." The General here began to insist that his speeches were not correctly reported; but the Senator reminded him that the Springfield and Worcester speeches were evidently written out or revised by himself, and these speeches were enough. Baffled at this point, General Butler brought up his reserves. "This all comes," he retorted, "of your hostility to Grant; I am for him and you are against him. I have foreseen this, but thought it would not come before May; but I am ready for it. You have always been against Grant, and every measure of his administration." "Ah!" said Mr. Sumner, "every measure? Be

good enough, General, to name one." "The San Domingo Treaty." "Waiving the question," said Mr. Sumner, "whether this was an administration measure, be good enough to name another." To this there was no answer. "You are silent, General; please mention one other!" The General remained tranquil. "You are still silent, General Butler! You mention only the San Domingo Treaty, and yet you allege that I have been against every measure of the administration. I ask again for an answer. Now, General," (after a pause,) "have you not been against the Treaty? so that, in opposition to the administration, we are even." General Butler then proceeded to quote certain language which he alleged Mr. Sumner had used in disparagement of the President, adding, "I have an affidavit of it." The Senator said that this matter of obtaining affidavits seemed a little too much according to the practice of the criminal courts. "But," said he, "General, to be frank, do you think any better of General Grant than I do?" No answer. "You are silent, General; you do not answer me. I ask you again, Do you think any better of Grant than I do? I know you do not. This I know." Here Senator Wilson joined in the conversation and it became less pointed, and in a few minutes General Butler took his leave.

The language which he had procured to be taken down and sworn to appeared a day or two after in one of the newspapers friendly to his enterprise, and is chiefly interesting as showing the progress of the detective system in the personal intercourse of members of Congress.

Delegates to the Convention were now rapidly chosen, and General Butler succeeded in Lowell and Gloucester, — in fact, in all his residences. On the 26th of September, the delegates began to rally in great numbers at Worcester. General Butler went up early in the day, and sought an interview with Hon. George F. Hoar, who had been invited to preside. It was soon after



announced that no opposition would be made to Mr. Hoar. Bulletins were posted by Butler's friends, announcing the great strength of their favorite candidate; to which opposition bulletins replied, placing the General far below "anti-Butler" in the scale. In the course of the day conference committees were appointed by the supporters of Messrs. Washburn, Rice, and Loring; and although they came to no union on that day, much was done to concentrate the opposition to General Butler; and his opponents estimated that if they could unite the next day they would be able to cast 630 or more votes against him, out of about 1100 delegates. Butler's friends, on the other hand, claimed 529, with 20 or 30 doubtful, and more to come in; and they counted on his nomination on the second or third ballot, if not on the first. On Wednesday morning there seemed no better prospect of a union between the friends of the anti-Butler candidates. But the General himself stepped in and did what he could to rescue the imperilled cause of his enemies. His own errors in the Convention were not more marked than the consummate generalship of his opponents. Mr. Hoar kept the delegates admirably in order throughout the day. Mr. Dawes began the contest by involving General Butler in a considerable number of controversies, and inducing him to exhibit to the Convention a specimen of those peculiar tactics which had damaged his cause with the best people wherever he had spoken; the demeanor of the candidate, his appeal to the delegates to let "the people" into the already crowded galleries, his attempt at personal leadership of his men, all failed to make an impression in his favor. Meanwhile, Judge E. R. Hoar was put at the head of the Committee on Credentials; capable men attended to the details of the balloting, and everything was made ready for a fair expression of the opinion of the whole assembly. Some seventy or eighty delegates were contested, on one side or the other. The

Committee on Credentials, after debating these questions several hours, gave most of the contested seats to Butler. But in the case of Ward Six, Boston, and the town of Hyde Park, they decided against him. In opposing the report of the committee in these cases, the General made his most conspicuous mistake. The anti-Butler men from Hyde Park were admitted by a nearly unanimous vote. Ward Six came next. Precautions were taken for a careful counting of the votes for and against the report of the committee, and after the parties had been heard, and Judge Hoar had summed up the case for the committee, and Mr. Carter had replied in behalf of the Butler delegation, the vote was taken by counties, one teller being appointed from each party. As the delegates rose, it was easy to see how nearly the estimates of the Butler party and of the other side agreed with the actual result, for it was evident at once that here was a test question of the General's strength. The result was 460 for the admission of the Butler delegates, and 607 against it. The spell was broken, and the pent-up feeling of the brow-beaten delegates burst forth in long-continued and tremendous shouts, which had hardly ceased when Mr. W. W. Rice moved for the appointment of a committee to receive the votes for governor. Mr. A. H. Rice and Dr. Loring had previously, at the right time and with judicious eloquence, withdrawn. The forces converged at the precise moment, and when the committee reported, it was found that Mr. Washburn had received 643 votes; General Butler 464, and that only nine delegates had "scattered." And thus was the prophecy non-fulfilled with which General Butler's friends had beguiled him in that unhappy moment when he returned from Washington, disgusted with Presidential intrigues and burning to reform the politics of the Commonwealth.

These last proceedings, beginning at 7 P. M., lasted until midnight. The time was not grudgingly given, how-

ever, except perhaps by General Butler himself, to whom the vote on the Ward Six case and the subsequent balloting must have seemed a tedious piece of routine. The tremendous applause which, when he entered the hall in the morning, seemed the presage of victory in the Convention and at the polls, now, at the end of the long contest, vexed his ear; and the people who were admitted on his motion to share his triumph seemed to him and to everybody else to enjoy, as well as the delegates, his defeat. He rose, after a moment or two, and announced his purpose to support the nomination and to work inside of the party for those reforms which he had so much at heart. And after making its other nominations, the Convention went its way. As far as the Republican party of Massachusetts was concerned, personal government was repudiated.

General Butler had early proclaimed himself in favor of President Grant's renomination, and in his few cautious

allusions to the senatorial pronouncement against him tried to make it appear, as in the interview at the Coolidge House, that the senior Senator's opposition to the President was the secret of the opposition to *him*. It will not be wise for the administration to conclude that this theory is a correct one. The Republicans of the State, disorganized by long success, divided as to their candidates, with no man before them capable of awakening personal enthusiasm throughout the various sections, united at last upon the man opposed to General Butler who seemed numerically strongest in the Convention, simply because they were determined not to allow their organization to be subverted to the personal will of a personal leader, the representative of nothing but himself and some of the worst tendencies of modern politics. The lesson ought to recall other States to their political duties, and not be lost upon the national administration itself.

*"Warrington."*

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## OUR WHISPERING GALLERY.

### XII.

HERE are two portraits in my little collection, before which we will sit to-day and briefly talk together. During the past year we have, month after month, rambled on, conversing in the presence of their likenesses about Pope and Thackeray and Hawthorne and Dickens. This morning we shall hold perhaps our last session together in the "Whispering Gallery"; at any rate it will be some time hence before we resume our gossiping interviews with the portraits on the walls.

This is an original picture of the poet Wordsworth, drawn in crayon a few years before he died. He went up to London on purpose to sit for it, at

the request of Moxon, his publisher, and his friends in England always considered it a perfect likeness of the poet. After the head was engraved, the artist's family disposed of the drawing, and through the watchful kindness of my dear old friend, Mary Russell Mitford, the portrait came across the Atlantic to this house. Miss Mitford said America ought to have on view such a perfect representation of the great poet, and she used all her successful influence in my behalf. So there the picture hangs for anybody's inspection at any hour of the day.

I once made a pilgrimage to the small market-town of Hawkshead, in the valley of Esthwaite, where Words-

worth went to school in his ninth year. The thoughtful boy was lodged in the house of Dame Anne Tyson in 1788 ; and I had the good fortune to meet a lady in the village street who conducted me at once to the room which the lad occupied while he was a scholar under the Rev. William Taylor, whom he loved and venerated so much. I went into the chamber which he afterwards described in *The Prelude*, where he

" Had lain awake on summer nights to watch  
The moon in splendor couched among the leaves  
Of a tall ash, that near our cottage stood " ;

and I visited many of the beautiful spots which tradition points out as the favorite haunts of his childhood.

It was true Lake-country weather when I knocked at Wordsworth's cottage door, three years before he died, and found myself shaking hands with the poet at the threshold. His daughter Dora had been dead only a few months, and the sorrow that had so recently fallen upon the house was still dominant there. I thought there was something prophet-like in the tones of his voice, as well as in his whole appearance, and there was a noble tranquillity about him that almost awed one, at first, into silence. As the day was cold and wet, he proposed we should sit down together in the only room in the house where there was a fire, and he led the way to what seemed a common sitting or dining room. It was a plain apartment, the rafters visible, and no attempt at decoration noticeable. Mrs. Wordsworth sat knitting at the fireside, and she rose with a sweet expression of courtesy and welcome as we entered the apartment. As I had just left Paris, which was in a state of commotion, Wordsworth was eager in his inquiries about the state of things on the other side of the channel. As our talk ran mostly in the direction of French revolutions, he soon became eloquent and vehement, as one can easily imagine, on such a theme. There was a deep and solemn meaning in all he had to say about France, which I recall now with added

interest. The subject deeply moved him, of course, and he sat looking into the fire, discoursing in a low monotone, sometimes quite forgetful that he was not alone and soliloquizing. I noticed that Mrs. Wordsworth listened as if she were hearing him speak for the first time in her life, and the work on which she was engaged lay idle in her lap, while she watched intently every movement of her husband's face. I also was absorbed in the man and in his speech. I thought of the long years he had lived in communion with nature in that lonely but lovely region. The story of his life was familiar to me, and I sat as if under the influence of a spell. Soon he turned and plied me with questions about the prominent men in Paris whom I had recently seen and heard in the Chamber of Deputies. " How did Guizot bear himself? What part was De Tocqueville taking in the fray? Had I noticed George Lafayette especially? " America did not seem to concern him much, and I waited for him to introduce the subject, if he chose to do so. He seemed pleased that a youth from a far-away country should find his way to Rydal cottage to worship at the shrine of an old poet.

By and by we fell into talk about those who had been his friends and neighbors among the hills in former years. " And so, " he said, " you read Charles Lamb in America? " " Yes, " I replied, " and *love* him too. " " Do you hear that, Mary? " he eagerly inquired, turning round to Mrs. Wordsworth. " Yes, William, and no wonder, for he was one to be loved everywhere, " she quickly answered. Then we spoke of Hazlitt, whom he ranked very high as a prose-writer ; and when I quoted a fine passage from Hazlitt's essay on Jeremy Taylor, he seemed pleased at my remembrance of it.

He asked about Inman, the American artist, who had painted his portrait, having been sent on a special mission to Rydal by Professor Henry Reed of Philadelphia, to procure the likeness. The painter's daughter, who accompa-

nied her father, made a marked impression on Wordsworth, and both he and his wife joined in the question, "Are all the girls in America as pretty as she?" I thought it an honor Mary Inman might well be proud of to be so complimented by the old bard. In speaking of Henry Reed, his manner was affectionate and tender.

Now and then I stole a glance at the gentle lady, the poet's wife, as she sat knitting silently by the fireside. This, then, was the Mary whom in 1802 he had brought home to be his loving companion through so many years. I could not help remembering too, as we all sat there together, that when children they had "practised reading and spelling under the same old dame at Penrith," and that they had always been lovers. There sat the woman, now gray-haired and bent, to whom the poet had addressed those undying poems, "She was a phantom of delight," "Let other bands of angels sing," "Yes, thou art fair," and "O, dearer far than life and light are dear." I recalled, too, the "Lines written after Thirty-six Years of Wedded Life," commemorating her whose

"Morn into noon did pass, noon into eve,  
And the old day was welcome as the young,  
As welcome, and as beautiful, — in sooth  
More beautiful, as being a thing more holy."

When she raised her eyes to his, which I noticed she did frequently, they seemed overflowing with tenderness.

When I rose to go, for I felt that I must not intrude longer on one for whom I had such reverence, Wordsworth said, "I must show you my library, and some tributes that have been sent to me from the friends of my verse." His son John now came in, and we all proceeded to a large room in front of the house, containing his books. Seeing that I had an interest in such things, he seemed to take a real pleasure in showing me the presentation copies of works by distinguished authors. We read together, from many a well-worn old volume, notes in the handwriting of Coleridge and Charles Lamb. I thought he did

not praise easily those whose names are indissolubly connected with his own in the history of literature. It was languid praise, at least, and I observed he hesitated for mild terms which he could apply to names almost as great as his own. I believe a duplicate of the portrait which Inman had painted for Reed hung in the room; at any rate a picture of himself was there, and he seemed to regard it with veneration as we stood before it. As we moved about the apartment, Mrs. Wordsworth quietly followed us, and listened as eagerly as I did to everything her husband had to say. Her spare little figure flitted about noiselessly, pausing as we paused, and always walking slowly behind us as we went from object to object in the room. John Wordsworth, too, seemed deeply interested to watch and listen to his father. "And now," said Wordsworth, "I must show you one of my latest presents." Leading us up to a corner of the room, we all stood before a beautiful statuette which a young sculptor had just sent to him, illustrating a passage in "The Excursion." Turning to me, Wordsworth asked, "Do you know the meaning of this figure?" I saw at a glance that it was

"A curious child, who dwelt upon a tract  
Of inland ground, applying to his ear  
The co-revolutions of a smooth-lipped shell,"

and I quoted the lines. My memory pleased the old man; and as we stood there in front of the figure he began to recite the whole passage from "The Excursion," and it sounded very grand from the poet's own lips. He repeated some fifty lines, and I could not help thinking afterwards, when I came to hear Tennyson read his own poetry, that the younger Laureate had caught something of the strange, mysterious tone of the elder bard. It was a sort of chant, deep and earnest, which conveyed the impression that the reciter had the highest opinion of the poetry.

Although it was raining still, Wordsworth proposed to show me Lady Fleming's grounds, and some other

spots of interest near his cottage. Our walk was a wet one ; but as he did not seem incommoded by it, I was only too glad to hold the umbrella over his venerable head. As we went on, he added now and then a sonnet to the scenery, telling me precisely the circumstances under which it had been composed. It is many years since my memorable walk with the author of "The Excursion," but I can call up his figure and the very tones of his voice so vividly that I enjoy my interview over again any time I choose. He was then nearly eighty, but he seemed hale and quite as able to walk up and down the hills as ever. He always led back the conversation that day to his own writings, and it seemed the most natural thing in the world for him to do so. All his most celebrated poems seemed to live in his memory, and it was easy to start him off by quoting the first line of any of his pieces. Speaking of the vastness of London, he quoted the whole of his sonnet describing the great city, as seen in the morning from Westminster Bridge. When I parted with him at the foot of Rydal Hill, he gave me messages to Rogers and other friends of his whom I was to see in London. As we were shaking hands I said, "How glad your many friends in America would be to see you on our side of the water!" "Ah," he replied, "I shall never see your country, — that is impossible now; but" (laying his hand on his son's shoulder) "John shall go, please God, some day." I watched the aged man as he went slowly up the hill, and saw him disappear through the little gate that led to his cottage door. The ode on "Intimations of Immortality" kept sounding in my brain as I came down the road, long after he had left me.

Since I sat, a little child, in "a woman's school" his poems had been familiar to me. Here is my first school-book, with a name written on the cover by dear old "Marm Sloper," setting forth that the owner thereof is "aged 5." As I went musing along in West-

moreland that rainy morning, so many years ago, little figures seemed to accompany me, and childish voices filled the air as I trudged through the wet grass. My small ghostly companions seemed to carry in their little hands quaint-looking dog's-eared books, some of them covered with cloth of various colors. None of these phantom children seemed to be over six years old, and all were bareheaded, and some of the girls wore old-fashioned pinafores. They were the schoolmates of my childhood, and many of them must have come out of their graves to run by my side that morning in Rydal. I had not thought of them for years. Little Emily R—— read from her book with a chirping lisp: —

"O, what's the matter? what's the matter?  
What is 't that ails young Harry Gill?"

Mary B—— began: —

"Oft I had heard of Lucy Grey";

Nancy C—— piped up: —

"How many are you, then," said I,  
'If there are two in heaven?'  
The little maiden did reply,  
'O master! we are seven.'"

Among the group I seemed to recognize poor pale little Charley F——, who they *told* me years ago was laid in St. John's Churchyard after they took him out of the pond, near the mill-stream, that terrible Saturday afternoon. He too read from his well-worn, green-baize-covered book, —

"The dew was falling fast, the stars began to blink."

Other white-headed little urchins trotted along *very near* me all the way, and kept saying over and over their Wordsworth ditties of "no tone" till I reached the village inn, and sat down as if in a dream of long-past years.

Two years ago I stood by Wordsworth's grave in the churchyard at Grasmere, and my companion wove a chaplet of flowers and placed it on the headstone. Afterwards we went into the old church and sat down in the poet's pew. "They are all dead and gone now," sighed the gray-headed sexton; "but I can remember when

the seats used to be filled by the family from Rydal Mount. Now they are all outside there in yon grass."

Make your best bow to that portrait, my young friend, for it is next to seeing Mary Russell Mitford herself as I first saw her, twenty-three years ago, in her geranium-planted cottage at Three-Mile Cross. She sat to John Lucas for that picture in her serene old age, and the likeness is faultless. She had proposed to herself to leave the portrait, as it was her own property, to me in her will; but as I happened to be in England during the latter part of her life, she altered her determination, and gave it to me from her own hands.

Sydney Smith said of a certain quarrelsome person, that his very face was a breach of the peace. The face of that portrait opposite to us is a very different one from Sydney's fighter. Everything that belongs to the beauty of old age you will find recorded in that charming countenance. Serene cheerfulness most abounds, and that is a quality as rare as it is commendable. You will observe that the dress of Miss Mitford in the picture before you is quaint and somewhat antiquated even for the time when it was painted, but a pleasant face is never out of fashion.

An observer of how old age is neglected in America said to me the other day, "It seems an impertinence to be alive after sixty on this side of the globe"; and I have often thought how much we lose by not cultivating fine old-fashioned ladies and gentlemen. Our aged relatives and friends seem to be tucked away, nowadays, into neglected corners, as though it were the correct thing to give them a long preparation for still narrower quarters. For my own part, comely and debonair old age is most attractive; and when I see the "thick silver-white hair lying on a serious and weather-worn face, like moonlight on a stout old tower," I have a strong tendency to lift my hat, whether I know the person or not.

"No spring nor summer beauty has such grace  
As I have seen in an autumnal face."

It was a fortunate hour for me when kind-hearted John Kenyon said, as I was leaving his hospitable door in London one summer midnight in 1847, "You must know my friend, Miss Mitford. She lives directly on the line of your route to Oxford, and you must call with my card and make her acquaintance." I had lately been talking with Wordsworth and Christopher North and old Samuel Rogers, but my hunger at that time to stand face to face with the distinguished persons in English literature was not satisfied. So it was during my first "tourification" in England that I came to know Miss Mitford. The day selected for my call at her cottage door happened to be a perfect one on which to begin an acquaintance with the lady of "Our Village." She was then living at Three-Mile Cross, having removed there from Bertram House in 1820. The cottage where I found her was situated on the high road between Basingstoke and Reading; and the village street on which she was then living contained the public-house and several small shops near by. There was also close at hand the village pond full of ducks and geese, and I noticed several young rogues on their way to school were occupied in worrying their feathered friends. The windows of the cottage were filled with flowers, and cowslips and violets were plentifully scattered about the little garden. Miss Mitford liked to have one dog, at least, at her heels, and this day her pet seemed to be constantly under foot. I remember the room into which I was shown was sanded, and a quaint old clock behind the door was marking off the hour in small but very loud pieces. The cheerful old lady called to me from the head of the stairs to come up into her sitting-room. I sat down by the open window to converse with her, and it was pleasant to see how the village children, as they went by, stopped to bow and courtesy. One curly-headed urchin made bold to take off his



well-worn cap, and wait to be recognized as "little Johnny." "No great scholar," said the kind-hearted old lady to me, "but a sad rogue among our flock of geese. Only yesterday the young marauder was detected by my maid with a plump gosling stuffed half-way into his pocket!" While she was thus discoursing of Johnny's peccadilloes, the little fellow looked up with a knowing expression, and very soon caught in his cap a gingerbread dog, which the old lady threw to him from the window. "I wish he loved his book as well as he relishes sweetcake," sighed she, as the boy kicked up his heels and disappeared down the lane.

Her conversation that afternoon, full of anecdote, ran on in a perpetual flow of good-humor, and I was shocked, on looking at my watch, to find I had stayed so long, and had barely time to reach the railway-station in season to arrive at Oxford that night. We parted with the mutual determination and understanding to keep our friendship warm by correspondence, and I promised never to come to England again without finding my way to Three-Mile Cross.

During the conversation that day, Miss Mitford had many inquiries to make concerning her American friends, Miss Catherine Sedgwick, Daniel Webster, and Dr. Channing. Her voice had a peculiar ringing sweetness in it, rippling out sometimes like a beautiful chime of silver bells; and when she told a comic story, hitting off some one of her acquaintances, she joined in with the laugh at the end with great heartiness and *naïveté*. When listening to anything that interested her, she had a way of coming into the narrative with "Dear me, dear me, dear me," three times repeated, which it was very pleasant to hear.

From that summer day our friendship continued, and during other visits to England I saw her frequently, driving about the country with her in her pony-chaise, and spending many happy hours in the new cottage which she afterwards occupied at Swallowfield.

Her health had broken down years before, from too constant attendance on her invalid parents, and she was never certain of a well day. When her father died, in 1842, shamefully in debt (for he had squandered two fortunes not exactly his own, and was always one of the most improvident of men, (belonging to that class of impecunious individuals who seem to have been born insolvent), she said, "Everybody shall be paid, if I sell the gown off my back or pledge my little pension." And putting her shoulder to the domestic wheel, she never flagged for an instant, or gave way to despondency.

She was always cheerful, and her talk is delightful to remember. From girlhood she had known and had been intimate with most of the prominent writers of her time, and her observations and reminiscences were so shrewd and pertinent that I have scarcely known her equal.

Carlyle tells us "nothing so lifts a man from all his mean imprisonments, were it but for moments, as true admiration"; and Miss Mitford admired to such an extent that she must have been lifted in this way nearly all her lifetime. Indeed she erred, if she erred at all, on this side, and overpraised and over-admired everything and everybody whom she regarded. When she spoke of Beranger or Dumas or Hazlitt or Holmes, she exhausted every term of worship and panegyric. Louis Napoleon was one of her most potent crazes, and I fully believe, if she had been alive during the days of his downfall, she would have died of grief. When she talked of Munden and Bannister and Fawcett and Emery, those delightful old actors for whom she had had such an exquisite relish, she said they had made comedy to her a living art full of laughter and tears. How often have I heard her describe John Kemble, Mrs. Siddons, Miss O'Neil, and Edmund Kean, as they were wont to electrify the town in her girlhood! With what gusto she reproduced Elliston, who was one of her prime favorites, and tried to make



me, through her representation of him, feel what a flavor there was in the man. Although she had been prostrated by the hard work and increasing anxieties of forty years of authorship, when I saw her she was as fresh and independent as a skylark. She was a good hater as well as a good praiser, and she left nothing worth saving in an obnoxious reputation.

She loathed mere dandies, and there were no epithets too hot for her contempt in that direction. Old beaux she heartily despised, and speaking of one whom she had known, I remember she quoted with a fine scorn this appropriate passage from Dickens: "Ancient, dandified men, those crippled *invalides* from the campaign of vanity, where the only powder was hair-powder, and the only bullets fancy balls."

There was no half-way with her, and she never could have said with M. S., when a certain visitor left the room one day after a call, "If we did not *love* our dear friend Mr. — so much, should n't we hate him tremendously!" Her neighbor, John Ruskin, she thought a more eloquent prose-writer than Jeremy Taylor, and I have heard her go on in her fine way, giving preferences to certain modern poems far above the works of the great masters of song. Pascal says that "the heart has reasons that reason does not know"; and Miss Mitford was a charming exemplification of this wise saying.

Her dogs and her geraniums were her great glories. She used to write me long letters about Fanchon, a dog whose personal acquaintance I had made some time before, while on a visit to her cottage. Every virtue under heaven she attributed to that canine individual; and I was obliged to allow in my return letters, that, since our planet began to spin, nothing comparable to Fanchon had ever run on four legs. I had also known Flush, the ancestor of Fanchon, intimately, and had been accustomed to hear wonderful things of that dog; but Fanchon had graces and genius unique. Miss Mitford would have joined with Hamerton

in his gratitude for canine companionship, when he says, "I humbly thank Divine Providence for having invented dogs, and I regard that man with wondering pity who can lead a dogless life."

Her fondness for rural life, you may well imagine, was almost unparalleled. I have often been with her among the wooded lanes of her pretty country, listening for the nightingales, and on such occasions she would discourse so eloquently of the sights and sounds about us, that her talk seemed to me "far above singing." She had fallen in love with nature when a little child, and had studied the landscape till she knew familiarly every flower and leaf which grows on English soil. She delighted in rural vagabonds of every sort, especially in gypsies; and as they flourished in her part of the country, she knew all their ways, and had charming stories to tell of their pranks and thievings. She called them "the commoners of nature"; and once I remember she pointed out to me on the road a villanous-looking youth on whom she smiled as we passed, as if he had been Virtue itself in footpad disguise. She knew all the literature of rural life, and her memory was stored with delightful eulogies of forests and meadows. When she repeated or read aloud the poetry she loved, her accents were

"Like flowers' voices, if they could but speak."

She *understood* how to enjoy rural occupations and rural existence, and she had no patience with her friend Charles Lamb, who preferred the town. Walter Savage Landor addressed these lines to her a few months before she died, and they seem to me very perfect and lovely in their application:—

"The hay is carried; and the hours  
Snatch, as they pass, the linden flow'rs;  
And children leap to pluck a spray  
Bent earthward, and then run away.  
Park-keeper! catch me those grave thieves  
About whose frocks the fragrant leaves,  
Sticking and fluttering here and there,  
No false nor faltering witness bear.  
"I never view such scenes as these  
In grassy meadow girt with trees,

But comes a thought of her who now  
Sits with serenely patient brow  
Amid deep sufferings : none hath told  
More pleasant tales to young and old.  
Fondest was she of Father Thames,  
But rambled to Hellenic streams ;  
Nor even there could any tell  
The country's purer charms so well  
As Mary Mitford.

Verse ! go forth  
And breathe o'er gentle breasts her worth.  
Needless the task . . . but should she see  
One hearty wish from you and me,  
A moment's pain it may assuage, —  
A rose-leaf on the couch of Age."

And Harriet Martineau pays her respects to my friend in this wise : "Miss Mitford's description of scenery, brutes, and human beings have such singular merit, that she may be regarded as the founder of a new style ; and if the freshness wore off with time, there was much more than a compensation in the fine spirit of resignation and cheerfulness which breathed through everything she wrote, and endeared her as a suffering friend to thousands who formerly regarded her only as a most entertaining stranger."

What lovely drives about England I have enjoyed with Miss Mitford as my companion and guide ! We used to arrange with her trusty Sam for a day now and then in the open air. He would have everything in readiness at the appointed hour, and be at his post with that careful kind-hearted little maid, the "hemmer of flounces," all prepared to give the old lady a fair start on her day's expedition. Both those excellent servants delighted to make their mistress happy, and she greatly rejoiced in their devotion and care. Perhaps we had made our plans to visit Upton Court, a charming old house where Pope's Arabella Fermor had passed many years of her married life. On the way thither we would talk over "The Rape of the Lock" and the heroine, Belinda, who was no other than Arabella herself. Arriving on the lawn in front of the decaying mansion, we would stop in the shade of a gigantic oak, and gossip about the times of Queen Elizabeth, for it was then the old house was built, no doubt.

Once I remember Miss Mitford

carried me on a pilgrimage to a grand old village church with a tower half covered with ivy. We came to it through laurel hedges, and passed on the way a magnificent cedar of Lebanon. It was a superb pile, rich in painted glass windows and carved oak ornaments. Here Miss Mitford ordered the man to stop, and turning to me with great enthusiasm said, "This is Shiplake Church, where Alfred Tennyson was married !" Then we rode on a little farther, and she called my attention to some of the finest wych-elm I had ever seen.

Another day we drove along the valley of the Loddon, and she pointed out the Duke of Wellington's seat of Strathfieldsaye. As our pony trotted leisurely over the charming road, she told many amusing stories of the Duke's economical habits, and she rated him soundly for his money-saving propensities. The furniture in the house she said was a disgrace to the great man, and she described a certain old carpet that had done service so many years in the establishment that no one could tell what the original colors were.

But the mansion most dear to her in that neighborhood was the residence of her kind friends the Russells of Swallowfield Park. It is indeed a beautiful old place, full of historical and literary associations, for there Lord Clarendon wrote his story of the Great Rebellion. Miss Mitford never ceased to be thankful that her declining years were passing in the society of such neighbors as the Russells. If she were unusually ill, they were the first to know of it and come at once to her aid. Little attentions, so grateful to old age, they were always on the alert to offer ; and she frequently told me that their affectionate kindness had helped her over the dark places of life more than once, where without their succor she must have dropped by the way.

As a letter-writer, Miss Mitford has rarely been surpassed. Her "Life, as told by herself in Letters to her

Friends," is admirably done in every particular. Few letters in the English language are superior to hers, and I think they will come to be regarded as among the choicest specimens of epistolary literature. When her friend, the Rev. William Harness, was about to collect from Miss Mitford's correspondents, for publication, the letters she had written to them, he applied to me among others. I was obliged to withhold the correspondence for a reason that existed then; but I am no longer restrained from printing it now. Very soon I hope to collect these letters into a volume and publish them. Miss Mitford's first letter to me was written in 1847, and her last one came only a few weeks before she died, in 1855. I am inclined to think that her correspondence, so full of point in allusions, so full of anecdote and recollections, will be considered among her finest writings. Her criticisms, not always the wisest, were always piquant and readable. She had such a charming humor, and her style was so delightful, that her friendly notes had a relish about them quite their own. In reading some of them you will see that she overrated your kinsman as she did most of her personal friends. You will regard these letters, then, as though they were written to somebody else, and not to your unworthy old uncle. I shall have hard work to place the dates properly, for the good lady rarely took the trouble to put either month or year at the head of her paper.

She began her correspondence with me before I left England after making

her acquaintance, and, true to the instincts of her kind heart, the object of her first letter was to press upon my notice the poems of a young friend of hers, and she was constantly saying good words for unfledged authors who were struggling forward to gain recognition. No one ever lent such a helping hand as she did to the young writers of her country.

The recognition which America, very early in the career of Miss Mitford, awarded her, she never forgot, and she used to say, "It takes ten years to make a literary reputation in England, but America is wiser and bolder, and dares say at once, 'This is fine.'"

Sweetness of temper and brightness of mind, her never-failing characteristics, accompanied her to the last; and she passed on in her usual cheerful and affectionate mood, her sympathies uncontracted by age, narrow fortune, and pain.

A plain substantial cross marks the spot in the old churchyard at Swallowfield, where, according to her own wish, Mary Mitford lies sleeping. It is proposed to erect a memorial in the old parish church to her memory, and her admirers in England have determined, if a sufficient sum can be raised, to build what shall be known as "The Mitford Aisle," to afford accommodation for the poor people who are not able to pay for seats. Several of Miss Mitford's American friends will join in this beautiful object, and a tablet will be put up in the old church commemorating the fact that England and America united in the tribute.

## THE PRINCESS BOB AND HER FRIENDS.

SHE was a Klamath Indian. Her title was, I think, a compromise between her claim as daughter of a chief, and gratitude to her earliest white protector, whose name, after the Indian fashion, she had adopted. "Bob" Walker had taken her from the breast of her dead mother at a time when the sincere volunteer soldiery of the California frontier were impressed with the belief that extermination was the manifest destiny of the Indian race. He had with difficulty restrained the noble zeal of his compatriots long enough to convince them that the exemption of one Indian baby would not invalidate this theory. And he took her to his home, — a pastoral clearing on the banks of the Salmon River, — where she was cared for after a frontier fashion.

Before she was nine years old, she had exhausted the scant kindness of the thin, overworked Mrs. Walker. As a playfellow of the young Walkers she was unreliable; as a nurse for the baby she was inefficient. She lost the former in the trackless depths of a redwood forest; she basely abandoned the latter in an extemporized cradle, hanging like a chrysalis to a convenient bough. She lied and she stole, — two unpardonable sins in a frontier community, where truth was a necessity and provisions were the only property. Worse than this, the outskirts of the clearing were sometimes haunted by blanketed tatterdemalions with whom she had mysterious confidences. Mr. Walker more than once regretted his indiscreet humanity; but she presently relieved him of responsibility, and possibly of blood-guiltiness, by disappearing entirely.

When she reappeared, it was at the adjacent village of Logport, in the capacity of housemaid to a trader's wife, who, joining some little culture to considerable conscientiousness, attempted to instruct her charge. But the Princess proved an unsatisfactory pupil to

even so liberal a teacher. She accepted the alphabet with great good-humor, but always as a pleasing and recurring novelty, in which all interest expired at the completion of each lesson. She found a thousand uses for her books and writing materials other than those known to civilized children. She made a curious necklace of bits of slate-pencil, she constructed a miniature canoe from the pasteboard covers of her primer, she bent her pens into fish-hooks, and tattooed the faces of her younger companions with blue ink. Religious instruction she received as good-humoredly, and learned to pronounce the name of the Deity with a cheerful familiarity that shocked her preceptress. Nor could her reverence be reached through analogy; she knew nothing of the Great Spirit, and professed entire ignorance of the Happy Hunting-Grounds. Yet she attended divine service regularly, and as regularly asked for a hymn-book; and it was only through the discovery that she had collected twenty-five of these volumes and had hidden them behind the woodpile, that her connection with the First Baptist Church of Logport ceased. She would occasionally abandon these civilized and Christian privileges, and disappear from her home, returning after several days of absence with an odor of bark and fish, and a peace-offering to her mistress in the shape of venison or game.

To add to her troubles, she was now fourteen, and, according to the laws of her race, a woman. I do not think the most romantic fancy would have called her pretty. Her complexion defied most of those ambiguous similes through which poets unconsciously apologize for any deviation from the Caucasian standard. It was not wine nor amber colored; if anything, it was smoky. Her face was tattooed with red and white lines on one cheek, as

if a fine-toothed comb had been drawn from cheek-bone to jaw, and, but for the good-humor that beamed from her small berry-like eyes and shone in her white teeth, would have been repulsive. She was short and stout. In her scant drapery and unrestrained freedom she was hardly statuesque, and her more unstudied attitudes were marred by a simian habit of softly scratching her left ankle with the toes of her right foot, in moments of contemplation.

I think I have already shown enough to indicate the incongruity of her existence with even the low standard of civilization that obtained at Logport in the year 1860. It needed but one more fact to prove the far-sighted political sagacity and prophetic ethics of those sincere advocates of extermination, to whose virtues I have done but scant justice in the beginning of this article. This fact was presently furnished by the Princess. After one of her periodical disappearances, — this time unusually prolonged, — she astonished Logport by returning with a half-breed baby of a week old in her arms. That night a meeting of the hard-featured serious matrons of Logport was held at Mrs. Brown's. The immediate banishment of the Princess was demanded. Soft-hearted Mrs. Brown endeavored vainly to get a mitigation or suspension of the sentence. But, as on a former occasion, the Princess took matters into her own hands. A few mornings afterwards, a wicker cradle containing an Indian baby was found hanging on the handle of the door of the First Baptist Church. It was the Parthian arrow of the flying Princess. From that day Logport knew her no more.

It had been a bright clear day on the upland, so clear that the ramparts of Fort Jackson and the flagstaff were plainly visible twelve miles away from the long curving peninsula that stretched a bared white arm around the peaceful waters of Logport Bay. It had been a clear day upon the sea-shore, albeit the air was filled with the flying spume

and shifting sand of a straggling beach whose low dunes were dragged down by the long surges of the Pacific and thrown up again by the tumultuous trade-winds. But the sun had gone down in a bank of fleecy fog that was beginning to roll in upon the beach. Gradually the headland at the entrance of the harbor and the light-house disappeared, then the willow fringe that marked the line of Salmon River vanished, and the ocean was gone. A few sails still gleamed on the waters of the bay; but the advancing fog wiped them out one by one, crept across the steel-blue expanse, swallowed up the white mills and single spire of Logport, and, joining with reinforcements from the marshes, moved solemnly upon the hills. Ten minutes more and the landscape was utterly blotted out; simultaneously the wind died away, and a death-like silence stole over sea and shore. The faint clang, high overhead, of unseen bent, the nearer call of invisible plover, the lap and wash of undistinguishable waters, and the monotonous roll of the vanished ocean, were the only sounds. As night deepened, the far-off booming of the fog-bell on the headland at intervals stirred the thick air. Hard by the shore of the bay, and half hidden by a drifting sand-hill, stood a low nondescript structure, to whose composition sea and shore had equally contributed. It was built partly of logs and partly of driftwood and tarred canvas. Joined to one end of the main building — the ordinary log-cabin of the settler — was the half-round pilot-house of some wrecked steamer, while the other gable terminated in half of a broken whale-boat. Nailed against the boat were the dried skins of wild animals, and scattered about lay the flotsam and jetsam of many years' gathering, — bamboo crates, casks, hatches, blocks, oars, boxes, part of a whale's vertebrae, and the blades of sword-fish. Drawn up on the beach of a little cove before the house lay a canoe. As the night thickened and the fog grew more dense, these details

grew imperceptible, and only the windows of the pilot-house, lit up by a roaring fire within the hut, gleamed redly through the mist.

By this fire, beneath a ship's lamp that swung from the roof, two figures were seated, a man and a woman. The man, broad-shouldered and heavily bearded, stretched his listless powerful length beyond a broken bamboo chair, with his eyes fixed on the fire. The woman crouched cross-legged upon the broad earthen hearth, with her eyes blinkingly fixed on her companion. They were small, black, round, berry-like eyes, and as the firelight shone upon her smoky face, with its one striped cheek of gorgeous brilliancy, it was plainly the Princess Bob and no other.

Not a word was spoken. They had been sitting thus for more than an hour, and there was about their attitude a suggestion that silence was habitual. Once or twice the man rose and walked up and down the narrow room, or gazed absently from the windows of the pilot-house, but never by look or sign betrayed the slightest consciousness of his companion. At such times the Princess from her nest by the fire followed him with eyes of canine expectancy and wistfulness. But he would as inevitably return to his contemplation of the fire, and the Princess to her blinking watchfulness of his face.

They had sat there silent and undisturbed for many an evening in fair weather and foul. They had spent many a day in sunshine and storm, gathering the unclaimed spoil of sea and shore. They had kept these mute relations, varied only by the incidents of the hunt or meagre household duties, for three years, ever since the man, wandering moodily over the lonely sands, had fallen upon the half-starved woman lying in the little hollow where she had crawled to die. It had seemed as if they would never be disturbed, until now, when the Princess started, and, with the instinct of her race, bent her ear to the ground.

The wind had risen and was rattling the tarred canvas. But in another moment there plainly came from without the hut the sound of voices. Then followed a rap at the door; then another rap; and then, before they could rise to their feet, the door was flung briskly open.

"I beg your pardon," said a pleasant but somewhat decided contralto voice, "but I don't think you heard me knock. Ah, I see you did not. May I come in?"

There was no reply. Had the battered figure-head of the Goddess of Liberty, which lay deeply embedded in the sand on the beach, suddenly appeared at the door demanding admittance, the occupants of the cabin could not have been more speechlessly and hopelessly astonished than at the form which stood in the open doorway.

It was that of a slim, shapely, elegantly dressed young woman. A scarlet-lined silken hood was half thrown back from the shining mass of the black hair that covered her small head; from her pretty shoulders dropped a fur cloak, only restrained by a cord and tassel in her small gloved hand. Around her full throat was a double necklace of large white beads, that by some cunning feminine trick relieved with its infantile suggestion the strong decision of her lower face.

"Did you say yes? Ah, thank you. We may come in, Barker." (Here a shadow in a blue army overcoat followed her into the cabin, touched its cap respectfully, and then stood silent and erect against the wall.) "Don't disturb yourself in the least, I beg. What a distressingly unpleasant night! Is this your usual climate?"

Half graciously, half absently overlooking the still embarrassed silence of the group, she went on: "We started from the fort over three hours ago,—three hours ago, was n't it, Barker?" (the erect Barker touched his cap).—"to go to Captain Emmons's quarters on Indian Island,—I think you call it Indian Island, don't you?" (she was appealing to the awe-stricken



Princess,) — “and we got into the fog and lost our way; that, is, Barker lost his way,” (Barker touched his cap deprecatingly,) “and goodness knows where we did n’t wander to until we mistook your light for the light-house and pulled up here. No, no, pray keep your seat, do! Really I must insist.”

Nothing could exceed the languid grace of the latter part of this speech, — nothing except the easy unconsciousness with which she glided by the offered chair, of her stammering, embarrassed host and stood beside the open hearth.

“Barker will tell you,” she continued, warming her feet by the fire, “that I am Miss Portfire, daughter of Major Portfire, commanding the post. Ah, excuse me, child!” (she had accidentally trodden upon the bare yellow toes of the Princess.) “Really, I did not know you were there. I am very near-sighted.” (In confirmation of her statement, she put to her eyes a dainty double eye-glass that dangled from her neck.) “It’s a shocking thing to be near-sighted, is n’t it?”

If the shamefaced uneasy man to whom this remark was addressed could have found words to utter the thought that even in his confusion struggled uppermost in his mind, he would, looking at the bold, dark eyes that questioned him, have denied the fact. But he only stammered, “Yes.” The next moment, however, Miss Portfire had apparently forgotten him and was examining the Princess through her glass.

“And what is your name, child?”

The Princess, beatified by the eyes and eye-glass, showed all her white teeth at once, and softly scratched her leg.

“Bob.”

“Bob? What a singular name!”

Miss Portfire’s host here hastened to explain the origin of the Princess’s title.

“Then *you* are Bob.” (Eye-glass.)

“No, my name is Grey, — John Grey.” And he actually achieved a

bow where awkwardness was rather the air of imperfectly recalling a forgotten habit.

“Grey? — ah, let me see. Yes, certainly. You are Mr. Grey the recluse, the hermit, the philosopher, and all that sort of thing. Why, certainly; Dr. Jones, our surgeon, has told me all about you. Dear me, how interesting a rencontre! Lived all alone here for seven — was it seven years? — yes, I remember now. Existed quite *au naturel*, one might say. How odd! Not that I know anything about that sort of thing, you know. I’ve lived always among people, and am really quite a stranger, I assure you. But honestly, Mr. — I beg your pardon — Mr. Grey, how do you like it?”

She had quietly taken his chair and thrown her cloak and hood over its back, and was now thoughtfully removing her gloves. Whatever were the arguments, — and they were doubtless many and profound, — whatever the experience, — and it was doubtless hard and satisfying enough, — by which this unfortunate man had justified his life for the last seven years, somehow they suddenly became trivial and terribly ridiculous before this simple but practical question.

“Well, you shall tell me all about it after you have given me something to eat. We will have time enough; Barker cannot find his way back in this fog to-night. Now don’t put yourselves to any trouble on my account. Barker will assist.”

Barker came forward. Glad to escape the scrutiny of his guest, the hermit gave a few rapid directions to the Princess in her native tongue, and disappeared in the shed. Left a moment alone, Miss Portfire took a quick, half-audible, feminine inventory of the cabin. “Books, guns, skins, *one* chair, *one* bed, no pictures, and no looking-glass!” She took a book from the swinging shelf and resumed her seat by the fire as the Princess re-entered with fresh fuel. But while kneeling on the hearth the Princess chanced to



look up and met Miss Portfire's dark eyes over the edge of her book.

"Bob!"

The Princess showed her teeth.

"Listen. Would you like to have fine clothes, rings, and beads like these, to have your hair nicely combed and put up so? Would you?"

The Princess nodded violently.

"Would you like to live with me and have them? Answer quickly. Don't look round for *him*. Speak for yourself. Would you? Hush; never mind now."

The hermit re-entered, and the Princess, blinking, retreated into the shadow of the whale-boat shed, from which she did not emerge even when the homely repast of cold venison, ship biscuit, and tea was served. Miss Portfire noticed her absence: "You really must not let me interfere with your usual simple ways. Do you know this is exceedingly interesting to me, so pastoral and patriarchal and all that sort of thing. I must insist upon the Princess coming back; really, I must."

But the Princess was not to be found in the shed, and Miss Portfire, who the next minute seemed to have forgotten all about her, took her place in the single chair before an extemporized table. Barker stood behind her, and the hermit leaned against the fireplace. Miss Portfire's appetite did not come up to her protestations. For the first time in seven years it occurred to the hermit that his ordinary victual might be improved. He stammered out something to that effect.

"I have eaten better, and worse," said Miss Portfire, quietly.

"But I thought you—that is, you said—"

"I spent a year in the hospitals, when father was on the Potomac," returned Miss Portfire, composedly. After a pause she continued: "You remember after the second Bull Run—But, dear me! I beg your pardon; of course, you know nothing about the war and all that sort of thing, and don't care." (She put up her eye-glass and quietly surveyed his broad muscu-

lar figure against the chimney.) "Or, perhaps, your prejudices—But then, as a hermit you know you have no politics, of course. Please don't let me bore you."

To have been strictly consistent, the hermit should have exhibited no interest in this topic. Perhaps it was owing to some quality in the narrator, but he was constrained to beg her to continue in such phrases as his unfamiliar lips could command. So that little by little Miss Portfire yielded up incident and personal observation of contest then raging; with the same half-abstracted, half-unconcerned air that seemed habitual to her, she told the stories of privation, of suffering, of endurance, and of sacrifice. With the same assumption of timid deference that concealed her great self-control, she talked of principles and rights. Apparently without enthusiasm and without effort, of which his morbid nature would have been suspicious, she sang the great American Iliad in a way that stirred the depths of her solitary auditor to its massive foundations. Then she stopped and asked quietly, "Where is Bob?"

The hermit started. He would look for her. But Bob, for some reason, was not forthcoming. Search was made within and without the hut, but in vain. For the first time that evening Miss Portfire showed some anxiety. "Go," she said to Barker, "and find her. She *must* be found; stay, give me your overcoat, I'll go myself." She threw the overcoat over her shoulders and stepped out into the night. In the thick veil of fog that seemed suddenly to inwrap her, she stood for a moment irresolute, and then walked toward the beach, guided by the low wash of waters on the sand. She had not taken many steps before she stumbled over some dark crouching object. Reaching down her hand she felt the coarse wiry mane of the Princess.

"Bob!"

There was no reply.

"Bob. I've been looking for you, come."

"Go 'way."

"Nonsense, Bob. I want you to stay with me to-night, come."

"Injin squaw no good for waugee woman. Go 'way."

"Listen, Bob. You are daughter of a chief: so am I. Your father had many warriors: so has mine. It is good that you stay with me. Come."

The Princess chuckled and suffered herself to be lifted up. A few moments later and they re-entered the hut, hand in hand.

With the first red streaks of dawn the next day the erect Barker touched his cap at the door of the hut. Beside him stood the hermit, also just risen from his blanketed nest in the sand. Forth from the hut, fresh as the morning air, stepped Miss Portfire, leading the Princess by the hand. Hand in hand also they walked to the shore, and when the Princess had been safely bestowed in the stern sheets, Miss Portfire turned and held out her own to her late host.

"I shall take the best of care of her, of course. You will come and see her often. I should ask you to come and see me, but you are a hermit, you know, and all that sort of thing. But if it's the correct anchorite thing, and can be done, my father will be glad to requite you for this night's hospitality. But don't do anything on my account that interferes with your simple habits. Good by."

She handed him a card, which he took mechanically.

"Good by."

The sail was hoisted, and the boat shoved off. As the fresh morning breeze caught the white canvas it seemed to bow a parting salutation. There was a rosy flush of promise on the water, and as the light craft darted forward toward the ascending sun, it seemed for a moment uplifted in its glory.

Miss Portfire kept her word. If thoughtful care and intelligent kindness could regenerate the Princess, her future was secure. And it really seemed as if she were for the first time inclined

to heed the lessons of civilization and profit by her new condition. An agreeable change was first noticed in her appearance. Her lawless hair was caught in a net, and no longer strayed over her low forehead. Her unstable bust was stayed and upheld by French corsets; her plantigrade shuffle was limited by heeled boots. Her dresses were neat and clean, and she wore a double necklace of glass beads. With this physical improvement there also seemed some moral awakening. She no longer stole nor lied. With the possession of personal property came a respect for that of others. With increased dependence on the word of those about her came a thoughtful consideration of her own. Intellectually she was still feeble, although she grappled sturdily with the simple lessons which Miss Portfire set before her. But her zeal and simple vanity outran her discretion, and she would often sit for hours with an open book before her, which she could not read. She was a favorite with the officers at the fort, from the Major, who shared his daughter's prejudices and often yielded to her powerful self-will, to the subalterns, who liked her none the less that their natural enemies, the frontier volunteers, had declared war against her helpless sisterhood. The only restraint put upon her was the limitation of her liberty to the enclosure of the fort and parade; and only once did she break this parole, and was stopped by the sentry as she stepped into a boat at the landing.

The recluse did not avail himself of Miss Portfire's invitation. But after the departure of the Princess he spent less of his time in the hut, and was more frequently seen in the distant marshes of Eel River and on the upland hills. A feverish restlessness, quite opposed to his usual phlegm, led him into singular freaks strangely inconsistent with his usual habits and reputation. The purser of the occasional steamer which stopped at Logport with the mails reported to have been boarded, just inside the bar, by a strange bearded man, who

asked for a newspaper containing the last war telegrams. He tore his red shirt into narrow strips, and spent two days with his needle over the pieces and the tattered remnant of his only white garment; and a few days afterward the fishermen on the bay were surprised to see what, on nearer approach, proved to be a rude imitation of the national flag floating from a spar above the hut.

One evening, as the fog began to drift over the sand-hills, the recluse sat alone in his hut. The fire was dying unheeded on the hearth, for he had been sitting there for a long time, completely absorbed in the blurred pages of an old newspaper. Presently he arose, and, refolding it, — an operation of great care and delicacy in its tattered condition, — placed it under the blankets of his bed. He resumed his seat by the fire, but soon began drumming with his fingers on the arm of his chair. Eventually this assumed the time and accent of some air. Then he began to whistle softly and hesitatingly, as if trying to recall a forgotten tune. Finally this took shape in a rude resemblance, not unlike that which his flag bore to the national standard, to Yankee Doodle. Suddenly he stopped.

There was an unmistakable rapping at the door. The blood which had at first rushed to his face now forsook it and settled slowly around his heart. He tried to rise, but could not. Then the door was flung open, and a figure with a scarlet-lined hood and fur mantle stood on the threshold. With a mighty effort he took one stride to the door. The next moment he saw the wide mouth and white teeth of the Princess, and was greeted by a kiss that felt like a baptism.

To tear the hood and mantle from her figure in the sudden fury that seized him, and to fiercely demand the reason of this masquerade, was his only return to her greeting. "Why are you here? did you steal these garments?" he again demanded in her guttural language, as he shook her roughly by the arm. The Princess hung her head. "Did you?"

he screamed, as he reached wildly for his rifle.

"I did."

His hold relaxed, and he staggered back against the wall. The Princess began to whimper. Between her sobs, she was trying to explain that the Major and his daughter were going away, and that they wanted to send her to the Reservation; but he cut her short. "Take off those things!" The Princess tremblingly obeyed. He rolled them up, placed them in the canoe she had just left, and then leaped into the frail craft. She would have followed, but with a great oath he threw her from him, and with one stroke of his paddle swept out into the fog, and was gone.

"Jessamy," said the Major, a few days after, as he sat at dinner with his daughter, "I think I can tell you something to match the mysterious disappearance and return of your wardrobe. Your crazy friend, the recluse, has enlisted this morning in the Fourth Artillery. He's a splendid-looking animal, and there's the right stuff for a soldier in him, if I'm not mistaken. He's in earnest too, for he enlists in the regiment ordered back to Washington. Bless me, child, another goblet broken; you'll ruin the mess in glassware, at this rate!"

"Have you heard anything more of the Princess, papa?"

"Nothing, but perhaps it's as well that she has gone. These cursed settlers are at their old complaints again about what they call 'Indian depredations,' and I have just received orders from head-quarters to keep the settlement clear of all vagabond aborigines. I am afraid, my dear, that a strict construction of the term would include your *protégée*."

The time for the departure of the Fourth Artillery had come. The night before was thick and foggy. At one o'clock, a shot on the ramparts called out the guard and roused the sleeping garrison. The new sentry, Private Grey, had challenged a dusky figure creeping on the glacis, and, receiving no

answer, had fired. The guard sent out presently returned, bearing a lifeless figure in their arms. The new sentry's zeal, joined with an ex-frontiersman's aim, was fatal.

They laid the helpless, ragged form before the guard-house door, and then saw for the first time that it was the Princess. Presently she opened her eyes. They fell upon the agonized face of her innocent slayer, but haply without intelligence or reproach.

"Georgy!" she whispered.

"Bob!"

"All's same now. Me get plenty well soon. Me make no more fuss. Me go to Reservation."

Then she stopped, a tremor ran through her limbs, and she lay still. She had gone to the Reservation. Not that devised by the wisdom of man, but that one set apart from the foundations of the world for the wisest as well as the meanest of His creatures.

Bret Harte.

## RECENT LITERATURE.

*The Handwriting of Junius professionally investigated* by MR. CHARLES CHABOT, *Expert, with Preface and Collateral Evidence.* London: John Murray.

THE English are marvellous for magnificence. The perfecting of accomplishment is a devotion in which they believe correspondently with the Thirty-nine Articles. They absorb India, Africa, North America, — omitting the United States, which were too much English, — as if they had simply to open their mouths, when it is the law of the rest of things to pass down. A sickly, thin person, called Speke, walks across Africa to secure the head of the White Nile; another, fat as the elephants he shoots (name of Baker), stamps his Herculean boots upon the head of the Blue Nile; Professor Tyndall cuts a chain of ice-steps to the top of Mont Blanc, to read his thermometer there; Franklin freezes for four years, and dies in his attempt to force a passage through the polar ice, where nothing could ever be got by going, but an amazing exhibition of English pluck.

It was reserved for the Honorable Edward Twistleton, one of these Englishmen, to solve that dense enigma, the authorship of the Junius letters. He employed experts for the practical part of this grand enterprise, the conception being his own. Consider the boldness, the cost, of this unexpected feat; design so lavish, result so commanding. As every one reads the Junius letters, and as all know they are the vi-

talized essence of political mustard and pepper, their merit as gas-pipes of inflammatory literature needs no comment.

Sir Philip Francis was born in 1740, and died in 1818. On the 21st of January, 1769, a letter signed "Junius" appeared in the "Public Advertiser" of London, a gazette printed by Mr. Henry Sampson Woodfall. This is the first of the letters recognized and published in the Junius correspondence, in the original edition. For one hundred years from that date, — to January, 1869, — the literary world enjoyed controversy on the subject.

In March, 1868, Mr. Twistleton consulted Mr. Chabot of London, an expert, as to whether a copy of certain anonymous verses could be proved to be in the handwriting of Sir Philip Francis. The gist was, not if Francis did or did not handwrite the verses, but whether his having done so was or was not susceptible of proof.

As material for this, Mr. Twistleton got from Mr. Merivale, who with Mr. Parker wrote "The Memoirs of Sir Philip Francis" (1867), a letter-book, in which were forty-two letters of Francis to his brother-in-law, Mr. Macrabie, and his wife, written from 1767 to 1771, inclusive. Mr. Chabot, from this letter-book, decided that Francis did not handwrite the verses, and, provided collaterally with other letters, concluded that they *were* handwritten by Mr. Richard Tilghmans, Francis's cousin and familiar friend (Francis being their composer). The proof of these facts was so complete, and

Mr. Chabot did his work so satisfactorily, that Mr. Twistleton, with English heroism, determined to employ such scrupulous fidelity in that *questio vexata*, the authorship of Junius. He had no thought of making this inquiry, previous to his trial of Chabot in the sifting of the anonymous verses. As materials to this, he then collected the various original letters and documents left by Junius, and which we will denote briefly.

There were, then, three letters from Junius to Mr. Grenville (b. 1712, d. 1770), with an essay on the "Auction Duty," written in 1768, and two letters to Lord Chatham, the first dated "London, January, 1768," and the second, "London, January, 1772." Then come the sixty-three private letters of Junius to Woodfall, the printer, and a letter signed "Vindex," with extracts from the Dedication and Preface of the original edition of the letters. Junius gave his property in these to Woodfall, for the trials and troubles he had in using, typically, the stings of a political wasp; Junius himself being sure "not to survive" if detected.

This mass of document, with the original letters of Francis before described, were furnished to Mr. Chabot, and fifty-two other specimens of handwriting of eighteen different persons, who had been upheld by almost as many critical authorities as the authors, or handwriters, of Junius.

It seems to some as if the Junius controversy had been settled, and the authorship assigned to Francis. So far from this, from the year 1840 to 1868 no less than nine persons, men of good acumen in some directions, ignored Francis wholly, as Junius, and set up others in his place. These persons are Sir Charles Grey, Mr. Britton, the late Mr. Dilke (formerly of the *Athenæum*), Mr. Cramp, Mr. Coulson, Mr. W. J. Smith (editor of the "Grenville Papers"), Mr. Massey, Mr. Jelinger Symons, and Mr. Hayward (the well-known translator of *Faust*). As we must allude very briefly to the specifications against Francis, we may say they are mostly of two sorts. A number of people believe that he never could have written Junius, his mental material not being fine enough for this first-class diatribization. Thus, Mr. Charles Butler (b. 1750, d. 1832) was willing to allow that Francis might possibly have copied the letters of Junius. Lord Brougham, again, took the same view with Butler about

the copying; but he considered the denial of Francis as to the authorship conclusive, as Sir Philip passed as an honest man. The other class of objections, in which Mr. Dilke, Mr. Hayward, and so many coincide, is, that nothing is more fallacious than the foundation for authorship on a decision springing from the comparison and expertizing of handwriting. And some accomplished flounders in the Junius controversy just throw out of the question the handwriting altogether, this being the chief fact in the deciding of it.

Mr. John Taylor, in the year 1818, had published in the second edition of his book, "Junius Identified," the *rationale* of the settlement of this controversy. This summary Mr. Twistleton has reprinted in this wonderful quarto, the wonder of which is, that it contains a perfect photolithographic fac-simile of each one of the letters and other pieces of writing of Junius and Francis, making two hundred and sixty-seven plates, besides twenty-four beautiful comparative plates, finished in the same luxurious manner as the chief leading resemblances found in the handwritings of Junius and of Francis. The first letter in this work contains more words of Junius than all previous autographs of his ever printed. Besides these, here are fac-similes of the letter and verses which are so important to this controversy, making no less than two hundred and ninety-four plates, each just as good as if it was an autograph; and, to be added, more than a thousand illustrations of great beauty and nicety by Mr. Chabot, in woodcuts.

A word on the "Anonymous Note." This note is simply the burlesque statement that a copy of verses enclosed with it had been found by the writer, and by him forwarded to the person for whom "they were doubtless intended," a certain Miss Giles. This was in December, 1770, when Miss Giles, then in Bath, received this delectation from Sir Philip Francis (then plain Philip); and it is written in the assumed hand in which the letters to Mr. Grenville are written, in 1768, and to Chatham and Woodfall, in 1770, etc., that is, in the *hand of Junius*. This one fact is enough to prove Francis the handwriter of Junius. It is certain that Miss Giles received this note, that she knew it was from Francis, that the original was preserved by her, that it is the same here photolithographed; and an expert shows clearly, and beyond the least doubt, that

the same person who wrote the Junius letters also wrote this. So, it may be rightly affirmed, the proper use of this one Junian note in the year 1770, a hundred years ago, would have convicted Francis.

A word on the general form of these letters. Here observe the salutation, the date, the signature. And what we have to say of Sir Philip Francis as a penman, we say now. He accomplished with the pen what no other ever did; he made for himself a handwriting as good as his own native hand; *he wrote it just as well*, sometimes rather better; and he was a fine and original penman. He did a miracle with his pen. So fine, so excellent, is the manuscript he invented for the imaginary Junius, that Mr. Twistleton and Mr. Chabot are really themselves deceived with it, and talk in the same breath of the handwriting of Junius and Francis, as if the one was just as real as the other. Hence the value and importance of this book as a digest of handwriting. If you look at a page of the good-natured letters from Francis to his brother-in-law, Mr. Macrabe, and then at one of his editorial notes to Woodfall (proving him to be their author, if *primogenital* fussiness can prove anything that way), you will say, if of the Dilke and Hayward branch, no *one* human hand could have written those *two* pages. Now glance again at the form. In all these letters—with two or three exceptions, in every letter that Sir Philip Francis or Junius ever wrote—a full stop follows the salutation, the “Sir,” at the head of the letter. This is a point that few writers use in this place. Both Junius and Francis put the note of place and time at the *top* of the letter; the whole is written in one line; the name of place comes first, with a stop after it, the day of the month with a stop after it, the name of the month with another, and the name of the year with another stop. The name of the month is written in full; thus, the whole :—

“London, <sup>th</sup> 20. October. 1768.”

These ten points are repeated in all the Junius and Francis letters. Notice the raising of the *th*, as in the above date, directly over the figures, which is another repetitive conformity. Mr. Twistleton examined more than three thousand letters, without finding *one* instance of the combination of these peculiarities. Here are sixty letters thus conformed. Again, Francis invariably signs his initial, “C,” in the Jun-

ius letters, between two semi-vertical dashes. This precise form occurs in several of the Francis letters. On one occasion, after “Junius Identified” was published, Sir Philip was at a country-house with Mr. William Blake, who, in talking with him about Byron’s getting up of the “Giaour,” and finding that Francis disliked it, handed him the book at the passage, “He who hath bent him o’er the dead.” Francis read the lines, wrote down a series of words from the poem, ending with “nothingless” and “changeless,” added below them “*senseless*,” and then rapidly subscribed his initials between *two semi-vertical dashes*. “Pray will you allow me to ask you, Sir Philip,” said Blake, “do you *always* sign *your* initials in that manner?” Sir Philip merely answered, gruffly, “I know what you mean, sir,” and walked away. This was in the year 1817, forty-eight years after the 3d of May, 1769, the date of his first letter in these fac-similes, in which initials are thus signed. It was a home-thrust, as Sir Philip honestly denied the authorship of Junius to the last. His answer to the saying of Rogers is well known. “There is a question, Sir Philip,” said Rogers, “which I should much like to ask, if you will allow me.”—“You had better not, sir,” answered Francis. “At your peril, sir.” Again, Lady Holland once asking him if he was Junius, his answer was, “Madam, do you mean to insult me?” And he says, in one of his letters to Woodfall, “I should not survive three days, if I should be discovered.”

In addition to these congruities, Mr. Chabot has identified a letter from Junius to Woodfall, and an original from Francis of nearly the same date, as written on the same kind of paper, with the device of the water-mark, the initials of the maker, and the water-lines and the color of the ink the same.

Passing to the comparison of words and letters in Junius and Francis, it is true that every letter used by Francis appears in Junius, and, with two exceptions, every letter used by Junius appears in Francis. Note this last congruity; this is its explanation. When a man teaches himself to write in a feigned hand, the peculiarities he invents to disguise his own writing *imperceptibly* to himself find their way back into his original hand. So it is with Francis, remarkably.

In the first place, let us notice the style generally, and which constitutes the chief



success of the feigned hand. The notorious peculiarities of Francis's writing are a great slope to the letters, a strong bearing on the pen, a large, round, legible hand, and the running of words together. As Junius, he tries to throw out these features; makes the down strokes far more upright, and rounds them; contracts the size of the words to one half, and sometimes less; uses a fine pen, a delicate touch; and, by more or less insisting on these distinctions, makes the Junian style. There occurs in all writers a variety in the formation of words and letters. And, as well as on the Junius letters, Mr. Chabot has reported at great length on the writing of Lady Temple and others, who are upheld as the hand-writers of Junius. We allude to this *here*, because the absence of much variety in the formation of letters is the extinguisher that drops cumulative oblivion upon the Junian claims of Lady Temple, Sir George Grenville, Dr. Wilmot, Mr. Edmund Burke, Lord Lyttleton, Charles Lloyd, Delolme, Captain Charles Lee, Mrs. Dayroke (the supposed amanuensis of my Lord Chesterfield), *et hoc pecus omne* in this connection.

No writer could be better furnished in the blind variety of letter formation than Francis. He was an easy, running writer, though a martinet on dates; his pen is a sport and a spurt; he thrusts along with it as if it was an electric bristle; turns his letter *i*'s upside down, converts *r* into *i*, and runs riot among the small letters at the heads of words by twisting them to capitals, etc. The small letter *r* is a vivid treasure to his pirouetting shaft; he produces no less than thirteen *distinct, well-established* sorts of *r*'s out of this one bedocked martyr. Thus, he has a well-marked shoulder to the right, an undefined shoulder to the right, an arched shoulder to the right, an undefined shoulder to the left, a tall *r* with a *part*, a left shoulder, an undefined left shoulder with a curled-up stroke, a well-defined shoulder to the left, a largely developed shoulder to the left, the shoulder to the left, a looped shoulder to the left, a distinct shoulder to the left, no shoulder at all, or *r* converted into *i* (without the dot), the upper part angular, the lower part round, and again, no shoulder, the upper and lower turns both angular. See the variety in a single letter! Such epistolary snails as Lady Temple never made more than one crab *r* in their uniform track. Francis not only has this variety in forming letters, he has many va-

rieties in their isolation. Thus, he leaves *s* mostly standing by itself; and when it is followed by the letter *h*, as in "should" and "shall," he *never* loops the *h*. He inflicts a penalism on the unfortunate *i*, by isolating it, and making it as small as possible; and when he means to be sharp, he turns it upside down, and instead of a dot has a grave accent over it; and, lastly, he is constantly leaving it out. As to the *m* and *n* and *l*, that he docks and snubs and curtails, the poor creatures deserve our pity; and we fear Mr. Penultimate Chabot must have snuffed for them. For such virtuous liquids as these to be *docked of their up-strokes*, as *experts* call it, is about the worst piece of docking; and Francis never seems content with prying *a* and *s* and other such either above or below the line, lifting them up or knocking them down till the poor murdered alphabet should cry twenty-four times, and more (consider those double-shouldered double *r*'s), *peccavi*, "I will come down."

But the main point, the pith and marrow of this circus of alphabetical varieties, is, that Sir Philip, not content with holding them in his own hand, carries them *over into his letters of Junius*. There they *all* are; there are *all* the thirteen *r*'s; *all* their shoulders, round or sloping; *all* the isolated *i*'s and *s*'s, upside down or right side up; *all* the crucified liquids; *all* the terminal pigtails, the medial squabs, initiatory flat-heads, and horizontal double-benders. It seems few things are so difficult as for a writer to distinguish the peculiarities of his own scrawl. Consider the case of Francis; as he says, "I shall not survive three days, if I am discovered." Yet so inveterate do the habits of writing become, that, as Chief-Justice Campbell says, the evidence to prove that Francis is the handwriter of the Junius letters is strong enough to convict a man of murder. So unconscious is he of his numberless variations, and that he has carried each and every of them into his Junius letters, that he only makes about *four positive* changes in all his letters for the feigned hand. These are *g*, *y*, *h*, and *d*. In *g* and *y* he carries the down-stroke with a small turn into a dot, omitting the loop, or the straight down-stroke of his own hand. To the *h* he fixes a sprawling loop; yet he is so careless and ignorant of his own variations, that all his Junian *h*'s that follow *s* have no loop at all, but are straight as Abraham, like his own. As to the Junian *d*, he makes



a forced alteration by carrying the up-stroke out of all proportion, and turning the curl at the bottom into a stiff right angle.

There are minor variations; these are the gist; and it should have been said that he tries to begin his Junian sentences with a small letter in place of a capital, and sometimes hits, but as often misses. As to capital letters, there is *no* essential difference between Francis and Junius. Such is the condition of the letters in the two hands. There is no difference really worth noting in the formation of letters, except such as *proves directly* its introduction from design. The first letter to Lord Chatham is by far the most guardedly done, Francis having been the private secretary of Chatham the year before he came of age, and, of course, fearing the master's eye.

The agreement in spelling of Francis and Junius is severely rich, neither of them fearing Johnson. Francis has *compleat*, *pacquet*, *risque*, *endeavor*, *inhance*, *ingross*, *masque*, *stle*, *enquire*, *encrease*, *untill*, and more, and these are his familiar, hand-in-the-pocket spelling. And behold! Junius has precisely the same, goes the same path, and swallows the *pacquet* at every *risque* in his *masque*. Twins are not born who run wild with such orthographic dislocations as *pacquet* in their Siamese unity. There is my Lady Temple, who, although we admire Mr. Twistleton, has been rather impaled by him in this controversy, with her slow, pragmatic, one-sided shoulders to her *r*'s, and her small comfort in the embrace of capitals. Poor thing! she cannot put a big *b* to Brussels; she spells it *brussels*; and she has her *til* and *w<sup>ch</sup>* and *co<sup>d</sup>* and allways. She has mostly but one full stop in her letters, — at the end. She begins each sentence with a small letter, and her notes, in their general style, resemble some of Junius's. It is barely possible Francis had seen them, and wished to give an impression, by an imitation, that his were written by Lord Temple. Chabot appears to have overlooked this.

Examine the opening of a note by Lady Temple, written in 1772: "the house sat late the opposition differ'd amongst themselves and the last was triumphant, there was some good speaking" That is it, *verbatim*; she did generously squeeze in one comma. Who can believe that this quiet gentlewoman, nice and old-maidish as she was, wrote the fidgety notes, filled with life and death, to Woodfall?

Let us add two points omitted: the one, as to the division of words at the end of a line. Francis was so fine a penman, calculated his words so well, by running them together and spacing, that in forty-three letters of his there are but thirteen divisions; in each case a colon is used, instead of a hyphen, to make the connection. In the seventy letters and documents of Junius there is but *one* such division, and here a colon is used. In Tilghman's *four* letters there are twenty-four divisions; he too uses the colon, and was, no doubt unconsciously, an imitator of his friend and patron, Francis. The other point is, as to running words together. This is equally common with Junius and Francis. In the letter of Junius to Lord Barrington, May, 1772, there are sixty-nine connections of this kind, — two, three, and four words run together. In a letter to Woodfall, of November, 1769, nineteen lines long, there are twenty-three such connections. In Francis's letter to Macrabe, of February, 1770, there are forty-two such connections. These are average instances, and Mr. Chabot has not, we think, specified them.

We should have spoken previously of the fac-similes of proof-sheets of the Junius letters in this volume, and in one of which the date, "29. July. 1769," is in the *natural hand of Francis*. In the others the Francis hand in the correction is erased, and the feigned hand substituted. *But with a glass Francis's natural hand can be easily read through the erasure*, according to Mr. Chabot.

This book is the first treatise on variations in handwriting, treated by an expert, and, apart from its use in the burial of a literary controversy, proves in the strongest light the value of experience in the handwriting line. Experts will no longer be food for jests. The long war over the Junius letters should now end. No doubt can exist that Sir Philip Francis wrote those letters, and was their only author. As he wrote to Woodfall, he was the sole depository of his secret; and he said, also, it would perish with him. But it survived, and is now open to every mind.

*Songs of the Sierras.* By JOAQUIN MILLER.  
Boston: Roberts Brothers.

MR. MILLER's poetry, which has been called a new creation, — the phrase is novel

and happy, — has not quite freed itself of all the traits of the parent chaos ; and vast tracts of water and very dry land are still wrapped in the dimness of more or less forgotten intention, though here and there a lonely height or favored valley is touched with the light of

“The consecration and the poet's dream.”

One poem he has written, as we must believe in spite of the foolish praises lavished upon all his work, — an imperfect and now and then ludicrously faulty poem, but still a poem. This is the “*Arizonian*,” a moving story, vividly told, with passages of peculiar beauty and force. The passage following the quarrel of the *Arizonian* and his brown Indian love is one of these : —

“ ‘She turn'd from the door and down to the river,  
And mirror'd her face in the whimsical tide ;  
Then threw back her hair, as if throwing a quiver,  
As an Indian throws it back far from his side  
And free from his hands, swinging fast to the  
shoulder,  
When rushing to battle ; and, rising, she sigh'd  
And shook, and shiver'd as aspens shiver.  
Then a great green snake slid into the river,  
Glistening, green, and with eyes of fire ;  
Quick, double-handed she seized a boulder,  
And cast it with all the fury of passion,  
As with lifted head it went curving across,  
Swift darting its tongue like a fierce desire,  
Curving and curving, lifting higher and higher,  
Bent and beautiful as a river moss ;  
Then, smitten, it turn'd, bent, broken, and doubled,  
And lick'd, red-tongued, like a forked fire,  
And sank, and the troubled waters bubbled,  
And then swept on in their old swift fashion.’ ”

A sudden *Arizonian* tempest destroys her, and the miner goes home to find the fair early love, some reminiscence of whom had roused the jealous fury of the Indian ; but he finds instead her daughter, woman grown. The scene where he comes into the village “in the fringe of the night” (we object to the phrase), and mistakes the daughter for the mother, is well painted ; and the poem is often excellently dramatic, told as it is by the *Arizonian* himself, with his half-crazed sense of his own blame, and his half-conscious struggle to justify his part, and his groping sorrow and trouble in it all. But the rude strength of his figure is sadly marred by the scraps of Old-World tinsel with which he is decorated. It is so difficult, in speaking of Mr. Miller's verse, not to take cognizance of the clamor about him, that we may forgive ourselves for suggesting that these ornaments seem to have been lent him by his English friends for the embellishment of his hero. When we find, for example, in

the possession of the *Arizonian*, such phraseology as this,

“As the wave sang strophes in the broken reeds,”

we suspect an ill-timed generosity on the part of the classic Mr. Swinburne ; and when the much-untravelled miner speaks of

“That beautiful bronze with its soul of fire,”

are we not to imagine a like error of the head, but not of the heart, in the mediæval Mr. Rossetti ?

We are trying to say, in an ungracious fashion, that it is rather a ruinous thing to be a phenomenon anywhere, and that Mr. Miller is the worse poet for his English triumph ; but our consolation is that he will never believe us. In “*With Walker in Nicaragua*” he shows a deepening consciousness, and a high resolution to be surprisingly untamed, unkempt, top-booted and long-spurred, and lariatied and serapéd. “He was a brick,” he says of Walker at the outset,

“And brave as Yuba's grizzlies are,  
Yet gentle as a panther is,  
Mouthing her young in her first fierce kiss,”

in which figurative beast of prey we fear that we detect again the taint of a decrepit civilization ; she is a heroine of modern cockney mediæval and classical poetry, who is always fierce in her affections, and kisses in just that way. When Mr. Miller will consent to forget himself and admirers, he can paint a striking picture ; and in this poem are several very striking ones. Here is a glimpse of a march through a tropic wood, which is very brilliant in color ; how true we do not know : —

“And snakes, long, lithe, and beautiful  
As green and graceful-bough'd bamboo,  
Did twist and twine them through and through  
The boughs that hung red-fruited full.  
One, monster-sized, above me hung,  
Close eyed me with his bright pink eyes,  
Then raised his folds, and sway'd and swung,  
And lick'd like lightning his red tongue,  
Then oped his wide mouth with surprise ;  
He writhed and curved, and raised and lower'd  
His folds like liftings of the tide,  
And sank so low I touched his side,  
As I rode by, with my broad sword.

“The trees shook hands high overhead,  
And bow'd and intertwined across  
The narrow way, while leaves and moss  
And luscious fruit, gold-hued and red,  
Through all the canopy of green,  
Let not one sunshaft shoot between.

“Birds hung and swung, green-robed and red,  
Or droop'd in curved lines dreamily,  
Rainbows reversed, from tree to tree,

Or sang low-hanging overhead, —  
Sang low, as if they sang and slept,  
Sang faint, like some far waterfall,  
And took no note of us at all,  
Though nuts that in the way were spread  
Did crush and crackle as we step."

The reader perceives the tawdriness of such lines as

"The trees shook hands high overhead";

and these are too many to be specified, though we must say that we particularly object to

"With wild soul plashing to the sky,"  
and

"The warm sea laid his dimpled face  
With every white hair smoothed in place."

We wish also to express our doubts if the cockatoos do not sing too much in Mr. Miller's tropic; though in that zone, of course, he has most of his critics at a disadvantage.

The "Kit Carson's Ride" is so outrageously bad as a poem that it need not be discussed. But its injustice to a man of simply heroic life, and, by all accounts, of generous deeds and instincts, is something that the badness of the poetry cannot repair, and ought not to pass without protest. Kit Carson is a figure of rough sublimity in the annals of the Far West; and an author who has the ear of the world — it is not so fine as it is long — has no right to give his name to a selfish, theatrical knave, fit only to ride over a green-baize prairie before a painted fire into a canvas river.

The best poem in the book, after "Arizonian," is "The Tale of the Tall Alcalde," though this, like some of the worst, has the misery of a dreary unreality upon it all,

"An agony  
Of lamentation like a wind that shrills  
All night in a waste land where no one comes,  
Or hath come since the making of the world,"

and leaves the reader unwholesomely doubtful of the existence of the Pacific slope, its Indian tribes, its borderers and renegades. Yet this poem too has noble effects, and here is a picture of an after-battle scene that has the repose and high beauty of the best art: —

"The calm, that cometh after all,  
Look'd sweetly down at shut of day,  
Where friend and foe conmingled lay  
Like leaves of forest as they fall.  
Afar the sombre mountains frown'd,  
*Here tall pines wheel'd their shadows round*  
*Like long, slim fingers of a hand*  
*That sadly pointed out the dead.*  
Like some broad shield high overhead  
The great white moon led on and on,  
As leading to the better land.  
You might have heard the cricket's trill,  
Or night-birds calling from the hill,  
The place was so profoundly still.

But on the other hand the poem abounds in such insanities as this: —

"And through the leaves the silver moon  
Fell *sifting* down in silver bars  
And play'd upon her raven hair,  
And darted through like *dimpled* stars  
That dance through all the night's sweet noon  
To echoes of an unseen choir."

And you come to the good things only after hope deferred has made the heart sick.

We will not speak of the remaining poems in Mr. Miller's volume, for they have the same characteristics with those we have mentioned, and afford no ground for farther comment. He is a poet whom we cannot at all accept at the valuation of his panegyrists, but in whom we are glad to recognize a true dramatic and descriptive faculty amidst a dreadful prolixity and chasmlal vacancies. As yet, he cannot be said to have secured any place in literature. But he has the hearing of the world and a grand opportunity.





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